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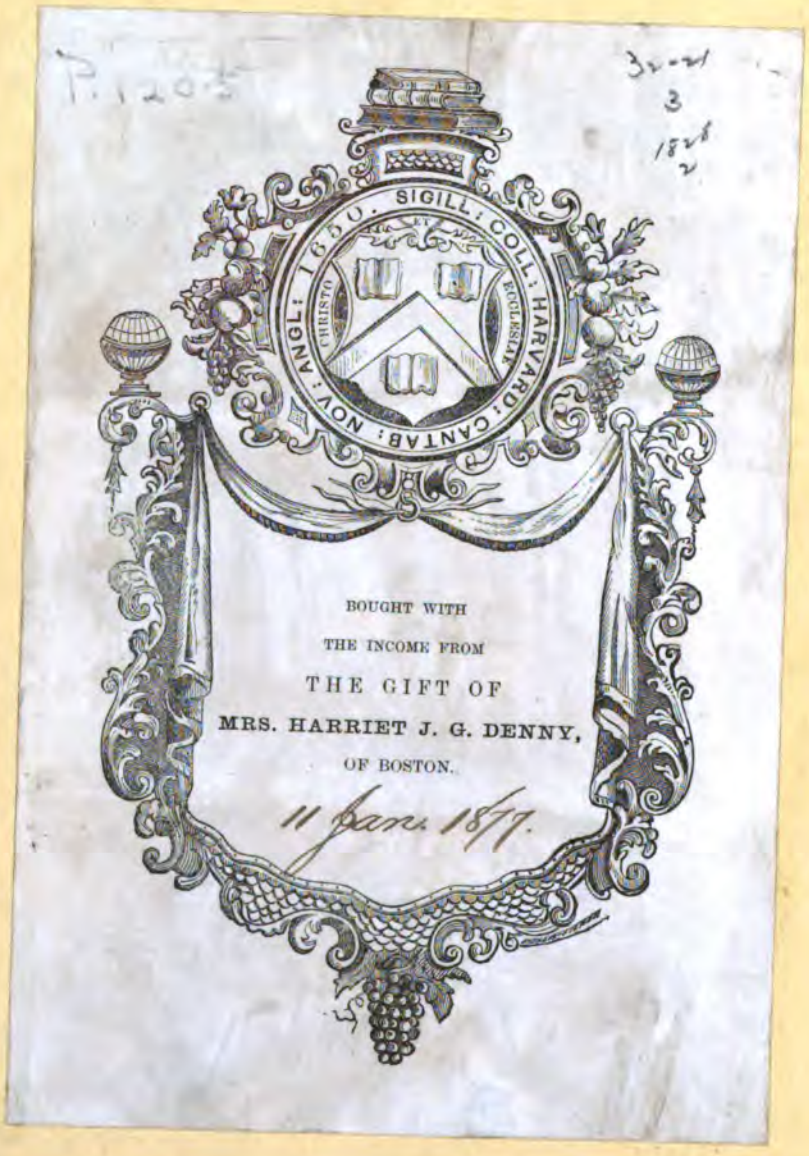

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THE

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LONDON

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PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

UNPUBLISHED LECTURES ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A.

No. II.

Division of General Literature—Nature and Design of Periodical Literature—Its Application and different Styles.

In my last Lecture, I took occasion to remark, that, active and vigorous as is the public mind at this period, and determined as it is in the pursuit of knowledge, there are certain drawbacks to the satisfaction we feel at this, and other characteristics to be observed, which, in some measure, prevent society's receiving all the good it might from its state of excitement and activity. One of these traits in the intellectual character of the times, I observed to be a tendency to materialism; a disposition to make physical science of too paramount importance, and to resolve all principles and inquiries into the philosophy of expediency. Another I mentioned was, an unsettledness and impatience, which indispose the great majority of what is termed the reading public, or those who address them, to cultivate any of the higher branches of literature, or those, by the cultivation of which, any great benefits would result to society; and, I observed, lastly, that there is a want of literary and intellectual independence, which, by over-rating the obedience due to great names, and the authority of opinion, however stated, exposes the public to attempts upon the right of private judgment, and hinders the free and uncontrolled examination of literary pretensions. I have now to remark, that, in considering the present state of letters in this country, and particularly that of the periodical press, we find these circumstances exercising a very important influence, and giving that modified character of bold activity and shallow philosophy, of eager curiosity and narrow views, of readiness to seek, and credulity in receiving, which strongly colours the whole great mass of the public mind, and gives the tone to the current opinions and tastes of the day.

Literature in general, for the sake of giving some degree of clearness to our speculations upon the subject, may be divided into three great branches, to each of which belongs a class of compositions peculiar to some of the ruling faculties of the mind, or appealing to certain principles in the mental constitution. According to this, we have the works which belong more particularly to the imagination, those which are employed in the investigation of our moral nature, or in seeking for its amelioration; and, lastly, those which are composed from the results of philosophical inquiry into natural causes, and from the invention or arrangment of new principles of science. I made a few cursory observations on the present state of these three great divisions of literature, at the close of my last Lecture; and I shall now do little more than add to them such reflections, as may illustrate the opinions I have started as to the actual state of the public mind. With regard, then, to the first of the three branches into which I have divided our literature, it may be observed, that works of imagination are of two kinds, the one consisting of the loftier species of poetry, the other of poetry of a lower class, and the lighter essays of fiction. Of the former, we have at present in England not a single true specimen, here being no living poet who can lay any claim to the possession of the higher and purer qualities belonging to his art. Passion, pathos, the power of sweet and beautiful combinations: a facility in all the elegancies of style, and, in some few celebrated instances, a clear and spiritual apprehension of the mysteries of our human nature, and the secret unmanifested glories of universal being—these powers and qualities are possessed by some of our most popular writers; but imagination, in its strength and mighty energy, is unknown among them, and, consequently, no poetry, with one or two exceptions, has lately appeared, deserving the highest rank in this department of literature. Of works of fiction, it may almost be said that they form the staple of English literature at present. Novels and romances are the bookseller's most valuable copy-right, and the author's surest stepping-stone to fortune and reputation: they are read by all classes; composed by intellects of every different degree of power, and sent forth into the world in all forms, and taking every tone of sentiment.

Of the next branch, or that of moral literature, it may be safely asserted, that, as a distinct branch of national literature, it never was at a lower ebb. Of metaphysical writers, we cannot mention one single distinguished name, or, at least, one that is attached to a work of importance; and it would appear as if the study of mental philosophy were to be banished from England, which, we believe, it would be, were it not for the labours of our Scottish friends, or the occasional importation of some German treatise. Of ethical writers, or those on practical morals, we possess almost as few; and even most of these are distinguished, rather by their attachment to some particular dogmas, than by their pure, elevated, and devout love of all that can enoble our nature, from whatever sources it can be drawn, for whatever sacrifices of selfishness it may call, or on whatever basis it may rest, besides the pillars we are able to hew out from, or set up in memorial of, our own triumphs. In respect to the theological branch of moral literature, I have already observed, I think, that we have none at present which deserves to be called so; and whoever examines, or knows any thing about, those great and magnificent works which the Taylors, and Hookers, and Barrows, of a former age, bequeathed to us, cannot but look with astonishment, as well as regret, at the state of theological literature in a country which has been almost consecrated as the peculiar sanctuary for its study. But leaving these branches in the state of which we see so little cause for feelings of gratification, we approach the last part of our division,—namely, the scientific and philosophical branch of our literature. And, in respect to this, we certainly live in an era of which we have reason to be proud; for never was there a day in which every department of natural philosophy was pursued with such vigour, or cultivated with such success. Chemistry we have seen undergoing an almost complete revolution in all her principles, her modes of operation, her designs, and her application. Geology has had her birth in our times, and the same may be said, with nearly equal truth, of Mineralogy. As sciences depending on principles and reasoning, they can scarcely be said to have existed in England half a century ago; and now they are pursued with a most persevering patience of investigation and research; are endowed with a carefully arranged nomenclature, and have professorships belonging to them in the Universities, filled by men of distinguished abilities. Another science, which has also had its origin in our times, is Phrenology, which, without entering into an examination of its merits, is another evidence of the scientific disposition of the age; for a large Society already exists, which is devoted to its diffusion and advancement, and a regular Journal is published to promote the same purposes. Of the Mathematical sciences I need but remark, that, in one of our Universities, they are pursued nearly to the exclusion of all others, and that they are made the foundation of even the popular knowledge, which the advocates of general education are endeavouring to diffuse. The same is true also of the Mechanical sciences; every thing is endeavoured to be explained on principle; the invention of the mechanic is set at work by the study of general theorems, and his ingenuity is employed in solving the problem, on the better principles of which he has been working all his life. If, now, we turn to consider the causes which have contributed to raise and quicken some of these branches of literature and depress the others, we shall find them in the state of the public mind, which, while it is full of activity, is too much employed on notions of utility to be imaginative; too strong in its tendencies to doctrines of materialism, to be lofty in its moral aspirations; but yet, from both these circumstances, the more likely to be allured by works of light fiction, and in the best of all possible states for the general diffusion and popularity of the sciences. We now come to the more immediate consideration of periodical literature, which we propose to examine first in itself, that is, in its particular characteristics as distinguished from what may here be termed book literature; and, secondly, in its relation to those several divisions of general literature which we have already mentioned.

Periodical literature, then, has primarily for its purpose the gratifying of the interest men take in observing the manners of their contemporaries or associates; in hearing speculations on the motives which have led to this or that mode of acting in well-known characters; or in laughing at the witty exposure of their follies and affectations. The painting of manners, or delineation of human character in its slight perversions and eccentricities, was, in fact, the original object which periodical publications had in view, and to which the first, and, perhaps, the most really popular, of them were devoted. 'The Tatler,' which was started by the witty and accomplished Steele, and whose eye was keen enough to catch the most trifling peculiarity in the manners of society, was read and admired for its pointed and vivacious sketches, and its satires on the lighter circumstances of public morals. 'The Spectator,' which followed it, had merits of a higher order, and Addison, by the grace and elegance of his style, the unlaboured beauty of his preceptive essays, the new and popular manner of his criticisms, and, above all, by the inimitable vein of Shakspearian humour for which the characters he delineated were distinguished,—by these excellencies that celebrated writer gave a superiority to 'The Spectator,' not only over its predecessor, but over the greater part of those which succeeded it. The serious tone, also, of Addison's papers bestowed importance on the work, and, it is probable, in a good measure, influenced the style of the other writers in it. The elegance of his manner and the purity of his idiom, which was such, that, as his humour was

Shakspearian, so might his style be well called Horatian,—this raised and established the credit of the paper among men of letters, and those of the most fastidious taste; and 'The Spectator' consequently became a model for all similar works in that and the succeeding period. That publications of this sort, destined to catch every effervescence of social feeling, to pourtray character so that we may anatomize its nicest fibres, and to be, as it were, the day-book and register, between good sense and honesty on the one side, and fashionable folly or prurient hypocrisy on the other,—that publications of this sort must be not only useful, but afford a very amusing and charming species of reading, will not be readily denied; and we may recur to the examples we have mentioned, and to the effect which there is every reason to believe they had on the manners of their times, as affording the best arguments that can be brought in favour of the general utility and importance of periodical literature. But this character, which originally belonged to the species of publication we are considering, became greatly modified and changed in subsequent periods; and our opinion of it, therefore, must be, in some respects, different. Since the time of 'The Tatler' and 'The Spectator,' and the other works which were formed on the same plan, and in a great degree imitated them in style and contents, periodical literature has, indeed, undergone an entire revolution. The admirable works of which we have been speaking, gave rise to others, which gradually degenerated into mere collections of love tales, wretched scraps of poetry, pretended court-scandal, and supposed letters of persons of quality. Of such a class were the multifarious 'Ladies' Magazines' and 'Fashionable Repositories,' at the contents of which we are now so apt to stare with wonder, but which, a century, or even half a century, back, formed the belles lettres of the reading public. I need hardly observe, that, when periodical literature is in this state, it is very far below the point at which any sort of literature is worthy of notice. From this condition, however, it was gradually raised, and such works as 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' and, among those of a much lighter and more miscellaneous character, 'The European,' were started; and a new strength and vigour were given to the languid spirit of the periodical press. Still, however, it could hardly be considered of any public consequence; and it was not till 'The Edinburgh Review' was commenced, which was speedily followed by others of the same bold and lofty character, that it could be regarded as having a real and national existence. The talent, the tone of strong political feeling, the new views taken in criticism, the vigour of some articles and the elegance of others, which distinguished these periodicals of the new school, soon rendered the kind of literature to which they belonged popular throughout the kingdom, gave it an authority which it had not till then possessed, and established it as the judge of public policy and literary talent. The circumstances which have gradually called the mind of the nation into action, which have made it eager after novelty and employment, and turned all men into readers and inquirers,—have since given birth to publications of a more general character than those we have just mentioned, and produced the periodical literature of the present day. That, under the form and circumstances in which it now appears, it exercises a considerable influence, there can be little doubt; and there can be as little, that it might be made to exercise that influence to the most beneficial purposes. For it must always be of use to possess land-marks in that wide stream of thought and opinion on which we are continually borne along, and there are no better land-marks than the great and popular periodicals of the day. It has also been said to be of important use, in its being the vehicle in which aspiring talent first ventures itself. But I think this is giving it a merit not belonging to it. Talent will always find its proper time and medium for manifesting itself; and I am inclined to believe, that no young writer was ever benefited by being flattered with a corner in some periodical for an essay, or a copy of crude verses. He who is obliged to work in retirement till he has gained a maturity of talent, will be ever stronger than one who has been half told that he is already fitted to come forth. I will venture to suggest another, and, I am inclined to believe, a much better, argument, of the same kind, for the utility of periodicals; and it is, that a very considerable portion of readers receive the instructions, or enjoy the productions of writers of the most distinguished talents, with whose opinions or genius they could in no other way become acquainted. Such authors might, indeed, publish works on the subjects which engage their attention; but the composition of one or two of these would employ them their lives, and it would be but comparatively a few who could reap any good from their labours. But, as it is, they have a medium always at hand for the transmission of their sentiments; they utter them whenever any occasion calls for them, and thousands are at once put in possession of the treasures of their minds. Another good, also resulting from the extension and improvement of periodical literature, is, that, on the one hand, it affords employment to the public mind, and favours its tendencies to the pursuit of science and intellectual improvement; and, on the other, that it gives a more general and freer spirit to literature itself than it would otherwise have, by bringing together the productions of every class of mind, displaying the main points of consideration in almost every question that can be started, opening the door to every inquirer whose talents entitle him to respect, and, in addition to this, offering something, which, even in its lightness is elegant, for those, who, were it not for the resources it affords, would live in a state of perfect intellectual sloth. These are great advantages, and they all belong to periodical literature when properly conducted. How far they are offered by the different publications known among us, will come under consideration in a subsequent Lecture; and we have now to consider the second part of the subject immediately before us; that is, the relation of periodical literature to the three great branches into which we have divided literature in general.

It must be at once evident, that there are some species of knowledge, or subjects of literary interest, which are infinitely better adapted to appear through the rapidly changing mediums of periodical works than others. We have spoken of the literature which belongs to the imagination, which has also been viewed under the several heads of poetry and general works of fiction. Now, it is certain, that we are not to look to periodical literature as likely to afford encouragement to any of the higher exercises of the imagination; for, first, the productions that spring from these efforts of elevated intellect are of a character not adapted to the nature of such works, inasmuch as neither the stern magnificence, nor solemn beauty, of poetry of this class, is relished or understood by even a small proportion of the readers of periodicals. In the next place, writers of this class, as they soar higher in their conceptions, so are they also of spirits too retired and lofty to willingly mix themselves up with the busy but less pure and noble intellects, that can more easily bend to popular caprice, and speak a language more comprehensible by the ordinary class of readers. Had Milton, or any of the greater Greek poets, lived in our times, I do not conceive that the appearance of the sublimest passages of their works, in 'The New Monthly,' or 'Blackwood's Magazine,' would have added fifty subscribers to either of them, and I am more than certain, that the lonely and inspired old man would never have reckoned himself among their contributors. There can, I think, be little doubt, therefore, that the higher efforts of genius are neither called forth by, nor are likely to grace, this species of literature, however flourishing may be its condition in regard to popularity,—at least in England, where its character must ever be essentially popular, and where the spirit of popular thinking and feeling is essentially opposite in its dispositions to an earnest and sedate, or very elevated mood. In Germany, I believe, this is not the case; but there, periodical works are addressed to a people very differently constituted in their intellectual character, and prepared in a variety of ways for the reception of such compositions. In a word, they are less pleased with mere novelty than we are, and are more inclined than we to delight in the freer workings of the imagination; two circumstances which very materially conduce to their popular literature taking a higher tone than ours. When, however, we come to consider the lower classes of composition which belong to the branch of which we are now speaking, we find the case different; and that our periodicals have been greatly influential in keeping up and diffusing a taste for some very elegant pieces of writing, which would scarcely have existed without them, or found a medium of circulation. Of the light and graceful poetry, which fascinates us either by the elegance of its diction, or the beauty and tenderness of its sentiments, many very admirable specimens may be found in the different periodicals of the day; and, though the poetry of Magazines was once considered as proverbially bad, and we might, even yet, find some most ludicrous examples of its badness in publications at present in fashion, yet when I recall to your mind some occasional pieces in 'The New Monthly,' the poetry of L. E. L. in 'The Literary Gazette,' that of Delta in 'Blackwood;' and, more especially, the surpassingly beautiful compositions of Mrs. Hemans, which have appeared in more than one work of the kind, I think it can hardly be doubted, that periodical literature has been favourable to the cultivation of the lighter species of poetry, and in diffusing a taste for it among readers generally. For it is to be remarked, that all the writers I have mentioned, have not only originally appeared before the public in the pages of a Periodical, but have risen to eminence through that medium, and continued to make use of it for the display of their matured powers. But I must now pass from this to another species of writing, which has almost originated in Periodicals; I mean that description of essay, which, sometimes taking its subjects from some passing events in life, dresses up the figures of the drama after some inwardly conceived model; at others, soaring a little above the surface, shows us mankind refined from their worldliness, and adorned with the writer's own rich fancies; or which draws a picture that is, when we first look at it, only striking for its broad lights and shades, but in which we afterwards find a score of individual likenesses, or groups, that answer to the groupings in the wide and busy world. Of these, I may mention, as not being surpassed either for beauty of expression, or exquisite tenderness of sentiment, the Papers which have appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' by Professor Wilson, whose power of blending all the sweet and mellow voices of nature, all the silver chimings of spheres and elements, with the deep and fervent breathings of the human heart has been hitherto unrivalled. In the same Magazine, there are also several articles, of great sweetness and natural pathos, by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Some papers of great merit, though of a somewhat different cast, as to the style and materials, have likewise appeared in 'The New Monthly.' I may mention, as an example, one entitled 'Wesley and his Disciple,' which appeared some little time ago, and was written by the author of the very interesting Letters from the East,' which appeared in the same Periodical. I have but to mention one more example of this

species of writing, which is really an ornament to the Magazines of the present day, and which is, perhaps, as excellent in its kind as the most fastidious critic could desire. The example I am now adducing, in illustration of these remarks, are some essays, if so they may be called, whose matter has been collected by an eye as keenly sensible to every little feature in our English landscapes, and by a heart as open to all the plain and honest good nature of our village peasantry, as the eye and heart of either Wilson or the Ettrick Shepherd to the more romantic beauties of Scottish scenery and manners. I mean some papers which have appeared at different times in the old 'Monthly Magazine,' and which are, I believe I may safely say, by the authoress of 'Our Village,' Miss Mitford. They are signed with her initials; but any reader in the slightest degree acquainted with the exquisite freshness of style and thought which distinguishes all the compositions, both prose and poetry, of that lady, will find no difficulty in at once assigning them to her pen. I need, perhaps, scarcely observe, after adducing these instances, that I think the increase and prosperity of periodical literature have been greatly conducive to the formation of this lower but yet most elegant species of imaginative composition, and that I consider it to be one of the most distinguished and favourable characteristics of the publications we are considering. It has also had a good effect on the public taste. The habits of the popular mind in England are not, as we have said, propitious to the higher exercises of imaginative power, but they are favourable to the development of the home sympathies of the heart, of the deep and glad feelings that are woven in with the love of our father-land, and the exhilarating sense of our dwelling being among those of our brethren: and the sketches of which we have been speaking, have fed and nourished these kindly feelings of our English nature; they have led us among the lone romantic streams, taught us the very language of the wild woods and glens, and the religion of the devout-hearted people of the sister country. They have brought, too, before the eyes of our city or fashion-jaded countrymen, pictures of our own manners in their least sophisticated forms; and have increased our store of pleasant memories, our materials for quiet fire-side reveries, our fairy pictures and tablets of sweet human forms and gentle human intercourses; and have thus afforded a sort of leaven to the harsher materials, of which public thought is composed, and softened the asperities of other and more worldly lucubrations.

We have now to make a few observations on the relation of periodical literature to the second great division of general literature; that is, to such as treat of, or belong to, the science of morals. Of that part of the inquiry which would lead me to speak of the higher departments of moral science, or rather of that which belongs to religion, I shall dispose in a few words. If we are guided at all by the periodical publications which are professedly of a theological nature, and which are, at present, most widely circulated among the religious public, I should say that we have sufficient proof of the little fitness there is in such a medium for the conveyance of the truths with which religion is concerned. The Magazines of this class with which I am acquainted, are, for the most part, filled with disquisitions on particular points of doctrine, with the inquiries of the ill-informed, and answers to their queries by writers knowing as little of the subject: and the only use which these periodicals appear to be of to religious readers, is the information they contain on public matters connected with the interests of religion, which has, of course, nothing to do with their moral usefulness. In this, I think, they are, and as mere Magazines ever will be, of most questionable importance; for the only source of variety to them—the discussion of the merits of a presen[illegible] controversy, or the starting of new opinions or di[illegible] by the correspondents—is by no means one uniformly safe to draw from: I am indeed sure, (and I can here speak with a little professional confidence,) that the crude, ill-founded, and confused essays, or letters like essays, which I have seen in some works of this sort, are more likely to do any thing than advance the interests of true Christianity in its catholic purity, or establish its professors in the knowledge and belief of any of its doctrines It may, perhaps, be said, with safety, that the regions of sacred knowledge are to be explored in a spirit so different, and for ends so widely at variance with those connected with a species of literature whose most striking characteristic is novelty, or a certain brilliancy of invention and sentiment, that religious periodicals will seldom or never answer any really good purpose, either to readers or writers. Descending, however, from these heights, to the lower and more easily tracked plains of morality and social intercourse, we come into the legitimate provinces of periodical literature. It has been already observed, when speaking of 'The Spectator' and 'The Tatler,' that their principal design was to delineate the manners of the times, and to hold up to ridicule the absurd and preposterous affectations which distinguished some classes, and the half-vicious, half-foolish, imitations of others; to set up, in fact, a censorship, the authority of which should be derived from the public, and whose authority the public should recognize, by keeping up and patronizing the design. Nothing could be more useful, nothing more fruitful in amusement, than such a kind of publication. It afforded room for the most piquant observations, and the most interesting details; for the liveliest sallies of wit and ridicule, and the sagest lessons of experience. It afforded, in fact, the very kind of reading which all classes may enjoy, and from which they may all gather that mixture of pleasure and profit which it is the greatest possible excellency of a work of light reading to render. Is it not, then, I may ask, somewhat singular that we have not, at the present time, one single periodical which answers to this class, or from the contents of which any specimens of the same kind of writing may be drawn?

There is occasionally in the 'New Monthly' a character, or a satirical essay, and the same may be said of one or two other Magazines, but they are, in general, too full of point, or too highly touched, to be good in their kind. They want the ease, the natural playfulness, the lively gentlemanly humour of the older essays; and we can hardly help thinking, while reading them, that the writers of the former, saw and described the accidental circumstances, or common scenes, of their every day's experience, while the latter dressed themselves for a visit, or prepared themselves with note-books, like reporters. It is also worthy of observation, that the material of the earlier compositions was drawn from the busy scene of life as it is before us every hour, and from the study of mankind, in their ordinary and domestic relations and habits; while that of the later ones is made up of sickening portraitures or sketches of public personages and scenes, which, even when done in the best possible manner, are of little use when coming from anonymous writers, of whose veracity or good taste we can form no judgment.

The moral importance, or the direct moral character, of our periodical literature at present is, therefore, to be rated exceedingly low; and it is only in an indirect manner that its extensive popularity is made subservient to beneficial purposes. That it is of important use there can be little doubt; but it is so only by keeping the intellect in constant activity, prompting the spirit of inquiry, or softening, as in the instances I have alluded to, by some of its imaginative portions, the busy, earthly, and turbulent character of the times. In considering the use of that branch of periodical literature which belongs to science, we need but observe, that, as science is every day progressing, so it must always be of importance that its progress should be generally known; that, as many of its most important successes are the result of a common intercourse kept up among scientific men, this intercourse should be extended as widely as possible; and, lastly, that, as the curiosity, the growing intelligence, and active intellect of the age, is continually wanting the solid and substantial food which science affords it, so it cannot but be of use that the improvements and acquisitions of science should be made public, and be supported by the increasing intelligence of society.

I have now briefly considered the nature of periodical literature, and its relation to the three great branches of general literature. Some portions of the latter part of the subject I shall more fully consider when I come to examine the present character of our principal Periodicals. I must, however, observe, in conclusion, that the closer I survey the size and extent of the mighty machine thus set up among us, and which has some hold or other on every part and portion of society, I cannot but be surprised at the few important purposes to which it is made effectively useful, the ignoble services to which it is too often applied, its subjection to the narrow-minded policy of avarice, its frequent subversion into the tool of a party—its more frequent employment as the play-thing of idlers, or the hiding-place of sensualists.

TALES AND LEGENDS.

Tales and Legends. By the Authors of 'The Odd Volume.' 3 vols. Cadell. Edinburgh, 1828.

A BAD title may be a temporary hindrance to the popularity of a good book; but a striking and inviting title to one, the contents of which are without interest, only serves to irritate the reader, and make his disappointment fall heavily on the author. This is, in a good measure, the case with the work before us. 'Tales and Legends' were words full of pleasant sound to our ears, and we took up the book in expectation of finding every page of it glowing with the emblazoning of rich and antique memorials. We thought of our early wanderings in fairy-land, of our 'Robinson Crusoe' solitudes and adventures, and then of the fair bright visions that had floated before us, and been mistaken for reality; and we expected to feel something, at least, of the charm of these earlier emotions, and had resigned ourselves into a humour, that a moderate share of romance-writing talent might have raised into the happiest of all moods. We have, however, been greatly disappointed; and, did we not remember that the authors of this work had imposed a debt of thanks upon us for a former pleasant and amusing production, we should be disposed to reprehend the faults of their present one with considerable severity.

'Tales and Legends' consists of ten or eleven stories; and we must, in justice, say, that, though the work in general is of very inferior merit, there are a great many different degrees of it in the several pieces of which it is made up. Those entitled to the most attention appear to be the smaller sketches which compose the second v[illegible]lume, which display a good deal of humour, and, occasionally, a power of very happy description. With regard to the larger pieces, 'The Rescue,' in the first volume, presents some vivid pictures, and, had the plot been better worked out, would have been really a very interesting story. The ground-work of this tale, which is said to be taken from the German of Döring, is the adventure of a smuggler in the Black Forest, whose brother is in love with the niece of an old merchant employed as a spy in France. The latter, being on his way homeward, is attacked by the smuggler's party, and an acquaintance is thus made between the old man and the brother of his niece's lover. An unfortunate enterprise exposes the smuggler to the pursuit of the Government officers, and he is obliged to [illegible]

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he route of his unwilling companion the spy. The character of both the fugitives is discovered in their flight; and they are just on the point of falling a sacrifice to French vengeance, when a victory on the part of the Germans delivers them. The lover has, in the mean time, arrived from France, where he had been employed in an official capacity, and the story terminates with the marriage of him and the merchant's niece. The best passage in the tale, is the account of an adventure, in which the smuggler hoped to take advantage of the funeral of a Grand Marshal, to import a quantity of valuable goods. It is as follows:

'Towards the evening of the same day, an unusual crowd from Kehl and Strasburg assembled upon the Bridge of the Rhine. Knights, soldiers, citizens, and persons of all ranks and denominations, thronged the extensive bridge, under which the majestic river rolled its foaming waves. This moving multitude appeared to be attracted to the same spot by some object of curiosity. All rushed to the German side of the bridge, where they remained assembled, and turned their anxious looks in the direction of Kehl, to watch the appearance of the long-expected funeral procession of the French Field-Marshal, who had fallen in one of the late battles, and whose body they were now carrying to France for interment in the family burying-ground.

But when the good citizens of Strasburg, who had come out to meet the body of their late Field-Marshal, saw the domes of their gigantic Minsters sparkling in the golden rays of the setting sun, they thought it most prudent instantly to return home, lest, peradventure, they should find the gates of the fortress shut against them, and so be forced to seek a lodging by starlight without the walls.

'Twilight now gradually approached, and spread her dark mantle over the foaming waves and the peaceful land, and still no procession appeared.

'All was now quiet on the bridge—a few solitary loiterers alone remained, who had not yet lost hope of the appearance of the procession, and who had determined to show their respect to the deceased, by accompanying him part of the way to his last earthly home. The guard of honour, which, by order of the Commander, was stationed on the German side of the bridge, tired with the wearisome delay of the procession, laid aside their arms and assembled round the grey-bearded drummer, who had made a campaign in Egypt, and who, seated on a muffled drum, was relating wonderful things of the secrets of the Pyramids. The approach to the bridge, and the bridge itself, was illuminated on both sides by torches of pitch, whose lurid and flickering flames were reflected in the agitated waves which rolled beneath.

'"As I was telling you," continued the talkative drummer, "there are at least a thousand casks filled with gold Napoleons concealed in the catacombs of the Pyramids, just where the old Egyptian kings buried them, and which would be a glorious prize to him who is bold enough to search for them."

'This speech was suddenly interrupted by a call of the sentinels, and the clash of arms, which announced the approach of the procession with the body of the Field-Marshal. The command was given; in a moment the guard stood under arms; and the hollow sound of the veteran's drum now rolled as incessantly as his tongue had done a short time before in recounting his often-repeated adventures. The funeral procession, which was now so near as to be distinctly seen by the light of the torches, did not advance at that slow and dignified pace which the solemnity of the occasion demanded; but, to the astonishment of the spectators, approached with extraordinary rapidity. An officer rode before, who, with his hat pulled over his face, galloped up to the captain of the guard, and, after a few words, presented his passport, the tenor of which was, that he, Adjutant Delolay, was ordered to accompany the body of the deceased Marshal to his family burying-ground, and to pay him the last military honours. After this conference, on a sign from the officer on guard, the drums were silenced, and without even waiting for the salute of honour, the procession hurried forward.

'"This is not the way to treat a French Marshal, at least if they mean to pay him military honours," muttered the old drummer to his comrade; "it would break the hero's heart were he to see what pains they take to get the business over as quickly as possible! *Sacre nom de Dieu*—I knew him well; I have beat my drum by his side at Austerlitz and Eylau."

'"It may be so," interrupted his companion; "but he must have been of a most enormous corpulence, it is no wonder that the first cannon-ball found it easy to hit him—only look at the size of the bier, and how high the body seems to rise under the black pall. On my soul, one would think there were six Field-Marshals there in place of one."

'At this moment the leader of the procession dashed past at full gallop—the long plume of his hat waved gracefully in the light of the torches, a scornful smile passed over his countenance, and his expression of triumph and delight spoke of some enterprise successfully accomplished. He soon reached the soldiers, who, with their arms reversed, and in solemn silence, hastily followed the body. The procession had scarcely gained the middle of the bridge, when, to the amazement of the spectators, the officer, who now seemed in greater haste than ever, gave the horses a smart blow with the but-end of a carabine, which instantly set them off at a hard trot, while he himself followed at a rapid pace, that he might not let the precious corpse out of his sight. So soon as the procession and its leader had passed, the guard of honour at the entrance of the bridge dispersed, to make way for the douaniers, who generally were stationed there, but whose place, upon this particular occasion, was supplied by soldiers of the line.

'Suddenly the clash of arms was again heard, and a rushing sound as of approaching horsemen. The challenge of the sentinel was replied to in a loud, impatient, and eager voice; and an officer, whose richly embroidered uniform was covered with orders, rode up, with the speed of lightning, on a black charger, followed by two gendarmes.

"What is that?" said the stranger, in a haughty and commanding tone to the officer on guard, "what is that dark moving mass upon the bridge?"

'The officer, drawing near, informed the inquirer that it was the body of the late Field Marshal, who was killed in the last battle, and which, under the command of the Adjutant Delolay, they were conducting to be interred in the burying-ground of the deceased.

"The Devil!" said the officer, unsheathing his sword, "this is some infamous deception—the procession follows me—I am the Adjutant Delolay!" And with these words he struck the spurs deep in his horse's sides, and flew, followed by his attendants, after the procession.

'The douaniers at once perceived the cheat that had been practised upon them, and that by this contrivance a rich booty had escaped their harpy claws.

"This is a trick of the smugglers," they exclaimed, as they rushed upon the bridge after the gendarmes.

"*Sacre nom!*" exclaimed the veteran of Egypt, "did I not tell you that they knew not how to show funeral honours to a Marshal of the great army? Now, you see I am right, they are no soldiers, but rogues; and the pretended Marshal turns out to be neither more nor less than a bale of tobacco."

'All laughed, but the officer commanded silence, as he did not think it consistent with his dignity to take part in the concerns of the douaniers; however, he thought it as well, under the present circumstances, to remain at his post, and there await the termination of the affair. Whilst this took place on the bank, the procession on the bridge continued its way as quickly as possible; but it was still a considerable distance from the opposite side, when the hollow echoing gallop of approaching horsemen and the shouts of the enraged douaniers reached the ears of its conductor. "Confound it!" said he, to himself, with suppressed rage, "to be so near the harbour, and yet to be shipwrecked."

'He now endeavoured to beat the horses into a trot; but all his exertions to force them to accelerate their speed proved fruitless. The officer now approached at full gallop, followed by the gendarmes, and a crowd of furious douaniers; and the leader of the mock procession now saw that his well-concerted enterprise had failed, and that it was time for him to think of his own safety.

"'All is lost!" he exclaimed to his companions; "but the blood-hounds shall not be benefited by it, and their noses shall in vain try to discover the scent. Cut the traces," he exclaimed, "and throw the carriage, with all its contents, into the stream; and," he continued, with a scornful laugh, "let the fishes feast on the corpulent body of his Excellency the Field-Marshal!"

'The good people who followed the spectacle along the banks of the river, were lost in amazement at this extraordinary order, which was instantly obeyed. The horses, freed from their traces, rushed at full speed to the opposite bank. Every exertion was made to push the heavily laden carriage to the edge of the bridge, in order to throw it over into the river; but the pursuers were already on the spot; the gendarmes, at full gallop, dispersed the people who were busied about the carriage; the douaniers stormed and threatened, while, from the other side of the bridge, to which the pursued had escaped, there issued a hollow murmur.

'"Is it even so?" muttered the captain of the smugglers, as he raised himself in the saddle, and beheld the dangerous situation in which he was placed. "And so the valuable goods will fall into the hands of the rascals after all? Nothing now remains but to give my friends the signal to the rescue. Cursed disaster! devilish accident! which has overturned so deep-laid a plan."

'At the same moment there was heard a peculiar whistle, which the douaniers immediately knew to be the smuggler's usual signal when forced to retreat, and which gave notice to his people, that their assistance was required to rescue him from some imminent danger.

'With the speed of lightning he instantly threw off his military hat and cloak, by which he might be recognised, and in the dress of a citizen, which he wore under his uniform, he dashed at full gallop among the astonished crowd, to gain a certain point of the bridge, where several boats lay unobserved, and where he knew he would instantly find a refuge. But while he was straining every nerve to reach his destination, the officer in the embroidered uniform sprung upon him, and stopped him in the way.

'"Are you the scoundrel," he exclaimed, with irrepressible fury, "who presumes to pass himself off for the Adjutant Delolay? Instantly dismount, kneel in the dust; tremble, miserable cheat, I myself am Delolay!"—Vol. i. p. 254—262.

ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY.

An Etymological Dictionary of the Latin Language, by the Rev. J. E. J. Valpy, A.M. 8vo. Valpy. London, 1828.

ETYMOLOGY is one of the sciences whose importance is more generally allowed than practically understood. The use which may be made of it in elucidation of historical difficulties, the clue which it frequently affords to the darkest windings of ancient tradition, the light it throws upon many points of moral science, in its connection with the different circumstances of mankind, and its paramount utility to the scholar in every branch of critical science; these several important uses of etymology are less distinctly understood than they ought to be, either by the persons pursuing those branches of learning, in which a knowledge of it would be of the greatest benefit, or by those who are employed in teaching languages, whether ancient or modern. With respect, however, to many departments of learning, it is almost the first thing which should engage attention; or, rather, it should be considered by them as the statuary, or the painter does the power of drawing an outline, and being able to use it as affording established principles to which he may safely refer. Both the philosophical historian and the critic are of this class; and, without possessing some skill and experience in this science of verbal analytics, they are frequently without the power of penetrating, where otherwise they would walk with ease, or of detecting truth when she lies concealed under the thinnest possible veil. The better the nature of language itself is understood, the more clearly the importance of the science of which we are speaking will be discerned; for when it is considered that a universal analogy is known to exist among languages, connecting, by a minute, but yet discernible thread, the dialects of the most remote countries and the most widely separated ages—it must be clearly seen that the mere discovery of this general analogy tends to prove a very remarkable fact respecting the original circumstances of mankind, and that, taking the knowledge of this curious agreement in the languages of the world for the foundation, we may proceed to inquire, with some hope of success, into the existence of a strong analogy in the primitive customs, habits of thinking, and religious feelings of ancient nations. The closer this analogy can be traced, the more light will be thrown from one age and country

to another, in illustration of their different histories; and the greater the certainty with which we can appeal to this analogy, or trace its variations in strength and continuity, the better able shall we be to estimate the value of theories, and conjecture on the history of different nations, and to point out the boundaries of probable conjecture and unsupported speculation. A circumstance also to be particularly pointed out in the mention of this subject is, that etymology furnishes the inquirer into ancient times with a very important addition to that species of evidence which may be most safely relied on, the incidental. Documents of every kind, whether strictly historical or only moral, are exposed to cavil and objection; but when proofs on any question can be drawn from an examination into the structure of a language; when some particular idiom or certain remarkable words form the first link in a chain of argument, we have a species of evidence that lies as far beyond the reach of controversy as the manners of past times beyond control. It is true, the uses of such a science as etymology depend on a nicety of reasoning and patience of research possessed by no very large number of scholars, and that the illustrations to be drawn from it are of a kind, the value of which is not to be estimated by a careless observer; but when it is considered how many times the explanation of a difficult point in history, or of an obscurity in a writing, depends upon the slight and almost imperceptible minutiæ of circumstantial evidence, the utility of the inquiries instituted by the science will not be questioned, nor the importance of its consequences under-rated.

It is a little to be regretted, therefore, that considerably less attention is paid to the elementary instruction of young classical scholars in the outlines of etymology, than is due to its importance. The immediate advantages of the study we have seen to be considerable, and there are others which, though less directly belonging to it, are of scarcely less value. Few branches of learning are more calculated to awaken the spirit of research in a young mind than this; for it appeals strongly to the curiosity in its most general propensity, and it offers a reward to diligence at once evident and attainable.

With these ideas, on the utility of etymological science, and on the benefit which would result from more attention being paid to it in our great seminaries of learning, we have taken up the volume before us with much pleasure, which has been in no little degree increased by finding it bear the name of a family, almost every member of which has done some important service to classical literature. The elementary works of Doctor Valpy, of Reading, are indisputably the best treatise of the kind published; and the tasteful and elegant work of Mr. Valpy, of Norwich, the 'Elegantiæ Latinæ,' would have permanently ranked him among the most accomplished scholars of the age, had he not possessed the higher claims which belong to his useful and laborious life, and the employment of his scholarship in the most important purposes of learning. His edition of the Greek Testament, with the annotations which his extensive knowledge and indefatigable industry have supplied in the illustration of the text, is a work which should form a part of the collection of every theological student and reader, and is one for which Mr. Valpy deserves to be ranked among the benefactors of his age.

The work before us is by Mr. F. E. J. Valpy, one of the masters of Reading School, and brings additional credit to this talented family. After some brief but curious remarks,—by which the author shows that the Latin language is to be regarded in reference to the Greek, not as a sister, but a daughter,—He proceeds:

'We may now, it is hoped, be warranted in believing that the Greek is not the sister, but the parent of the Latin. Nevertheless, the writer has not chosen to avail himself exclusively of this opinion, but has frequently added to a Greek word analogous words in other languages. He is aware that some learned men contend that the Latin is to be traced not to the Greek but to the Northern languages. Yet it is satisfactory to know, that the great German Etymologist, Wachter, though he refers his language, as much as was in his power, to a northern origin, is frequently obliged to abandon his attempts, and to leave German words with the Greeks and the Latins. With regard to the Cornish and Armoric languages, the learned Welsh linguist, Lhuyd, observes: "The Damnonian and other southern Britons, being on account of their situation earlier conquered, and consequently more conversant with the Romans than we of Wales, it is not to be admired if several Latin words occur in the Cornish and Armoric dialects not owned by us." Indeed, we may often detect a derivation from the Latin from the nature of the word. Thus the Armoric Pirgrin and Relizhon must be corruptions of Peregrinus and Religionis, the Cornish Paun of Pavonis, and the German Ente of Anatis, and not *vice versâ*. So the Northern Recht, Richt, Right, are from the Latin Rectus, and not *vice versâ*.

'But it wtll be said that there are numerous words which we cannot show to be taken from the Greeks. Doubtless it is so, although the number of such words is constantly decreasing. When Vossius published his Etymology, he was ignorant that Pruina was nothing but Προσδνη. So it was with numerous other words. And future generations will probably supply from the Greek sound derivations of words, which to this time have been investigated in vain.

'Such words we have, as far as we have been able, traced on the one hand to the Northern, on the other to the Oriental languages. Not that these sources have been exhausted: much doubtless might have been added, but it is hoped that not a few valuable analogies have been here collected, and that, on the whole, the claims of the Northern and Eastern languages have received a patient and an attentive hearing.

'One word in regard to the Hebrew. Mr. Horne Tooke thus expresses his objection to the derivation of Latin from that language: "It is a most erroneous practice," he says, "of the Latin Etymologists to fly to the Hebrew for whatever they cannot find in the Greek:—for the Romans were not a mixed colony of Greeks and Jews, but of Greeks and Goths, as the whole of the Latin language most plainly evinces." This seems a reasonable proposition; yet I have not omitted to indulge the fancy of those who are not persuaded by it.

'Mr. Tate is of opinion that the Latin language came in great measure from the Sanscrit. Dr. Jones, too, carries us to the Indians. The note on Latus, borne, supplies the reader with an instance of this kind. Barrus and other words will be found traced to an Indian source. Mr. Tate cites the following passage from Sir William Jones: "The first race of Persians and Indians, to whom we may add the Romans and Greeks, the Goths, and the old Egyptians or Ethiops, originally spoke the same language. The Jews and Arabs, the Assyrians, or second Persian race, the people who spoke Syriac, and a numerous tribe of Abyssinians, used one primitive dialect wholly distinct from it." I have selected the following Sanscrit analogies from the 26th Number of "The Edinburgh Review:"

Latin.	Sanscrit.	Latin.	Sanscrit.
ex	*ayas*	*musca*	*macsha*
anser	*hansa*	*navis*	*nav*, (Pers. *nauh*)
bellum	*vala* (force, violence, an army)	*nomen*	*nam* (S. and Pers.)
		novem	*nova*
		novus	*nava*
dens, dentis	*danta*	*pater*	*pitara*
Deus	*deva*	*pes, pedis*	*pada*
dies	*divos*	*potis*	*poti* (lord or master)
femina	*vamini*		
frater	*bhratara*	*prælium*	*pralaya*
genu	*janu*	*quatuor*	*chatur*
genus	*gana*	*res regis*	*raja*
humus	*bhumi*	*ritus*	*riti*
idem	*idem*	*rota*	*ratha* (a carriage)
ignis	*agni*	*septem*	*sapta*
ita	*iti*	*sine*	*hina*
jugum	*yugum*	*sop-ire*	*swop-tum*
Juno	*janoni* (a mother: 'the manifest origin of the Latin appellation of the mother of the Gods.')	*suavis*	*suadu*
		sunt	*santi*
		sunto	*sunto*
		tepor	*tapa* (and *tapitum* to warm)
juvenis	*yuva*		
lux, lucis	*loch* (shine)	*terra*	*dhara*
malus	*mala* (dirty, sordid)	*valeo*	*vala* (strength)
		vates	*vadi*
mater	*matara*	*veh-ere*	*vah-itum*
medius	*madhya*	*vert-ere*	*vart-itum*
mei-ere	*me-tum*	*vidua*	*vidhava*
memini	*man*	*vir*	*vir*
met-iri	*met-tum*	*uncus*	*ancus*
modus	*moto*	*vom-ere*	*vom-itum*
mor-i	*mor-tum* (Pers. *mor-den*)	*vox, vocis*	*vac* (S. and Pers.)
		viscus	*udar*

'Notwithstanding the analogy we have pointed out between the Latin and the Greek, so different are these languages, that, if we take at random a certain number of Latin words, we shall find but few of them correspond in sound to the Greek. A great reason is, that the Latins formed new words from those which they introduced from Greece. Thus Visio has no alliance in sound with Ὄψις, nor Visum with Ὅραμα or Φάσμα, nor Invideo with Φθονέω: and yet Visio, Visum, Invideo, are all from the Greek Εἶδω, through the Latin Video. So the modern Greeks express a chair by ζόση, a word which was unknown to their ancestors, but derived from ζόω, ζόννυμι. Another reason is, that the Latins derived their language from the Æolic tribes, which had words peculiar to themselves and unknown to the Ionic and Attic races. Lastly, derivative languages apply words in a manner unknown to the early writers in the primary language. Thus the French express the head by Tête, or as it was anciently Teste, formed from Testa, a shell, and so the shell of the head. "Mea testa," for "my head," would have been thought a singular expression by Cicero.

'From the analogy which exists between the Latin and the Greek in words of the most common use, we may be disposed to give attention to some derivations which appear at first sight strained and unnatural. We shall allow something for changes which take place at the breaking up of an old language, and at the formation of a new one out of it—for changes which are forced on a people by harmony of sound, and by a different pronounciation of the same letters—for changes too which must often depend on the mere whim and caprice of individuals. Forma was softer than Morfa and therefore took its place. Canis was pronounced for Cunis, and Calix for Culix, doubtless because they were softer to a Roman ear.'—Pref. pp. iv.—vii.

We do not, however, agree with Mr. Valpy in his idea, that an etymologist ought to satisfy himself with tracing a language to its immediate parent. This may be useful, as it respects the mere meaning of words, but it stops short of all the more important and interesting purposes of the study. It is of little use to trace a fountain from one ledge of rock to the other, if we have not patience to follow it to its source. Mr. Valpy, however, has only threatened to be thus deficient in his inquiries, and his work contains the result of his researches into many very various languages. We shall give a short specimen to show the truth of our remark, and the ingenuity displayed in the production.

'*Rorarii*, light-armed soldiers. "Fr. *ros, roris*. Because these frequently preceded the regular troops as dew, or a dewy shower, frequently precedes rain." F

'*Roratio*, a blasting of vines by the fall of a col (*roris*) dew.

'*Roro*, 1 bedew. Fr. *ros, roris*.

'*Ros, roris*, dew. Tears, which fall like dew. Fr δρόσος, whence ῥόσος, ῥός. ¶ Or from ῥόος, ῥοῦς, stream. ¶ Al. from πρωΐ, (ῥώξ,) dew. Fr. ῥώξ i. *ros*, as perhaps φλΘΞ makes floS. ¶ Tooke: "Ro from *roris*, and this from Anglo-Sax. *hror*, dew; from *hryran*, to fall." Wachter: "So δρόσος is from Gothi Driusan, to fall." ¶ "From the Oriental *rasas*, to distil." Tt.

'*Rosa*, a rose. "From Celt. *rôs*." Ainsw. "*Rose* Anglo-Sax. *Rhos*, Welsh. *Rosa*, Lat. Whence but from its colour, from *rot*, red?" W. ¶ From ῥόδον, says Varro. That is, from ῥόδον, (as our murDer, murTHer,) then ῥόσον, as δόΞ for δόθ' i. e. δόδι, and our loveS for loveTH. But *rosa* is rather from ῥοδόεσσα, ῥοδοῦσσα, pertaining to a rose: cut down to ῥόσα.

'*Roscidus*, dewy. Fr. *ros*.

'*Rosmarinus, Rosmarinum*, rosemary. Horace separates *rosmarinus*; "Coronantem *marino Rore* Deos." Ovid calls it *ros maris*. Why then is it called the dew of the sea? Gregory: "These plants grow naturally on dry rocky soils near the sea, where they thrive prodigiously, and perfume the air so as to be smelt at a great distance from the land." It is, then, a marine plant: but what has *ros* to do with it? I half suspect that the word is a corruption. Is it for *rosa marina?*

'*Rostrum*, the beak of a bird, snout of a fish. Fr *rodo, rosum*, as Clausum, Claustrum; Rasum, Rastrum. Pliny has, "Corvi aratoris vestigia ipsa *rodentes*:" where Forcellini notes: "Hoc est, *rostra* tundentes cibi exquirendi gratia." *Rostrum* was also the beak of a ship. And a pulpit in the Forum where those who addressed the people stood. Because it was adorned with the ΒΕΑΚΣ of the ships taken from the Antiates.

'*Rotti*, a wheel; a car; any thing round, as the sun's disk; a course or revolution; a wheel or rack for criminals. "From Celt. *roth*." Quayle. "*Rad*, Germ. A Celtic word. Welsh, *rhod*, Armoric *rat*, Irish, *rit*, *rhotha*; Franc. *rad*. It signifies properly a runner or a foot running. For wheels are like feet by which a chariot (ῥοθεῖ) runs. [As τροχὸς fr. τρέχω; τέτροχα.] Staden derives *rad* from Iceland, *rota*, to drive round." W. Ῥοθέω is to rush with a loud noise and impetuosity. *Rota*, if from ῥοθέω, is for *rotha*. ¶ "Plainly from Hebr. *ratah*, rotavit, rotam gyravit," says Becman.'—Pp. 408, 9.

We can safely and confidently recommend this publication to our readers as a useful and valuable work. It displays considerable research and erudition, and deserves to find a place in the library of every general reader, as well as the classical scholar.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

The Cypress Wreath. By Mrs. C. B. Wilson. 18mo. Smith and Elder. London, 1828.

Mrs. Wilson's elegant verses have been long known to the readers of the Annuals, as greatly contributing to the interest of their pages. Perfectly free from the affectations of a particular school, and trusting to the warmth of a female heart and its chastened tenderness, for inspiration, she writes in a style of pure and sustained elegance, and chooses her themes from subjects on which the gentlest and most amiable of feelings may be safely trusted with their full freedom. Mrs. Wilson has not obtruded herself upon public notice by any of the arts which are unbecoming to female delicacy; but we doubt not she will gradually obtain a popularity which will be the more gratifying to her feelings, as being a genuine tribute of praise to her talents and good taste. It is no little praise to this authoress to say, that the merit which her poetry possesses is entirely her own, and is derived neither from the imitation of an admired model, nor from the bold and striking interest of her subjects. She thus deserves credit for a degree of originality which is unpossessed by more than one fashionable author of the other sex, and a true native talent may be found existing in the calm and plaintive strains which can only be devoid of sweetness to the bad-tutored and hackneyed ear. As Mrs. Wilson has thus trusted entirely to her own taste and feelings in the composition of her verses, it is not necessary for us to institute any comparison between her and the contemporary writers of the same sex; and we have only to express our delight that we have so many uttering the sweetest sentiments of their hearts in poetry as sweet and harmonious.

The volume of Mrs. Wilson's poems now before us, consists of several pieces, some of which we have already seen, but the greater part of which have not yet been before the public. It is divided into four parts, embracing miscellaneous poems, sketches, elegies, and songs, each of which is generally characterised by the same tenderness of feeling, and easy versification, which have distinguished the authoress's former productions. Our extracts from this interesting little volume will bear us out in what we have said of Mrs. Wilson's character as a poetess. We take our first from her sketches:

THE BRIDAL.

'Within the sacred Fane they stand—around
The Bridal group is gather'd; the young Bride
Casts her meek dove-like eyes upon the ground
With woman's tenderness; seeking to hide
The strug'gling sighs that heave her gentle breast,
Where Hope and Fear by turns become a trembling guest!

Look to her heart! what thoughts are passing there
That cast a pensive shadow o'er her brow?
Thoughts in which Love's bright dream can claim no share,
(Yet thoughts, which Love himself must still allow,)
Rush o'er her soul, and leave that trace of care,
Which throws its shade awhile o'er features heavenly fair!

Perchance the thoughts of HOME!—that home which now
She leaves to grace another;—happy years
Of peaceful, calm endearment; as the vow
Her scarce-heard voice has uttered, wake those tears
That, bursting through concealment or control,
Down her fast-fading cheeks in pearly currents roll!

Perchance, a Father's dying look of love
Yet hovers o'er her;—or a Mother's voice,
Whose gentle accents sanction and approve
The object of her young heart's early choice,
Dwells in her ear; but who shall dare reveal
All the fond, tender thoughts that through her bosom steal?

Youth! if her gentle heart and eyes o'erflow,
From thoughts like these, it augurs future bliss;
And coming years of peace and love shall show
Th' unfathom'd depth of woman's tenderness!
Years, which from thee their future hue must take,
As thy love's ebb or flow, shall bright or gloomy make!

Chide not these signs of sorrow, for they tell
No tale of coldness or distrust to thee;
But feelings of the heart, that only dwell
Where Truth and Love have made their sanctuary.
Chide not these mournful smiles—these gentle tears,
Like April's dewy showers, through which the sun appears.

And now the rite is o'er—the white-rob'd train,
'Mid joyous peals that float upon the air,
Depart those sacred walls;—where ne'er again
Shall either of that happy twain repair
To seal such holy bond, till one shall be
The Bridegroom or the Bride—of cold Mortality!

The fate of one is seal'd for aye on earth,
It may be both:—thrice happy they who prove
The depth of faith that in the soul has birth,
And the true heart, that knows no second Love!
That on one altar kindles all its fires,
And when that altar falls, in the bright blaze expires.

Now, all is bliss and tenderness,—no storm
Comes o'er the summer-heav'n of Love's pure sky;
No angry frowns his rose-wreath'd brows deform,
No lightning glances kindle in his eye;
Calm and unheard those whirlwind passions sleep,
That rise within Love's bowers, as billows from the deep.

Fair Bride! thou know'st not all the varied ills
That *may* o'ertake thee!—all the painful hours,
The pangs of hope deferr'd—the blighting chills
That sometimes visit e'en Love's fairest flowers,
And steal away their fragrance;—nor the woes
Woman untold must bear, that wreck her soul's repose!

To watch, perhaps, a wild and wand'ring heart,
To chain by love the Rover;—to beguile
His wayward mood, when tears are fit to start,
With soft persuasive eloquence,—to smile
E'en while the heart is breaking,—is the lot
Of Woman's life, alike in palace or in cot!

To linger through the long night's gloomy reign,
'Till morning breaks in heav'n, and the stars fade
From eyes that watch—a heart that aches in vain;
To mourn o'er blighted Hopes—Love ill repaid;
To shed Affection's tears o'er vows forgot,—
In ev'ry age and clime, such has been Woman's lot!

To chide,—ah, *not* to chide him;—that his love
Esteems her peace so lightly; but to twine
Her arms round his;—nor by a look reprove;—
To lay her heart before him, as the shrine
That it has sworn to worship;—to win back
The Wanderer's erring feet to Virtue's peaceful track,—

These, and a thousand cares like these beside,
Make up the lot of Woman;—all the hours
Of her life are not sunshine;—to provide,
While summer lasts, against those wintry showers
That Love must sometimes know, should be her care,
If o'er she hopes on Earth one peaceful hour to share!

Fair Bride!—the die is cast—and thou must stand
Its utmost hazard;—never may the heart,
That now is pledg'd, together with thy hand,
Repent the love it trusted;—may thy part,
Through all Life's future scenes, be bright as now,
Nor deeper shades of care veil that unwrinkled brow.

pp. 92-97.

Our next specimen of Mrs. Wilson's style is of a different character, but is so full of true womanly as well as poetical feeling, that it is equally worthy of praise with the one we have just given:

I WATCH FOR THEE.

'I watch for Thee!—when parting day
Sheds on the earth a ling'ring ray;
When his last blushes, o'er the rose,
A richer tint of crimson throws;
And ev'ry flow'ret's leaves are curl'd
Like Beauty, shrinking from the world;
When silence reigns, o'er lawn and lea,
Then, dearest Love! I watch for Thee!

I watch for Thee!—when Eve's first star
Shines dimly in the Heavens afar,
And twilight's mists and shadows grey
Upon the lake's broad waters play;
When not a breeze, or sound, is heard,
To startle evening's lonely bird;
But hush'd is e'en the humming bee—
Then, dearest Love! I watch for Thee!

I watch for Thee! when on the eyes
Of Childhood slumber gently lies;
When sleep has still'd the noisy mirth
Of playful voices, round our hearth,
And each young cherub's fancy glows
With dreams, that only childhood knows,
Of pleasures past—or yet to be—
Then, dearest Love! I watch for Thee!

I watch for Thee! Hope of my heart,
Returning from the crowded mart,
Of worldly toil, and worldly strife,
And all the busy scene of life;—
Then, if thy brow of brightness wear,
A moment's space, the shade of care,
My smile, amid that gloom, shall be
The rainbow of the storm to Thee!'

pp. 143, 144.

We close the volume with increased respect for the fair authoress's talents and amiable feelings. Had she not been already known to the public, it would have claimed for her its immediate attention; as it is, it will establish her reputation.

GOMEZ ARIAS.

Gomez Arias; or, The Moors of the Alpujarras: a Spanish Historical Romance. By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio. 3 vols. 12mo. Hurst and Chance. London, 1828.

The prodigious success that has attended the romances of Sir Walter Scott, must have roused the emulation of the rawest recruits in the republic of letters; and, accordingly, we find that France, Germany, and Italy have not been wanting in numerous imitators of this great Scottish artist. In the midst of this multitude of servile copyists, who follow the footsteps of the Edinburgh literary chieftain, a few, however, of superior pretensions have entered the lists, who are worthy of being put into competition with him, and who, like him, are competent to delineate the general outlines of human nature in all the varieties of life. The manner of the times from which they have drawn their subjects, are represented by them with fidelity and accuracy: and by their efforts, historical romance has re-acquired that character of grace and dignity which it had lost in consequence of the great mediocrity of most of the productions which appeared in the interval which elapsed between the days of Mademoiselle Scudery and the more modern times of Madame Genlis.

M. de Sismondi, was, we believe, the first that introduced on the Continent the new style of romance, for the invention of which we are indebted to the genius of Sir Walter Scott. In his tale of 'Julia Severa,' he has introduced a very interesting action, and a full and accurate description of the manners of the times in which the story is laid. The peculiarities of the fifth century are represented in the most copious and attractive manner, so as to enable the reader to have a more correct and vivid idea of them, than the page of history affords. The manners of the Gauls, the Franks, and the Romans, of that

period; the savage court of Clovis; the ambition and policy of the clergy of those times; the vanity, baseness, and luxury of the patricians of Rome, subdued by the Barbarians; the misfortunes of the brave Gauls who are betrayed and oppressed; all pass in review before the eyes of the reader. Even the wrecks of the ancient fabric of the superstition of the Druids are brought upon the scene, such as when they shed a transient light over the gloomy deserts of Gaul.

Madame Caroline Pichler has performed for Germany, what M. de Sismondi has done for France; and her fellow-citizens have assigned her the title of the 'German Walter Scott.' The turn of her sentiments is grave, and her imagination is fruitful and inventive. Her productions are distinguished by a peculiar independence of thought, and a freedom of judgment, which were not naturally to be expected from a female, and particularly a native of Vienna. Her last work, 'The Swede at Prague,' brings forward a scene of the latter period of the thirty years' war. The reader is transported into the Palace of Waldstein, and lives with the terrible warriors of the North, who came to impose on Germany the right of investigation, and liberty of conscience. Those truly dramatic characters the author delineates with the hues and colours that essentially belong to their own times, and paints their prejudices and peculiarities to the life, while the whole is animated by a strain of narrative equally entertaining and instructive.

M. Alexandre Manzoni is the third of these superior geniuses, who, gifted with the spirit of this new literary school, has undertaken to naturalise the historical romance in his native land. The undertaking was so much the more dangerous and adventurous, as the language of prose has no fixed and peculiar style in Italy. He composed the romance of the 'Promessi Sposi,' which was received with universal admiration and applause. The intention of the author was to describe the Spanish despotism, the famine which ravaged the country of the Milanese in the 17th century, and the pestilence that succeeded that famine. The history of the two young betrothed lovers, who are harassed and persecuted by a leader of banditti, is assumed rather as a species of ground-work on which to exhibit these grand events, than as a regular and concatenated narrative. But when he touches on the romantic department of his work, he powerfully agitates the heart; and when he comes to the part which is purely historical, he arrests the attention of the reader, at the same time that he instructs him.

His production is a national history, which, in a manner superior to the stories of Walter Scott, must interest the people of Italy, who may be viewed in the light of a feeble and helpless infant, for which the brim of the vessel that contains the bitter but healing draught must be rubbed over with honey; and the garb of fiction must be assumed, in order to deliver the useful lessons of history.

A fourth competitor for fame, and rival of Walter Scott, presents himself in the person of Don Telesforo de Trueba, a Spaniard, who has chosen his native country for the theatre of the scenes he describes:

'As an enthusiastic admirer of the lofty genius, the delightful and vivid creations of that great founder of English historical fiction, Sir Walter Scott, it often struck me, while reading his enchanting novels, as rather singular that he had never availed himself of the beautiful and inexhaustible materials for works upon a similar plan to be met with in Spain. It has, indeed, been generally admitted, that Spain was the classic ground of chivalry and romance. The long dominion of the Moors—the striking contrast between their religion, their customs and manners, and those of their Christian enemy—the different petty kingdoms into which Spain was divided, with the consequent feuds, intrigues, and battles,—all concurred to produce a succession of extraordinary incidents and character, highly adapted for romantic and dramatic illustration. Yet, while the less abundant chronicles and traditions of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, were successively ransacked by the great magician and his most successful imitators, they seem almost studiously to have avoided dwelling upon those glowing, luxuriant productions, replete with such variety of incident and character, which form the national treasures of Spain.—Pref., pp. 8, 9.

But the reader will naturally ask, is this new and aspiring author competent himself to engage in a task, in which only three authors on the Continent have succeeded to the fullest extent.

The review that we are now going to take of his work, will, we flatter ourselves, fully answer that question. We shall begin by selecting the description of the hero of his romance:

'Don Lope Gomez Arias was a man whose will had seldom been checked, and he placed the most unbounded confidence in the magnitude of his resources, physical and intellectual. Nature had indeed been lavished in conferring on this individual her choicest favours. To the most undaunted courage and quickness of resolve, he united the greatest powers of mind, and brilliancy of talent, but he was unfortunately divested of those genuine feelings of the heart, which alone can render these qualities desirable.

'His courage, talents, and abilities had rendered him an object of dread, not only to the enemies of his country, but to the rivals of his love or ambition. By the men he was generally disliked, feared, or envied. Unfortunately the softer sex entertained for him far different sentiments.—Alas! they could not discover the void within his heart, through the dazzling splendour of his outward form, and habitual allurements of manner. Many had already been the victims of his seducing arts; were they to blame?—perhaps they were only to be pitied. He possessed every resource that professed libertines employ, to inveigle the affections of the innocent maiden, or attract the admiration of the more experienced woman: Besides his courage and resolution—qualities as much more prized by females, as they seldom fall to their share, Gomez Arias was engaging in his deportment and without any alloy of servility in his address; indeed he seemed rather to command attention, than to court it, and the general expression of his features was that of pride, tempered with the polish of gentlemanly bearing.

'In his personal appearance he was remarkably handsome, being of tall and majestic stature, to which his finely turned limbs were in strict proportion. There was an intelligence in the piercing glance of his dark eye, and a smile of fixed gaiety and satire sat habitually upon his lip. To his other attractions he added a set of regular though somewhat large features, which were shaded by a profusion of black glossy curls, and the superb mustachios and *pera** that clothed his upper lip and chin.'—Vol. I., pp. 76—78.

Such is the principal hero introduced in the Spanish historical romance of 'Don Telesforo de Trueba' He is the lover of the beautiful and noble Leonora de Aguila, and, having dangerously wounded Don Rodrigo de Cespedes, he is obliged to seek a refuge at Guadix, where he lies concealed at the time when the rebellion of the Moors breaks out. At Guadix, he falls in love with the innocent and beautiful Theodora Monteblanco, who is enthusiastically devoted to him. In one of their interviews, they are surprised by the arrival of her father, Don Manuel de Monteblanco, with a stranger, who turns out to be Don Rodrigo, who, having recovered of his wounds, comes again in search of his antagonist.

'"Don Lope Gomez Arias!" exclaimed the astonished cavalier.

'"Don Lope Gomez Arias!" re-echoed Monteblanco. "It is your rival, then.—What is the meaning of this, Martha?"

'"Your honour may ask the gentleman himself," responded the duenna; "I know nothing of him, but that he is the most daring and impertinent man,"—(Martha indulged in the privilege granted her by Don Lope;) "the most unceremonious, head-strong, self-sufficient cavalier I ever met with—Virgen Santa!—What a disturbance he has raised in the house! Then there's that most impudent rascal of a valet; he is the principal cause of the commotion, and I humbly crave and hope your honour will give him ample reason to repent his impudence."

'"Repent my impudence!" quoth Roque, "thou accursed *bruja!** it would be more meritorious to chop off thy slanderous tongue!"

'Here the duenna proceeded to pour forth a fresh volley of words, without any positive explanation, as is generally the practice when people are anxious to gain time, and collect their senses.

'"Peace, woman!" interrupted Gomez Arias, in the middle of her harangue; "this disturbance, as you term it, is of your own doing. Had you behaved with more courtesy to a stranger, you might have saved the impropriety my valet has been guilty of towards you; an impropriety for which he shall most assuredly suffer in due time."—Here he cast a terrible look on the astonished Roque, who perfectly well knew he was doomed to suffer for his master's vagaries; and that the failure of his adventures must recoil invariably on his unfortunate head. Yet he looked sorely puzzled how to find out the nature of the impropriety he had committed against the superannuated dame who dealt him such abundance of vilipendiary epithets.

'All this time the good Don Manuel was patiently waiting for an explanation, and the more the duenna explained, the more perplexed he found himself.

'Gomez Arias at last, after several fruitless endeavours to stop Martha's tongue, availed himself of a momentary pause she made to take breath.—"Don Manuel de Monteblanco," said he, "is undoubtedly anxious to learn the object of my visit to his house.

'"Visit!" exclaimed the duenna. "Intrusion—a downright taking by storm.—God bless me! a visit you call it—a visit!"

'"Silence, Martha, silence; let the gentleman proceed," cried Don Manuel, a little more composed, and feeling an inward dread at the matron's explanatory talents.

'"Don Manuel," continued Gomez Arias, "I am exceedingly concerned for the confusion created in the mansion of so honourable a cavalier; but certainly I am not so greatly to blame as that good woman wishes to imply."

'"Good woman, indeed!" ejaculated the duenna. "*Jesus me valga!* that I should live to be so called—*soy Cristiana vieja*—and of as good a family as needs be.—No Jewish puddle in my veins.—Good woman, forsooth! My dear master, am I to be called a good woman?"

'Don Manuel looked very grave, not so much, perhaps, at the difficulty of resolving the question, as at the probability of never obtaining a knowledge of the business so long as the duenna had the free use of her tongue. To quiet, therefore, her anger, the complaisant old cavalier kindly soothed her apparently wounded feelings, by allowing that she by no means deserved the appellation.

'Silence being thus restored, Gomez Arias continued: "The cause of my apparent intrusion is simply this:—informed by my servant that Don Rodrigo de Cespedes was in active search after me, and not wishing to be backward in acknowledging the favour, I thought it incumbent on my honour to facilitate a meeting with the utmost expedition. I repaired to this house, from whence my servant had seen that gentleman issue, but before the nature of my business could be disclosed, that rigid dame assailed me with a tremendous storm of abuse, when my valet, in his zeal to serve me, or rather indulging in a propensity to retaliate, retorted the lady's freedom of tongue with rather too much acrimony."

'"Now," thought Roque, "it is really too bad to accuse me of acrimony, when I have not opened my lips."

'"I attempted an explanation," continued Gomez Arias, "in the hopes of meeting with a more courteous reception, when this young lady made her appearance (turning to Theodora). I was then about to acquaint her with my intention, when fortunately the object of my search presents himself in person, a circumstance which I hail with the more pleasure, as I am assured that Don Rodrigo is particularly anxious we should renew an old interchange of tokens of our mutual regard."

'"Senor Don Lope Gomez Arias," replied Don Rodrigo, sorely incensed at the tone of levity in which he was addressed by his rival, "I likewise congratulate myself in thus accidentally meeting with Don Lope sooner than I was led to expect; and though the mock courtesy of his style plainly indicates the reliance he places on the constant good fortune that protects him, yet he shall find me more solicitous than ever for the immediate interchange of the tokens to which he so facetiously alludes."

'"Senor Don Rodrigo de Cespedes," returned Gomez Arias, "I cannot but greatly admire that laud-

Pera. The military term is *imperial;* a small tuft of hair.

* *Anglicè*, a beldam.

able ambition which stimulates you to deeds of noble daring, and an unworthy individual like myself cannot feel sufficiently grateful for the honour you wish to confer upon him."

'These words and the sarcastic sneer that accompanied them, exasperated Don Rodrigo to such a degree, that, turning to his rival, he pointed to the door, and, without further reply, intimated to him to follow. Gomez Arias was about to comply, when Monteblanco interposing, exclaimed,

'"Forbear, *caballeros*, forbear; this is my house, and although I am far from desiring to withhold any gentleman from the calls of honour, yet let it not be said that my mansion was made a scene of violence and bloodshed."

"*Valgame Dios!*" cried Roque, "Don Manuel speaks like an oracle. Nor do I think myself, this hour of night the most fit to decide such important matters. Broad day-light is certainly preferable to the glimmer of the moon and stars, for business like this."

'Theodora was ready to sink with emotion and fear, but the very imminence of the danger inspired her with a sort of desperate tranquillity. She knew that her interposition would only increase the perplexities of her situation, without preventing the accomplishment of their design. Besides, she placed much confidence in her lover's courage and superior skill in the management of arms, and ultimately she possessed that nobleness of mind that shrinks from the imputation of cowardice in the object of its admiration.

'Monteblanco's remonstrances were vain. Don Rodrigo rushed to the door with desperate haste, and Gomez Arias followed with the coolness of one to whom such scenes were familiar.

'"Follow me," cried Don Rodrigo, as he bounded down the stairs with fearful alacrity.

'"Stay, Don Rodrigo," said Gomez Arias, sarcastically, "not such precipitation, or you may fall before your time."

'This provoking sarcasm entirely overthrew the little remaining temper which Don Rodrigo possessed. His eyes flashed fire, his whole frame shook, and, unable to restrain himself any longer, he furiously drew his sword, and fixed on the *Zaguan** for the field of action.'

A combat ensues, when Roque, the valet of Gomez Arias, to prevent a misfortune, puts out the light. A groan is heard, and Don Rodrigo, supposing his rival fallen, flies precipitately. Upon examination, it turns out that the groan was uttered by Roque, who used this stratagem to separate the combatants. While Don Rodrigo is flying to the Alpujarras mountains, Don Antonio de Seyva, a gallant cavalier, and another enemy of Don Gomez, arrives at Guadix, invited by his kinsman Monteblanco, for the purpose of marrying Theodora, to the surprise and despair of that young lady. Theodora gives an appointment to her lover at night in the garden, where a distressing scene ensues, which terminates in Gomez Arias's persuading her to fly with him. They leave Guadix, and, during the journey, Gomez, taking advantage of the moment when she retired to rest, abandons her, and, influenced by ambitious views, returns to Grenada.

When Theodora awakes, she finds herself deserted by her seducer, and surrounded by the enemies of her country. They carry her away, and, upon crossing a wood, she perceives a man hanging on a tree, whom, from the conversation of the Moors, she fancies to be her lover.

'"The sight appears to unnerve you, lady," coolly observed her conductor, "and I wonder not, for it is a sorry sight for a tender female, and a Christian withal. Yonder scare-crow was, a short time since, a Christian knight, and is there placed a warning to his fellow-countrymen how they dare provoke the angry lion in his dominions. In each Moor will the Christian encounter a lion;—nay, something even more terrible than the king of beasts; for, joined with the mighty strength and fierce resolution of this animal, we have the reason and wounded feelings of man."

'"By the prophet," said one of the Moors, "that Christian well deserved his fate; a more desperate man never did I see!"

'"Aye," continued another, "he fought bravely, and we bought his life at the dear price of two comrades."

'"I came not till he was dispatched," exclaimed Malique in a haughty tone, "otherwise the combat would not have been long dubious; but you are a cowardly set, and, had the Christian been seconded, I suspect that the five who attacked him would have been disgracefully driven back: but he fought alone, his dastardly servant having fled. Pity we could not catch the rascal, for he would have made a proper accompaniment to his master on the next tree."

'Theodora listened in frozen suspense, whilst another of the Moors observed, in an under-tone,

'"'Twas unfortunate though, that love should have brought about his death: in his last moment, he said something concerning love; and who knows but this young maiden"—

'Theodora heard no more,—she uttered a faint smothered scream, and fell lifeless into the arms of Malique.

'"Give help! give help! she faints! poor damsel—Get some water from the brook!"

They halted a moment, and, having succeeded in calling Theodora back to life, they carry her to Athacen, where Caneri, a descendant of the old Moorish Kings of Cordova, keeps his head-quarters.

We shall return again to this volume.

* A Porch,—the entrance of a building.

ABERNETHY'S LECTURES ON ANATOMY, &c.

Lectures on Anatomy, Surgery, and Pathology. By John Abernethy, F.R.S., Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

THE weekly medical publication, 'The Lancet,' attracted notice to itself, and soon obtained a wide circulation, chiefly by reporting, closely, the lectures of some of the distinguished professional teachers in London. It was eagerly sought, on several accounts, by the pupils of the London Schools; it saved to them the labour of making written notes of the lectures, or of practising any other art to fix them in the memory: by taking from them the fear of forgetting, it allowed them to give a more undivided and profitable attention to the lectures, when orally delivered; and the perusal of it at a future time promised to be almost as useful as attendance on fresh courses of lectures. But the advantages of the work were not confined to the young students alone. Among established practitioners, there were many who, by means of it, refreshed their recollection of the valuable lessons of their former teachers; and many others who prized it, as giving a good succint account of the existing state of medical science.

The listening to an animated discourse leaves impressions on the mind incomparably stronger than the private perusal of any ordinary didactic treatise—a fact acted upon by colleges which require from candidates, for honorary degrees in science, proofs of attendance at oral lectures, although excellent treatises on the various subjects may have been within reach. It follows, that such a written report of a good lecture as will place the speaker vividly before the mind's eye, will have utility approaching to that of the *viva voce* display. Now, Mr. Abernethy's discourses are singularly fitted to be thus preserved. His felicitous talent of narrating cases, and of seizing the salient points, whether ludicrous or instructive, his humour, his eccentricities of manner, &c., have all contributed to arouse the attention of his pupils, and to fix it on the excellent matter usually delivered; and many of these characteristics are well retained in a written report. We are far, however, from holding that Mr. Abernethy's lessons are faultless—witness the whim of his eternal *blue pill;* his carelessness of modern improvements in the healing art; his boasted non-acquaintance with the department of the physician, and yet his acting as if he were master of it, thereby misleading students as to the amount of study required of them, &c.; but if we were to measure the teacher's merit only by the quantity of useful information communicated and permanently impressed on the minds of the pupils, Mr. Abernethy would rank very high. He was the first to incorporate, in lectures of easy comprehension, many of the important discoveries in the laws of life, made by John Hunter; and it is not too much to say, that his labours have much contributed to that improvement in the treatment of surgical diseases, through the general constitution, which is now common to the great body of the profession.

'The Lancet' preserved reports of Mr. Abernethy's Lectures, in defiance of his attempts to repress them,—being protected against penalties by a point of law, if not of justice. The present volume again seems to be a copy from the Lancet, similarly protected against both the author and the original reporter. The work, therefore, does not come before the world with the authority of an acknowledged work of Mr. Abernethy; but unless he publish an édition himself, or at least revise the existing work, as Sir Astley Cooper may be supposed to have done with respect to his lectures, which were also first published in 'The Lancet,' and afterwards in a separate form, by his relative, Mr. Tyrrell; the present volume will have all its value.

Some parts of Mr. Abernethy's lectures, serve better than any medical work we recollect, to exemplify an important rule in the art of teaching all sciences, but which is not so generally adopted as it deserves; viz. to place general truths or principles before the minds of young students; always as much as possible, in connection with the facts from which the principles are deduced. The enunciation of an abstract, or naked general truth, offers to many, an idea extremely vague and fugitive, but if the truth be embodied in some striking fact or reality, it becomes impressed on the mind for ever. The sages of antiquity acted on this principle, when they embodied the precious maxims of moral and political wisdom in beautiful fables and parables, or in interesting examples from real life: and Mr. Abernethy has often clothed principles of the medical art in a judicious selection of striking cases, related with the peculiarly happy talent which belongs to him.

Odds and Ends, from the Portfolio of an Amateur. No. I. Basil Steuart. London, 1828.

OUR amateur appears to have taken notes of the ridiculous situations in every-day life which have come under his pen; and with the addition of a little extra charge from his own imagination, proposes to send them forth for the amusement of caricature fanciers, in a series, of which the Number before us is the first. It contains four etchings, executed with a good deal of light and free effect, but of no great invention, and not on very spirited or mirth-stirring subjects.

JEAN PACOT.

A short piece, under this title, has been produced at the Théatre des Variétés. Its success was wholly due to the inimitable acting of Madame Baroyer, as a grandmama, which nothing could exceed for its discrimination and truth to nature; it must otherwise have fallen, as the plot is as badly managed as any one of those concoctions of our own, denominated a vehicle for music: and what a set of crazy ricketty tumbrels have we not had. The characters consist of a military cook, striving to be witty; plentiful discharges of musquetry, a battle, a duel, and one passable *couplet*. As the subject comes barely within the limits of human comprehension, we shall have it undoubtedly reproduced at one of our great Theatres. The authors are Messieurs Francis and Dartois.

TITLE-PAGE TO THE FIRST QUARTERLY PART OF THE ATHENÆUM.

It being impossible to forward the Title-page of the Athenæum, free of postage, into the country, unless it forms part of the regular sheet, it has been so printed for general convenience; but should there be any parties who may desire separate copies of the Title, not marked by folds, as this will necessarily be, they will be printed for that purpose and supplied, at three pence each, by the Publisher.

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EIGHT DAYS AT BRIGHTON—BY A FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION.

No. IV.

'Tout ce que vient du cœur n'est pas de la flatterie. les flatteurs n'en ont pas . . . . .'

In an elegant little Fly, which for velocity of motion well deserved its name, I left the Gloucester Hotel to proceed to Kemp-Town, which is probably the newest town in Europe, and which cannot fail to impress a foreigner with a high idea of the boldness and magnitude of English speculation. This place, like many celebrated towns, bears the name of its founder, who has been inspired by the honourable ambition of having his memory connected with an enterprise, of which posterity will say,—

'Te saxa loquuntur.'

The plan on which Kemp-Town is built combines, at once, the picturesque and the majestic. Its elegant structures, forming an amphitheatre on the acclivity of a hill, are reflected in the glassy surface beneath; and, when viewed from the sea, the town presents a miniature likeness of Genoa the Superb. A vast crescent forms the centre of the town. The houses are built on the most spacious and elegant scale; and, when finished and inhabited, the founder may justly be proud of his gigantic undertaking.

I entered the town, which now, at the period of its birth, is almost as desolate as Pompeii after its two thousand years' burial; and I stopped at the door of Mr. Kemp's house, where he had that day invited a party of friends to dine. According to the English custom, I was introduced to all the guests, and their names were likewise mentioned to me. To remember people's names is sometimes a serious tax on the memory; yet the formality of an introduction gives a stranger the chance of entering into conversation with the person whom he sits next to at table, and to whom, without this indispensable ceremony, he could not take the liberty of addressing a word, even though he had been in company with him a dozen times before.* Sir Robert and his daughter arrived a few moments after me, and the company were then summoned to the dining-room.

The dinner was excellent, but contrary to the usual custom in England, we did not sit very long at table. The conversation, which was lively and varied, was kept up with considerable talent. The plans proposed for the improvement of the new town, came under discussion. A brewery, a hotel, and baths, are already established in it; and all the elegancies and luxuries of life will follow, as soon as fashion shall give the signal. After dinner it was proposed that we should drink prosperity to the new town, and to this toast was added the health of the foreigners who had visited it. I replied to this compliment, by observing, that I had some time ago been present at a public dinner in St. Petersburgh, in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of that city, and that I hoped the party then present, would, a century hence, assemble round the table of the hospitable founder of Kemptown, which might then, perhaps, emulate the prosperity of the city of Peter the Great.

When the ladies left the table for the drawing-room, I said to Mr. Marshall, who sat next me, 'I hope we shall not stop wine-drinking for several hours; for a table without ladies is like a parterre without roses.' 'Do not be uneasy on that score,' he replied; 'the custom you allude to is now very much out of fashion.' 'I am glad to hear it,' I rejoined, 'for that easy and pleasant conversation which, in France, commences so naturally with the dessert, and is continued in the same tone throughout the evening, is in England cut short by this long interruption; and the subjects introduced during the absence of the ladies, being often of a serious nature, the mind on rejoining them, is then less prepared for enjoying the pleasure of familiar conversation.'

We did not continue long over the bottle. On returning to the drawing-room, coffee was served, and soon after the *soiree* commenced, with music. Miss Kemp played the piano-forte and the harp, and sang airs in different languages, with the taste appropriate to each, while we were admiring a collection of landscapes and flowers drawn by her, and which indicates no less talent than application. Accomplishments so varied, and carried to so high a degree of perfection, joined to the personal charms with which the young lady is endowed, might well justify addressing to her the happily expressed compliment of Fontenelle —'You have been taught every art except the art to please, and yet in that your success is complete.'

At a more advanced period of the evening, quadrilles and waltzes were danced, the intervals being filled up with performances on the guitar, in which Senor Hureta, a young Spaniard, made us sensible of powers in that instrument, which, perhaps, few suppose it can possess. As I was dancing with Miss M——l, she informed me that a public ball was given by subscription every week, at the Ship Tavern, and that this ball, like Almack's in London, was under the immediate direction of three ladies, without whose permission no individual could be admitted. 'The room is very fine,' she added, 'and you must come to it, for you will see a great number of fashionable people there.'—'I shall be very glad,' I said, 'and I will, therefore, lose no time in applying for an admission.'

In the course of the evening, I entered into conversation with Mr. Kemp, of whom Cowper might very appropriately have said,

'God made the country, and man the town.'

To much information he has united great urbanity, and he appeared to me to be equally fitted for society and business. He explained to me the nature of the vast enterprise in which he was engaged, and the difficulties he had encountered in the progress he has made towards the complete execution of his plan; difficulties, which, however, had not discouraged him. 'It is a pity,' said I, 'that we do not live in an age in which the pleasing fables of the ancient Mythology might be adopted, for I much doubt, whether, at the building of Thebes, sounds more melodious were heard than those which your daughter has this evening drawn from her harp; and whether Amphion's architects and masons cost as much as yours.'—'You will be better able to judge what the town will be as a whole, from a plan engraved after the architect's designs, which I shall have much pleasure in giving you.'—'I shall have the same, Sir, in accepting and preserving it, as one of the most interesting recollections of my travels; but permit me to give you in exchange, the drawings for a bath similar to those constructed at Constantinople, in which elegance is combined with salubrity. It is possible that such a novelty might prove an attraction for your town; for, as a Chinese pavilion, built in 1784, first brought Brighton into vogue, why may not a Turkish bath, rivalling and superior to that of any Oriental Sultan, confirm the success of Kemp-town?'

The dancing had ceased for some time, and, after an elegant collation, the company departed. I mounted my little Fly, and soon regained my hotel, more and more charmed with the manner in which I had spent my time, and with my experience of English politeness.

As all my time in Brighton was divided between the pleasures derived from external objects and from society, I had allotted this morning to a picturesque promenade, to which Sir Robert Wilson had invited me to accompany him and his daughter. 'We shall make an excursion of six miles,' said he, 'to show you a place called the Devil's Dike.'—I seated myself in my worthy friend's carriage, and in less than an hour we arrived at the spot. From the summit of a very high hill, the view extends down a precipice of extreme depth. It will, therefore, readily appear, that the terror which this view creates, has given rise to the name.—'It is supposed,' said Miss Wilson, 'that there has been a Roman camp in this spot; and, not long ago, in digging in the neighbourhood, an urn was found, full of coins of the latter Emperors.'—We soon quitted this cheerless prospect.

Onward the scene changed as by enchantment, and presented the most extensive and varied views. 'Every time that I come upon this height, where we now stand,' said Sir Robert, 'it brings to my recollection by its position that spot in front of Dresden, on which General Moreau was mortally wounded by my side.' 'Were you then so near him, Sir Robert,' said I. 'Yes, so near him, that his Aide-de-camp, Colonel Rapatelle, and I supported him in our arms, when he fell from his horse.' 'I have often heard the details of that event related, but never from authority such as yours. I feel the more interested in it, as, notwithstanding the difference of our ages, certain favourable circumstances had established a considerable degree of intimacy between General Moreau and me. I sometimes hunted with him on his own estate at Gros-bois, sometimes on Ouvrard's at Raincy. Such was the natural frankness of his character that I soon became warmly attached to him, and I participated in the general opinion of France against the spirit of despotism which dictated his unjust trial. 'By which,' observed Sir Robert, 'he was condemned to two years' imprisonment, but for which an exile to America was substituted. He had purchased a fine country-house below the falls of Delaware, where he had a striking example of the truth of this axiom:—

Quemcunque fortem videris, miserum neges.

In this retirement, he learned the diasters of the French retreat from Moscow, and foresaw what the result would be for France. The impression which that event made on him, revived his resentment against Buonaparte; and it was then, while under the influence of this feeling, that he received the first overtures of the Emperor Alexander, and determined on returning to Europe.' 'In fact,' I observed, 'Mr. Parish, with whom General Moreau was intimately connected in America, communicated in 1816, at Paris, the correspondence which had reference to that negociation, as well as all letters which the General addressed to him, asking his advice on this delicate question. In these letters he expressed the same patriotic and unambitious sentiments which had governed him through the whole course of his life.' 'Well!' resumed Sir Robert, 'he embarked secretly on the 21st of June, 1813, with M. de Svinine, Russian Councillor of Embassy, and arrived on the 24th of July at Gottenburgh. He there spent three days with his old friend and companion in arms, the Crown Prince of Sweden, and afterwards proceeded to Prague, where he was expected by all the allied Sovereigns, who received him with the deference due to his military reputation; thus establishing a sort of equality between the rank of monarch and the glory of the great captain.' 'At that time,' said I to Sir Robert, 'I was at Vienna, along with one of the friends of the General, who had shown the most devoted attachment to him. It was M. Tourton, one of the principal bankers of Paris, who, during the trial, did all he could to save him, and whose zeal, which was then considered a crime, was punished by an exile of two years to his estate. We then wrote to the General, to inform him that we intended to set out to meet him; but

* A lady, in Paris, was reproaching Lord S——r with ingratitude towards General Monjardet, whom he appeared to slight, though the General had rendered him the most important services when he was only Mr. D——, and was living in Paris in circumstances bordering on indigence.—'I do not know,' said his Lordship, 'what he has to complain of, for, after all, he man was never introduced to me.'

he had already started for Prague, when one of his servants brought us his answer.' 'Well, then, Dresden was attacked on the 26th of August. Moreau was with the Emperor Alexander and the king of Prussia. He rode along the front of the columns, under a shower of balls and bombs. Next day the attack was renewed, and Moreau, after communicating some observations to the Emperor Alexander, advanced to reconnoitre the enemy's movements. A ball struck him on the right knee, and passing through the body of his horse, carried away the calf of the other leg. He then fell into my arms, and Colonel Rapatelle, having come forward to assist, we laid him upon the grass. Alexander procured him all the assistance in his power. He was laid on a litter supported on Cossacks' pikes, and he was carried to a neighbouring house, where the Emperor's first surgeon amputated his right leg. The General desired that his other leg might be examined, and on learning that it could not be saved, 'Cut it off, then,' said he very coolly. The allied force was retreating, and the General was again carried to some distance on his litter, round which curtains were drawn. He died on the night of the 1st of September. Every trifle connected with a celebrated man is interesting,' observed Sir Robert. 'I recollect meeting General Moreau at a ball at Madame Récamier's, where he was, as usual, surrounded by foreigners, who were all eager to become acquainted with him. I asked him whether he had seen a new piece which was then performing at the Théâtre Louvois, and which was entitled *Monsieur Musard*, (the Idler.) "Yes, I have," replied the General, "and I think that Picard would have painted his character much better, had he copied implicitly from nature. Every body is more or less *musard*," added he, "and, as to myself, I know that I have lost twenty favourable chances in war, merely through *musardant*. I know only one man who is exempt from the fault, and that is Buonaparte." When I heard a few days afterwards, that Moreau was arrested on the charge of being implicated in Pichegru's conspiracy, I recollected the eulogium he had pronounced, but which, he did not expect, would so soon prove a fatal prediction.'

This conversation amused us on our way back to Brighton, a distance of about six miles. The weather being rather cold, we set Miss Wilson down at her residence, and Sir Robert and I proceeded to the esplanade. It was now too late for meeting Lord H——d, and we were returning from the end of the chain-pier, when Sir Robert was accosted by a lady, whose dignified figure and rich dress of velvet and ermine denoted her to be some person of high rank. 'I have just received a letter from Sir M—— B——,' said she, 'containing some news from France, which I dare say will be interesting to you.' 'And, perhaps, to this gentleman, also,' observed Sir Robert, presenting me to the lady, whom he introduced as the Duchess of St. A———. The news to which her Grace alluded, though it had an air of probability, appeared to me to be merely a story got up for the Stock Exchange; and I was right in my conjecture, for next day the report was contradicted. However, we walked about with the Duchess on the terrace of the jetty, discussing the probable truth or untruth of the intelligence which her Grace had received. The conversation then turned to other subjects, and allusion was made to the indecorous way in which the lady was spoken of in some of the public papers, where, it was observed, the liberty of writing too often degenerated into licentiousness. 'Indeed,' said her Grace, 'I am heartily tired of being continually made the subject of newspaper paragraphs. One of the papers found fault with me the other day for being followed to church by two servants, one carrying my prayer-book and the other the Duke's. These scribblers seem to wish to control all my actions. They would even dictate what I ought to give away to the poor; and, at length, I shall grow tired of charity.' I was not sufficiently acquainted with the nature of these complaints, or with the sort of consolation suited to them, to take part in the conversation, which was maintained by Sir Robert with that happy talent for which he is distinguished, and which, on this occasion, appeared to be particularly useful to him. However, to vary the subject, he made inquiries after Sir F—— B——. 'He left me yesterday,' said the Duchess. 'He is exceedingly anxious about the health of his lady; but I hope, notwithstanding, that he will come and pass a few days with me before the opening of Parliament.' We now approached the entrance of the esplanade, and a servant came to inform the Duchess that the Duke had just returned from a sporting excursion. This put an end to our conversation, and we handed the Duchess into her elegant carriage, which was drawn by four horses richly caparisoned. On taking leave of us, she invited us, in the most gracious way, to visit her at Brighton, and also at her residence in London.

The carriage had scarcely driven away when I eagerly enquired of Sir Robert who the Lady was. 'She is, as I said on introducing you,' replied Sir Robert, 'the Duchess of St. A——. At a very early period of life, she became an actress, and, by her beauty and talent, she captivated one of our wealthiest bankers, who finally married her. On her husband's death, she became mistress of an enormous fortune. She has recently given her hand to the young Duke of St. A——, Grand Falconer of England; and this union now ranks her among the first of our nobility.'

'Well,' said I to Sir Robert, 'alliances of this kind are very rare in France, where we retain prejudices against the theatrical profession, which neither time nor our revolution has had power to subvert.' 'And which you carry so far,' observed Sir Robert, 'that you will not permit your great actors to be buried in consecrated ground. But here, you see, beauty and talent receive a new baptism, which raises them to a level with all that is most respectable in society.' 'But, Sir Robert,' rejoined I, 'prejudices exist every where. You must have observed their tyrannical sway in every country you have visited, and even in this land of freedom, where reason has advanced with such rapid strides, you do not permit a Roman Catholic to have a voice in the Legislature of the country which gave him birth, which he has enriched by his industry, or defended with his blood.' 'Ah!' said Sir Robert, 'there are spots even on the sun;—but to return to the Lady who has just left us. She complains, not without reason, of the manner in which some of the public papers scrutinize her conduct, and pry into the most trivial details of her private life. Yet, I assure you, her name is invariably attached to every benevolent enterprise, and every charitable subscription. Since she has come into possession of her vast fortune, her compassion has never been appealed to in vain; and it may truly be said of her, that she is rich for the unfortunate. Even if she possessed no other merit than that of having acquired her enormous wealth and her noble title, that, at least, would be something, and she might be spared the vulgar jokes of which she is constantly the object, and which, after all, are dictated only by envy.' 'I quite agree with you, Sir Robert,' said I; 'certainly, it would be much more proper to praise her for the good she does, than to insult her by coarse allusions. For my own part, my maxim is never to wound innocent vanity. Self-love, when inoffensive, should be be spared.'

I expressed to Sir Robert my wish to go to the ball at the Ship.——'Nothing is easier,' said he, 'and before we go to Lord S—l's, where we are expected to dinner, I will introduce you to Mrs. H——t, one of the Lady Patronesses, who will insert your name in the list, and to-morrow you will only have to send for your ticket.' We called on the lady, who received me with that kind affability which I have been fortunate enough to meet with in all my introductions here. She was surrounded by her daughters, beautiful as young English ladies generally are. Indeed, in describing this country, if the description be just, the praise bestowed on one thing will often be applicable to a thousand others. The object of my visit being obtained, by the grant of my request, we proceeded straight to Lord S——l's, where I never came without feeling fresh reason to eulogise the politeness I experienced. On intimating to this amiable family the great pleasure I enjoyed at Brighton, for much of which I was indebted to them, I added, that this week would form an agreeable episode in the recollections of my life. 'Are you, then, in the habit of keeping a journal of your life?' asked Lady S——l.' 'Yes, Madam,' I replied; 'after some time, one returns to such recollections, as if to listen to the voice of an old friend.' 'And do you publish them?' 'I think I shall, my Lady; publishing a book is like addressing a letter to all the friends, known and unknown, one has in the world.'

Among the company at table, there was a lady, whose features I thought I recollected; but so many years had passed away since I left her at Vienna, that, little as was the alteration which time had made on her countenance, I was not certain that it was the same person. When, however, on our return to the drawing-room, I was informed that the lady who had attracted my attention was really Mrs. Concannon, I hastened to address her with all the eagerness which such an unexpected meeting was calculated to excite. It is always agreeable to be able to say to a lady, from whom one has been for some time absent, that she looks as young as ever; but, after an absence of twenty years, to affirm, though with perfect truth, that she appears younger, might have had the air of a sarcasm, were it not that her friends, as well as I, had often asserted the same fact, the evidence of which she, it may be supposed, was not much inclined to dispute.

During the concert, in which one of the daughters of Lady S——l, gave proofs of a great talent for music, Mrs. Concannon and I retired into an adjoining room, where we had the opportunity of conversing on facts of which we had a common recollection. She informed me, that, since the death of her husband, she had settled at Brighton, and gave me in a few words the history of what had occured to her since our separation. Every thing of which she spoke appeared so recent —all that she said appeared to refer to a period so far from remote, that I really imagined, especially when looking at her, that we were resuming a conversation of yesterday; and yet that yesterday, was twenty years ago.

RURAL DOMESTIC LIFE.

The Horn Book; The Child's Bed Time; Market Day; and Sunday Evening. Drawn and Engraved by Richard Westall, R. A. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.

These four Mezzotinto Prints, which form a set, contain, each, a pleasing and expressive illustration of the several titles given to them. The first represents a cottage-door, with a grandmother knitting, and a shoeless urchin conning over its letters. The second is an interior cottage scene, with the baby undressing, and the fond parents sharing its tricks and caresses. The third represents a brook, with men and cattle crossing a bridge, and a peasant girl bringing water from the stream. The fourth exhibits a family group, enjoying a Sabbath summer's evening, sitting in the open porch of the door, with a pleasing prospect of rural beauty before them, the father enjoying his pipe, the mother reading her Bible, the daughter listening with respectful attention, and the household dog enjoying, at his master's feet, the repose for which a long day had prepared him. Although not in the highest class of Art, they form a very pleasing series, and such as, in the country especially, will find many sympathising admirers.

PERIODICAL PRETENSIONS.

'The Literary Gazette' and 'The London Weekly Review.'

To those who find food for laughter in the follies of mankind, one of the most amusing exhibitions of the day has been the declaration of war against 'The Edinburgh Review' by 'The Literary Gazette,' and the manifesto against *all* rivals and contemporaries by 'The London Weekly Review.' The threats of Russia against her eastern enemies are mild, when compared with the denunciations of the Autocrat of Paternoster Row against the Intruder of the North; and Mr. Jerdan evidently conceives the outpouring of the vials of his wrath on the devoted head of Mr. Jeffrey, to be of more awful portent to the world than the marching of the Emperor Nicholas across the Pruth, to attack the Sultan Mahmoud in his capital—or, than the assembling of armies, for the coming contest, in every part of the European world: while the annals of the whole East,—from the court of him who calls himself the Brother of the Sun and Moon, and the shadow of God upon earth, to the golden-footed Majesty of Ava who regards all other Sovereigns as his vassals and slaves,—present nothing more remarkable for the quality of complacent self-adulation than the manifesto of 'The London Weekly Review.'

The most amusing feature of this double exhibition of human frailty and folly is, however, the protestations which each of the self-lauding Journals named have, for months past, rung in the ears of all men to whom their voices could extend. *They* should never condescend to puffing,—not they, indeed! they stood on the lofty pinnacle of perfect independence, and *needed* no such aids. Their employment of them, therefore, cannot be even palliated by the plea of necessity; it must be sheer love, not merely of *hearing*, but of singing their own praises; and freely enough, indeed, have they administered to themselves whatever gratification this employment may afford them. But let us descend for a moment to particulars.

In the last number of 'The Edinburgh Review,' in an article on the Diffusion of Knowledge, believed to be from the pen of Mr. Brougham, the following passage occurrs:

'The success of some literary journals only proves the demand for such matter, not, we fear, the capacity of their conductors adequately and worthily to supply it; the scissors being in truth the mechanical power mainly brought into play by those humble, though very useful personages. *Mr. Buckingham's* 'ATHENÆUM' *is of a much superior cast; and, it may be hoped, will meet all the success the great merits and undeserved persecutions of its excellent conductor are well entitled to look for at the hands of Englishmen.* But the 'Verulam' professes a higher aim, and, indeed, a wider scope, being devoted to *science* as well as learning.'

Our readers will remember, that, in 'The Sphynx' and 'Athenæum,' two separate articles, each analysing the contents of this Number of 'The Edinburgh Review,' have appeared, in which we have not even alluded to the expressions concerning ourselves, contained in the paragraph quoted—though pressed on our notice by more correspondents than one: for which we take to ourselves no more than the negative merit of at least being slow to reiterate even the praises which others may think it their duty to bestow on our labours, far less to make these the themes of our own eulogy. But the passage in question seems to have excited the ire of Mr. Jerdan, the editor of 'The Literary Gazette,' to a degree bordering on frenzy. He, who, before, had almost forgotten that there was such a publication as 'The Edinburgh Review' in existence, is suddenly induced to think this praise of 'The Athenæum,' from such a quarter, of so much importance, that—all contemptible as he declares his enemy to be—all powerless to produce the slightest injury to his fame, (for he even questions whether '*any individual in the kingdom* has been able to force himself to *read* this Review!') he buckles on his armour for the fight, as if he were another David going out to meet Goliah. Alas! for the blindness of ungovernable rage; it is more intoxicating than the strongest spirits; and men who are drunk with wine do not commit half the follies exhibited by those who are drunk with anger. If Mr. Jerdan really believed, (as he professes to do,) that 'The Edinburgh Review has no longer any influence on public opinion;' that 'its strength is departed from it;' that 'it has no pretensions whatever to be regarded as an oracle of literature, or an organ of criticism;' that 'it is a compound of trite, common-place trash, and elaborate uninteresting heaviness, the first paragraph and the last being sheer nonsense, and desperate bad grammar to boot;' and, above all, that 'it is a question whether any individual in the kingdom could even force himself to read it:'—if all this, (and we quote his own words,) be really *believed* by him, can there be imagined a more senseless waste of time, or a more useless demand on the attention of his readers, than to combat so contemptible an opponent,—to trample on the fallen,—to war, as it were, with the dying, if not with the dead?

Mr. Jerdan begins, indeed, by saying, that 'uninterrupted success is the *best* answer to envious malignity.' Why, then, does he give any other? Is this *best* answer no longer in his power to give?—or does he think his present mode of answering, *better* than the best? The world will undoubtedly conclude, that 'the success' of the *Gazette* is no longer 'uninterrupted,' since it is insufficient to answer his present purpose: and in this, perhaps, they will see at once a clear and sufficient reason for the bitterness, as well as blindness, otherwise incomprehensible. Like men who pretend to be most sober when they are least able to stand, Mr. Jerdan is most loud in his protestations of being perfectly mild and unagitated when most furious. After affecting 'to laugh at the monstrous egotistical puffs of starting imitators, and quietly waiting the inevitable extinction of these unparalleled constellations of literature,' and then giving a convulsive proof of his being quite merry and at ease, (holding his sides, no doubt, to prevent the evil consequence of excessive mirth,) he suddenly drops the lower part of his countenance; and, in the very same line, without even a moment's pause, exclaims,—'*But when a publication, of the* RANK *of* '*The Edinburgh Review*'' (which he afterwards contends has no rank whatever, being wholly worthless and unread) *adopts this* DIRTY SYSTEM *of disparaging others, in order that it may exalt itself, its partisans, and parasites,—it becomes* US *to* EXPOSE THE IMPOSTURE! *to* REPEL THE INSULT!! *and to* PUNISH THE OFFENDER!!!' Mr. Jerdan is not *angry!* O no! gentle reader, he is the mildest of God's creatures; but, like Sir Anthony Absolute in 'The Rivals,' he feels that the 'patience of a saint may be overcome at last.'

Hear how mildly and dispassionately he *proves* the excellence of his temper: '*We address ourselves to Mr. Jeffrey*,' (Ods! triggers and hilts!) '*and we charge him with gross illiberality and* UNTRUTH *towards* "*The Literary Gazette*," *and with notorious quackery and puffing towards his own associates. But before we* TRAMPLE DOWN *this mean and* DISREPUTABLE *conduct*,' ('Ods! balls and barrels!' as Acres says, 'I could do *such* deeds!') Poor Mr. Jerdan! how we pity his disappointment, when he finds that, notwithstanding all his 'trampling down,' and 'quiet waiting for inevitable extinction' to boot, 'The Edinburgh Review' will still go on, and still be read by thousands, while he hugs himself with the notion that he has, or, at least, ought to have, long ago annihilated it!

We shall say nothing of the *style* of Mr. Jerdan's diatribe against 'The Edinburgh,' though some choice flowers of rhetoric might be culled from it, such as 'braggadocia,' humbug,' 'trash,' 'hocuspocus,' 'perking up' and 'snapping at,' 'defunct literature,' 'much rubbish,' and 'lots of daubs,' with other equally elegant phrases, such as, to use his own terms, are really 'posers,' and would 'puzzle a conjuror.' This is but a minor defect. Its most prominent feature is the utter blindness of its writer to the ridiculous figure he is making of himself; and his committing, in a tenfold degree of violence, the very offence with which he charges others.

His complaint against 'The Edinburgh Review,' is that it descends to the *dirty system* of indirectly disparaging others, and that it is guilty of quackery in exalting itself?—Now, what is the conduct of 'The Literary Gazette.' It quotes a passage from 'The Edinburgh Review,' one of the professed objects of which was to give high praise, and express sanguine hopes, of 'The Athenæum,' as a literary journal of a much higher character than its contemporaries, and to explain the promised objects of 'The Verulam,' in uniting science with literature for the benefit of general readers: in doing which it omits the intermediate lines of the quotation, which praises 'The Athenæum,' altogether! not even by marking by stars, or any other method, the existence of an *hiatus;* but passing over the lines in question, which must have been purposely struck out by the Editor's own pen, as if they had never existed! This, then, is being guilty of the very offence of indirectly disparaging others, of which 'The Gazette' itself so loudly complains: and as to its 'exalting itself,'—the next fault complained of against 'The Edinburgh Review,'—let the following modest paragraph suffice as an example:

'We will tell him, that the best writers of the better days of his own Review have, with hardly an exception, been considerable contributors to 'The Literary Gazette,' in common with almost every author of eminence in the country. We will tell him, that there is not a single No. of ours but costs more research, and is supplied by a larger portion of "the systematic division of labour," than any No. of "The Edinburgh Review." We will tell him, that our circulation and influence on public opinion is beyond comparison greater than his own. And we will tell him, that our year's volume presents a pregnant, original, and honest record of the literature, the sciences, the fine arts, the manners, and amusements of the passing time,—which his long dry essays on exhausted topics, and dissections of defunct literature, do not possess.'

Let us pass, however, to 'The London Weekly Review,' and we shall see that even Mr. Jerdan is surpassed in his own peculiar vein, and left far behind in the art of self-commendation. We should premise that 'The London Weekly Review,' which was undertaken by Mr. D. L. Richardson, author of 'Sonnets and Other Poems,' under the editorship of Mr. St. John, commenced its career with the profession of open hostility to the system of puffing, by way of advertisement or otherwise, through which books and periodicals are now brought into notice. Both the proprietor and editor expressed their determination to expose this practice in others, and never to resort to it themselves; and we believe, their 'virtuous horror' of this system of self-eulogy was originally sincere, for which we gave them full credit, and due respect. Judge then of our disappointment, (not to say astonishment,) at finding those very persons who commenced war against this system in others, not content with stringing together as many detached sentences as could be collected from various sources in praise of their own publication, (the very system which is employed by the publishers of whom they chiefly complained,) and appending to all their announcements the words, 'The Weekly Review *is the first periodical of its class*;' but endeavouring, first to disparage a rival Journal, 'The Literary Chronicle,' by insinuating, in one of its Numbers, that it had a miserable circulation of thirty or forty copies, when both the Editor and Proprietor must have known that it circulated several hundreds; and next, endeavouring to disparage *all* its contemporaries, by assertions, respecting both itself and others, which they must have known, at the very moment of their making them, to be unwarranted by fact. This is their modest announcement, made through the medium of the last 'Quarterly Review;' and it is a duty owing to society, to expose its absurd pretensions.

With residents in London, and persons acquainted with the actual state of literature and literary undertakings in the metropolis, it will have no weight; as the very terms in which it is couched will convince them of its being a tissue of exaggerated boasting: but as there are others to whom it may appear in a different light, we shall do them a service in undeceiving them. We shall insert the advertisement entire, and refer to its paragraphs afterwards.

1. 'The London Weekly Review' now confessedly stands at the *head* of weekly periodical literature.
2. No work of the kind has hitherto been *able* to procure the aid of so many men of talent—because no other is free from sinister and *debasing* influence.
3. It is in this Review *alone* that all Publishers indiscriminately can count on having justice done to their works, or the Public on always finding the *simple* and *naked* truth.
4. This is the principal cause of the *unprecedented success* 'The London Weekly Review' has obtained, and of the *extensive influence* it exerts upon the literature of the day.
5. Other Journals boast of their gossip, which is generally stale; or of their peculiar sources of information, which have *no existence*.
6. There is no source of information which is not open t this Review, and no bookseller or publisher to whom its opinion is a matter of indifference.
7. Its readers may therefore reckon upon always obtaining the earliest intelligence on every subject connected with Literature and the Arts, and will generally find its decisions *servilely echoed* by the other weekly literary Journals.
8. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the nature of all the subjects it embraces, as it touches upon *every thing* deserving of notice.

In these eight paragraphs, there are at least as many untruths: not, we regret to say, such as might be palliated by the possibility of misconception or unintentional error, but known and positive mis-statements, put forth for the purpose of deception—a species, in short, of literary swindling, or an attempt to obtain both fame and profit on false pretences. We will examine the assertions *seriatim*.

1st. It is said that 'The London Weekly Review' now *confessedly* stands at the head of weekly periodical literature.' To be sure, it is not said by whom this confession has been made: though to be of any worth at all, it ought to be by some other parties than the writers of this advertisement. It is evidently intended, however, to imply *undisputedly*, or by general confession and assent; for without this it is of little value, since there is no publication, however worthless, that is not *confessedly* good, according to the testimony of some few persons or other. By being at the *head*, may

mean, in circulation, in profit, or in reputation for excellence alone. In neither of these is it, however, *confessedly* (always excepting by itself) at the head of its contemporaries, since 'The Literary Gazette,' 'The Mirror,' 'The Magnet,' and many others, greatly exceed it in the two first of these particulars, (a point to be easily determined by a plain statement in figures,) and they know that in the last, (though this is less susceptible of proof, being matter of opinion only,) their statement is as inaccurate as in the first.

2. It is asserted, that 'no work has been *able* to procure the aid of so many men of talent; BECAUSE no other is free from sinister and *debasing* influence.' This is as false in fact, as it is absurd in argument,—exhibiting at once an untruth and a *non sequitur*. On what ground can they dare thus to slander and decry every Journal but their own, as being under sinister and debasing influence, when they *know* that some, at least, are quite as free from this imputation as their own: but the exquisite reason, that, *because* they were under such influence, *therefore* they could not procure the aid of so many men of talent, is such as none but blind men could have ventured to put forth; because it is known, that whoever can command the largest capital, can get the aid of the best writers, and the influence alluded to, namely, connection with others in pecuniary participation, is the very thing that will facilitate what it is here said to obstruct.

3. It is asserted, that 'The London Weekly Review' is the *only* publication in which all publishers indiscriminately can count on having justice done to their works, or the public on always finding the simple and naked truth.' To be justified in asserting this, the writers ought to know, on the best evidence, that other publications do *not* do justice to works they review, or in other words, that they withold praise when they think it due, or inflict censure when they feel it to be undeserved, (for mere conscientious difference of opinion as to merit, cannot, of course, be deemed injustice.) Now, the conductors of 'The Weekly Review' do *not* know this; they cannot know it; and publishers can count no more on having justice done to their works, in 'The Weekly Review,' than in other publications of the metropolis. Indeed, whoever can so far forget themselves, as thus to violate 'the simple and naked truth,' in an advertisement of this description, would not be very scrupulous in departing from it elsewhere.

4. The next assertion is, that 'from the cause first assigned, it has enjoyed unprecedented success, and exerts extensive influence upon the literature of the day.' Of its success, as far as great circulation is implied, we have already spoken: and as to its extensive influence on the literature of the day, we have reason to believe, that it has not yet given birth to one good book, or hindered the appearance or sale of a bad one. Extensive influence is not to be acquired by the most talented periodical in a few months.

5. 'Other Journals,' say they, '*boast* of their gossip, which is generally stale, and of their peculiar sources of information, which have no existence.' As to *boasting*, we think no one will henceforth doubt which of the Weekly Periodicals 'confessedly stands at the head' in this department. But, if the gossip of some be stale, and the peculiar sources of others have no existence, would it not be just to name the particular papers, rather than thus to impute falsehood and deceit to all?

6. The most arrogant assumption of all, however, is, perhaps, that which says, 'there is *no source* of information which is not open to 'The London Weekly Review.' The writer of that paragraph, unless he be an idiot, must know, that there are no *peculiar* sources of information open to any one Review which money will not render equally open to others. Booksellers and authors are too happy to give *their* information as to works in the press to *all*, because it is their interest to do so; and, for the rest, there are no libraries, museums, or secret stores, which are not equally accessible to others. The pretence of superiority in this respect is senseless; and the idea, that all the London booksellers *tremble* at the dicta of 'The London Weekly Review,' is perfectly ludicrous! The 'Sir Oracle' of the play was but a shadow compared with this.

7. 'Its readers,' they go on to say, 'may therefore reckon upon *always* obtaining the *earliest* intelligence on *every* subject connected with literature and the arts'—an assumption disproved by a reference to the papers of the last six months, where it will be found that they have been as frequently *behind* other journals as before them in reviews of books, a matter in which no one journal can be uniformly the earliest, because no one journal can review half the books published, and *must* therefore be anticipated by its contemporaries in many. When it is added, however, that 'its decisions are *servilely echoed* by the other weekly literary journals,' it says what the writers must know to be untrue; for they must be aware that other journals have exactly the same facilities as themselves for procuring books on which to form their own judgments, and that these, whether right or wrong, are generally formed by the reviewers, independently of what has appeared elsewhere.

8. Lastly, says the inimitable *Puff*, (even he of the 'Critic' could not surpass this,) 'It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the nature of all the subjects it embraces; as it touches upon *every thing* deserving of notice:' after which follows a catalogue which might be appropriately concluded in the established form,—'with many other things too numerous to mention.' But, if by this it be meant that 'The London Weekly Review' is so complete and comprehensive, that whoever confines himself to reading it alone, would miss nothing, in Literature, Science, or Art, worth knowing, (and if it has any meaning at all, it must be this,) it is the most arrogant and impudent assertion that we have ever yet seen attempted to be palmed on public credulity.

We have felt it our duty to say thus much, more in sorrow than in anger; for we had always been accustomed to regard 'The London Weekly Review' as likely to steer clear of the rocks and quicksands of literary imposture. We regret to see it so entangled among them, as to be threatened with the shipwreck of its reputation at least; and we can only account for such unskilful navigation, by supposing, that, in despair of arriving at the haven of security by pursuing a straight course under true colours and easy sail, its original pilots have quitted the helm, and abandoned their bark to the guidance of other hands. Having had abundant confidence in their modesty, their integrity, and their sense of what was due to others as well as to themselves,—nothing short of their own confession can induce us to believe that they have remained attached to a paper, which, from standing deservedly high in general estimation, has fallen into such utter degradation, as is inseparable from the conduct we have described. If any secret enemy has done them this injury, by publishing the advertisement in 'The Quarterly Review,' for the purpose of blasting their reputation with the world, they should instantly disavow it, and bring the perpetrator of this injury to justice. If not—if it be really their own production—though we will still indulge a hope that this cannot be—no words can express the sorrow or the pity we shall feel for men so humbled, even in their own estimation, as these hitherto honoured and esteemed, but now fallen and unhappy, individuals must be.

SPLENDID HISTORICAL ENGRAVING.

The Trial of William Lord Russell, in 1683. *Engraved by John Bromley, from the celebrated picture painted by George Hayter, in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Bedford.* Robert Bowyer, 74, Pall Mall, London, 1828.

THE English school has produced nothing in our day, of greater dignity, more exquisite beauty, more touching sympathy, or more intense interest, than this noble and instructive picture. The exhibition of the original painting, but a year ago, drew hundreds to the rooms of the Royal Academy, at Somerset House; and no one then saw it without admiration, or quitted it without being deeply impressed with feelings of the most refined and elevated nature. Its story, which is so plainly and affectingly told, inspires the highest admiration of manly patriotism and feminine virtue, as exhibited in the fates of the truly noble Lord, and his equally noble Lady; while it kindles, at the same time, the warmest indignation, at the tyranny, treachery, and corruption of those by whom the legal murder of one of the best of men was perpetrated. When we say that the engraving is worthy of the picture, we say no more than justice demands of us; and although the original, as a work of art, belongs, of course, to a higher class than its transcript, yet we rejoice at the picture having been thus multiplied, by being transferred from canvas to copper, as it will enable hundreds who could not possess the former to obtain the latter; and we really think that no wealthy family in the kingdom, in which a spark of patriotism or taste exists, should be without this splendid memorial of one of the most interesting events in English history, in which the two greatest of human virtues, devotion to the public good, and conjugal fidelity, are taught through the medium of one of the most beautiful pictorial representations that can adorn the walls or enrich the portfolio of the artist, the amateur, or the collector.

To accompany the engraving, which will shortly be ready for delivery, Mr. Bowyer has very judiciously prepared an outline plate with figured references to all the characters included in the original, and a list of names, offices, &c., of each. This is bound up with a brief memoir, written by Mr. John Landseer, (himself one of the first engravers of the day,) historically illustrative of the subject of the picture, as well as critically descriptive of the merits of both the painting and engraving as works of art, of which no man is more competent to form an accurate estimate. We are satisfied that we shall gratify our readers by transcribing, from this yet unpublished memoir, a few of the most striking passages.

'William Lord Russell, whose trial at the Old Bailey Sessions-house has been so ably depicted by Mr. George Hayter, was the third son of the fifth Earl and first Duke of Bedford, who, during the agitated reign of Charles I., fought bravely in the battles of Edgehill and Newbury; and, after the restoration, bore St. Edward's sceptre at the coronation of Charles II. With more than the patriotism, Russell inherited the courage and the mild domestic virtues of his father. Although brought up in the principles of constitutional freedom, he appears, during his youth, to have yielded, in some degree, to the tide of dissipation, which, flowing in with the return of royalty and Charles, endangered the morals and the liberties of England; but his marriage with Lady Rachael, second daughter of the Earl of Southampton, completely reclaimed him, and he was thenceforward considered as one of the chief guardians of public liberty and the Protestant religion. In the year 1679, when Charles, influenced by the advice of Sir William Temple, found or thought it necessary, to ingratiate himself with the Whigs, Lord Russell was appointed of his Privy Council: but soon discovering that his party were not in the king's confidence, he resigned; and his reasonable dread of the Roman Catholic religion induced him to co-operate actively in promoting the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession to the throne. In June 1680, he joined with the Lords Shaftesbury, Cavendish, and others, in presenting the Duke in the courts at Westminster, as a Popish recusant; and in the following November, distinguished himself by carrying up the Exclusion Bill to the House of Lords, followed by two hundred members of the Commons. This increased Lord Russell's popularity; but it also increased the displeasure of the Court, which now began openly to avow its arbitrary principles.

'Justly alarmed at these despotic proceedings, the Whig leaders had recourse to counteracting expedients; and a plan for a simultaneous insurrection in England and Scotland, (wherein were concerned the Dukes of Monmouth and Argyll; the Lords Russell, Essex, and Howard; Hampden and Algernon Sydney;) was formed, and in some degree, though very imperfectly, digested: but different views prevailed among the leaders; and it is now generally admitted, that Russell, in wishing to exclude the Duke of York, looked only to the preservation of the Protestant religion; the most public proof of which is probably to be found in the reversal of his attainder among the very first acts of William and Mary.'

'We shall now proceed to give some short account of Mr. George Hayter's picture; of those circumstances of Lord Russell's trial which are necessary to its elucidation; and of the exemplary conduct of Lady Rachael, who is so conspicuously pourtrayed in it.

'Being dear to our best recollections as Englishmen, the subject of Mr. Hayter's picture may, without impropriety, be termed *national;* and as its details consist of authentic portraits from the Bedford collections, and other local matters of fact, held together by careful adherence to the costume of the age in which Lord Russell lived, it is in the strictest sense an *historical* picture; and it is eminently worthy both of the munificent patronage of the Nobleman, who, in justice to the fair fame of his illustrious ancestor, gave the commission to paint it, (and has since facilitated its engraving and publication,) and of the distinguished artist, from whose mind and pencil it has proceeded.

'The interior of the Old Bailey Sessions-house, with its carved oaken desks and antique tribunal, is here made to seem a scene far more worthy than it at present is, of the high rank of the accused party. Behind this seat of justice, and beneath the royal arms, Mr. Hayter has inscribed a motto from Deuteronomy,* which becomes highly pertinent to the occasion, from its juxtaposition to the business before the Court. Between this

* If a false witness rise up against any man, to testify against him that which is wrong; then shall ye do unto him that which he had thought to have done unto his brother: so shalt thou put the evil away from among you.'—Deut. xix. 16—19.

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motto and another text which is concealed from view by a curtain, is rested that immense two-handed and two-edged *sword* of justice, which has descended to us from the feudal ages. This stands prominently forward; but to discover the *scales* of Astræa, the observer must use his eye-glass. He finds them, at last, overshadowed by impending ornaments, darkly embroidered on the arras. It is true these are subordinate matters, but they go to increase the general moral effect of the picture, which is, *to show how the forms of justice may be prostituted to the purposes of despotism.* They help to impress us with ideas of the mock solemnity which tyranny must always assume, when in the presence of the public, and of its victims. They swell the plenitude of the performance, and show that the artist has left nothing unthought of, that could be rendered contributory to the general purpose of his work.

'The painter of an historical work is master of but an instant. The selection of that instant is consequently of cardinal importance. The point of time represented in the present picture, is judiciously chosen, both for the intensity of interest which is excited, and the scope which it affords for pictorial display. Mr. Hayter has marked it in the Royal Academy catalogue, by the following short passage from the State trials:—"The two first witnesses having been examined, Lord Howard of Escrick was sworn." The clerk is represented as having just administered the oath, while, as is usual on such occasions, the attorneys, advocates, and judges, are in a state of bustle and anxious anticipation. Of this the painter has availed himself with much professional adroitness; the attitudes of his *dramatis personæ* being happily varied, and each individual properly employed.

'The gallery is filled by numerous spectators, and their various degrees of concern are marked with due subordination. The deeper interest felt by the jury, is shown in the prompt actions of some, and in the general though perturbed expression of attention to the business before them. On their elevated tribunal sit the Judges; and at a lower table, bestrewed with books and law-deeds, are the advocates and attorneys. Some of the legal characters are busied in writing: the magistrates are apparently calm and considerate: Holt, who was counsel for the prisoner, is attentive to the exception which his Lordship has taken to the co-presence of the witnesses produced against him: the attorney and solicitor-generals are conferring; and Serjeant Jeffries, (afterwards so notorious as a judge, and who wears a countenance worthy of a better reputation,) in his professional acuteness, and with his forefinger resting on his brief, has risen, apparently to catch at some advantage which may militate against the prisoner, or display his own zeal.

'Conspicuously seated on a bench beneath the jury-box, sit, Rumsey, formerly a republican officer, and now, as Hume says, a reluctant witness; and Sheppard, who had just been examined, and is attending to the whisper of the former with an air of evident discomfort. The treacherous Lord Howard, upon whose evidence, about to be delivered, must mainly rest the issue of the trial, appears at once wily, apprehensive and conscience-smitten. In Lord John Russell's biography of his illustrious ancestor, he informs us that Lord Howard began his evidence in so low a tone, that one of the jury said, "We can't hear you, my Lord," upon which his Lordship, alluding to the suicide or murder of the Earl of Essex, which had been perpetrated that very morning, replied, "There is an unhappy accident happened which hath sunk my voice. I was but just now acquainted with the fate of my Lord of Essex." Having thus shown (adds Lord John) his sensibility at the death of one of his victims, Lord Howard proceeded to take away the life of another.

'At the bar, backed by his personal friends, and conspicuous by his noble presence and the simplicity of his action, stands Lord Russell himself. Calm, dignified, dauntless, self-collected, intrepid, equal to either fortune that may await him; his finely formed features have a character of cool sedateness, wherein the local truth is so happily coincident with the ideal of the subject and the poetic and pictorial demands of the occasion, that the victim of despotism appears to *be*

"What Plato *thought*, (and Godlike Cato was,)
A brave man struggling with the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state."

'"He was assisted during his trial (says the record) by his wife, Rachael Lady Russell; attended by many of his friends." Perhaps,—I write it with diffidence and with deference upon a public occasion where all do not sympathise alike: but, perhaps, the acmé of the pathos in the present case, and that which principally contributes to render this tragical occurrence so peculiarly fit to be commemorated by the arts of Painting and Engraving, resides in that beautiful conjugal endearment, which, blending itself with the sentiment of patriotism, induced Lady Russell to forego the natural timidities (not the delicacies) of her sex, and publicly step forward to assist her beloved husband in his hour of trial, when assailed by all the power that tyranny and its satellites could array against him. There she sits with true conjugal devotion, looking anxiously toward Lord Russell, all consciousness of public observation being absorbed in his peril and her own sense of duty:—there she sits, on one of those picturesque ebony chairs which were the fashion of the age, at a small table within the bar, and with her apparatus for writing duly placed before her.* And there she will now sit for centuries, in the view, and in the grateful recollection, of her admiring country.'

It is the blending of the softer ties of conjugal affection with the severer bonds of patriotic devotion, which gives so touching an interest to the scene and story here depicted: and it was this which induced Fox, in his History, to say, when speaking of the 'twin patriots,' Russell and Sidney,

'In courage they were equal, but the fortitude of Russell, who was connected with the world, by private and connected ties, which Sidney had not, was put to the severer trial: and the story of the last days of this excellent man's life fills the mind with such a mixture of tenderness and admiration, that I know not any scene in history which more powerfully excites our sympathy, or goes more directly to the heart.'*

Lord John Russell, the present distinguished advocate of Civil and Religious Liberty, who so worthily maintains the reputation of the name he bears, in speaking, (in the Life of his noble ancestor,) of the pure-hearted and unfortunate Rachael Lady Russell, his wife, says—

'Her life may be divided into two parts: one, in which we sympathise with her happiness; the other, in which we admire her fortitude, and feel for her distress. In the first we have seen her captivate the affections of Lord Russell, and, after having become his wife, we have mentioned her as busy in collecting political intelligence for his information, as anxiously providing for his health and comfort, directing the care, and enjoying the amusements, of her children; and, above all, returning thanks to the Most High for the gift of happiness, which, though extreme, she seems never to have abused. She was to her lord the chosen mistress of his heart, the affectionate companion of his life, the tender and solicitous mother of his offspring. These qualities were sufficient to stamp her character as amiable; the conduct, we afterwards related, mark it as sublime. We then saw her attend her husband in prison, upon a charge of high treason, and divide her day between the soothing attention which his situation excited, and the active inquiries which his defence required. We found her, where a nobleman's wife might not, perhaps, be expected,—acting as his secretary in a court of justice, and writing, with her own hand, the notes from which he was to plead in a cause where his life was at stake. After his condemnation, we followed her in the anxious and unceasing solicitations which she made, on every side, to obtain his pardon; and, amidst her restless endeavours to save his life, we still had to admire a heart, which could lead her to abstain from even hinting to the patriot she was about to see perish on the scaffold, that his existence might be prolonged by means degrading to his spirit, or inconsistent with his honour.'*

We cannot close this subject without adding some of the stanzas of Mr. Wiffen's beautiful poem, entitled 'The Russell,' which Mr. Landseer has very appropriately appended to his Memoir, with the just and elegant observation, that 'that the fate of this martyred nobleman, who is the chief subject of the poem, has, in more than one respect, resembled that of the fabled Adonis of old; for not only have liberty and beauty mourned his obsequies, but flowers of ambrosial fragrance and amaranthine endurance spring up from his blood.'

'Wave-girded Albion! canst thou boast
No column—trophy—stone,—
No names to shed around thy coast
A glory all thine own?

Eyrie of Freedom, Yes!—Her power
In sunniest, as in stormiest hour,
With patriots girt thy throne;
Who watch'd with keen and jealous eye,
State's giant cloud swim darkly by.

It was a sunny hour when back
The exiled Stuart came,
Rich with warm welcomes, in a track
Of pleasure, fraught with fame;
It were enough had he but wooed
The syren of Delight, subdued
By no unworthier aim;
But he must forge fresh chains to bind
The chartered rights of human-kind.

The Magog-sway of State and Law,
Twin despots in disguise,
The watchful eye of Freedom saw,
And bade her Russell rise.
No satellite, no satrap he,
To crouch or bend the pliant knee—
Firm, self-respecting, wise,
He stript away the specious veil;
Patriot he rose, and martyr fell.

A giddy Court, bribed to betray,
And armed to defy,
Threw in the sceptre to outweigh
Her balanced harmony:
Vindictive—studious to debase
The curule chair, the civic mace,
The people's sovereignty;
And, with no air-drawn dagger, strike
At noblest hearts, Tiberius-like.

Not with the visionary's heat,
But temperate fire, to plan
Through doubt, through danger, through defeat,
The liberties of man,—
To scorn the senate's venal mutes,
State's parasites or prostitutes,
Her Russell led the van;
And with his Sidney braved, sedate,
The tyrant's pride, the bigot's hate.

Too daring souls! ye little knew
A traitor lingered near,
With hollow voice and arm untrue,
To check your high career;
To move in sunshine of your fame,
Yet turn to blast each glorious aim—
And He—an English peer!
No! wronged Nobility disdains
The recreant blood in Howard's veins.

Arraigned at love's divine command,
Behold his Lady aid,
With shrinking heart, yet active hand,
Her hero, undismayed:
Gentle, but nerved with fortitude,
The fountains of her grief subdued—
By not one tear betrayed;
Alas, too deep those waters lie;
They chill the heart, not cloud the eye!

For Sophistry in shape of Law,
Skilled to confound and wrest
Truth in each inference they can draw,
Writes Treason on his crest;
Vainly would Age and Beauty sue,—
His doom has long been fixed—adieu,
Thou noblest, firmest, best!
Vengeance, more fell than Jeffries' mien,
Hastes on thy glory's closing scene.

Celled in the fortresses of power,
Oh no! I will not dare
To think upon the parting hour
Which Beauty comes to share;
Her agony, love, tenderness,
And weeping childhood's last caress—
Young, innocent, and fair;—
Enough! those eyes have looked their last;
Enough! "Death's bitterness is past!"

* * * * *

Long, long, loved portraitures! to you
Shall kindred Britons turn,
To Nature's warm emotions true,
To weep, to adore, to burn—
And shoot to Stuart's tyrant-rage,
That Python of a later age,
The arrows of their scorn;
Giving to your unuttered wrongs
The language of a thousand tongues!'

* This incident is thus related, with all the affecting power of simplicity, in the report of the trial:

'Lord Russell.—May I have somebody to write, to help my memory?

'Lord Chief Justice.—Any of your servants shall assist you in writing any thing you please for you.

'Lord Russell.—My wife is here, my Lord, to do it.

'Lord Chief Justice.—If my Lady please to give herself the trouble.'

* Fox's James II., p. 50.

* Life of Lord Russell, by Lord John Russell. Pp. 134. 8. Vol. II.

Humboldt.

At the commencement of the this month (April), this great naturalist and traveller proposes to undertake a journey to Siberia, for the purposes of scientific research; to which object the Emperor Nicholas has contributed, by directing that every facility be afforded to the philosopher in his meritorious pursuits.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

'The Wards of London;' comprising a historical and topographical description of every object of importance within the Boundaries of the City; with an Account of all the Companies, Institutions, Buildings, Ancient Remains, &c. &c.; and biographical sketches of all eminent persons connected therewith. Parts I. and II., with plates, price 2s. each.

Shortly will be published, price 6s. in cloth, 'Moral and Sacred Poetry;' selected from the works of the most admired authors, ancient and modern. By Thomas Wilcocks and Thomas Horton.

Shortly will be published, a complete history of an 'Action at Law,' with Observations proving the present Practice of the Courts of Law to be absurd, expensive, and unjust; forming a useful assistant to young practitioners. By Thomas Mayhew, Student of Lincoln's Inn.

Dr. J. L. de Villanueva is about to publish, by subscription, a work entitled, 'The College of Maynooth; or, the Education of the Catholic Clergy in Ireland;' the object of which is to analyse 'the Reports of the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry,' so as to enable the readers to judge, whether a spirit of Curialism and Jesuitism prevails among the Directors of the Education of the Clergy in Ireland or not. This work will be comprised in one vol. 8vo., consisting of from 400 to 500 pages.

In the press, 'A Dissertation on the Origin of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and its connection with the Pig and Whistle.'

No. I. of a new Magazine, to be called 'The Gentleman's Magazine of Fashions, Fancy Costumes, and the Regimentals of the Army,' will appear on the 1st of May. The whole of the embellishments will be beautifully coloured.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 28.—A Grace has passed the Senate appointing the Rev. W. Whewell, Fellow of Trinity College, Professor of Mineralogy, in the room of the Rev. J. J. Henslow, who has been appointed Professor of Botany.

Degrees. M. A. Rev. J. Townshend Bennett, St. Peter's Coll. M. A. Inceptors. J. Challis and T. Riddell, Fellows of Trin. Coll.; E. Johnstone, W. Goode and C. W. Ballarts, Trin. Coll.; J. H. Pooley, Fellow of St. John's Coll.; H. Cleveland and T. C. B. Earle, St. John's Coll.; E. Ventris, St. Peter's Coll.; B. W. Beatson, Fellow of Pembroke Coll.; J. Graham, Fellow of Queen's Coll.; S. W. Ward, Fellow of Magdalene Coll.; J. G. Cross, Downing Coll.

B. C. L. Rev. Warnell Feron, Catherine Hall.

Bell's Scholars. The following gentlemen were, on Friday last, elected University Scholars on Dr. Bell's foundation.

1. Kennedy, Trin.; 2. Webster, Clare.

Mr. Tennyson was declared equal with the latter gentleman; but, according to the foundation deed, the preference of election belonged to Mr. Webster.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The Roman Empire under Constantine the Great, by Matthew Bridges, 8vo., 12s.
Beaufoy's Mexican Illustrations, 8vo., 18s. 6d.
Archdeacon Parry's Sermons, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
The Holy Week, 12mo., 5s.
The Roue, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Cunningham's Two Years in New South Wales, 2d edition, with Map, 2 vols., post 8vo., 18s.
Cameleon Sketches, by the Author of 'The Picturesque Promenades Round Dorking,' sm. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Numbers I. and II. of a New Series of 'The Flutist's Magazine,' 4to.

Miss Wilkinson.—We regret to hear that Miss Wilkinson, the talented and successful pupil of Madame Pasta, was unable, from an ill-timed and severe indisposition, to attend her engagement to sing at the Guildhall Concert, on Saturday last. This is the more unfortunate for herself, as, in the early part of her professional career, she was restricted by the terms of her engagement at the Concerts of Ancient Music, from accepting any others, and the present is the first season in which she has been free from this restraint. The highly favourable manner in which she was received at the last Concert held at Guildhall, for the benefit of the Foreign Refugees, will make her absence from the present the more regretted. We have no doubt, from the science and power already evinced in her early performances, that she will become one of the most distinguished vocalists of purely English origin, improved by the constant care and example of the first living model of the Italian school.

Mr. Sedgwick.—The following acknowledgment is made, by the late Dr. Parr, of the value of the services rendered, by Mr. Sedgwick, late Chairman to the Board of Stamps, to our Ecclesiastical Establishment, and to genuine Christianity: 'Let me take this opportunity of commending, as I ought to do, most sincerely and most ardently, three pamphlets, for which the well-wishers to genuine Christianity and our Ecclesiastical Establishment are indebted to Mr. Sedgwick. His statements of facts, his arguments from reason and Scripture, and his animated description of characters, do honour to the elegance of his taste, the vigour of his understanding, and the soundness of his moral and religious principles. They will preserve, I trust, many well-meaning and attentive readers from the sorceries which might be practised upon their credulity and their piety.'—*Characters of Fox*, v2, p. 817.

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THE ATHENÆUM.

London Literary and Critical Journal.

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ESSAY ON EPITAPHS.

By M. A. V. Arnault, Member of the French Institute.

The word EPITAPH is derived from the Greek, επι, on, and ταφος, a tomb.

The Greeks employed this term, to designate the dirge or funeral song, that was sung in honour of the dead, on the day of the funeral and its returning anniversary. In modern times, its sense is confined to any kind of inscription placed on a tomb.

The object of the Epitaph is to make known the character, condition, and actions of the person to whose memory the monument is erected. It ought, therefore, to be clear and simple; and if, to these qualities, the merit of conciseness be added, its perfection will be complete. Such is the epitaph of General Mercy, who was buried in the field of battle, at Nordlingue, where he had been mortally wounded:

'Siste, Viator, heroem calcas:'
'Stop, traveller, you tread on a hero.'

There is likewise a very ingenious epitaph, in St. Paul's, on the tomb-stone of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of that Cathedral:

'Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.'
'If you seek for his monument, look around.'

The only thing to regret is, that this inscription is placed on a stone, which is confined in a vault, instead of being exhibited in the most conspicuous part of that famous edifice. Envy chose the place, but esteem dictated the inscription.

The funeral pillar erected at Paris, in the 'Cimetière de l'Est, to the memory of the conqueror of Zurich, has, for its inscription, only this word,

'Massena.'

This epitaph has been supposed to be imitated from that of Tasso, but this is an error. The epitaph, inscribed on the tomb, erected, by Cardinal Bevilaqua, to the memory of that great poet, is far from being so simple and concise. It is true, that, on the modest stone temporarily placed over him, till the erection of a mausoleum worthy of his fame, the following words only are to be seen, which the monks of St. Onofrio caused to be engraved on it:

'Torquati Tassi
Ossa,
Hic jacent.
Hoc ne nescius
Esses, hospes,
Fratres hujus eccl.
P. P.
MDCI.'

'Here, Visitor, lie the Bones of Torquato Tasso. The religious Brothers of this Community have erected this stone to remind you of the fact.
MDCI.'

If this epitaph contains that of Massena, it does so as a block of marble contains a perfect statue, but which the hand of the artist is requisite to draw forth.

On the monument which the Marchioness de Santa Cruz caused to be made, by Canova, for her daughter, the following inscription is to be read:

'Mater infelicissima filiæ et sibi.'

'The most wretched of mothers for her daughter and her[illegible]'

Nothing can be more affecting.

The epitaph is not always distinguished by its gravity; as, for instance, that in the church of St. Como, which is inscribed on the tomb of François Treillac, whom nature had decked with a horn on his forehead:

'Dans ce petit endroit, à part,
Gist un très-singulier cornard;
Car il l'était sans avoir femme.
Passants, priez Dieu pour son ame.'

'In this retired paltry corner,
Lies a most eccentric horner;
For horned he was without a spouse—
Pray, passenger, for his repose.'

The epitaph sometimes assumes the style of the epigram, as for example:

'Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même academicien.'

'Hree lies Piron, a man of parts,
But not ev'n a master of arts.'

Another of the same kind:

'Ci-gît ma femme, qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos et pour le mien.'

'Here lies my wife, and be she blest;
She's now at ease, and I'm at rest.'

Sometimes a sort of jocular pleasantry is attached to the epitaph, such as the following on Montmaur, who had more memory than judgment:

'Sous cette casaque noire
Repose bien doucement
Montmaur, d'heureuse mémoire,
Attendant le Jugement.'

'Under this motless stone, reclines Montmaur,
Of happy memory—wanting judgment more.
In life a happy memory his doom—
His destiny is Judgment yet to come.'

It may be necessary to observe, however, that some of these epitaphs have been inscribed on perishable paper only.

The epitaph has also occasionally assumed the character of the madrigal:

'Ci-gît Amour qui bien aimer fesait,
Les faux amants l'ont jeté hors de vie:
Amour vivant n'est plus que tricherie;
Pour franc Amour priez Dieu s'il vous plait.'

'Here peaceful Love's true votary reclines,
Whom a false lover to the tomb consigns:
Love in this treach'rous life's a faithless vow;
But the great God of love requites him now.'

The tombs that we meet with in gardens are not always cenotaphs, or empty tombs; as frequently there is deposited in them a dog or a cat, or some other favourite animal of the family, to which the poet of their social circle devotes an epitaph. The following is an inscription on an urn which is placed in a bed of roses, and contains the ashes of a sparrow:

'L'oiseau, sous ces fleurs enterré,
N'enchantait pas par son ramage,
N'étonnait pas par son plumage;
Mais il aimait, il fut pleuré.'

'Here lies a bird that charmed not with his lay,
Nor smote th' admiring eye with plumage gay:
Love was his only trade and only art;
He's wept and honour'd, for he had a heart.'

The ashes of the author of the 'Heloise' and the 'Emilius' have now lain for a number of years, in a romantic spot, situated in the Lake of of Ermenonville, where the proprietor of that charming retreat has erected a monument to Rousseau's memory. Nothing can be more congenial with the spirit of that author, and the surrounding scenery, than the epitaph written by the poet Ducis:

'Entre ces peupliers paisibles,
Repose Jean Jacques Rousseau.
Approchez, cœurs droits et sensibles,
Votre ami dort sous ce tombeau.'

'Beneath these stately poplars' peaceful gloom,
Here lies Rousseau, the inmate of this tomb.
O ye of tender heart and glowing mind,
Here you're at home, for here your friend's reclined.'

Some few authors, among whom Virgil is comprised, have taken a fancy to write their own epitaphs. That which Count Alfieri made on himself, begins with these words: 'Hic requiescit tandem:' Here, at length, he rests. The idea is a fine one, but not novel or original; for a Swedish nobleman, the Comte de Tessin, the Governor of Gustavus III., who had been loaded with honours, and had passed all his life in courts, and in the tumult of pleasures, had ordered this inscription on his tomb: 'Tandem felix,' 'Happy at length!'

Of all the men that have written their own epitaphs, the one who knew himself the best, and has best made himself known to others, (La Fontaine,) thus describes himself:

'Jean s'en alla comme il était venu,
Mangeant le fond avec le revenu.
Croyant trésor chose peu nécessaire;
Quant à son temps, bien sût le dispenser;
Deux parts en fit, dont il soûlait passer,
L'une à dormir, et l'autre à ne rien faire.

'John went away, as he had come,
And spent both capital and income.
To hoard up gold he felt no care,
Nor laid up treasure any where;
Of time alone, with due precision,
In portions two, he made division;
One half to sleep and dreams he cast,
The other in doing nothing pass'd.'

To quote an epitaph after this is, to pay it a high compliment, and one which, we think, the following deserves:

'Nu j'étais quand on m'a pondu,
Et nu je suis sous cette pierre:
Ainsi, mes amis, sur la terre,
Je n'ai rien gagné, ni perdu.'

'Naked I was when first I broke the shell,
Naked again beneath Death's stroke I fell;
Thus, my good friends, I've nothing, on this earth,
Or lost or gained, either at death or birth.'

It is obvious that epitaphs are composed from the impulse of very different sentiments in different people. There is, however, no species of composition which so seldom answers the purpose it is designed for; and the principal reason of this is, we think, the want of a proper and harmonising feeling, which would shed over the sanctuaries of the dead the calm and softened solemnity of religious quiet. The elm-shaded church-yard of the village; the close and crowded burial-grounds of a city, the proud aisle of tombs and monuments, and the solitary mausoleum of nobility,—all owe their origin and sanctity to one common cause; and, if this were always borne in mind by the writers of epitaphs, there would be, in all their different styles, a similar propriety and tenderness, an equal fitness and seriousness of sentiment, whether the inscription was for the emblazoned tomb of a monarch, or the simple stone of a peasant's grave. In the epitaphs quoted above, there is more of Grecian wit than natural feeling; and it is a remark which may be applied to almost all those which have been written, either by the ancients or modern men of learning.

MEMORIALS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Memorials of Shakspeare. By Nathan Drake, M. D. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1828.

SHAKSPEARE has been fortunate in his critics. We know of no celebrated writer, of either ancient or modern times, who has engaged the attention, not merely of so many, but of such celebrated, scholars, as himself. One era after another has brought forth its commentators and its critics; the greatest men of each successive period have thought themselves well-employed upon his pages, and have brought out the fullest stores of their learning, and the highest powers of their genius, in their elucidation. If we were not in danger of being thought whimsical in our speculations, we should say that it would be easy to decide upon the literary character of the different periods which have elapsed since the time of Shakspeare, by an examination of the opinions and style of his principal commentators. But if this should seem extravagant, it is beyond all doubt that in nothing is the peculiar character of the great men, who have been thus employed, more distinctly seen than in their manner of treating this subject. Pope, clear and elegant, but, at the same time, cold and fastidious, in his mental constitution, made havoc with the text of his author, which, as Dr. Drake rightly observes, he manifestly did not understand. Johnson, who, with all his learning, his strong reason, and bold grasp of truth, was as full of affectation, and as little susceptible of genuine poetical feeling, as any writer that ever lived, talked of Shakspeare's superiority in comedy to tragedy, and evidently knew nothing of the pure and fervent spirit that lay beneath the language, the incorrections of which offended him. But he was a critic of the highest order in all that regarded the verbiage of poetry; and his talent and judgment, in this respect, were both eminently displayed in his criticism on Shakspeare. In our own times, the same remark is applicable to the authors who have written on the style and genius of the great poet. Hazlitt's peculiar habits of thought, his straining after originality, and frequently successful discovery of objects which escape a less keen and eager observation, are strongly manifested in his lectures on this author. The German writer, Schlegel, shows that clear, penetrating, and poetical genius for criticism, for which he is distinguished more strongly in his remarks on Shakspeare, than in any other of his works; and Coleridge, in the splendid and exquisitely beautiful lecture contained in Doctor Drake's collection, has laid open the finest workings of his spiritualised intellect.

That the authors who have written on the genius of our mighty dramatist have thus manifested, in a most striking manner, all the peculiarities of their minds, the publication we are reviewing affords evident proof, and, were it valuable for nothing else, would deserve attention for the opportunity it affords us, of comparing the different methods which have been made use of to illustrate the mystery of an intellect, which appears to have had no law but the universal one of beauty and harmony.

The 'Memorials of Shakspeare' consist of three parts. In the first, Doctor Drake has written a very excellent Essay on the merits of Shakspeare's Editors, Commentators, and Critics, and has collected a variety of particulars which cannot fail of being interesting to every reader of the bard. The second part is composed of a great variety of sketches on the character of Shakspeare's genius, which have been selected, with great taste and judgment, from the most popular productions of modern times on the subject. The third part consists of criticisms on different plays and characters; and the fourth, and concluding one, of an essay, containing three miniature portraits of Shakspeare, by Dryden, Goëthe, and Sir Walter Scott, and a comparison between the latter writer and the poet, as delineators of character. Each of these parts is full of interesting matter; but, in extracting from works of this kind, it is always our wish to avoid giving passages with which our readers may, perhaps, be already well acquainted. We shall, therefore, quote from the author's concluding comparison of Shakspeare and Walter Scott:

'To reproduce with vigour, and to support with consistency, throughout a series of important action, and the play of all the passions, some of the most prominent characters of history, is, perhaps, of all the achievements of poetry and romance, the most difficult. The peculiarly successful efforts of Shakspeare in this department are well known. In English history, his regal characters of John, Richard the Second, Richard the Third, Henry the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth; his Constance and his Catherine; and of inferior rank, his Falconbridge, Hotspur, Wolsey, John of Gaunt, Beaufort, Gloster, Warwick, &c. &c., need only to be mentioned to be praised; whilst in Roman story, his Brutus, Antony, and Coriolanus, are not less faithful or less brilliant portraits.

'If we now turn to our celebrated contemporary, it will be found that he has little occasion, in this department, to shrink from a comparison with his great predecessor; for independent of spirited sketches of Charles the Second, Cromwell, and the Pretender, he has given us elaborate and full length pictures of Richard the First, Mary of Scotland, Elizabeth, and James the First, of which the costume and keeping are presented with almost matchless fidelity and force. A nearly equal degree of praise may be extended to his delineations of foreign regal character in the persons of Saladin and Louis the Eleventh; nor has he represented with a less discriminating pencil, the powerful thanes of his native land, a Montrose, a Murray, and Argyle, or the more subtile and licentious nobles of England, as Leicester, Buckingham, &c. &c.

'It has been affirmed of Shakspeare by some critics of no mean note, that he has not exhibited his usual variety and originality in drawing the female character; ascribing the deficiency in a great degree to the custom, in his day, of not admitting actresses on the stage, the parts of women being always personated by boys. It requires, however, but a slight inspection of his dramas to prove this opinion to be utterly without foundation: and, indeed, to establish, what in truth is really the case, that in no writer do we meet with a more interesting and discriminative portraiture of female manners. Setting aside the gloomy portion of the picture, as exemplified in the dark characters of Regan, Gertrude, Lady Macbeth, &c., and dwelling only on its loveliest lights, into what a paradise of varied beauty and excellence are we instantly admitted! Where shall we look for more exquisite creations than this great magician has brought before us, in the chaste love and fidelity of Juliet and Desdemona, in the romantic tenderness of Imogen and Viola, in the filial affection of Cordelia and Ophelia, in the *naïveté* and simplicity of Perdita and Miranda, in the vivacity and wit of Rosalind and Beatrice, and in the sublimity of virtue in Isabella and Portia?

'It is to the pages of Sir Walter Scott that we must again revert for a rival display of talent in this the most delightful province of characterization, his romances abounding in the richest and most diversified forms of female tenderness, constancy, and heroism. He had early given indeed, in his metrical pieces in this department of fiction, some very interesting sketches of the kind, and especially in his portraits of Ellen in the 'Lady of the Lake,' and of Edith in the 'Lord of the Isles,' both touched with a graceful and truly fascinating pencil. But it is to his prose romances that we must turn for the most decided proofs of his originality, in delineating the varied attactions of the fair sex. There, whether we recal to mind the picture of disastrous or unrequitted love in the sufferings of Amy Robsart, Lucy Ashton, and Effie Deans; the frolic archness, irresistible good humour, and ever-shifting buoyancy of spirit, in Mysie Happer, Brenda Troil, and Catharine Seyton; the intellectual, disinterested, and lovely features of Diana Vernon; the firmness and self-devotedness of Jeannie Deans, and the romantic yet noble-minded heroism of Minna Troil, Rebecca, and Flora Mac Ivor; we are alike delighted and surprised at the wealth and discrimination, the strength and versatility of his genius.

'No man has equalled Shakspeare in the delineation of *humourous character*. It might be sufficient, on this occasion, perhaps, merely to mention, as adequate proof of the assertion, the inimitable Falstaff and his *followers*; but when we also recollect those exquisite originals, Shallow, Slender, and Silence; when the portraits of Dame Quickly, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Malvolio come before us, and we turn to those pleasant fellows, Launcelot, Autolycus, Parolles, Dogberry, Verges, Touchstone, Bottom, Christophero Sly, and a host of others which might be catalogued, it is impossible not to stand amazed at the exhaustless fertility of his powers, nor, whilst contemplating such a varied mass of comic painting, to withheld our assent from those who consider this department as that in which his genius most perfectly luxuriated; a deduction, however, which ceases to predominate, so universal is the empire of his talents, as soon as the sublimer creations of his fancy are presented to our view.'—Pp. 483—487.

The writer next observes the power of humourous delineation possessed by Shakspeare, and illustrates his remark by a mention of the character of Justice Shallow, Falstaff, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and others of a similar cast; but we think Doctor Drake has passed too lightly over this part of the subject, which furnished rich materials for curious observation. The humour of Shakspeare has been possessed by few, but it has been possessed by other writers, as well as himself and Sir Walter Scott; and it was a point which a writer on their respective talents should not have passed over. But we continue our author's remarks:

'It is, however, in the last department of character-painting which I have to notice, namely, the *imaginative*, that the omnipotence of genius appears to be most unequivocally developed. It is the province also in which it will be found most difficult, I will not say to rival, but to approximate to the mighty powers of Shakspeare. When the daring creations of this potent magician rise before us; when Ariel and Caliban, and the Midsummer Fairies, those splendid emanations of an unbounded fancy, are given to our view; when the wizard powers of Prospero, and the unhallowed deeds of the Weird Sisters, unfold their dark and mystic agency; above all, when the grave is summoned to give up its charge, and the awful Spirit of the Royal Dane passes before our shuddering senses; how deeply do we feel the spells of the poet, and how thoroughly during their influence are we convinced, that no human imagination can surpass the powers which these astonishing efforts proclaim!

'Nevertheless, extraordinary as these supernatural pictures most assuredly are, the conception of such characters as Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, and Shylock, is scarcely less wonderful, and, in point of execution, as admitting of immediate comparison with the scale of human life, still more difficult to clothe in the features of originality; and yet where shall we find such correct, and, at the same time, such bold and original delineations of ambition, terror, madness, and revenge, as are brought forward in these masterly compounds from nature and imagination?

'I know not that any greater eulogy can be passed on the inventive faculties of any individual, than to be able justly to say of him, that in this, the most arduous province of characterization, he has made the nearest approach to the genius of Shakspeare. It is an eulogy, however, which, on duly considering the fertility and beauty of his creations in this department, may, I think, be justly passed on Sir Walter Scott. Throughout, indeed, the whole series of his fictions, whether in poetry or prose, from the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' to 'Woodstock,' there is a display of power in the delineation of the imaginative and the grand, the gloomy and the mysterious, in scenery, incident, and beyond all in character, which almost perpetually reminds us of the wild and wonderful, the appalling and terrific, in the imperishable pictures of Shakspeare.

'Let us, for example, summon into view a few of the numerous characters which Sir Walter has gifted with energies either preternatural, or approximating towards it; beings, in short, which may be said to hover on the confines of another world. He has not, it is true, except in one or two instances, ventured to introduce an agent entirely superhuman, that beautiful apparition, the White Lady of Avenel, constituting the fullest and most perfect delineation of the kind; but, like the bard of Avon, he has delighted to wander into the realms of magic, divination, and witchcraft, and to exhibit characters yet more anomalous, with faculties bordering on the wild and unearthly. Of this latter description, the Black Dwarf and Fenella are striking examples; whilst of the closely allied characters of the magician, astrologer, and alchymist, we have numerous portraits, amongst which may be particularized those of Michael Scott, Galeotti, and Demetrius. The

Three Hags in the "Bride of Lammermoor" impress their full effect on the mind, even whilst recollecting the Weird Sisters in 'Macbeth;' and that combination of the ancient sybil with the modern gipsey, which may be recognised in the persons of Meg Merrilies, Madge Wildfire, Helen Macgregor, and Norna Troil, has produced pictures of uncommon strength and energy.

'But where, it may be asked, shall we find in the works of our accomplished contemporary, characters which, in point of blended passion and sublimity, of mingled nature and imagination, can compete with such delineations as Macbeth, Hamlet, Lear, and Shylock? It can only be answered, that neither from this source, nor from any other uninspired composition, can perfect parallels be adduced; but, at the same time, it will, I think, be readily allowed, that the compositions of Sir Walter Scott abound in that species of characterization which combines the play of the loftier passions, and exhibits the union of high intellectual force and grandeur, with the splendid and ever varying colouring of a rich and plastic fancy; and that this fecundity and originality in the creation and keeping of such characters as Marmion, Roderic Dhu, Fergus Mac Ivor, Ravenswood, and Balfour of Burley, not to mention many others of nearly equal excellence, entitle him not only to very high consideration in this noblest department of genius, but rank him even here, (the inexhaustible fertility of his invention in it being duly weighed,) next to our beloved Shakspeare.

'There are, indeed, no two other writers, either in our own or any other language, who, in the kindred provinces of the drama and romance, have brought forward such numerous, and, at the same time, such varied and well-sustained groups of characters; nor any, I may venture to say, who, as the result of their intimate knowledge of human life and manners, have been the means of diffusing more extensive and unalloyed delight. It may, in fine, be asserted, that the very nature and being of many of the most remarkable characters on record, are here more impressively felt and understood, more boldly and effectively brought out, than in the didactic and more elaborated pages of the mere philosopher and historian; and, what is praise transcending all other, that the moral, the instruction to be derived from these writings, is commensurate with the pleasure which they bestow.—Pp. 489—494.

MISS BROWNE'S POEMS.

Ada, and other Poems. By Mary Anne Browne, Authoress of Mont Blanc, &c. &c. 12mo. Longman and Co.; Hatchard and Son; and W. B. Enning. London, 1828.

THE name of this young lady we have seen frequently of late appended to some very clever poetry, in various periodicals, and the present is, we believe, the second portion of her works which has appeared in a collected form. We had read her first book, and made up our minds as to its merits; and, though that opinion was far from unfavourable, we certainly think the present surpasses her former productions in point of real merit. At the same time, we are bound to say, that we have a much higher opinion of what Miss Browne *can* do, than of what she *has* done; and when our readers have perused the extracts which we mean to subjoin to this brief notice, their estimate of the author's powers will be, in no slight degree, enhanced, when we inform them, that they are written by a girl of seventeen. This is, however, a recommendation which has invariably brought suspicion along with it to our minds, and the author has, we see, had the good sense to suppress the fact in her announcement. We cannot remember a single instance in modern literature of successful precocity; and the works of all the authors whom we are acquainted with, who have been minors in age, are unfortunately of very minor merit. We have seen a volume of sixty poems by a Miss Browne, now the admired Mrs. Hemans, which, to say the least of them, are sheer nonsense; and we could, in our own remembrance, add the titles of some half dozen other works by young ladies to the list, whose merits would stand on a par with her's, but whose names it would be unkind to republish. The lady before us, is, we will assert, the *only one* in the last half century, who, at her age, has produced *passable* poetry. This is a startling fact, but we are not to be misled, by its singularity, into a false estimate of its value. Miss Browne has, we are convinced, too much good sense to be pleased with our false flattery, should we call her appearance a meteor of blazing merit in the literary horizon, or tell her, that her book was a magnificent and sublime composition, though such terms have been (mis)applied to works of very inferior merit.

In the generality of the poems before us, there is a good deal of imitation; but there is a vast deal more of originality, and more execution than either. Imitation is a defect which few *young* authors can shake off all at once; taste must be formed on some model, ere it is sufficiently developed to become a model in itself; and there are few pupils who have the courage to throw off all at once the mannerism caught from their tutors, even when their own powers and execution may be equal to their originals. This fact will account for a good many borrowed ideas and adopted subjects, throughout the book, which we can trace to Lord Byron, (p. 6, line 10, &c., from 'Lara,' and p. 38, line 8, &c., from the 'Corsair;') Miss Landon, (the story of 'The Painter and Ione;') Henry Neele, ('They are not there,' p. 132;) An anonymous writer in 'The Literary Gazette,' (p. 235;) Mrs. Hemans, (p. 271, 266, &c.;) Alaric A. Watts and others. But it is a fault that will be easily got rid of, and which Miss Browne has quite talent enough of her own to enable her to dispense with. Her originality is apparent in almost every piece, and there is a germ of talent through all she does which cannot fail one day, if sedulously cultivated, to raise her to eminence as a poetical writer.

Of the present book, the first tale is by far the weakest point. That it contains some very fine passages, may be admitted; but the author is evidently not sufficiently strong in her acquirements, to keep up the *merit*, as well as the interest, of a long poem; and those portions which connect the incident and action of the tale, are consequently weak, while the prominent points are powerful enough. 'The Painter' is really very pretty, and quite equal to any thing of the same kind of Miss Landon's, from whom it is imitated; but we mostly admire the short pieces.

THE DYING MINSTREL.—A SKETCH.

'It is most sad to watch the fall
Of autumn leaves! but worst of all,
It is to watch the flower of spring
Faded in its fresh blossoming!

L. E. L.

SLOWLY and sadly, day by day,
As a fountain drieth, she faded away.
Seldomer walked she the oak-trees among,
Less and less frequent became her song.
She would sit for hours, with her silent gaze
Fixed on the harp that had brought such praise
And fame to her, in her happier days.
Sometimes her voice breathed in silvery words,
And her hand strayed carelessly over the chords,
Making uncertain melody,
Broken and wild as the wind-harp's sigh.

'She had come from her own delicious clime,
With its vineyards and groves of the chesnut and lime;
From the flowers that bask'd 'neath unbounded skies,
Various and bright as the rainbow's dyes;
From the tongues that praised her, the hearts that adored,—
From the valleys and hills that her first songs heard.
She was lured from her land of sunshine and smiles,
By the meteor Hope, that so many beguiles.
And now she was dying!—dying afar,
With clouded hopes, and an altered star;
And her couch by strangers' hands was spread,
And unknown steps were around her bed.
She feared not death—she knew it must come,
But she thought 'twould be sweet to die at home;
But, alas! she knew that her wish was vain,
And she never must see her dear land again!

'Twas a summer-sunset, and that soft hour
On the minstrel's soul had ever most power;
And she prayed she might leave the feverish hearth,
And again in the calm light of even go forth.
They led her out by the darkening sea,
And she thought of her own bright Italy,
And turned her eyes o'er the twilight wave,
Towards the spot where she wished so much for a grave.
She took her harp,—o'er each trembling string
Her fingers soon were wandering;
Drawing forth note by note at first,
Careless of what the strain might be;
Till all at once the music burst
Into a sweet wild symphony:
And then the minstrel's soft voice rose,
While a tear was straying down her cheek,
Until she spake of her country's woes,

And then her song no more was weak;
And there came an unearthly light o'er her eye,
And her voice had a tone of prophecy,
As she spake of the time when her land should be
Named with the nations of those who are free:
The black curls streamed on the ivory neck,—
Who would have thought that form was a wreck!
And the blue veins swelled in the sunken brow,
And her cheek had a wild and feverish glow,
And the hot tears into the dark eyes sprang,
As of her own dear home she sang.

'But the song died away—and with it, too,
Faded the cheek's unnatural hue;
She bowed her head, and hushed were her words,
But her hand still wandered amidst the chords;
And that ceased too,—but they thought that she
Was but in some dream of ecstacy,
And had only paused awhile for breath—
Little thought they 'twas the pause of death!
They raised the tresses, that fell like a veil
Over the face—that face was pale;
Her heart was still—and her spirit, high,
Had passed with the soul of the melody!'

Pp. 194—198.

We do not present these lines as *faultless*, but they are extremely good, when compared with the general mass of sketchy poetry. The following are better:

WOMAN'S HEART.

'Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin
As woman's heart.'

L. E. L.

'SAY, what is woman's heart?—a thing
Where all the deepest feelings spring;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch, in harmony;
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the coloured dreams of thought;
A bark, that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

'What is its love?—a ceaseless stream,
A changeless star, an endless dream;
A smiling flower, that will not die;
"A beauty—and a mystery!"
Its storms as light as April showers;
Its joys as bright as April flowers;
Its hopes as sweet as summer air,
And dark as winter its despair!

'What are its hopes?—rainbows that throw
A radiant light where'er they go,
Smiling when heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last;
Bright cheats, that come with syren words,
Beguiling it, like summer birds;
That stay, while nature round them blooms,
But flee away when winter comes.

'What is its hate?—a passing frown,
A single weed 'midst blossoms sown,
That cannot flourish there for long;
A harsh note in an angel's song;
A summer cloud, that all the while
Is lightened by a sunbeam's smile;
A passion, that scarce hath a part,
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

'And what is its despair?—a deep
Fever, that leaves no tears to weep;
A woe, that works with silent power,
As canker worms destroy a flower;
A viper, that shows not it wakes
Until the heart it preys on breaks;
A mist, that robs a star of light,
And wraps it up in darkest night.

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'Then what is woman's heart?—a thing
Where all the deeper feelings spring;
A harp, whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch, in harmony;
A world, whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the coloured dreams of thought;
A bark that, still would blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.'
Pp. 111—114.

Miss Browne seems to have considerable power of description, and some of her scenes of storms, and landscapes, and sunny islands, are as rich as they can well be.

Should we caution her against any one fault, it would be that of not adhering to the compass of her own powers: there are many pieces in her volume which are *below* them, because they are written with too much haste, and too little thought; and there is not enough of *mind* in them; and, again, where she is ambitious, her subject is *above* them, and she fails. Ada, and some of her Byronic sketches, are of this class.

Miss Brown will have sufficient discrimination to perceive that these faults are found, not in the spirit of carping querulousness, or mere professional scrutiny, but from a desire to do strict justice in our criticism. We have already said, that we value her talents, not from what her book contains, but, from what we see, she is capable of producing; and we have no hesitation in saying, she is possessed of real poetic feeling.

PRESENT STATE OF THE LAW.

Speech of Mr. Brougham in the House of Commons on Thursday, Feb. 7, 1828. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1828.

It has been so often remarked, that the practice of the law tends not to enlarge the understanding, that the saying has almost acquired the currency of a truism. Mr. Burke, in his character of Mr. George Grenville, remarks, that though the law is one of the first and noblest sciences, a science that does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other kinds of learning put together; yet, that it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and liberalise the mind exactly in the same proportion.

Of a truth, however, Mr. Brougham appears to be one of those persons so 'happily born;' for the habits of his professional life have not tinged him with that awe and reverence for his craft which the successful practitioner almost always exhibits.

By a peculiar process of selfish reasoning, the rules of which are as arbitrary as its conclusions are false, the successful tradesman in the law infers, that the nation must necessarily prosper under that system by which he himself has made great gain; and hence, in the mind of such a man, to survey our legal institutions with a view to reform and adaptation to present purposes, were to commit a crime, little, if at all, short of high treason.

A feeling of this sort, though less prevalent now than some years ago, is still too common among the bar. The youngest practitioner at Westminster Hall, however, is old enough to remember, when merely to mention reform, in reference to law, was to incur little short of the penalties of a *præmunire!* Yet, what a change in the short space of seven years! Now, the talk of reform is not a mere idle dream, airy and insubstantial, but a thing tangible and practicable, which may be touched without danger, and followed with advantage. In truth, the good old times are gone by, and he who talks of the wisdom of our ancestors in this year of our Lord, 1828, will be stared at as an eighth sleeper, who has awoke him just in time to forget all that has happened within a century. Yet, among the reformers of the law, many have died in the infancy of their fame, but chiefly, in our days, him whose mantle has fallen on Mr. Brougham, and who lived only to encounter the united assaults of ignorance, bigotry, and power.

It were incredible, if the facts were not too green in our memory to be borne out by distinct recollection,—the cold and malignant persecution which Sir Samuel Romilly, while yet a young man, encountered, from a narrow-minded and time-serving Bench, and for no better reason than because he dared to think, that there were some of our laws which were not the dictates of wisdom, as there were others which were the offspring of folly. 'That is a very dangerous young man,' said Mr. Justice Heath, on one occasion; and What an ignorance of Criminal Law he evinces!' said the same righteous Justice, on another. Yet, notwithstanding this, Romilly went on his course, with all the 'graspings and reachings' of a virtuous and ardent mind, and became the testator to a posterity who appreciate the legacy which he has left. His ambition was the ambition of an 'insatiable benevolence,' and he has perpetuated his name through generations of generations, while the world forget that there ever was such a person as Mr. Justice Heath.

To be convinced of the necessity of legal reform, neither implies nor demands an acquaintance with the science of law. The expense, the delay, the confusion, the multifariousness, and the abstruseness of all legal proceedings, are matters that come home to the 'business and bosom' of every man in the community, no matter how humble his station, or how ignorant soever of the science of law. In fact, in Great Britain, the interference of law is inseparable from the possession of property; and a tradesman may, in contesting the possession of a shop in a bye-street, or a stall in a market-place, have a practical proof of all the evils which Mr. Brougham touches on in a closely-printed speech of 120 pages, though he may not know, and most probably does not know, a particle of law. Of what avail, then, to the great bulk of the community, are those praises of our legal system which have been so unsparingly lavished on it by lawyers? It is little consolation to the suitor to think, with Lord Coke, that pleading is so called from its pleasurable nature, (*'quia bene placitare omnibus placet;*) for, though the science may be a delight and a pleasure to the profession, it is too often death to the parties litigant; and though Lord Mansfield may have declared the rules of pleading to be 'founded in strong sense, and the soundest and closest logic;' though Sir William Jones, going still further, may have called them 'exquisite logic,' still we suspect, that, notwithstanding these epithets, the public estimate pleading in proportion to its brevity, its cheapness, and its quickness in disclosing the merits of the case, so as to procure a decision. A woeful experience, however,—to be found, we suspect, in every family in the country,—loudly proclaims, that the present system of pleading is neither convenient nor cheap, while it is most verbose and tiresome. The panegyrics, therefore, of the craft on their trade, may be summed up in a couple of lines:—

'For, 'tis their duty, all the *learned* think,
To espouse the cause by which they eat and drink.'

Mr. Brougham, however, almost alone, (for Sir James Mackintosh is not a practising barrister,) stands out in enviable pre-eminence, an exception to the herd of the profession, and sacrifices his own interests, to enlarge and maintain those of mankind. Perhaps there is no man at the common-law bar, with the exception of Sir James Scarlett, who might make so much by his profession as Mr. Brougham; yet all this is he content to risk, provided he can perpetuate a true principle, and amend a vicious system. Nor is the Hon. Member for Winchelsea a mere theorist. Far from it. There is no evil, stated in the incomparably learned and eloquent discourse before us, of which the author has not had professional and practical experience, nor is there a remedy suggested which has not been tried and found, to use a Parliamentary phrase, to 'work well' in other countries. Let those, therefore, who have railed at the venerable and philosophical Bentham, as a visionary and a theorist, hold their peace with regard to Mr. Brougham.

The subject of railing induces us to expend a word or two on that very pert and flippant '*cantor formarum*,' Mr. Edward Barthenshaw Sugden, lately elected for the borough of Weymouth. This Honourable Gentleman should have measured the limit of his mind, ere he ventured to speak on the subject of law reform. He should have remembered that his mental vision had been contracted by an imperfect and vicious education. The conveyancer's desk is not precisely the chamber-lumber from which we are to receive dogmas propounded with pompous inanity, as though *ex cathedrâ;* nor is the office of Mr. Groom * at all congenial with the great national subject of law reform, though very redolent of *contingent remainders and cestui que trusts.*

The Auditor of the Duke of Northumberland,† even though he be the receiver of 120,000*l.* per annum, is not precisely the person to lecture on 'Codification;' nor do we think the author of a 'Brief Conversation with a Gentleman of Landed Property, about to buy or sell lands,' much better qualified for the task. The Treatise on Vendors goes for nought in such an inquiry; the volume on 'Purchasers,' is not germane to the matter; and *the* book on Powers ‡ is mere *lana caprina*.

All these, then, the familiar deities of Mr. Sugden, the '*Lares*' which he has worshipped to the utter exclusion of better and higher things, unfit him to take part in a discussion, the vastness and magnitude of which can only be embraced by minds of the very highest order

In an inquiry concerning a reformation of the body of the law, however strange such an assertion may seem, the affections must be touched, and the imagination have scope. We must not limit our views to country; we must embrace mankind. Science, philosophy, and history are to be invoked to our aid; all the laws of all countries and climes must be collated and compared with our own,—the sources of human cation must be explored,—clashing interests balanced and reconciled,—local prejudices softened down, and old feelings and customs be taken up by the roots. Nor is this all; from such a mass of matter, we must distil forth, drop by drop, such liquor as will suit the taste of our nation and the exigency of our time. For this task, we need hardly say, a profoundly original, as well as a deeply learned, a refining, an intuitive, and a subtle spirit, is necessary.

To be successful as a law-maker, requires all acquirement and all accomplishment; but he, who would take the lead in such a career, should be more imbued with principle than practice. Is Mr. Sugden, then, that man? Emphatically we say, No. We have the more dwelt on this part of the subject, having heard that the member for Weymouth is to be of the Committee proposed by Mr. Brougham. This, however, we cannot bring ourselves to believe; and most fervently do we hope that it is not true. As the author of the great measure proposed with so much eloquence, and detailed with such perfect technical knowledge and law learning, Mr. Brougham stands accountant to the public for the success of his scheme. But let him remember, that, on the instruments employed in bringing the plan into execution, in great measure depends the success of the plan itself. We cannot choose but admire professional attainment, but we love to see it exercised in its proper place. Lord Bacon remarks, that the business of a judge is '*jus dicere*,' and not '*jus dare;*' and we cannot help thinking, that a mere

* Mr. Sugden was a pupil of Mr. Groom.
† Mr. Sugden is Auditor to his Grace.
‡ Written by Mr. Sugden, and so quoted by him on all occasions.

practical lawyer is much less mischievous, in doing the best he can for his clients, than by making his efforts so comprehensive, as to embrace the community. In other words, Mr. Sugden may be useful in the Rolls, or before the Vice-Chancellor; he cannot but be mischievous, as a legislator on the subject of his craft.

On the occasion of the debate on the speech at present before us, Mr. Peel seems to have afforded Mr. Brougham but a slender official co-operation, possibly because his own puny efforts are so much thrown into the shade, by the gigantic and comprehensive plan of the Honourable Member for Winchelsea. The efforts of Mr. Peel were confined to a few Bills on one subject; those of Mr. Brougham extend over the wide field of the Common Law; while he has kept but one principle in view, that right may be maintained or recovered, wrong redressed, and crime punished, in the quickest and cheapest manner compatible with justice. *Expedit Reipublicæ ut sit finis litium.*

Thus law is held forth as a shield to virtue, and a terror to crime; and, in the words of the eloquent speaker, becomes a 'staff of honesty, and the shield of innocence.'

We have already so much exceeded the space proposed to ourselves, that we find it impossible to give any extracts from the only authentic edition of Mr. B.'s discourse, published by Mr. Colburn. Suffice it, however, to say, that this corrected copy displays, in an eminent degree, all the leading characteristics of Mr. Brougham's mind, eloquence, learning, great power, extension of view, lucid arrangement, logical deduction, and occasional quaintness of expression. Though we profess ourselves unable to point out peculiar excellencies where all is alike good, or especial beauties where all is beautiful and harmonious; yet we think an analysis of this discourse may fix its principles and conclusions still more deeply in the judgment of the community, on the opinion of which, after all, we must mainly depend for the furtherance of any reform, legal, equitable, or political.

We pass by the introductory observations, and also the reasons which induce Mr. Brougham not to interfere with Equity, Criminal Law, the Commercial Code, and also the Code of Real Property. Plunging, then, at once into the Courts of Common Law, we find it stated objectively that the practice of each Court is at variance, and that it has undergone much alteration; that the business is unequal in different Courts, the King's Bench having too much, and the Common Pleas and Exchequer, not enough. After showing clearly the causes of this inequality, and why the efforts to lighten the business of the King's Bench have failed, Mr. Brougham proposes remedially that two additional Judges shall be appointed to hold separate Courts, each having a different species of business,—one, for instance, the Bail and other Chamber duties, &c., so that six hours a day may be devoted, without intermission, to business. These two additional Judges to go the Welch or other circuits, the present Justices, for Wales exclusively, being abolished. Partial payment of Judges by fees, no promotion of puisne Judges, and selection for abilities, not politics, are all remedially recommended by Mr. Brougham.

In the Civil Law, Mr. Brougham would increase the salary of the Admiralty Judge, and take the appointment of the Judges of the Court of Arches from the Bishops.

In all the Colonies Mr. Brougham recommends the introduction of the Trial by Jury as at Ceylon.

Under the head of Justices of the Peace, Mr. Brougham deprecates the system of clerical magistrates, and the misconduct of Justices generally, with respect to the Licensing System, Committal, Game Laws, &c.

Mr. Brougham next proceeds to show the advantage the King has over the subject, and proceeds to point out, in great detail, how uniformity of tenure would prevent unnecessary litigation; one of the means for the avoiding which, Mr. Brougham contends would be found in a Court of Arbitration, where no counsel or solicitors should attend.

Under the head Special Pleading, Mr. Brougham would compel each party to disclose his claim and defence, and prevent all repetitions in Courts, &c. Variances also, it is justly contended, should not prejudice a just claim, and the rule, that a Demurrer is an admission of the fact, should be abolished.

Under the head Evidence, Mr. Brougham would admit the testimony of persons interested, leaving their credit to the Jury: also, the testimony of Quakers in criminal cases; and, in cases of libel, he would allow the truth to be put in issue. The Jury also, it is proposed, should have, as well as the Judge, the right of interpreting documents.

In conclusion, Mr. B. would assimilate the construction of wills and deeds, alter the Statute of Limitations, and the Nullum Tempus Act.

It is recommended, also, that there should be a short-hand writer in each Court, and that *money* should be liable for a debt as well as goods; though Mr. B. recommends freedom for the person.

We do not, of course, profess that the foregoing is by any means a perfect analysis of the Speech before us, or that it comprehends the tithe of the topics touched on. All we profess it to contain is, a short summary of the principal abuses, in which the public are most deeply interested, and with the remedy of which we hope the name and fame of Brougham will be inseparably connected. *Hoc erat in votis*, and we cannot wish any man more solid and satisfactory glory.

THE ROUE.

The Roué. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

We had trusted that the days were passing away, when an author, on the strength of a French cognomen, or the reputation of a fashionable publisher, dare venture to abuse the public taste, by sending forth a thousand pages, filled with affectation or bombastic puerility: we had hoped that the improving good taste of novel readers was now a sufficient prevention to any revival of the silly and worn-out artifices of novelists; that if a man, at present, ventured to compose a tale, in the hope of its being read, he would see the necessity of filling it with better materials than the vulgarities of a debauchee, on the *fade* whinings of a sentimentalist; and that, amid all the imperfections of our taste and literature, we should not have the pain of discovering that, with casting away a little of its slough, the spirit of romance had ventured to travel from the City to the West-end, and there installed itself, in hope of its low origin being concealed under its dashing and new-cut habit. In this, however, we find ourselves mistaken, and, as it is our duty to watch diligently for every appearance of false taste or sentiment, and to examine with attention whatever vessel may seem to carry contraband goods, we have devoted some time to a patient and sober perusal of 'The Roué.' It is a heavy charge we have to bring against its author, but one which he has incurred in every page of his book, and in its whole construction. We fearlessly accuse him of the grossest affectation, the most violent contradictions to nature and good taste, the most dangerous mistakes in the moral bearing of his tale, and of employing a style full of cold conceits and figurative tautologies. There is no part of the three volumes which will not afford a proof of the correctness of these assertions. Let us look, for example, at the introductory chapter. We here find the author at the old work of lamenting the destruction of our best and warmest feelings the moment we enter the world. However favourite a theme this may have been, it is now the stalest and most trite that even a juvenile writer can fix upon for the exercise of his pen. It is, moreover, giving the lie to truth and nature, it being the mere dream of a morbid fancy to suppose either man or woman must lose every warm feeling, every deep fervent imagination, by the mere constraints of worldly custom. If the glorious dreams of youth pass away, it is in conformity with the economy of our human nature, a consequence of our revolutionised spirit, which would have taken place, had we been living in a desart, or in the loneliest valley of the earth. It is, however, altogether false, that society, even in the highest and most fashionable classes, produces the effects which our author would lead us to suppose; he might as well attempt to make us believe, as some others have done, that the blooming cheeks and lovely forms that meet our eyes in a ball-room, are all made up of rouge and pasteboard. In addition to the silliness of the sentiment, we have an equal silliness in the language. Young hearts, warm hearts, and cultivated hearts,—genuine feelings, first feelings, generous feelings, and feelings of every kind, are the staple and finger-posts of the style employed; and, what is worse than all, the author is not even consistent in his own ridiculous ideas on education and society. Thus, we have a more than usual quantity of bad rhetoric employed to prove, that woman's nature loses its charm when submitted to conventional usages; and afterwards, we are told that her heart should be cultivated as well as her head. Now, sure we are that no man who has ever looked at woman with the eye of a poet, or the quick and passionate glances of true love, could write in this manner. If there be any thing in nature that loses its sweetness when touched by art, if there be any one single thing on which the 'trail of the serpent' has not left its stain, it is a woman's heart; and most earnestly do we hope we shall never have to read another novel, whose author would bring his schemes of education to teach a woman how to love, or set her heart in proper order for its reception. It is easy to suppose, that ideas of this kind give rise to images and figures equally strained and pedantic. One of these we are tempted to mention, as it is repeated, we believe, nearly a hundred times; scarcely any thing occurs, or any sentiment is mentioned, where it can by any possibility be introduced in which the author does not make use of some simile drawn from ice or snow. Thus we have the melting of snow between two persons meeting, the plunging of a heart into an ice-pail; cayenne-pepper and iced-cream, curry-powder and snow as the images of two ladies; and lastly, in the same page, the novel idea of an *iced-man!!!* These are proofs sufficient of the author's poverty of ideas and rigidity of style; but the error he has committed in the structure of his tale is of a worse kind; for he has conjured up adultery as the genius of his tale by mere force and tortuous ingenuity; has given a voice to the demon when it was unwilling to speak, and driven it upon its black designs when it itself shrunk back.

The tale in the first part of the work is one of true and innocent love, and is made to close originally where every reader's heart and good feeling would have had it close, that is, with the successful termination of youthful adventure. But the author thinks that a woman's real life does not properly begin till she is married; that there is no danger to her heart till she has given it into the keeping of the man she loves; and that the history of her pure, deep devotion to her first love, is mere milk and water to her memoirs, when she is out of the leading-strings of her maidenly modesty. In conformity with this idea, the author has composed a tale, founded on a most monstrous libel to female truth, has made a pure though warm-hearted woman sin calmly and with her eyes open, against the man she adored; has made the hero of it an open and base-hearted villain, filled up the intervals of action with letters that would disgrace the lowest of all low publications, and thus mixed

up opinions on morals and manners which, but from the weakness they display, would be of the most mischievous nature. We have spoken thus severely, yet there are, in some parts of the work, evidences of talent that should not have been employed in this manner. The best passage in it is the following account of a new-married couple's journey home:

'Away therefore they went to Trevor Place; feeling themselves the whole world to each other, and that the eye or the presence of any third person would have, in some degree, marred their present felicity.

'The weather was delightful; the sun shone, and the birds sang: all nature appeared in its holiday dress; but the sun had never shone so brightly—the birds had never sung so sweetly—the beauties of nature had never appeared so beautiful to the eyes of Agnes as they did now. Her life appeared like the clear sky before her, without a cloud to darken its brightness: all nature seemed to harmonise with the buoyant feelings of her own heart; and it would have been difficult, under her present sensations, to have convinced her that there was such a thing as misery in the world.

'Their journey was a mixture of endearments and projects for the future: a thousand delightful plans were proposed and discussed: the improvement of their estate—the happiness of their tenantry—the morning ramble—the noontide ride—the social evening—the uninterrupted enjoyment of each other's society—were mingled with a hundred projects of doing good to their fellow-creatures—of increasing their own happiness, by adding to that of others. Perhaps there is no state of feeling that engenders virtuous sentiments so much as that of perfect happiness, derived from the accomplishment of an object with which no unworthy motive has been mingled. In their anticipations it was agreed, that when conversation or action gave place to quietude, they should each pursue their favourite studies—that he should search through all his literary stores to find fresh food for intellectual enjoyment, and she cultivate her music and dancing to enliven the hours of their solitude. In short, every sentiment uttered by the one, seemed only the echo to the feelings of the other; and they went on and on thus delightfully dreaming, till the close of the second day brought them within sight of their journey's end.

'It was a beautiful evening, towards the end of autumn, when they arrived on the summit of a high hill, which commanded a complete view of the country for many miles round; and among other well-remembered objects, Trevor pointed out the hall of the ancestors of that branch of his family, to which he had thus suddenly become the heir. The chimneys of the mansion were only visible above the dark trees by which it was surrounded: a river gently glided through the domain, and swept its serpentine course quite through the country, sparkling in the last refulgent rays of the setting sun, which was now rapidly declining; glittering first on the windows of the farm-houses and villas with which the country was studded, then upon the gilded vanes of several village churches that here and there reared their humble spires amidst clusters of thatched cottages; and lastly, throwing a parting gleam upon the summit of the hill on which Trevor had ordered the drivers to stop for a few minutes, that he and Agnes might enjoy the beauty of the scenery.

'As they descended into the valley, their animated conversation gradually subsided into deep silence; a sensation of pleasing melancholy mingled with their happiness; their clasped hands alone spoke their affection; and, perhaps, this state of feeling is a degree of happiness far superior to the greatest buoyancy of pleasure that can be enjoyed. A thousand boyish recollections, connected with the place to which they were going, were rapidly passing through Trevor's mind, as every tree, cottage, and spire, recalled some infant feat.

'Agnes began to feel that she was going to take the first possession of her husband's house, as its mistress; and a deep feeling of her responsibilities mingled with her happiness.

'It was now twilight; and they were descending rapidly, when, from a small rising ground by the side of the road, their horses were startled by the sudden explosion of a rocket, which rushing into the air melted into a thousand minute particles of light, which mingled with and illumined the growing darkness of the atmosphere.

'This was the signal agreed on by the villagers to hail the approach of their new landlord. The distant sound of bells, mingling with the uproarious huzza of the tenantry, immediately struck on the ears of Trevor and Agnes; and as the carriage swept round a sudden turning in the road, they saw the distant flames and curling smoke of a large bonfire, which the humbler tenantry had prepared to celebrate his arrival; and were almost immediately surrounded by a cavalcade of the superior farmers on the estate, who had come thus far to escort him to the Hall.

'The glasses of the carriage were immediately lowered; the hands of Trevor and Agnes were clasped in the rough grasp of many a rude son of agriculture, who huzzaed a welcome to their estate. They passed under the archway of the lodge, and proceeded through a magnificent avenue of elms to the doors of the mansion: here waited the humbler tenantry to offer their greeting.

'The hearts of Trevor and Agnes were full; and their kindness to each individual, as they were respectively named to them, in a minute won the affections of their tenants.

'Orders were given that they should be regaled with the best the Hall afforded: butts of strong beer were tapped: they drank the health of their new landlord and his lady, with one simultaneous cheer that made the roof of the old hall ring again; and retired to finish the evening at the different inns in the village, to which orders were immediately conveyed by the steward, that tables and provisions should be prepared at Trevor's expense.

'With difficulty Trevor and Agnes at last made their retreat from the pressing welcomes with which they were greeted; and when at length they succeeded, and finding themselves alone in the drawing-room, Trevor, in a faltering voice, himself welcomed her with a warm embrace to a mansion of his own, and gloried in calling it "*her* home, the home of his beloved, his adored Agnes." Unable any longer to control her feelings, she burst into a flood of tears, and threw herself upon the bosom of her husband. Trevor himself was far from being unmoved, though he blushed to feel that the fulness of his own eyes threatened to mingle his tears with those of his wife.

'But those are delicious tears which arise from the excess of happiness—from the overflowings of a full heart, which has no other vent for the expression of its delight. How different from those of regret, passion, or remorse! How different from those which grief sends to dim the eye and plough their furrows on the cheeks over which they flow! But, alas! how few occasions are there in this life for such tears as those which were now shed by Agnes.'

We have passed over the instances of bad grammar we marked whilst reading the work, as we forgot them in our disgust at its greater faults. Affectation and conceit are its ruling characteristics; false sentiment and absurd pretensions to gentility, the foundation of its narrative; and if the author has ever had a glimpse of the society with which he pretends to be so well acquainted, but which pretensions we are inclined to doubt, he has looked at every thing with the eye of a schoolboy, or the stinted intellect of a decayed courtier.

GOMEZ ARIAS.

Gomez Arias, or the Moors of the Alpujarras, a Spanish Historical Romance, by Don Teleoforo De Trueba y Cosi. 3 vols. in 12mo. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London, 1828.

[Concluded from page 312.]

Among the attendants of the Moorish Chieftain Caneri, there was a man whose countenance and demeanour were calculated to attract the notice of a stranger. He was a dark, stern-looking man. He sat at the right of Caneri, and seemed, by the freedom of his answers and the tone of his language, to possess the full confidence of his chief.

'"Bermudo," said Caneri, addressing himself to the personage in question, "thou art unusually abstracted to-day, far more than for some time past I have known thee."

'"Bermudo!" exclaimed the other indignantly; "Bermudo! Call me no more by a name so hateful;—a name that brings to my recollection my miseries and my crimes. It is an ominous, a detested sound, that rings in my ear, to tell me that I was once a Christian—an injured man; and that I am *now*——"

'"A valiant Moor," interrupted Caneri.

'"A vile renegade!" retorted Bermudo with a sneer. "A renegade; for thou canst not gild the bitter potion, nor will I attempt to disguise my character. I am a ruffian; but I have pledged myself to serve the Moors, and I WILL serve them faithfully, actively, to the last breath of my loathed existence."

'"Thy services, indeed, have been most valuable," said Caneri, "and grateful are the Moors for the interest thou evincest in their cause."

'"Tush," cried the renegade; "thank me not. It is not my love for the Moors that prompts my services, but my hatred to the Christians. No, Caneri, I will not admit acknowledgments which I little deserve. You say that I am brave and active—'tis true. I can endure privations and encounter dangers; but in so doing, I look not to advance the interests of the Moorish cause, but to serve that of my revenge. No, I anticipate no triumphs; I live merely for the gratification of vengeance for wrongs long past, but too deeply rooted in this heart to be ever forgotten." As he pronounced these last words, his frame shook with agitation.

'"Calm thyself, Alagraf," said Caneri, "since thou hast adopted that name, and art now——"

'"A traitor!" cried the renegade, interrupting him. "I am a traitor to my faith and country. Nay, do not attempt to palliate a name in which I glory. I well know the vile thing that I am considered. My career is a dark one; and the passion which fires my heart, and nerves my arm, cannot ennoble my deeds of valour, but may at least satisfy my craving; and that is enough. I am a villain; but woe to the man who made me what I am. May the curse of despair, may the venom that festers here, (and he forcibly smote his breast,) poison and corrode the life of *him* who planted it in a heart kind by nature, and designed for virtue; and by one bad man driven to revolting crime."'—Vol. ii, pp. 5-7.

This renegado tells his tale, and discovers that Gomez Arias is the man that has wronged him, dishonoured, and caused the death of, his mistress.

During this recital of the story of the renegado, Theodora is introduced to Caneri. The Moor, captivated with her charms, and finding his arts of persuasion ineffectual, dismisses his attendants, and is on the point of offering violence to her person, when at this critical moment a noise is heard at the entrance of the room; the door, as if by a tremendous exertion of strength, is wrenched from its hinges, and a tall mysterious figure walks into the apartment.

'Caneri shook with ire.

'"What treason is this?" he exclaimed. "A cursed Christian in my very dwelling! Malique! Alagraf! Where are ye, villains? Guards! Seize the wretch, seize him, and drag him to death!"

'"Stay!" cried the stranger, in a voice of thunder; "stay! ere thou darest to offer the least violence to me—nay, advance but one foot, and I'll strike thee to the earth."

'Caneri was awed by the noble and fearless manner of the stranger.

'"A Christian!" he continued, in a more subdued voice, "and darest thou, in my very dominions, to utter such vaunting threats? Dost thou forget that these are the Alpujarras, and that I am Caneri?"

'"I am no Christian," replied the stranger: "a Moor, a true Moor am I, but one who blushes to count Caneri amongst his associates."

'"Speak!" cried Caneri, bewildered, "Speak! what mystery is this? Who then art thou?"

'"Know me then," returned the other, and, throwing aside his disguise, discovered a man of tall stature and athletic proportions. On his dark bronzed countenance there was an expression of bold defiance and cool resolution; his eyes were lighted up with the fire of noble courage, and, although no tender feeling could be detected in his stern features, yet they were not altogether devoid of generosity. He was a model of mountain beauty, wild, majestic, and free from artful decoration. A simple Moorish tunic, which the most humble of his followers might wear, covered his manly figure, and the only mark of distinction, by which his dignity could be recognised, was a scarf of green, the sacred colour, and a large buckler, on which was pourtrayed a noble lion, surmounted by the Arabic motto,

"*Edem pasban derwish est aslan.*"*

'Caneri gazed in astonishment, and, almost bereft of the powers of utterance, could only exclaim—

'"El Feri!"

'"Yes!" answered he. "El Feri de Benastepar arrives in time to witness the honourable occupation

* The brave man who protects the helpless is a Lion.

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of his colleagus in command; whilst our brave companions remain unburied and rotting on these wild solitudes, and the proud Christian pursues us like the hungry tiger, giving us not a moment's repose; whilst our forces have been routed and slaughtered by the victorious Alonso de Aguilar, and the few that have escaped his murderous sword, in conjunction with El Feri, are compelled to seek for safety in disguise and flight. I thought we should meet with succour and assistance in the mountain home of Caneri—and how do I meet him? Not ready in arms to cover our retreat; not laudably occupied in providing resources for our dispirited soldiers; but meanly courting the blandishments of a Christian slave. Weak and forlorn and despairing, my few brave comrades are stretched on yonder street, fainting through want, and worn out with fatigue. I call upon Caneri for help, and I find that the power which was intrusted to him for our mutual defence is basely employed, not against the common enemy, but a feeble defenceless female! Shame, Moor! shame! But that I reverence the public voice that named thee chief, and that I desire not to arrogate to myself a retributive justice, I myself would wrench from thee that command which thou shamest, and entrust it to the hands of men more worthy." '—Vol. ii, pp. 58-61.

Soon after this conversation and the severe reproaches that El Feri, vented against the savage Caneri, who was thus compelled to relinquish his prey, the Christians attack the town of Alhacen, which they take and deliver to the flames. El Feri falls. The Moors are routed and dispersed; and Don Alonso Aguilar, who commanded the Christians, is arrested in his career of victory by the cries of a woman in distress. He bursts into the house, proceeds to the apartment, and, amidst the smoke that was fast filling the room, he perceives a female form kneeling on the ground, in the attitude of one who had abandoned all hope of mortal assistance. She was the unfortunate Theodora, whom Don Alonso intrusts to the care of his attendants to be conducted to his house at Grenada.

Theodora arrives there at the moment when Gomez Arias is on the point of being married to Leonor de Aguilar, the fair daughter of Don Alonso. She meets Roque at Aguilar's house, and she learns from him that Gomez is alive, living under the same roof with herself; and that the ceremony of his marriage is to take place on the morrow. On hearing this, a deep emotion of revenge swelled the bosom of Theodora; and at the end of the night, arming herself for murder, she enters the apartment, and advances towards the couch where her guilty lover is sleeping.

'Theodora remained a short time in a doubtful mood, and a heavenly spirit seemed to struggle with the malignant fiend that instigated her. She held the lamp in her trembling hand over the sleeping form of her lover, and by the sickly light she discovered his features as if inspired by some happy dream. His breath came thick upon her face, as she bent over the couch. Smiles were upon his lips, and a gentle motion shook his frame.

'"He loves her!" groaned the despairing Theodora, —he loves her dearly, and I am come to——"

'At this moment the deep-toned bell of the palace sounded the hour, and interrupted her dreadful sentence. Solemnly the peal rung through the place like the death-knell of the perjured lover; but he, unconscious of his impending fate, slept securely, and dreamt of love and happiness. For now his lips move, and, in the broken articulation of deep but pleasing sighs, the name of her who occupied his mind, burst from his swelling bosom. It was the name of Leonor; the baneful sound went piercing to Theodora's heart, and roused all the furies that held dominion there. The kindly feelings which had returned, now withered fast away. She starts with frenzy; she grows paler, and revenge alone prevails; her bosom rises and falls with fearful emotion; wildly her eyes roll. She resolutely grasps the dagger; the moment is arrived; one blow, and the despoiler of her happiness would cease to exist: she fiercely raised her arm, but at the instant all her strength withered: nerveless she dropped the weapon from her powerless hand: no! she could not strike; for she was a woman maddened by deep injuries, but she still loved her betrayer, and the fountain of her gentle nature again bedewed her heart. She could not strike the man who had, without remorse, inflicted on her the pangs of a thousand deaths: she smiles in bitterness, and hangs over the couch of her unconscious lover, her clustering hair loosely flowing over the pillow; a piteous sigh escapes her, and, bending lower, she kisses the lips that had betrayed her.'—Vol. ii. pp. 71-3.

Gomez Arias awakes; he feigns to repent, and promises Theodora to lead her back to her father, and repair her wrongs by marriage; but, instead of this, he treats with the Moors, in direct opposition to the Queen's edicts, delivers Theodora and Roque into the hands of Bermudo and Caneri, and returns to Grenada, to accomplish his marriage with Leonor. But his mysterious conduct, and the flight of Theodora, give rise to suspicions, by which the marriage is postponed.

Meantime, news arrives of the insurrection of the Moors of the Sierra Bermeja, at the head of which is El Feri de Benastepar, whom every one supposed dead. The war recommences. Don Alonso de Aguilar is sent against the rebels, and is routed and killed by the troops of El Feri; while Gomez Arias, with a body of volunteers, defeats the Moors under the command of Moahbed, and takes possession of Athanein, after Caneri had fallen by the hands of his own followers, and after the renegado had disappeared with Theodora, whom he has thus rescued from the violence of Caneri, and whom he re-conducts to her father's house at the very moment when he is confined to his chamber by grief and sickness.

Prostrate and weakened as Don Manuel was, the sound of his daughter's voice, which called for mercy, awakened all his latent feelings, and gave a new impulse to his decaying frame. He at first curses his daughter, but soon softened by the vivid signs of her repentance, and the excess of her affliction, in ecstacy of mingled grief and affection, he clasps his sorrowing child in his trembling arms, and thinks no more but for revenge. A plan is then concerted with the renegado, and an immediate appeal to the queen resolved upon.

Grenada, lately the seat of mourning, was again converted into a scene of indiscriminate joy, by the news of the recent victory obtained by Gomez Arias. The court was assembled, and the heroic Isabella, surrounded by all the principal personages of Spain, awaited the arrival of the victor, in the grand saloon of the Alhambra; when a venerable old man, in sable robes, bearing on his countenance deep traces of grief, supported by a young female, likewise in mourning, and followed by two other figures, slowly and solemnly advances towards the throne of the queen. They were Monteblanco, Isabella Roque, and the renegado. Don Manuel tells his melancholy tale, and, while he is demanding justice against the seducer of his unhappy daughter, a burst of popular applause announces the triumphant entry of the victorious Gomez Arias, who, casting a glance on the group before him, stands in mute astonishment. Foreseeing that any attempt at exculpation would be as fruitless as dangerous, he remains silent, appears to plead guilty to the accusation, and, at the order of the queen, immediately consents to marry his victim. But, as soon as the ceremony is performed, the renegado arises, and in a tone of fearless intrepidity, he charges Gomez Arias with treason, and, soon after, obtains his condemnation to death. The fatal morning fixed for the execution was arrived.

'Don Lope being determined to set at defiance every appearance of despondency, had assumed an air of martial and dignified composure. His handsome figure never looked to greater advantage than at this disastrous moment; he was attired in a most sumptuous suit, while all the friends and relatives who accompanied him were habited in deep mourning. The procession moved slowly on amidst the confused murmur of the multitude, deeply lamenting the fate, and admiring the firmness, of the hero of the dismal tragedy. He was attended by a crowd of the ministers of religion; but two friars of the order of St. Francis attached themselves more particularly to his person. The whole presented a most singularly contrasted scene; for in the same view appeared mingled all the panoplies of war, stirring the soul to martial deeds, and the solemn emblems of religion, inviting the mind to abandon the pomp of the world, and turn its thoughts towards eternity. Warriors and priests, banners and crosses, moved promiscuously along, while the subdued blast of clarions united their strains to the deep-toned and gloomy cadences of the chaunting monks.

'In this manner the procession reached at length the Plaza de Bivarrambla. At the sight of the scaffold, Gomez Arias gave an involuntary start; for he was unable to stifle the impression which the first view of that dreadful spot made on his mind. He soon, however, recovered his usual composure, and cast an inquiring and intense look on the assembled multitude. Sorrow and consternation were every where visible, but all was tranquil and quiet. The last lingering hope now vanished from the breast of Gomez Arias, and he seemed resigned to the fate that awaited him. The murmur of the multitude was hushed into a deadly silence. Don Lope dismounted, ascended the scaffold, and, turning to his soldiers, he said—

'"Farewell, my brave companions: this is the last expedition in which we shall meet; but in this, as well as in all the former, Gomez Arias will display the coolness and courage which becomes a soldier." He then with equal resolution was about to bare his neck for the fatal stroke, when a piercing scream was heard at a distance in the crowd. Presently a female form was seen flying towards the scaffold—

'"A pardon! a pardon!" shouted various voices; and the multitude joyfully opened a passage to the unfortunate. She ran with frantic speed, until she arrived at length, exhausted, at the foot of the scaffold, exhibiting, in the disorder of her person and the wild expression of her features, all the workings of terror, anxiety, and joy. Every one stood mute with astonishment when they beheld in this apparition the wretched Theodora, who flew up the steps of the scaffold, holding aloft in her trembling hand a paper; then throwing herself into the arms of her husband—

'"Oh it is not too late," she cried eagerly; "I have brought your pardon. Here! here! You are safe—it is the Queen's signet." '—Vol. iii. pp. 211—14.

Gomez Arias and Theodora were conducted before the Queen; every eye was joyfully turned towards them, when suddenly a man broke from the surrounding group, and, before any arm could arrest the blow, buries a poinard in the breast of Gomez.

'The assassin was one of the Franciscans who had accompanied Gomez Arias to the scaffold. He still held in his sinewy hand the ensanguined poniard, and with the savage laugh of a fiend exulted over his deed.

'"Now, God be thanked!" exclaimed the leach who had examined the wound of Gomez Arias, "if my skill fail me not, the knight may yet live."

'"Never!" cried the friar, in a voice that chilled the reviving hopes of every one; "Never! your skill is vain—the dagger is poisoned."

'A shudder of horror ran through the court.

'"Man of darkness," exclaimed Count de Tendilla, "fiend under the holy garb of religion, what could prompt thee to such a crime? But a short time since, I saw thee attend thy victim to administer to him hope and consolation."

'"Yes," replied the friar, grimly, "yes, I did accompany him to the stage of his despair and my glory: yes, I was beside my victim, like the vulture watching for the moment to lacerate his heart. But I went not to whisper hope into his dying ear, or to bid him rely on the mercies of Heaven; no, it was to speak the words of horror; to bid him despair, and point the way to that hell whither soon I was to follow him. My soul was drunk with joy; my heart was wild with happiness: gladly would I purchase with a whole existence of misery and crime those few rapturous moments when I could watch the dreadful workings of his mind, as the last peal of my ominous voice rung in his ear, ere his soul took its flight from this world."

'"Peace, wretch!" exclaimed the queen. "Leave thy blasphemy; tremble for the profanation of thy sacred calling; tremble for the punishment which awaits thy crime."

'"I tremble at nought," sternly replied the assassin. "No canting friar am I; no preaching monk; but a man deeply wronged, and now amply revenged. Look on me," he continued in a wild tone, throwing off his disguise, "I am Bermudo the renegade!"

'Every one shrunk back with instinctive horror at the well-known name; but the consternation increased, when in the person of the apostate was recognised the

Moor who had played so principal a part in the condemnation of Gomez Arias.

'"Look on me," proceeded the renegade; "look on me, Gomez Arias; behold the man by you condemned to misery and shame—I am Bermudo the outcast, the maddened lover of the unfortunate Anselma. Call back, Don Lope, the powers of thy fleeting soul, and fix its fading recollection on thy crimes and my misfortunes: remember Anselma — remember her frightful fate—your wrongs to me—the despair to which I was driven. But for thee, proud man, I might have been a hero, and for thee I am a traitor and a renegade. But, oh! now thou art laid low—no, not even princely fortune and favour could save thee from the hand of a desperate man. Die, then, die in despair: it is in the hour of rapturous happiness that the blow is struck, and think with agony that it is struck by Bermudo.—Anselma, thou art revenged!"

'A wild and savage laugh closed this apostrophe, and the renegade stood calmly gazing on his victim with an expression of ferocious joy: his dark features seemed to brighten in the glare of infernal revenge, and his strong frame shook with the rapture of the fiend that inspired him.'—Vol. iii. pp. 218—21.

Gomez Arias dies repentant; the renegado meets with the punishment due to his crimes. Theodora, with her father and Roque, returns to Guadix, where she lingers out a miserable existence, until, one night, she is found dead in the very bower where she first met Gomez Arias.

This analysis, however imperfect it may be, will, nevertheless, by means of the numerous extracts which we have intermingled with it, be sufficient to give a clear idea of the literary merit of the work which is now before us.

The subject of Gomez Arias, which is borrowed from a play of Calderon's, is chosen with great felicity, and it leads us on, without confusion or perplexity, to scenes and descriptions, which the author has had the skill to render either amusing or picturesque, sentimental or tragical, comic or pathetic. The character of the renegado is a happy invention, which, perhaps, bears a remote resemblance to the renegado of the Vicomte d'Arlincourt, but which is free from all the absurdities that disfigure the hero of the French romance. The features of Gomez Arias are, in the opinion of one of our contemporaries, too hideous for exhibition; but it should be recollected that they are in unison with the traditionary and popular ideas respecting that warrior, whom even the play of Calderon's exhibits in a much worse light. Besides, the villany of Gomez Arias forms a contrast with the tenderness and meekness of the afflicted Theodora, as well as the hideous Caneri places the heroism of El Feri in a more conspicuous point of view.

The romance of 'Gomez Arias,' in spite of some few pages of bombast, possesses the double merit of a very interesting story, and an entertaining style of narrative; but still, we may ask, has it a just claim to the title of an historical romance, (a title assumed by the author himself,) and does it fulfil all the conditions requisite in this new department of composition invented by Sir Walter Scott? The principal object of the historical romance is, according to the opinion of the best critics, the representation of the manners and sentiments of a whole people,—the picture of a peculiar and interesting era,—the operations of a considerable party, and of a renowned chief. It constitutes an effort to particularise history by means of fancy and invention, instead of exhibiting a dry detail of facts. Its object is not to reveal the secrets of crafty policy, or mysterious manœuvres, but to hold forth the moral scene of history, and supply the defects arising from the ignorance and negligence of annalists. A species of logical induction is introduced, which borders less on criticism than on the power of imagination, and brings together a series of general facts, which represent the state of society by means of fictitious characters, or by means of real characters dramatically drawn and placed in the familiar scene of daily life. In the historical romance, what is called the action, the plot, or the intrigue, ought only to be secondary to the exhibition of the manners and opinions of a particular period. This picture of society, which is the first and most indispensable condition of the historical romance, the author of 'Gomez Arias' has not adequately fulfilled. This production strikes more by the ingenious contrivances of the situations, and by the natural display of the sentiments of the heart, than by the depth and accuracy of its delineations of the Moorish and Spanish parties that, in the times of Isabella, disputed the possession of Spain. The seat of the insurrection is in the mountains of the Alpujarras. The author describes its progress and its fury; but he neglects to trace out the causes that gave it birth. But does the author, while he exhibits no strong partiality in favour of the Spaniards, seem apprehensive of betraying the secret to us, that justice and liberty were arrayed under the banners of the Musulmans? Besides, his description of the Court of Isabella is exhibited only in profile; and Don Telesforo de Trueba, in our opinion, would have done much better in devoting to the delineation of the character of that great Queen, or of her brilliant Court, those pages which he employs in rehearsing the long dialogues that pass between the loquacious chambermaid of Leonor and the unhappy Theodora.

Frankness and sincerity are a tribute which criticism delights to pay to real talent; and the value that is set upon a work, is evinced by noticing whatever faults present themselves in its pages. Such are our feelings and opinion after the perusal of 'Gomez Arias;' and, in conclusion, we may observe, that, if the production of Don Telesforo de Trueba deserves not to be ranked among historical romances, it may occupy a distinguished place by the side of those works, which, like the 'Matilde' of Madame Cottin, hold an intermediate rank between the department that has originated with Walter Scott, and that which has been illustrated by Le Sage.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Observations upon the Power exercised by the Court of Chancery, of depriving a Father of the Custody of his Children. 8vo. London, 1828.

WHATEVER stray powers and prerogatives have not been picked up or appropriated by our other legal tribunals, the Court of Chancery seems to consider it as its own for the claiming. It is mainly by the instrumentality of this convenient doctrine, that it has contrived to build up for itself, in the course of ages, so vast and multifarious a jurisdiction. Its assumption of the right of depriving a father in certain circumstances of the custody of his children, is one of the newest, and certainly not one of the least alarming, of its pretensions.

According to the late judgments of this Court, there is not a parent in the kingdom who is entitled to consider himself secure from the risk of having the management of his children taken out of his hands by an authority, which, having itself, in the first instance, decided upon the legality of its own act, has nothing more to do than to carry into execution the sentence which it has pronounced in its own favour. It has only to declare, in regard to any individual, that he is not setting before his children the example, or giving them the education, he ought, and forthwith to make a new application of its powers of universal patronage, by appointing them another guardian.

The natural tendency of this arbitrary authority is, no doubt, controlled in our day by public opinion, which, to a certain extent, controls every thing. But the same defence might be urged in behalf of a law which should take all suits or trials whatever out of the management of tribunals that might fairly be presumed to be impartial, for the sake of subjecting them to the decision of others, having evidently, in many cases, an interest in deciding them unfairly. Public opinion would even, under such a state of things, interpose to check, in some degree, the mischievous influence of the law; but that surely would not make the arrangement a good one.

It is quite right and necessary, of course, that children should be protected by the Legislature, and protected against their parents, as well as against other persons. But their security ought to be considered as amply provided for by a law, punishing whosoever may injure them, after trial according to the ordinary forms of legal procedure, and before any one of the ordinary tribunals. Any attempt to make the general laxity of a man's morals, or the peculiar complexion of his speculative opinions, a ground for taking from him one of the most important rights with which he has been invested by God and Nature, can only lead to the most deplorable unfairness and abuse. Human legislation oversteps its province altogether, when it assumes to itself such an authority as this; and, in insisting upon interfering with that which it is so little capable of managing, cannot fail both to make itself ridiculous, and to work much positive mischief.

The pamphlet before us, which is understood to contain the legal opinion of an eminent Barrister on the judgment lately pronounced by Lord Eldon, in the Wellesley case, discusses the law of this interesting and important question with very considerable learning and ability. The author certainly has proved, that nothing can possibly be either more questionable than the legality of the power claimed in this and other instances by the Court of Chancery, or more irreconcileably contradictory than both, the definitions which have been at various times given, of the extent of that power, and the grounds upon which it has been supported by its different defenders.

FRAGMENTS OF FOREIGN LETTERS.

MR. BALFE.

An Irishman, like Madeira, gets softened and mellow, and really improves by travelling, or, like his native potatoe, is rendered better by transplanting. In former times, France, Spain, and Germany benefited by the expatriation of Hibernians, who acquired fame and honour on the continent of Europe, although generally considered as any thing but prophets in their own country. The appearance of Mr. Balfe at the *Théâtre Italien*, at Paris, has produced a sensation which has effected the temporary oblivion of the merits of *Roger Collard* himself, and washed from the minds of the fair *Parisiennes* the remembrance even of poor *Masurier*. He made his debut in the *Barbiere de Seviglia* but a week ago, at the early age of nineteen; and, although a native of Dublin, like his countryman, Lord Clanwilliam, stole away at once the hearts of the *belles* of the Metropolis. He is an excellent musician; and, at the age of five years, is said to have played the violin exquisitely. As a singer, he is scarcely to be rivalled in *basso cantante*, although he never had the advantage of instruction; and his voice as yet has not attained its full development. He is, in fact, considered by good judges as fairly equal to Zuchelli. Balfe composes with the utmost taste and science; and, as an actor, leaves hardly any thing to desire.

M. DE PRADT AND THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

M. L'Abbé, after having treated in his peculiar style of the affairs of every country in Europe, save one, has at length condescended to turn his thoughts to England, notwithstanding the claims which a new order of things in France, and the commencement of the Session, may be deemed to have on his time and attention. An article in the 'Courrier Français,' signed D. P., on the subject of Lord John Russell's motion in the House of Commons, after speaking in terms equally handsome, as well-merited, of the patriotic exertions of that young nobleman, verifies the old axiom, that 'two of a trade can never agree;' for, in allusion to the hierarchy of the Church of England, he designates its members as only superior, in principles of liberality and toleration, to the Spanish clergy or the Ministers of the Inquisition. Now, we have so much of the British feeling in us, that we like to have the abuses of our concerns exclusively in our hands; and, while we are free to admit that there are defects in our system of Church Government, and that a large proportion of its Ministers enter more freely into political concerns than may well become their character and station, we have now, and at all times since the Reformation we have had, to boast, of men who do equal honour to Christianity and their country; and the Abbé will scarcely be surprised, and less offended, if we feel but little disposed to refer to the Gallican Church, as actually constituted for the example of better things, or to regard the career of the Ex-Archbishop of Malmis, while he *literally enjoyed* his ecclesiastical dignities, as a pattern for the English prelacy. Should the 'March of Intellect,' unhappily progress with us in a direction opposite to all rule of advancement, as it has done of late in Spain, we shall then with less unwillingness take the Abbé as our guide; and Madame de Genlis as our lectator in morals.—*Paris.*

FRENCH LITERATURE.

The 'Memoirs of the Consulate,' by Thibaudeau, (an old Republican and Counsellor of State,) is, perhaps, the best book that has appeared on Buonaparte. It has the gravity of an official document, with the familiar touches and genuine portrait-painting that can only arise out of personal intercourse. De Bausset has very faithfully and minutely given the Interior of the Palace during the Empire; Thibaudeau has no less accurately traced the interior of Buonaparte's mind in his progress to power. It is certainly a masterly and well-understood portrait; and flattering, only because it is true. The author was opposed both theoretically and practically to the successive encroachments of the First Consul on the simple forms of the Republican government, and submitted to them only from necessity; so that his objections to the individual, combined with his general attachment to a cause that could not stand without the assistance of a formidable leader, have tempered his decisions to 'even-handed justice.' Buonarparte here appears not only the prime-mover in war and foreign policy, but the animating soul of all discussions relating to internal administration, finance, police, legislation, schools, religion, and is mixed up like an indispensable element with every measure of government. He loses nothing by this development of his views and reasonings on the different questions as they arise; for the *eclat*, with which they were attended in their execution, was scarcely greater than the wonderful activity of mind in which they originated. The accounts from St. Helena, indeed, present a very close and clear view of his character; but there he was in the common undress of humanity, released from the toils and trappings of greatness,—here he is in the arena, and with the impenetrable armour of his will and intellect buckled on, and beaming bright and burnished in the very noon-day of his fortune. A good translation of this work is wanted, were it only as an answer to the loose and disjointed caricatures that have lately been drawn of him. We shall present our readers with one or two detached sketches. The following is curious and *a peep behind the curtain.*

'The King of Etruria at Paris in the Month of May, 1801.—Buonaparte, while General had created several republics: the First Consul ventured to set up a King. According to a convention signed with Spain, Tuscany, ceded to the Duke of Parma, by the treaty of Luneville, was erected into a Kingdom. The new King, Louis I., an Infant of Spain, came to Paris with his wife,* under the title of the Count of Leghorn. A great deal of attention was paid to these two personages. Talleyrand gave them a fête at Neuilly, the 19th of prairial. It was at night: the whole scene was illuminated, and the entertainment commenced with a concert. The farther end of the saloon opened, and discovered the square at Florence, and Palace Pitti, a fountain and a pillar. Some Tuscans were introduced playing at different games; they danced, and sang couplets of which their majesties were the theme. The King and Queen then descended into the garden and found themselves in the midst of their subjects.† Rockets, shells, and bonfires gave additional effect to this touching spectacle. There was a supper set out in five different apartments, and three times renewed: a magnificent ball concluded the fairy scene. On the 23d, came the turn of the Minister of the Interior, Chaptal.‡ Three hundred women were assembled in a superb public gallery. A play was acted: the scenes of the theatre again represented the city of Florence. Italian airs were executed by the musicians. The garden was illuminated: a village had been constructed in it. Peasants chaunted national choruses: invisible harmony was heard on all sides. A Temple of Memory rose on the summit of a small eminence: Apollo and the Muses here celebrated the praises of glory and the arts. After supper, the company returned into the gallery, where the nymphs and shepherds of the Opera danced quadrilles. A female dancer presented the Count of Leghorn with a bouquet of flowers, which in passing into his august hands took as by enchantment the form of a crown, embellished with a copy of verses by the poet Esmenard. The evening ended with a ball. The 25th was the anniversary of the battle of Marengo—a day which belonged of right to the Minister of War. The entertainment opened with a ball. At midnight the guests proceeded into the garden: it exhibited a camp with all the apparatus of war, and tents under which the supper was laid out and where the ladies were waited on by officers in uniform. A balloon was launched and ascended, silvering the darkness of the night with the name of *Marengo*. The ball recommenced and lasted till morning. Every care was taken to conduct the illustrious visitors to the public establishments; on the 21st, to a sitting of the mathematical and physical classes of the Institute, where Chaptal, Fourcroy, Laplace, Sage, Cuvier, Lalande, and Dolomieu gave lectures; the 22d, to the Conservatory of Music, and the 23d, to the Mint. Here a medal was struck in presence of the King and Queen, and presented to them by the Minister of the Interior. It was of gold and of an ounce weight. On one side it represented the genius of France offering a flower, at the bottom the date of *the 21st of prairial, year IX.*, on the rim, *to Maria-Louise-Josephine;* on the reverse, a book open, with the words *Tuscan Code*, was placed on a fasces, the emblem of strength, ornamented with Mercury's wand, a balance, and a sword; at bottom, the date of the 10th of June, 1801; and round the rim, *To the King of Etruria.*

'For whom was all this lavish waste of flattery, so little in unison with the principles of the republic? To whom was it, that, without their consent, the people of Tuscany were thus made over? Let us hear the first consul himself characterise the new sovereign after his manner, and assign the motive of all these pompour demonstrations. He thus expressed himself one day, at Malmaison, in the hearing of several persons: "After all, it is only a poor king. One can scarce have an idea of his indifference to every thing. I have not been able to prevail on him, since he has been here, to attend on his affairs nor to take up a pen. He thinks of nothing but his pleasures, the play, or dancing. This poor M. d'Azara,* who is a man of merit, has divided himself in four quarters, yet it is lost labour. The prince treats him with neglect. All these princes very much resemble one another. This one in particular fancies himself really formed to reign. He behaves very ill to all those about him. They had already described him to General Leclerc at Bourdeaux, as deceitful and avaricious. In coming to dine here yesterday, he fell down in a fainting fit. He was exceedingly pale, when he entered the room; I asked him what was the matter? He replied that his stomach was out of order. It was his attendants who said it was a fainting fit, and that he was often liable to those. In short, he is going to return, without knowing in the least what he means to do. He is besides altogether as presumptuous as he is incapable. I put a series of questions to him, not one of which he could answer. His wife has *tact* and cleverness, and is liked by her domestics. Sometimes, seeming to be occupied with other things, I observe and overhear the husband and wife: she tells him, or makes a sign to him in dumb show, how he ought to behave. It was not bad policy, in truth, to bring a prince into the anti-chambers of a republican government; and to let young people, who had never had the opportunity, see what a king was like. There is enough to give them a surfeit of royalty." The king of Etruria, after a month's stay at Paris, set out for Tuscany. He was installed in his throne by Murat, and justified completely the opinion which the First Consul and all Paris had conceived of him.'—P. 68.

It is not a little singular, that at the very time that Buonaparte talked thus contemptuously of kings, he meditated making himself one: he probably meant only legitimate princes, and thought that the contrast must be in his favour. He plumed himself too securely on his natural superiority, and did not seem aware how prone mankind are to sympathize with hereditary imbecility. The principle of ancient idolatry lurks under the garb of modern loyalty, which indemnifies itself for the outward homage to the station by secret contempt for the person that fills it. Nations behold with more complacency, and even awe, the pigmy or the ricketty form seated on the top of a throne than the Hercules, who sustains the world on his shoulders: and it is on this principle that we fancy we could change places with the one, but we know that we could not become the other! One of the most interesting parts of this work is the view which it gives of the rise and progress of Napoleon's schemes of personal aggrandisement, of the flatteries and encouragement of his brothers and his ministers, and of the steady and amiable, though unavailing opposition of Josephine, to all this fine masquerading, which she seemed to think was both bad taste and bad policy. The following passage will explain the state of household parties:

'The 18th Horeal, (1802) Madame Buonaparte observed to the Counsellor of State, N—, "I do not approve of all these projects which are in agitation: I have told Buonaparte so; he listens to me with sufficient attention; but flatterers soon make him change his opinion. The new concessions which are about to be made to him, will increase the number of his enemies. The generals cry out, that they have not fought against the Bourbons merely to substitute the Buonaparte family in their stead. I do not regret my not having children by my husband; for I should tremble for their future lot. I shall remain attached to the fortunes of Buonaparte, however perilous they may be, and as long as he shall evince towards me the same attention and friendship which he has always manifested. But the day that he shall change, I will withdraw myself from the Thuilleries. I am not ignorant that he is instigated to separate himself from me. Lucien gives the very worst advice to his brother. Nevertheless, Buonaparte knows how to appreciate his character. Shall I give you an idea of the pretensions of these *Messieurs?* I asked Jerome why he did not come to dinner on the 15th? his answer was, I shall not come as long as their is not a place reserved for me: the brothers of Buonaparte ought to have the first places after him. I replied, Do you not recollect then what you were? Go, you are no better than a child: all places are alike with me. If such a thing had been said to me by my son, I would have ordered him out of the room. It is very surprising that the persons who are in the habit of approaching the First Consul, such as the Counsellors of State, do not apprise him of the snares which are laid for him. The Consul Cambaceres is in the secret of all these plans."'—P. 243.

How ridiculous and odious this first commencement of Legitimacy appears, when seen in its naked deformity—this farcical setting up of a whole family, as having a property in the state, in return for the services rendered to the state by one individual of it! Let egotism and impertinence be acted upon with every aggravation and abuse for a thousand years, and it becomes sacred, and is the very identical *Jus Divinum!* Poor Jerome had very legitimate and approved notions of the founding of a dynasty. The man of his age says to a whole people, 'I have done something for you; and therefore do you give up every thing to me and my relations, my heirs and assigns in perpetuity!' So that, according to this family logic and method of merging public principle in private gratitude, a people no sooner gain their liberty than it becomes forfeited to the liberator of his country, and the conqueror of other states has a right to enslave his own. But then comes the last of a line of kings, and says to the first, 'No; mankind do not belong to you but to me, my right being seventy times better than yours by being seventy removes from my ancestor, who had the same claim that you have:' Alas! poor human nature, between the new and the old candidates, stands but a bad chance!

It was pretended at the time, that the *procès-verbal* of the arguments of the First Consul in the Council of State was revised and polished by Locré, the Secretary, and Cambaceres, in conjunction. Mankind always wish to detract from

* Maria-Louisa, sister of Ferdinand VII., and since Duchess of Lucca.

† Is not Dr. Donne justified in calling the French,

—'the rightest company
Of players that upon the world's stage be?'

With them every thing seems a mixture of fiction and reality.

‡ Buonaparte has been blamed for choosing his Ministers from among men of science: but on the other hand, it must be allowed that the French have more versatility than we have; and that their *savans* are not mere chemists, geometricians, &c., but clever men generally speaking. He himself only complains of the appointment of La Place as a failure.

* The Spanish Ambassador.

merit by dividing it. Because Buonaparte could fight, therefore it was to be supposed he could not speak; because he gained battles, it was through mere good fortune, blundering, or even cowardice. So people would not allow Sir Joshua Reynolds to write his own 'Discourses,' but attributed them to Mr. Burke. So Mr. James Moore, a great prosser, who was fond of starting his dulness after dinner against Fuseli's brilliancy, (and it was certainly a very even match,) was unwilling to have it supposed his friend, Mr. Northcote, could talk, and agreed, with a Scotch peer and poet, to close up his mouth between them! Thibaudeau has, in several instances, collated Buonaparte's real expressions with those in the printed reports, and shown that the latter are always the weakest and least pregnant. Take one example from the debate on the age for marrying.

'*Printed Report.* Inasmuch as it would not be advisable for a whole generation to marry at the age of thirteen or fourteen, therefore it is best not to authorize it by a general rule. It is preferable to establish as a rule what is conformable to the public interest, and to allow merely as an exception, of which the public authorities should be judge, what suits a particular interest. It would be strange if the law authorized individuals to marry before the age at which it allows them to appear as witnesses, or to receive the punishment inflicted on crimes committed by those who have attained to full discretion. That system would, perhaps, be most salutary which fixed the age of twenty-one for men and fifteen for women.

'THE FIRST CONSUL'S OWN WORDS.—Is it desirable that people should be allowed to marry at thirteen and at fifteen years of age? It is answered, No: and it is proposed to substitute eighteen for men and fourteen for women. Why make so great a difference between men and women? Is it to provide for some accidental cases? But the interest of the state is of much more importance. I should see less inconvenience in fixing the age at fifteen for men, than at thirteen for women: for what can be expected from a girl of this age who has nine months of pregnancy to undergo? They cite the Jews. At Jerusalem, a girl is marriageable at ten, old at sixteen, and not approachable at twenty. You do not allow minors of fifteen years the privilege of making ordinary contracts: how then permit them, at this time of life, to contract the most solemn engagement of all? I would rather the men were not enabled to marry before twenty, nor the women before eighteen. Without that, we shall not have a good breed.'—P. 429.

Now this is spoken by a man with a sword by his side, and not by one of the gentlemen of the long-robe, nor by a clerk who is more intent on mending his pen than on the point in dispute. The work (generally speaking) is an anatomical display of Buonaparte's mind. De Bausset, in the midst of all his attention to etiquette and costume, to the number of cups of coffee or glasses of Chambertin (pure or mixed) which the Emperor drank, is not without occasional *traits* of greatness. Even the minutest circumstances connected with Napoleon have the stamp of his character, and an air of grandeur about them, as the ring on the finger of a portrait by Titian shows the fine and firm pencil of the master. Once or twice the Prefect of the Imperial Palace touches the true chords of pathos or sublimity. Surely the following is worthy of the heroic spirit of ancient history.

'By the Emperor's direction, I introduced M. Denon, who brought with him several medals illustrative of the memorable campaign of Austerlitz. This series of medals commenced with the departure of the army from the camp of Boulogne, on its march towards the Rhine: the first on one side represented the head of Napoleon, and on the other a French eagle holding an English leopard. '*What does this mean?*' said Napoleon. '*Sire,*' replied M. Denon, '*it is a French eagle strangling in its talons the leopard, one of the emblems of the arms of England.*' I was seized with admiration when I saw Napoleon, with the greatest violence, fling this gold medal to the other end of the saloon, at the same time addressing Denon: '*Vile flatterer! how dare you pretend that the French eagle strangles the English leopard? I cannot even have a single fishing-boat put out to sea, but the English instantly take it. It is indeed the leopard that crushes the eagle in its paws. Have this medal immediately destroyed, and never let me see any more such!*'

We forget whether it is De Bausset or Las Casas, who mentions that Napoleon was always uneasy whenever Josephine took any of the pictures from the Museum, and felt himself robbed of them, because the public were. Deriving every thing from the people, he owed every thing to them:—unlike those pampered princes, who, being born solely for their own private gratification and emolument, are only satisfied when they can get the public property into a corner, and show an uxorious fondness for every thing—but their wives!

MISS D. P. CAMPBELL'S POEMS.

Poems. By Miss D. P. Campbell, of Zetland. Baldwin.

THERE are few things so delightful at any age, or in any point of our passage through life, as novelty; and, in the present day, it seems to be sought after with singular avidity.

To the traveller, who has roamed through the loveliest and most celebrated scenes, no tidings can be so welcome and exciting as those of an untrodden and interesting country; however distant, or difficult of access, it matters not: his fancy broods over it with enthusiasm, and he longs to wander there. In the world of literature also, the appearance of genius, of lofty or beautiful sentiment and description, in a spot where we expected only to meet with the weeds and briars, in fine, with the desert of the mind, seldom fails to awake in us kindly and favourable sentiments.

On the rude and tempest-beaten shores of the Shetland Isles, a gentleman of high literary name and attainments, and a friend of the writer, happened, during the last summer, to land, with the view of exploring, at leisure, this remote territory. He traversed the whole of the principal isle, Lerwick, and several of the smaller ones, delighted, it could not be said, with the softness or beauty of nature, but with its fearful and magnificent features. Not a bush or shrub, much less any thing resembling a tree, was to be seen in the whole territory. Sad, miserable, and moss-covered hills and wastes were eternally present to the eye; on the mountain, the valley, or the slopes, sheltered from the biting winds, not a blade of verdure was visible. Mounted on a sheltie, he passed over the melancholy wastes, till he began almost to love their barrenness and silence. For the inland lochs, that are met with at every league, are deep and clear, and stored with abundance of fine fish; and the voes, or arms of the sea, enter into the land so frequent and so far, that the traveller, in spite of the great width of the island, never finds himself more than two or three miles from the sea. These voes are in general narrow, and bordered on each side by lofty and savage rocks of every form, amidst which are sometimes scattered the fishermens' huts; for the most excellent fish of every kind abound in them. These voes would often have the appearance of noble rivers, or inland lakes, were it not for the almost eternal swell and tumble of the water, coming from the north and western oceans on each side. The shores of the isles excel those of almost every other land in grandeur and wildness. Fitful and Sunborough heads are already well known to every reader of the 'Pirate;' the terrors as well as height of the former have been greatly exaggerated in that beautiful tale. One circumstance of this traveller's journey in the Shetlands gave him more surprise, as well as pleasure, than any part of their strange and impressive features of nature; it was the discovery, if it may be so called, of a lady of high poetical feeling and talent, a woman who had not only felt keenly the power and charm of her own impressive scenery, but had had the hardihood, even on 'Torneo's sullen shore,' to woo, gently and successfully, the muses that are thought to be natives of a warmer land. Miss Campbell is a native of Lerwick, the only place that bears the likeness of a town; her father, who was once the physician there, died some years ago, leaving little heritage to his daughter, save the talents and feelings that heaven had given her. And these have been her sure and almost sole consolation in her own native 'world in miniature,' (where, however, every passion and pride of the larger one are found,) have cheered her to look forward to futurity, with a faint hope of fame, if not of riches. Alas! it was faint indeed! We have heard of more than one being, left desolate on some shore in the midst of the seas, where groves and streams were around him, but no human voice; having carved his name on the bark of the trees, in the hope that, should any voyager land when he was no more, his name might thus be preserved from perishing. A similar feeling, probably, urged the Shetland poetess to persevere, amidst neglect, obscurity, and the coldness of those who, in her better days, had smiled on her way. A more discouraging situation can hardly be imagined, to a woman still in the prime of life, of a fine imagination and exquisite sensibility, with not a kindred spirit around her, and shut in, by her own stormy sea, from all intercourse with the world beyond. The productions of Miss Campbell are chiefly in verse, and consist of pieces descriptive of the wild scenery of her own isle, of the often equally wild yet simple manners and sentiments of its natives, varied with striking traits of feeling and passion.

The following lines are from a piece called the 'Valley of Teu,' (a romantic vale in Coningsburgh.) A youth, who has long quitted his native place for a distant voyage, recals it with passionate regret:

'How dear are the days of the past to my soul;
How sweet are the scenes of my childhood and youth!
Roll back, ye blest moments of innocence, roll,
When the bosom was glowing with nature and truth;
When my feet fondly roved the bare mountains among,
And green fertile vale spreading fair to the view—
Where the mountain-stream rushes in beauty along,
Like the murmuring burn through the valley of Teu.

'And there is the path-way along the burn-side,
Where I wandered with Ellen, sweet flower of the vale!
Dear, loveliest Ellen! my long-promised bride,
How cold is thy dwelling, thy beauty how pale!
When the rising waves dashed on the echoing shore,
And over the surges the loud tempest blew,
Did'st thou listen with anguish and dread to the roar,
And think upon William, far distant from Teu?

'And I, my beloved one, would seek thy cold grave,
To share it, and join thee again in the sky;
But honour forbids that a son of the wave
Should shrink, like a coward, when battle is nigh!
And battle is near, and to-morrow we go;
Ye scenes of delight, an eternal adieu!
Soon, soon from this bosom the life-blood shall flow,
And these dim eyes be closed—but far distant from Teu.'

The 'Wedding day of Albert, a northern Tale,' is one of the most beautiful pieces of this little collection. The festive scene is interrupted by the sudden presence of a girl he had formerly loved:

'Albert! they said I was betrayed,
Left and abandoned for a wealthier maid;
But, oh, my love! I knew it could not be,
And they who told the story knew not thee!
They did not know thy soul—thy faith sincere,
And all that made thee to this heart so dear.
They watched my steps; they told me I was wild,
And would not let me go my love to seek.

'But I at length their watchfulness beguiled,
And I am here. But, Albert, I am weak
And sick at heart; for I had far to roam
On the wild beach where wilder surges foam;
Eager mid blackening rocks I careless sprung,
And scared the eagles from their callow young.
Ah, me! I wander—lady, I have done,
And will away,'—she turned her to depart—
'The rose he gave is withered quite and gone,
And thou art withered too,—my broken heart.'

The following lines from 'Inchdarrack' show

that the lonely authoress images scenes fairer than her own:

'The wilderness of shrubs and flowers
That drink the balmy summer showers,
And forest branches bending low,
To catch the breezes as they blow;
These beam alone in fancy's eye,
That views them richly gliding by;
'Mid barren rocks, and vallies drear,
And the stern precipice of fear.

Sorrow awoke my earliest lay,
And sorrow shrouds its closing day:
Inchdarrack! to thy groves adieu!
These eyes no more thy groves shall view;
Save when, perchance, in midnight dream,
To wander 'neath their shade I seem;

Or think I climb thy flowery brae,
Or hear the murmur of thy river:
Alas! the vision flits with night away,
The storm-beat isle must be my home for ever.'

The length of these extracts will, perhaps, be pardoned by the reader, when he reflects that they are the fruits of a mind that has known no field fairer than 'this prison of nature,' the Isle of Torneo, to whose shore the words of applause or indulgence have seldom come.

DOMESTIC MEDICINE—DOCTOR REECE'S MEDICAL GUIDE.

This work exhibits a popular view of the various diseases incident to the human frame, and is very similar to that of the late Doctor Buchan, with this exception, that it is much its superior. Although works of this nature are of great service to the heads of families, yet we object to them for one reason, and, in our opinion, a very strong one; *i. e.*, a parent is frequently not able to discriminate sufficiently between the various complaints, and not unfrequently the unfortunate patient has been hurried to his grave in this manner through their ignorance. This result has happened, to our own knowledge, in three or four instances. However, where a work of this kind falls into the hands of a careful and attentive person, one who can reason and reflect, we do not apprehend that unfortunate mistakes will occur. This edition, we are glad to perceive, contains not only a valuable dispensatory, but also a copious description of the new French remedies, which have recently been introduced into the medical practice of this country. Among the various articles that arrest the reader's attention, is a long one on Diet; we shall, however, give a few extracts as a specimen of the volume:

'By the fashionable and leading physicians and surgeons of this metropolis, (except Mr. Abernethy,) the dietetic management of patients is so much neglected, that a physician or surgeon would seldom trouble himself about it, if the patient or the nurse were not to apply to him for instructions respecting it. Hippocrates paid very particular attention to regimen; and such was the importance he attached to it, in the treatment of diseases, and as the means of securing the body against a variety of maladies, that he was desirous of being considered the founder of this most important part of medicine. Of the practitioners of the present day, Mr Abernethy is the only one who considers diet of more consequence than medicine in the treatment of chronic disorders, and also as the means of preserving the body in a state of health. The opinions of this practitioner, on this head are similar to those of Hippocrates, both with regard to the constitutional treatment of chronic diseases, and the preservation of health: his system is, in fact, with the exception of the blue pill, that of Hippocrates, in the fashionable dress of the day.'

Much controversy has arisen at various times among physiologists and philosophers, whether the Creator intended man to derive his coporeal support from the animal or vegetable kingdom, or from both. Dr. Lambe, among others, supports the vegetable system; 'for he has ascertained that those who confine themselves to this diet, never experience thirst, and do not require the use of drink, provided they have not accustomed themselves to the use of wine or spirituous liquors.' The late Baron Haller, on the other hand, maintained that the stomach of man is formed between that of carnivorous and herbivorous animals, *i. e.* or partakes of both, but he informs us, that it approaches more to the graminivorous; and the late John Hunter asserted, that the human stomach is the link between animals that live on vegetables, and those which are entirely carnivorous. Mr. Abernethy is of this opinion, and does not believe that any differenee exists in *chyle*, formed from animal or vegetable food.

We shall conclude our notice of this interesting volume, with the following extracts:

'The diet of children and young people should consist greatly of diluents, in order to facilitate the progress of youth. Hence broths, and a large proportion of vegetables, are the most suitable nourishment. Milk, also, is a proper part of diet, and it should be used in every form during this stage of life. In point of drink, water is the best, and should be almost the only beverage. Seasoning of all kinds should be avoided, and nothing should be taken that can, by stimulating the system, induce a too early maturity, before the constitution is ripened by years.

'With complete adolescence, the quantity of food, necessary for the period of growth, should be abridged; but from the active scenes of life, in which the body is then engaged, the food should be of a more stimulating nature, and a proper portion of animal food interposed. The proportion, however, must be regulated to circumstances; thus, those, who pursue a sedentary and studious mode of life, should be more sparing in the use of animal food and stimulant drink; for by excess of nourishment to the body, the intellects are found proportionally weakened. Those of a firm and vigorous habit possess a strong disposition to inflammatory diseases. Excesses, therefore, should be particularly avoided by them, especially in the use of fermented liquors. Where the constitution is delicate and irritable, a diet moderately stimulating is most suitable, with a very spare use of fermented drinks. The sanguine should confine their diet chiefly to vegetable food, and their drink to water without any impregnation. The phlegmatic habit admits a greater latitude in the use of a stimulating diet than any other, and both seasoning and stimulating drink will prove less hurtful to such a constitution; the chief point is to guard against corpulency. Where a dry habit prevails, young meat, with fruits and fresh vegetables, forms the best regimen; and, in point of drink, good wine, diluted with with water, is preferable.

'The diet of age, or after fifty-five, should return somewhat to the early periods of life. The proportion of solid food should be lessened, and the diet recommended for youth adopted; thus broth and liquid food should mostly be used, and all nourishment taken of an easy digestion, with a moderate use of seasoning. The appetite is more languid, and the machine requires to be stimulated. Well-fermented liquors, especially wine, are also proper, for the system must be invigorated and supported, unless the subject be of a full habit, or disposed to apoplexy.'

With the exception we have already made, we can cordially recommend the use of this work; its contains the practical part, (the most useful,) without the superfluous theories, with which most of our works on the practice of physic are overloaded.

LITERARY LETTER FROM PARIS.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Paris, 20th March, 1828.

Sir,—Whilst 'Aurelia,' a Comedy of Casimir Delavigne's is greeted with hisses at the Theatre Français, 'Charles the Second, or the Labyrinth of Woodstock,' by M. Alexandre Duval, also an academician, is received with unbounded applause at the Odeon. Sir Walter Scott has furnished the subject of this dramatic production, of which the following is the plot. Charles the Second, on the death of his father, having taken refuge at the Court of France, soon acquires a reputation for the gallantry and courage, which, at that period, so distinguished the nobility of that country. It was from the midst of this dissipated and voluptuous court that the young prince without friends, followers or money, suddenly effected a landing in England, in order to try how far fortune might favour his cause. (It is well known that he was compelled to return with even greater speed than he had exerted in going.) Whilst in England, however, persecuted and pursued by the Parliament, but still hoping to strengthen his party, Charles Stuart and his friend Rochester remain concealed in the Castle of Woodstock. Here he receives kindness and protection; but, instead of devising means to extricate himself from this perilous situation, he seems more intent upon obtaining the love of his host's daughter, the fair Alice, who on her part has been led to suppose him a near relation, and looks upon him as her cousin.

Alice is left alone in the castle with her supposed relative, whilst her father and brother are endeavouring to rally the friends and partisans of the former monarch. This affords our disguised prince a favourable opportunity of pressing his suit; and the credulous girl being persuaded that he is endowed with second sight, she is frequently prevailed upon to let her cousin seize her hand and press it to his heart. In fact, the volatile and inconstant Charles the Second appears to have become seriously enamoured of the simple, unaffected Alice, and flatters himself that he is beloved in return. But Alice has already bestowed her affections on her real relation, Colonel Edwards, who commands a regiment in Cromwell's service. The arrival of Edwards deranges Charles's plans, and the presence of the King equally interferes with the lovers. The Colonel, on being urged to become sociable with his Scottish cousin, considers him as some partisan of the royal cause, who wishes to remain in concealment. The King's anxiety still increasing, he endeavours to avoid Cromwell's soldiers, and wanders into the deepest recesses of the Labyrinth, hoping to remain unnoticed; but Alice, who had appointed a rendezvous with Colonel Edwards, arrives first, and meets Charles, who, no longer doubtful of her affection, ventures upon an avowal of his passion, and, to prove the sincerity of his love, makes her an offer of a crown, which is no longer his to bestow. Colonel Edwards, (who, by the bye, is somewhat dilatory in keeping his appointment,) overhears the King's declaration, becomes furious with rage, and mistaking the Prince for Rochester, insults and challenges him. This scene has a surprisingly fine effect.

Alice, however, having heard of the challenge, resolves on preventing the duel. She, accordingly, proceeds to the forest where it is to take place, and there, by means of the influence which she possesses over Edwards, prevails upon him to retract the injurious language he had used towards Rochester. Charles now discovers (though rather too late) that he is not beloved; he acknowledges himself to the Colonel, who promises to provide for his safety. This, however, becomes useless; the King defeats his enemies, pardons the rebels, and insures the liberty of his subjects.

Such is the plot of this new Comedy of M. Duval's, who, as you perceive, is not over scrupulous in adhering to historical facts. Some of the scenes are well arranged, the dialogue is written with spirit and animation, and the character of Charles Stuart is well drawn; but the piece wants interest—there is no anxiety created respecting the fate of the fugitive king. We cannot, also, but wonder that the youthful Alice, left alone in the Castle with her cousin, should not have been more circumspect in her conduct. She is sometimes in a wood, where the young adventurer tells her her fortune; then in a subterraneous ruin to meet her lover; and again, in the gloom of a forest to await the two combatants. Nor is the denouement at all well brought about; the triumph of the royalist party seems to be introduced solely for the purpose of producing a happy conclusion. There are but three scenes in this play which exhibit any talent on the part of the author, or which tend to support his reputation. The first is in the second act, where the challenge is given; the second in the third, when the king makes his will; and the last is the duel scene.

This is however not sufficient, when the author has not the merit of inventing his plot, and the public voice requires something more from Monsieur Duval.

In the March number of 'The Monthly Review,' I observe an error, which I think requires pointing out, as it relates to the literary history of the present age, and its correction interests a writer whose talents and reputation I admire and esteem. The writer of the article upon the third and fourth volumes of the 'History of the French Revolution,' says at page 331, 'On the literary execution of the two volumes before us, we cannot bestow an equal measure of praise,

with that which we rendered to the first part of the history, which formed the joint work of M. Bodin and the author. We are hence led to attribute the chief merit of the former portion not to M. Thiers, but his late coadjutor, &c.' Without discussing the truth of the premises on which this argument is founded, I beg to assure you that the inference is wholly unjust. The fact is, that M. Bodin has not written a single line of the 'History of the Revolution.' When M. Thiers undertook this work he was unknown in the literary world, and his publisher required that the name of some well-known writer should be associated with his, in the title of the work, in order to attract attention. M. Bodin, a friend of M. Thiers, lent himself to this trifling artifice, and the success of the first two volumes made it unnecessary to employ it in the succeeding ones.

Two young men of brilliant talents, M. Cane and M. Gigmes, who published, last year, a volume of plays, called the 'Soirées de Neuilly, par M. De Fongeray,' the flattering success of which you are no doubt acquainted with, have just brought out a second volume of the same collection, containing three pieces. The first intitled 'Malet,' is an outline of the conspiracy, with the trial of the conspirators, who threatened the throne of Napoleon, in 1812. In the second, called 'Dieu et le Diable,' the authors have pourtrayed, in opposition to each other, a worthy Catholic priest and a Jesuit. In the third, 'Les Stationnaires,' they give a descriptive history of an emigrant, a republican of 1793, a general of the empire, and the progressive improvements of a man of the present age. This volume, like the former one, is remarkable for dramatic interest, a faithful delineation of character, but particularly for its refined satire.

NEW MUSIC.

A New Method of Instruction for the Spanish Guitar, the Lessons original and selected, but principally by Carulli, Giuliani, and Meissonier. Ewer and Johanning. 4s.

If this *new* method be as good as it is concise, it must be unusually estimable, for the whole of the instructions occupy but *parts* of two pages. 'Brevity is the soul of wit,' and the *unknown* author of the *new* method seems to have read this apothegm. However, to any teacher of the guitar, the lessons that follow the brief introduction are well adapted to the purposes of tuition, being of a familiar and highly pleasing character. One novelty is proposed, that of changing fingers upon the repetition of a note; and although the rule is perfectly correct, (generally speaking,) in fingering the harp and piano-forte, it may be thought by some teachers not so applicable to the guitar.

'The Grecian Lover,' a Ballad, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Guitar; the words by F. A. Stumpff; the Music composed and dedicated to Miss Paton by Raphael Dressler. Published by the Author. 2s.

M. Kerr Raphael Dressler was lately first flute of the Grand Imperial Opera-House at Vienna, and is now a successful teacher of that instrument and the guitar in this country. He is also author of 'The Preceptor for the Flute,' lately published, which contains a vast deal of new matter, and is considered a very clever and useful work. His examples of articulation, his eighteen capriccios, and his ingeniously varied exercise, (embracing the principal features of flute playing,) are deservedly admired. 'The Grecian Lover' is a pleasing little andantino in A, 6-8 time, easy to be sung by any one with a moderately compassed voice, being composed within the E on the first line; and its octave above and under the staves, containing the piano-forte accompaniment, is engraved a fingered part for the guitar, which, to teachers and performers upon that instrument, may be found singularly useful.

Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced a second favourite Swiss Air, as sung by Madame Stockhausen. Composed and dedicated to Miss de St. Germe, by T. Latour, Pianiste to his Majesty. Published by the Author. 3s.

In the composition of this very pleasing Rondo, the author seems to have abstained from introducing any thing bordering upon the chromatic style, in order to furnish something which would please the general taste, and be within the reach of moderate proficiency; and he has in our opinion accomplished his purpose with complete success. The introductory Andante Pastorale in D, 6-8 time, (which occupies one page,) exhibits a flowing pleasing melody, characteristic of the air it precedes; and the Swiss Allegretto vivace is an interesting specimen of that very popular species of Thema, both in its simple guise, and when varied by an amplification of broken chords into triplets; its minor also is neat and appropriate, and the whole exceedingly well arranged.

'O never fall in love.' Ballad as sung with unbounded applause by Madame Vestris; and 'The fairest Flower,' Ballad as sung by Mr. Wood, in the Musical Farce of 'The Invincibles. The Poetry by T. Morton, and the music by A. Lee. Published by the Author, each 2s.

To criticise the musical composition of 'trifles light as air,' such as the pieces above announced, would be as inconsistent as to offer a grave discussion upon the diction in which the biography of 'Jack, the Giant Killer,' or 'Cock Robin,' might be written, or even seriously to criticise the *words* of the trifles themselves. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that they are pleasing, inoffensive ballads, and are highly popular at the present moment. Madame Vestris's song (an allegro moderato, in G 6-8 time,) is within a moderate compass of voice, and, in the performance, always meets with an encore—her archness and naiveté insure its success; but it is a very lively pretty ballad notwithstanding. Mr. Wood's song (andante quasi allegretto in F) does not exhibit much novelty, and the 'sad heigh ho!' is a little lack-a-daisical: the concluding passage of the song is Mr. Braham's *own*, and was new to us upon his return to England in the year 1801.

A new Grand March for the Piano-forte, composed for his Royal Highness Don Miguel, by J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co., 2s.

This superior writer for the piano-forte, has *condescended* to compose and publish a short march and trio, quite *à la Rossini*, of a very pleasing and familiar character, and well adapted for teaching and general use. His insertion of the English word '*lightly*,' twice in the trio, seems peculiar, now that we are so accustomed to be overwhelmed with Italian, German, and French expressions, but it is in character with the general simplicity of the piece. The whole occupies but four pages, and deserves popularity.

ENGRAVINGS.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

The Battle of Navarino, engraved by R. Smart, and H. Pyall, from Drawings made by Sir J. Theophilus Lee, under the immediate inspection of Captain Lord Viscount Ingestrie. Ackermann. London, 1828.

We had occasion, in a former number of the Athenæum, to speak in terms of praise of these two spirited plates, from an inspection of them in their progressive state. They are now both finished, and ready for publication; and the proofs, which have been sent us, confirm the expectation we then encouraged. The drawing of the ships, as well as the disposition of their masts and rigging, is most accurate, and could only have been accomplished by the pencil of one intimately acquainted with the technical details: while the general effect offers a striking instance of the power of combining, by a skilful grouping and distribution of objects, all the active bustle of a crowded fight, without indistinctness or confusion.

PUBLIC PORTRAITS.

Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, engraved by Henry Dawe, from a painting by M. Jagger, in the possession of the Countess of Errol. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.

This is a mezzotinto print, giving what painters call a Bishop's half-length view* of the Lord High Admiral. The figure and attitude are good; the likeness, (except the ordinary failing of being flattered) accurate; and the composition of the picture, as to seat, draperies, &c. extremely chaste and effective. Why a studious expression has been given to the countenance, and a book placed in the hand, it is not easy to divine: as we have never understood that Prince William Henry was the most *literary* member of the house of Brunswick; that honour, we believe, belongs to the Duke of Sussex, whose taste and acquirements, in this branch of knowledge, are well known to all who have the honour of his acquaintance.

* A *Bishop's* half-length is longer than a Layman's, as it is made to include that, without which a Bishop would be nothing—his lawn sleeves.

Portrait of John Singleton, Baron Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. Engraved by Thomas Wright from an original Drawing by A. Wivell. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.

Disguised as the human countenance necessarily is, by the barbarous head-dress of our Judges, giving them a mane of hair flowing down on each side, like the broad woolly tails of Hottentot sheep, and resembling the brute rather than the human part of creation,—it is some merit, in a picture so disfigured, to see any likeness at all. This portrait of Lord Lyndhurst *does* exhibit a likeness; all the features resemble the original; but they are all softened into a harmony and proportion which does not characterize the natural face: It is the *beau-ideal* of the Chancellor's head, with sufficient of the expression left to indicate for whom it was *meant* at least. The Engraving, which is of the dotted kind, is free, soft, and well-finished.

Hannibal in Banishment. Painted and Drawn on Stone, by Richard Westall, R.A., from the original Picture in the collection of William Chamberlayne, Esq., M.P. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.

The venerable figure, snowy head, and aged and emaciated limbs, scarcely concealed by the coarse and rude garments of poverty, added to the dejected and serious air of the countenance of the banished Roman, make this an affecting representation of greatness in affliction. There is a simplicity and absence of ornament in the execution, which accord well with the subject, and concentre the whole attention of the spectator in the moral of the picture, which cannot be regarded with indifference.

MONUMENT TO MR. CANNING.

Although we are not in possession of all the circumstances which have induced Mr. Chantrey to decline executing the marble statue of Mr. Canning, proposed to be erected in Westminster Abbey, and have not, therefore, formed any conclusive opinion as to the propriety of his refusal; we see no reason for withholding a few observations, suggested on the subject by the Report of the Committee. It seems to us, then, that, if the giving the larger commission to Mr. Westmacott be considered by the profession, and regarded by the world, as implying an admission of that artist's superiority to Mr. Chantrey, there cannot be a dissentient from the opinion expressed in the Report of the Committee that the latter gentleman is perfectly justified in refusing to be concerned in the minor undertaking. Mr. Chantrey owed it to himself not to subscribe his own degradation from the rank of pre-eminence in which, indisputably, public opinion has placed him. If, on the contrary, disappointment and vexation at not obtaining the more *lucrative job*, have influenced the decision of Mr. Chantrey, the sordid and unartist-like feeling cannot be too strongly deprecated. The estimation which the excellence of Mr. Chantrey's works has procured him, the general admiration which the dignity, grandeur, and expression of his single figures have inspired, might, we think, have assured him, that the apparent preference shown to Mr. Westmacott was not intended by the Committee, nor would have been received by the public, as expressing an opinion of the respective merits of the two artists. Mr. Chantrey, we think, therefore, might have viewed the proceeding in another light; he might have regarded Mr. Westmacott's success in obtaining the 7000*l.* commission as an instance of the good fortune of that artist, not to be repined at by a brother,—as a proof of the zeal and power of that gentleman's friends at court. He might have consoled himself, also, with the reflection that Mr. Westmacott, although a patronised artist, and Lecturer at the Royal Academy, is not devoid of general reputation; and, above all, (and this, probably, operated forcibly with the Committee,) that he has approved his skill in the mechanical but hazardous process of foundery by more than one successful work. On the other hand, he might have looked upon the offer to himself of the commission to execute the marble statue in Westminster-Abbey as a tribute, uninfluenced by favour of any kind, to his acknowledged pre-eminence; as a commission which, if less calculated to fill the purse, conferred more honour, and could not fail in his hands of conducing to higher glory. We think, therefore, that, without inquiring what became of the rest of the 10,000*l.*, Mr. Chantrey would not have derogated from his personal dignity, or from his eminence as an artist, by accepting the commission for the marble statue, and taking advantage of the opportunity which enthusiasm, inspired by the subject, would have

afforded him of surpassing all his former works. These remarks, we repeat, are made on a mere general view of the subject; and in the full conviction that they are liable to qualification by many circumstances which may have attended the transaction, and may have made it imperative on Mr. Chantrey, from regard to his own reputation, and to the interests of artists and the arts in general, to act as he has done.

He has declined the commission however; and the next question is, who is to be honoured with so noble an opportunity of acquiring distinction and fame? It would be a delicacy of the falsest kind, it would be a dereliction of a duty we owe to friendship, were we, from the consideration of being actuated in some degree by private regard, to abstain, on such an occasion, from calling to mind an absent artist, whose acknowledged genius and talent would acquit the most intimate friend of partiality in referring to him:—we mean Gibson, the author of the beautiful group of Psyche and the Zephyrs, included in the last year's exhibition at the Royal Academy, whom all who have had opportunities of comparing his now numerous works executed in Rome with the most successful efforts of modern art, regard as second to Thorwaldsen alone. The princes and nobles who flock to that capital from other countries, no less than the liberal and discriminating patrons of art who arrive there from our own, vie with each other for the possession of the productions of this sculptor's chisel; while artists of all nations there congregated are emulous in acknowledging his talents and genius, not less than the modesty and unassuming simplicity which accompany and adorn them. Besides the group of Psyche before alluded to, a Mars and Cupid, at Chatsworth; a figure, executed for Lord George Cavendish; a beautiful statue of Paris, in the possession of Mr. Watson Taylor, are now in this country, to attest the genius of Gibson, not less for what is grand than for what is graceful. The splendour of his talents, however, is only to be appreciated by those who have enjoyed his intimacy, and have had opportunities of witnessing the constant interesting workings of an imagination replete with ideas of nobleness and grace, delineated by a bold and ready pencil. We hesitate the less to make these observations, as distance has long since interrupted our communications with this our talented countryman; and as our former acquaintance with him was occasioned by no private connection, but originated solely in admiration of his genius and character. We are confident that, if entrusted with the execution of Mr. Canning's monument, he would produce a work honourable to himself and to his country. He is of Liverpool; and the popularity of the late Minister amongst his townsmen would be an additional excitement to enthusiasm.

VALLEY OF ANDORRA.

It is a fact, very little known, that, within the Spanish territory and contiguous to France, there has existed for ages a small Republic, perfectly independent of the two neighbouring kingdoms, and owing allegiance to neither. This is the Valley of Andorra, situated in the County of Spanish Cerdane, and inclosed between two branches of the Pyrenean mountains, facing Urgel. On the east and south, this Valley confines with the district of Puigcerdá; on the west, partly with the same district, and that of Talaru; and on the north, with the Compté de Foix, where the French territory commences. This Valley is situated in Lat. 43. 35, and Lon. 45, from the meridian of Paris, and is seven leagues long, six wide, and fifteen in circumference. It contains twenty small towns and villages, divided into six parishes, having fifty suffragan churches, with a population of about ten thousand souls, Andorra la Bella is the capital, called so from the peculiar beauty of its appearance. San Juliá de Loria, formerly Lauredia; Encamp, anciently Encap; Canillo, once Canillaus; Ordino, formerly Ordinavi; and Masana-Matrana; are the names of the other principal places. There are, besides, several sanctuaries, or chapels, containing miraculous images, the most frequented of which are, Our Lady of Merichell, Canolich and St. Anton, usually called La Grella.

This interesting Valley, embosomed among mountains, and from every point of which the traveller beholds all the romantic wildness of picturesque scenery, is watered by several rivers, the largest of which are the Balira, Ordino, and Hos, the first two of which have their immediate origin in the Valley, whilst the source of the latter descends from the contiguous Spanish territory. These and the other minor streams abound in fish, more particularly the trout, of a large kind, and extremely delicate flavour. Most of the surrounding mountains, constituting part of the mighty frontier of the Peninsula, which cannot be passed without mingled emotions of awe and pleasure, are almost inaccessible, and consequently have only been imperfectly explored. The highest and most remarkable of them are, the Iron Mine Mountain; the Cazamana, Saturria, Monclár, San Juliá de Loria and Juglar, all of which may be considered as prolongations of the Pyrenees. The Valley and surrounding declivities contain several fine forests, which might furnish good ship-timber and masts, easily floated down the rivers Balira and Segre, as far as Tortosa, situated on the left bank of the Ebro, and only four leagues from the Mediterranean. The district of Andorra abounds in minerals of various kinds, which, with the exception of the Iron Ore, are almost neglected. The jaspars are beautifully variegated, and the colours extremely brilliant. The foot of the scientific mineralogist, in fact, has scarcely trodden this secluded spot. Wild goats, boars, bears, wolves, and several smaller quadrupeds, are frequently seen, as well as game of all kinds, more particularly a species of moor-game, called there, *gallo-silvestre*.

The pasture-grounds, throughout the whole valley, are of an extremely rich and luxuriant nature, and the sheep-walks highly valued. Transparent streamlets, supplied by cascades and water-falls, descending from the mountains, skirt the meadows, on which a considerable number of fine cattle continually graze. The six parishes are divided into four wards, or *quarters*, the term used there, each one having a particular range of forests and commons, allotted for the use of the inhabitants, and the local affairs of each ward are conducted by an alderman. The breed of horses is particularly esteemed, and a considerable trade carried on in this, as well as other species of cattle. The tobacco-plant, so highly contraband in all Spain, is very generally cultivated in the Valley of Andorra. The growers take it clandestinely to La Seo De Urgel and other parts of Catalonia, where they exchange it for cloathing and such other manufactures as they require, which they then convey to their own territory, free of duties. The inhabitants are hardy and industrious; in their appearance superior to those of the neighbouring mountains. The few iron-mines, imperfectly worked, afford rough ore for the supply of four furnaces; and one establishment, called Moles, is considered as a most eligible situation for the manufacture of arms, according to the reports of several military officers, not only on account of the goodness of the ore, but also the abundance of fuel.

Respecting the origin of the Republic of Andorra, which may really be considered as a political phenomenon, the records are numerous and curious. In 1748, D. Antonio Fiter y Rossell, a native and magistrate of Ordino, by orders of the general council, constructed, in the Catalonian language, a *Manual Digesto*, in 2 vols., in which he enumerates the privileges of the Andorrese, defends their independence, and gives a complete outline of the manner in which they administer their own affairs. Most of the Spanish historians have also mentioned this secluded spot; and from their united testimony, it appears that the French, under Louis the Pious, entered Spain with a powerful army, on pretext of assisting the Spaniards to drive out the Moors, when the auxiliary forces took possession of the province of Catalonia and kingdom of Navarre. The city of Barcelona surrendered to them in the year 801, at which time it was commanded by Zadi, a Moor; and during the reign of Hemur or Gamir, when in 819, by a solemn act, dated Nov. 2, Louis yielded up and conveyed over to Sisisbutus, Bishop of Urgel, 'all the parishes and other dependencies of the Valley of Andorra, as well as the dominions, rights and possessions thereof; authorizing the said bishop to hold the same for his own use, in a sovereign and independent manner,' &c. This is the origin of the independence of the Valley of Andorra, which the subsequent kings of France have always had under their immediate protection, successively granting to the inhabitants various important privileges. The above grant was confirmed by Charles the Bold, who, as king of France, made over to the said bishop, as the act states, '*talem potestatem qualem nos habere conabamur*.' Bernald Castelló, the fiftieth Bishop of Urgel, and twenty-sixth possessor and lord of the Valley of Andorra, afterwards conveyed his right and title thereto, to Ramon Bernat, first Count de Foix, as a remuneration for his services in taking up arms, in the bishop's favour, against the Count de Urgel, in 1194. This conveyance was not, however, at that time carried into effect, the Valley remaining in the hands of six successive bishops of Urgel, and till the year 1259, when Roger Bernat, second Count de Foix, declared war against the existing bishop, besieged the city of Urgel, and laid waste a large portion of the surrounding country, demanding the restoration of his rights to the Valley of Andorra, by virtue of the transfer made to his grandfather. The matter in dispute was left to arbitration, when, by a legal award, Count de Foix was declared to be the rightful lord, *pro indiviso*, of the Valley of Andorra.

Subsequently, the Infante Don Pedro and Ferdinand of Arragon conquered the Counts de Foix, in 1334 and 1513, and Philips II. and III., annexed the Valley of Andorra to their own dominions, declaring themselves to be the lords thereof. The compté de Foix was incorporated with the crown of France, at the commencement of the 16th century, and during the reign of Louis XIII.; but, so unceasing have been the intrigues of the bishops of Urgel, so great the influence of the French monarchs, and so immediate the interest of the latter in excluding Spain from any exercise of power in the Valley, that they have always maintained its neutrality and independence, and prevented the ancient rights and privileges of the inhabitants, bestowed upon them by their predecessors, from being impaired. Various disputes subsequently took place between the kings of Spain and France, respecting the sovereignty of this secluded spot, when, at length, the latter, sensible of the difficulty of retaining military possession of a district of country that had always been considered as an integral part of Catalonia, and in opposition to the boundaries fixed by nature, as well as established and acknowledged from the time of Julius Cæsar; yet, at the same time, anxious that it should be free from the control of the Castilian crown, agreed that it should be governed as an independent state, with the semblance only of allegiance paid to its primitive lords, who, in other respects, waived their ancient rights. By this means, future collisions were prevented, and Andorra assumed an anomalous form of government, under the immediate protection of the French monarchs. Their real object in this protection was, always to have the means of an easy access into Spain at their command. The four passes, or defiles through the Pyrenees, leading into the valley, and called Fra-Miguel, Saldeu, Fontargent, and Siguer, are inaccessible on the side of Spain, although extremely practicable when advancing from the valley. Through these passes, a French army may, therefore, easily enter Spain, whereas a body of troops, moving forwards from an opposite direction, can easily be repulsed, in consequence of the good defence afforded by the circle of mountains surrounding the valley. This is the real motive that has uniformly induced the kings of France to favour the independence of the Andorrese Republic, and prevent it from being annexed to the Spanish crown; and in the two last invasions, their armies have certainly derived material advantages from this circumstance, through the facilities thereby obtained.

A court, called the Cortes, takes cognisance of all crimes committed within the district. Its member are, two Commissioners, or representatives of the Sovereign Lords, viz. the King of France and Bishop of Urgel, and by them respectively appointed. On the part of his Most Christian Majesty, the choice usually falls on a Frenchman, whereas the Bishop selects his representative from among the most distinguished natives of the Valley. This Board has supreme authority in every thing relating to government and justice, and is assisted by two delegates, named by the General Council of the Valley. Dubious and legal matters are previously submitted to an assessor, who is the Judge of Appeals, in civil causes; and the Supreme Board is besides attended by lawyers, called *rohonadòrs*, who are specially commissioned to watch over the privileges of the inhabitants, intercede for criminals, and promote the ends of justice. A sentence, *corporis afflictiva*, pronounced by this Court, is executed on the spot; but if it ordains hard labour, the criminal is sent to the galleys or *presidios* of Spain.

Civil matters are decided, in the first instance, by a *baylle* or bailiff, alternately appointed by the King of France and Bishop of Urgel, from a list of six persons, being one for each parish, formed by the General Council out of the higher classes, and this nomination lasts three years. The sentences pronounced by this Court are carried before the Judge of Appeals, and thence to the respective Lords, in which case the King of France confides the matter to the Parliament of Thoulouse, or the Council of Roussillon, and the Bishop usually to his vicar. The salaries of the judge and his officers absorb a large portion of the contested property, as they receive 15 per cent. on the amounts of all verdicts, and 5 per cent. on provisional and interlocutory proceedings.

The General Council is composed of twenty-four Members, or Aldermen, chosen by the parishes, half of whom are renewed every year. This Court takes cog-

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nizance of all minor disputes, breaches of the peace; and matters relating to public lands, forests, waters, fisheries, commons, roads, paths, weights, measures, taverns, markets, assessments, taxes, &c. It also fixes the price of wheat, meat, wine, and other provisions, and presides over the economical administration of the district. Each parish also constitutes a separate ward, and has a municipal body of its own. There are, besides, a Judge of appeals, and public notary, alternately named, for life, by the King of France and Bishop of Urgel. In his official papers, he first styles himself, '*auctoritate condominorum Vallium Andorræ Judex ordinarius*;' and the second, '*auctoritate ordinaria et condominorum Vallium Andorræ, illustrissimorum Episcopi Urgellii et Comitis Fuxi notarius publicus*,' &c.

Hence it appears, that the Kings of Spain exercise no sovereignty or power whatsoever, within the jurisdiction of the Valley; indeed, from several passages in the '*Manual Digesto*,' it would seem, that the local authorities are extremely jealous of the slightest interference on their part. In the levies for troops made in the surrounding districts, it has sometimes happened that a youth, on whom the lot had fallen, has taken refuge within the Andorra district, in order to avoid being dragged away to the army, when a Spanish party has pursued him in the night and conducted him back. These acts have always given rise to complaints, and the representative of his most Christian Majesty, at the Spanish court, has usually befriended the authorities of Andorra. A participation in all acts of interference on the part of another power, is declared to be a crime of high treason, and the magistrates are commanded to bring such culprits to justice, 'it being their duty to preserve the prerogatives, neutrality, sovereignty, and freedom of the Valley, unimpaired.' This privilege of neutral ground is, however, attended with one misfortune; and this is, deserters, smugglers, and other persons, escaping from justice in the neighbouring kingdoms, there find a ready and secure asylum. In matters of religion, Andorra, as depending on the bishopric of Urgel, was subject to the inquisition of Barcelona, and the branch of this tribunal established in the Valley, retained its authority there, even after that monstrous edifice had been dashed to the ground by the decrees of the general Cortes of Spain. The ancient arms, as well as numerous authentic records, denote that, in ancient times, the Valley of Andorra formed an integral part of Catalonia, and as such the natives, up to the present day, have all the rights of Spaniards, and without any act of naturalization, obtain in Spain prebendships, benefices, as well as all civil and military appointments.

When Philip V., at the close of the war of succession, deprived the Catalonians of their rights and privileges, he formed a project to do the same with the Valley of Andorra; but the exhausted state of his realm, and the dread of offending France, prevented him from carrying his intentions into execution. Charles IV. entertained views of a similar kind, and, as a preliminary measure, actually addressed a requisition, under his own sign manual, to D. José Boltas, Bishop of Urgel, calling upon him to prove, by historical records and charters, his right to the title of 'Sovereign Prince of the Valley of Andorra,' of which he made use in his public acts. The bishopric of Urgel is one of the most important in Spain, as well on account of its extent, as the riches and industry of the districts of which it is composed. It consists of 548 parishes, fifteen cathedrals, eight collegiate churches, nine communities of beneficed clergy, twenty-five convents of friars, and three of nuns. The idea of allowing a church dignitary to wield a temporal power over an independent state, and at the same time, one of the keys of the realm to which he himself owes allegiance, is in itself preposterous. A plan was laid before the Cortes of Spain, in 1820, to put an end to this anomalous form of government, by asserting the rights of the Spanish crown, and annexing the Valley of Andorra to the Principality of Catalonia; but the French invasion, and subsequent dissolution of the national Legislature, prevented this project from being carried into execution. This district, evidently confined within the natural demarcation of Catalonia, as it now stands, is no other than a sad and lasting memento of French conquest and usurpation, undertaken by Charlemagne and Louis the Pius, under pretext of defending their own dominions from the yoke of infidels, when they took possession of Catalonia and Navarre, at a time when the Pelayos and Alphonsos of Spain, entrenched on the mountains of Asturias, contended for the freedom and independence of their country. Under the government of the Gothic kings, the Valley of Andorra formed part of Spain; and Cæsar himself prescribed the permanent boundaries of the two kingdoms, by declaring, that all the territory extending to the south of the Pyrenees, as well as the waters running from the south and west therefrom, should belong to Spain, and that the opposite side should be France. In the arms of Andorra are seen the four bars, or arms of Catalonia, denoting that, in ancient times, it was an integral part of this province. How, therefore, our Gazetteers, even the last edition of the Edinburgh one, published in the present year, can have described the Valley of Andorra as belonging to the Compté de Foix, and consequently forming part of the French territory, is matter of astonishment. Zurita, in his Annals of Aragon, (lib. x, cap. 63,) says, 'That the Counts de Foix long held the principality of Catalonia, the county of Castelló and Valley of Andorra, separated from France by the summits of the Pyrenees;' but this dominion ceased from the moment they were expelled from the Spanish territory. The venerable author of the '*Marca Hispanica*,' and no less a personage than the Archbishop of Paris, describes the Valley of Andorra as being 'contiguous to the Compté de Foix;' and Aparici, Nolin, De Fer, as well as Bonne, in his map of Foix and Roussillon, (1771,) and Roussel, in his geographical map of the Pyrenees, all place it within the Spanish boundary. The French geographers of a more recent date uniformly do the same, even those whose maps were published during the reign of Napoleon. In the seventh century, the Kings of Spain governed not only the whole of their territory inclosed by the line of the Pyrenees, but also a part of France, known as *Galia Narbonense*, and continued to do so till the Moorish invasion. The Spaniards, anxious to expel their infidel oppressors, implored the aid of the French; but, coming only in the character of auxiliaries, the success of the latter against the common enemy could never have entitled them to territorial rights; and consequently, the original grant on which the independence of the Valley of Andorra is founded, was defective. This district, at our time, must have been of much greater importance than it is at present; as Ferdinand the Catholic, in his last will, left a legacy to Marcos Almograbar, and his five thousand soldiers, so renowned in the wars of those times, who had their origin in the Valley of Andorra, and were reputed as Catalonians. At all events, the views of the French, in upholding the independence of the Andoresa republic, in opposition to the rights of the Spanish Crown, and so clearly evinced during the two last invasions, cannot now be mistaken; and it is matter of astonishment, that an usurpation of so glaring a nature, as well as dangerous on the score of precedent, did not enter into the deliberations of the Allied Sovereigns, either at Paris, Verona, or Vienna.

VARIETIES.

SELECTED FROM RECENT LETTERS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

FRENCH GAMBLING.

THAT able, enlightened, and patriotic individual, Casimir Perrier, on the 8th instant, presented to the Chamber of Deputies a petition, most largely signed by the inhabitants of Paris, for the suppression of lotteries and Maisons de Jeu. This is truly *melioris avi auspicium*: may he succeed in his generous and patriotic purpose, even if it be left to London to be more particularly distinguished hereafter from Paris, by the disgraceful and infamous establishment in St. James's Street!

LA MUETTE DE PORTICE.

Is an opera, in five acts, the poetry of which is written by Messieurs Scribe, and Germain de la Vigne, and the music composed by M. Amber. It has been received with great applause at the *Academie Royale de Musique*. Its resemblance in no trifling degree to *Massaniello*, and the late production of Casimer de la Vigne, *La Princesse Aurelie*, detracts, in a great measure, from its claims to originality, although talent and address have been liberally accorded in its preparation. The celebrated *Lazzarone* rebel is the hero of the new piece, and his character is rendered so highly interesting, in addition to its other excellent qualities, that it is likely to become a stock piece with the managers.

A NEW STAR.

IT was a vulgar prejudice of former times, not yet wholly done away with, that the unusual visitation of an earthquake was connected with the rise or fall of mighty men; or, that it portended extraordinary events in regard to the nations of the earth. The threatened war with Turkey, (and if it occur its consequences may haply well justify the prognostic,) the nomination of the Duke of Wellington to the Premiership of Great Britain, the marriage of Prince Metternich, and the conversion of the Duke of Brunswick to the Roman Church, have each, and either, been adverted to in the Netherlands, as the cause and effect of the late movement of Mother Earth; until 'La Bataille de Navarin, ou le Renegat,' a Romance by M. Moke, a native of that highly intellectual and lively city of Bruges, was given to the press, when it was at once admitted, (at least by his compatriots,) that all these speculations had been hitherto erroneous. We must take shame to ourselves in confessing that we have not had sufficient fortitude to sit down to the perusal of this modern Homer; but, with our friends in England, we shall in some degree stand excused, on the ground of national pride and patriotic feeling; admirers, as we must be, of our own transcendant poets, when they learn that the productions of M. Moke has been decided by his impartial and enlightened countrymen, completely to eclipse all that Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, or Campbell, have hitherto been induced to offer to the world.

DUVERGIER DE LA HAURANNE.

THIS gentleman, who is a member of the present Chamber of Deputies, has just published a second part of his work, intitled 'L'Ordre Legal,' in which he has treated of individual liberty, the prevention of crimes, freedom of worship, of the press and of industry, and of the pre-eminence of the civil authority, as it is said, in a remarkably able manner, that has awakened general attention at Paris to his production. Such publications must be decidedly offensive to those who advocate a legitimate order of things; and we can scarcely be surprised that the bishop of Hermopolis should have thrown up his office in disgust, as wholly opposed to a system profanely regulated by constitutional and liberal principles. Whether the career of the present Ministry in France be or be not brief as that of Mr. Canning with ourselves, its effect on the public mind, and its ultimate advantage to the best interests of the country, will be equally important. These angel visits, if 'few and far between,' are at least sufficient for the exposure of long-endured error and abuses. If natural blindness excludes us from a sight of the world and the world's concerns, from our very births, we may as little regret the privation we submit to, as we are disabled to estimate the enjoyments of others; but, the infliction removed, even for a moment, we writhe under the bitter agony of remembrance, and the mind dwells with tenacious fondness on the beauties of this visible world, which were destined for our gratification and enjoyment. It may not be difficult to interpose between us and knowledge; but when once the fruit of that tree of good and evil has been tasted, it would be vain to induce us to forget either its flavour or its zest.

TRAVELLING IN THE NETHERLANDS.

PERHAPS in no country could one travel, but lately, at a price so moderate as in the Netherlands, owing to the spirit which actuated the rival establishments of Lafitte, (brother of the celebrated banker,) and the more ancient society of 'Directeurs des Messageries Royales;' and when we state that for *seven shillings and four pence British*, a journey from Brussels to Paris might be accomplished, some idea of the excessive cheapness of the diligences may be formed. If Mr. Huskisson can digest an association with the Duke of Wellington—another Duke refuse not an alliance with a female banker—Catholics and Dissenters meet half way on the road to union—Mr. Peel applaud Mr. Brougham—it can scarcely surprise us that the bitter enmity of the coach proprietors was appeased to their own profit and the public injury—for the restoration of harmony was announced by an increase of prices in the diligences to more than double the amount of what they had been. That was bad enough; but all T. G.'s, with a larger share of curiosity than cash, have yet more to deplore an augmentation of the tax upon barriers, (the Netherland legal fiction of a material English turnpike gate, but in number far exceeding our road impediments,) proportioned to the dimensions of carriages and number of horses by which they are drawn, of such considerable amount as likely to deprive us of the pleasure of perusing many a stage coach tour to the Rhine, and flaming 'evidences of things not seen,' but through the port-holes of a Flemish voiture. Were this the extent of ill, we might endure it with Christian patience; but it is a measure that acts as forcibly against the interests of commerce as that liberal communication with our neighbours we have of late years so greatly enjoyed.

THE TUNNEL.

THE accomplishment of a tunnel, on the plan of that of the Thames, to pass beneath the Vistula, has been

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proposed to the people of Warsaw, and largely coincided in. Like our M. Brunel, the architect is a foreigner, and the Poles may soon have to boast of *so great a bore* as any we possess in England.—*Poland.*

M. de Fongeray.

The author of 'Les Soirées de Neuilly' has now published the second volume of his work, which fairly justifies the continuance of those eulogiums which the first so largely obtained. The dramatic sketches now given are intitled, 'Malet,' 'Dieu et le Diable,' and 'Les Stationnaires,' and are less remarkable for force of expression than a rigid adherence to the truth of the scene he attempts to describe. The subject of the first-mentioned piece is undoubtedly well known in England, but has been so ably adverted to by a French writer, in allusion to M. de Fongeray's production, that we may probably be pardoned in offering it to our readers. 'Under a Government, no less absolute than faithfully served by those engaged in its administration, a man without reputation, friends, or resources, in the cell of a prison, proposed to effect a revolution in his country, unaided and by his own means. From the solitude of his confinement, where he was exposed to the severest watchfulness and restraint, with an almost idiotic corporal, unable to comprehend the writings he was employed to copy, for his agent,—a Royalist Abbé, with only less sense than pusillanimity, who, with the intent of serving the Bourbons, was as profuse of boasting as timid in acting, and a Spanish priest who allowed the use of his chamber to the solitary conspirator, under the idea that the liberation of Ferdinand was his aim;—without a franc, an accomplice, or the slightest connection with the army or administration,—at midnight, Malet declared himself against Napoleon, and dared the execution of the most gigantic project ever conceived by man. Five short hours after, and the same individual was master of the Garrison, the Ministry, and the Police. The Prefect of the latter, and the Premier, were his captives who were as instantly replaced by two prisoners of state; while all Paris on awaking, beheld the establishment of a new and unknown Government. Never did the imaginings of a poet go beyond this simple fact; and had it not occurred, its extravagance as an invention would not have been endured.' *Truth is strange—stranger than fiction.*

M. F. Barrière.

The clever editor of the 'Mémoires de Madame Campan,' has just given to the world a work scarcely less interesting, in the 'Mémoires inédits de L. H. de Lomenee, Comte de Brienne, Secretaire d'Etat sous Louis XIV.; publiés sur les Manuscrits autographes; avec un Essai sur les Mœurs et les Usages du 17me Siècle,' in two volumes, octavo. If ever the events of any period of history have been adequately detailed, or the manners and customs of any court fully illustrated, we would have deemed that the reign of 'Le Grand Monarque' had found annalists 'usque ad nauseam.' M. Barrière's publication is, nevertheless, highly interesting and extremely well written in all that regards his labours as an editor; such parts as he has, to our regret, left to other hands, are easily distinguished by their evident inferiority. His account of 'Les Solitaires de Port Royal,' is entitled to much praise. We have heard that M. Barrière possessed two manuscripts of 'Madame Campan's Memoirs,' both prepared by herself, with the slight distinction of one being adapted for the press under the Napoleon dynasty, and the other to suit the taste of the Bourbons. This plan is, however, defective in ingenuity, compared to that adopted by the chief personage in a Mediterranean island who, on the arrival of a British Governor, addressed to him the very speech he had before used, on his country having been taken possession of by the French authorities, merely substituting 'Le Royaume de la Grande, Bretagne,' for 'L'Empire Français;' and 'George troisième,' for 'L'Empereur Napoleon.' As economy is the order of the day in England, it is on the same principle, we presume, that the speeches of Mr. Peel in the one, and of Lord Bathurst in the other House, have been so ably dittoed by their subalterns. To confess the truth, it is scarcely possible to have too much of a good thing.

Dr. Civiale.

The Emperor of Austria and the King of the Netherlands have both recently presented a handsome gold medal to Dr. Civiale, of Paris, the inventor of the method of breaking or crushing stones in the bladder, by which a most important benefit has been conferred upon humanity; and the dreadful sufferings of those affected by one of the most grievous maladies we know of, wholly relieved. From his name, we presume *Civiale* is an Italian: and it must be a subject of rejoicing that, in the race of intellect, under whatever disadvantages she may enter the list, a nation which has so large and peculiar a claim to our interest, hesitates not to start with others for the goal of fame. The names of Giviale and of Scarpa, of Alfieri and Ugo Foscolo, Belzoni and Beltrami, would do honour to any age or country.

Madame de Genlis.

The marriage of the heir of the 'Brave des Braves,' (for with his many faults and his *one* crime, such he was,) is nearly forgotten; or that pretty word, '*siècle*,' applied to it by prettier lips; if some Gothic *aspirant* for favour dares to breathe it in the ear of beauty, in fond anticipation that a similar delightful result may yet attend his *devoirs*, and that his *Eau-de-Cologne* impregnated sighs may win their fragrant way to his mistress's heart. There has been, I have ever learnt, much of the genuine romantic in the loves of the young chevalier and his virtuous bride. Somewhat of sorrow and disappointment *once*, and much of care; which, in its visitations of youth, is far more keenly felt, than when time has blunted the edge of hope, or subdued the force of passion. Be it as it may, there is no one who remembers *his* father's fate, and knows *her* father's virtues, who must not wish them happy, and believe me, my dear Miss, (I address one of the prettiest and most accomplished girls in England,) do not hide your sweet face behind 'The Athenæum;' believe me, on the word of a traveller and a man, that as much of truth and constancy, of virtue and of honour, are to be found in France, as in any country under the sun. But better things have led me wide of my subject. The *eternal* Madame de Genlis has just saved all Paris from despair, by giving them something to talk of. An addition to the ten *heavy* volumes lately published has appeared from the pen of Madame la Comtesse, and, if the steam-engine of 'The Times' be not contracted for, notwithstanding her age and her infirmities, she bids fair to make the printers 'toil after her in vain.' If *he* be the only *one* she fears, 'tis well; and, in truth, if the church may effectually step in between her and peril, she has, as far as possible, assured its aid, by a distribe against all that favours the increase of information, the progress of knowledge, or the amelioration of the state of man; in short, of all that militates against the church, as constituted in France, and as contradistinguished to religion itself. 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit;' and if we beheld one in grief and penitence, even after a lengthened career of crime and error, preparing, in sorrow and humanity, for a near arraignment at that bar at which we must all appear, we can but look with interest, respect, and reverence at her going, and, in very charity, refrain;—but we are, happily or unhappily for ourselves, so constituted, that we turn with disgust from the culprit who, instead of imploring mercy of his Judge, turns from his own vindication, to lecture his fellow-men on their duties, and to reprobate their faults, with a degree of boldness and of zeal that might well become an apostle, but is wholly misplaced in a sinner. It has been the glory of England to possess women who have employed their time and talents largely and effectually in promoting the cause of virtue and religion; but how different would have been the result even of their labours, if, with all their other claims to attention and esteem, they had assumed the tone of Madame de Genlis, in the attempt of instructing and improving their fellow-creatures. Madame la Comtesse, however, soars on higher wing; she—and she of all God's creatures!—takes a larger view of her subject, and, grown dizzy by the height to which she has elevated herself, deems the 'still small voice' of persuasion or entreaty as little likely to prevail as her distant cry,—and employs, instead, 'all Jove's thunders;' dealing anathema and damnation around with fearful effect. In one of her *pretended* reports to Napoleon, when he occupied the throne, she has solemnly and unblushingly stated, in comparing the state of religion in Protestant Britain and Switzerland with that of France,—and Bonaparte's France too!—that in the former countries it did not exist, while, in the latter, it had taken up its domicile. Age seems but to have hardened these impressions; and, although Madame has condescended to confine her more recent observations to the land of her birth, they are, in regard to it, still more true or just. The French are a gallant and a noble people,—they have ever been so; but, of late years, they have changed greatly, and greatly for the better;—there is much of virtue, and religion is reviving rapidly, amongst them. If what we state be deemed apocryphal, we beg not to be judged by such only as have conversed with them at 'Very's,' or the 'Rochers de Cancale,'—at the 'Palais Royale,' or the inns on the road. In a similar point of view, we, at home, are little better. Madame de Genlis possesses wit and information; she has contributed greatly to the world's amusement in her historical *romances*,—in the romance of her life,—in her romantic (the term is not impolitic) statements on the moral condition of France, and of other countries; but she may rely upon it, that her homilies are somewhat, although tardily, infected with the Archbishop of Grenada's feebleness. Let her imitate *Monsignori*, in closing the door upon her secretary; and, in the recesses of her closet, reflect, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' on the world, and the world's vanities. Let her give to herself that time which we may not be disposed further to claim, and which can no longer be 'meant for mankind.'

To * * * *.

Thou hast met him!—he's blest!—in thy absence he no'er
Forgot thee;—how could he, a creature so fair?
Such a jewel to send him, the mine of the sea
I defy. Art thou happy?—as happy as he?
Did the welcome he gave thee no farewell recal?
Were the feelings it waked in thee ecstacy all?
When he circled thy waist, did no memory rise
Of the arms that *were* there, and press'd fonder than his?

Can he love thee as *I* do?—he cannot—the glow
Of a breast such as mine he's forbidden to know;
'Tis the son of the Muse thou canst *love*—*of his* frame
Not a fibre but's fire,—he's the offspring of flame!
You felt it—you own'd it;—forget not the day,
'T was the eve of that parting, you bade me delay—
A parting to duty, to happiness due:—
They pleaded in vain when they pleaded 'gainst you.

Now choose thee a lover—thou must not have twain—
Is it I?—as you met, meet him never again;
Nor the next place nor *first*, it contents me to own,
I must reign in thy bosom—*a monarch*—*alone*—
But if *his* be the fortune, God speed and farewell!
Why you cherished my passion *you* only can tell—
Till it twined round the root of my life—Think it o'er;
Though I lose thee for ever—I'll breathe it no more!

I'll breathe it no more!—Oh, thou sweet one! how vain
Is the pride of the lover that *once* wears *thy* chain;
While the matchless perfection adoring I see,
Of all that is lovely in woman, in thee—
Can I speak of a virtue, a charm, or a grace
Of thy sex, but thy mind or thy image *I* trace.
I'll breathe it no more—my whole life shall remain,
I *must* breathe it, or never praise woman again!

* * *

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Sir,—There has this moment been pointed out to me a paragraph in 'The Examiner' of yesterday, severely animadverting upon what it is pleased to call '*an almost incredible blunder*,' in the notice of 'The Jurist' which appeared in your pages. The passage in question ought to have run thus:

'The Reviewer exposes, in a style full of vivacity and vigour, the absurd and cruel fallacy embodied in the well-known expression of *the noble offspring of* a late Chief Justice,' &c.

The omission of the words in Italics was an error, whether of the pen or of the press, it is now, I presume, impossible to ascertain.

I should have thought it unnecessary to do more than indicate the mistake for your next list of *errata*, were it not for the high character of the Journal into which this critical fling has found admission. It is very like the 'fleshing of a maiden sword;' the first essay in the field of a young author, who piques himself upon the fineness of his scent, and who does indeed appear to be a puppy blood-hound of no small promise. Some discreet friend might have reminded him, that mere blunder-hunting is not criticism; that it argued but little sagacity to adopt an 'almost incredible' solution of the difficulty, while the plain truth was staring him in the face; and that in the vocation which he seems inclined to adopt, knowledge itself is hardly a more essential requisite than *couleur*.

The Reviewer of the Jurist.

Sophocles.

A translation of this author has just appeared in France. It is said to be effected with much fidelity to the original, and written in a style of tasteful simplicity, but is neither so inspired, bright, or dramatic as the latter. We are much pleased with the concluding sentence of the critique on its merits:—'Espérons qu'elle (the Translation) fera lire et comprendre le Théatre Grec; comme Shakspeare est lu et compris.'

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In a few days will be published, a volume of miscellaneous prose tales and sketches of society and manners, to be entitled, 'Waifs and Strays; or Scenes of Life and Shades of Character.'

Mr. Lockhart has nearly completed his 'Life of Robert Burns,' for 'Constable's Miscellany,' which will appear on the 12th of April: and in order to gratify those who are already in possession of the best editions of the Poet's Works, a small impression, beautifully printed by Ballantyne, on 8vo., will be ready at the same time. Both Editions will be embellished with a full-length portrait of Burns, engraved by Millar after Naysmith.

In the press, 'The Harp of Judah,' a Selection of Pieces relating to the Jews; to which will be added, a few Poems on the subject of different religious societies, in foolscap 8vo.

In the press, a Picturesque Tour of the River Thames, from its source to the mouth, forming a companion work to the Tours of the Rhine, Seine, and Ganges, to appear in six monthly parts, each containing four coloured prints, in imitation of the drawings, by William Westall, with descriptive letter-press. No. I. will appear on the 1st of May.

In the press, Characters in the Grand Fancy Ball, given by the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Wellesley, at Vienna, at the conclusion of the Carnival, 1826, in thirteen highly-coloured plates, with a description of the entertainments on that occasion.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Gomez Arias, a Spanish Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo., 27*s.*
The Head Piece and Helmet, or Phrenology opposed to Scripture, 12mo., 4*s.*
A Hundred Years hence, 12mo., 6*s.*
Macauley's Medical Dictionary, 8vo., 14*s.*
Rae Wilson's Travels in Russia, 2 vols. 8vo., 24*s.*
Wanostrocht's Livre des Enfans, 12mo., 2*s.*
Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. Sixth Edition, foolscap, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Jones's Sermons for Family Reading. Second Edition, 12mo., 6*s.*
Consistency, by Charlotte Elizabeth, author of 'Osric,' &c. second edition, 18mo., 2*s.* 6*d.*
Davis's Hints to Hearers, 18mo., 2*s.* 6*d.*
Levizac's French and English Dictionary, by Gros, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Fuller's Gospel its own Witness, a new edition, with his Life, 4*s.*
Memoirs of the Rev. John Townsend, 8vo., 9*s.*
Dodd's Connoisseur's Repertory, vol. 3, 12mo., 8*s.*
Reading and Spelling, for the use of the Schools of the New Jerusalem Church, 18mo., 1*s.*
The Woodlands, a Treatise on Planting, by W. Cobbett, 15*s.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.	March.	Therm. A.M.	Therm. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Cloud.
	Wed. 26	41°	40½°	30. 50	N.W.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus
	Thur. 27	40½	41½	29. 12	S.W.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
	Frid. 28	41	39	29. 08	N.E.	Rain.	Ditto
	Satur. 29	47	40½	29. 30	N.W.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus
	Sun. 30	44½	40½	29. 75	N.E.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
	Mon. 31	44½	43½	30. 05	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
	April 1	50	45	30. 10	N.E.	Clear.	Ditto.

Rain on Wednesday night and Saturday morning. Sleet early on Friday and Saturday. Thick fog and slight frost on Monday and Tuesday morning. Nights fair except Wednesday.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury stationary on the 31st. Long. 19° 26′ in Aries.
The Sun in mean dist. on ditto.
The Sun's longitude on 1st April, 11° 44′ in Aries.
The Sun's declination on ditto, 4° 39′ N.
Length of day on ditto, 12 hours 54 min.

This day,

THE RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW, No. IV.

Contents: Sumner's last Will and Testament—The Country Girls—Cabala, sive Scrinia Sacra—The Life and Adventures of Matthew Bishop—Shadwell's Dramatic Works—Letters of Johan Ashwell.

HISTORICAL AND ANTIQUARIAN MAGAZINE:

John Gower, the Poet—The Peerage Bill in 1719—Original Letters—Baronies by Writ—Expenses of two Brothers at Eton College in 1560—Badges, Crests, and Supporters—Society of Antiquaries—Adversaria—Critical Notices—Creations of Honours, &c.—Historical and Antiquarian Works.

London: printed for Baldwin and Cradock.

Of whom may be had,

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*** In compliance with the wishes of many of the Subscribers to 'The Parliamentary Debates,' the proprietors of that work instead of delaying the publication of the proceedings of the Session until the completion of a volume, have come to the determination of issuing it, for the future, in portions; each portion to contain a quantity of letter-press, equal to the sixth part of a volume, and to appear at intervals, as short as the nature of the work will allow.

They confidently anticipate that the Subscribers at large will highly approve of a change in the time and mode of delivery, which has been rendered necessary by the increased and increasing interest taken by all classes of the community, in the proceedings of the two branches of the legislature.

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London: Printed and Published every Tuesday and Friday morning, by William Lewis, at the Office, 147, Strand, near Somerset House.

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THE ATHENÆUM.

London Literary and Critical Journal.

No. 22. LONDON, TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1828. Price 7*d*.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

UNPUBLISHED LECTURES ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A.

No. III.

The Public Press—Magazines—The New Monthly—Blackwood's—The Old Monthly—The Gentleman's—and The London.

In the last Lecture, I took a general view of our literature, as divided into its three great branches of Imaginative, Moral, and Scientific. I next considered periodical literature, first, in itself, and, secondly, in its relation to the above-mentioned divisions of general literature. It is my present purpose to examine the origin of that passion for public information which is so generally prevalent, and to which may be ascribed the existence of Newspapers as at present constituted. I shall then proceed to consider the present condition of our Magazine literature, which is an off-set from the public journals, and the state of which will be shown by an inquiry into the character of some of our principal and most popular periodicals of that class.

Man is essentially a social being, but his social character is to be traced in his mind rather than in his necessities; in his moral, more than in his physical, nature. There may be found instances of men's living in solitude, and being satisfied with what their own hands might gather from the field, and with the water of the brook; but no record can be found of one whose heart had forgotten its yearnings after his kind, whose memory or hope bound him not in some manner to the world, or who, let his state have been what it might, felt himself free from the impulse given to his spirit at its very birth among mankind. Our wants and necessities, it is true, form one of the links which bind us together, but it is not the strongest; and could each individual purchase for himself the greatest luxuries, the highest individual gratification, by complete estrangement from society, the price would be considered too high by the least happy of our race. We shall be nearer being right, perhaps, if we regard our physical wants, our inheritance of pain and helplessness, and all the cravings of our frame, but as the outward and visible signs of a moral necessity binding us together; the characters of our inner man written on fleshly tablets, and made legible by the waning of years, and the circumstances of a changing existence. But if it be thus, if there be a stronger principle cementing men into societies than their physical wants, and that principle be the moral constitution of their nature, it is in the development and manifestation of this, we shall see society in its proper light, be able to estimate its weakness or energy, the strength or decay of the living soul which animates it, and see the spring and foundation of its exhibited powers. The intercourse, therefore, of mind with mind, the combination of individual thought into one mighty mass of intellect, the gathering of private judgments and experiences, in their infinite diversities of form and colouring, into that vast embodied essence of society called Public Opinion, is but a consequence of the laws and constitution of our moral nature,—of the fate and necessity which ordained man's existence and progressive improvement as a social being. It is to the acting of this principle I would attribute the origin of societies, rather than to any other which has been derived from our want of mutual aid. This is insufficient to explain a single phenomenon of life; but the former avails us, at whatever period we begin our examination of man's history. It exists, though too closely blended with feelings of sonship or brotherhood to be distinguished, in the simple patriarchal state; it is found, strong and active, in the rude clan and savage tribe, which, but for this, would have no gathering-cry against the enemy, and no compass over the desart, or through the trackless forest. It is seen breaking forth in every stage of civilisation, manifesting its existence in times of tumult and confusion, as well as in the deepest calm, and employing, as its agents or its channels of circulation, whatever the accidents of the age, or the inventions of art, may afford for the purpose.

Into this principle we may resolve the general passion for public information, as it exists in the community at large; and which, taking its strength partly from curiosity, and partly from the anxiousness of personal interest, is increased a thousand fold, by the deep-rooted, changeless power of a universal sympathy, and the desire of a common good. In the fluctuations of society, the mingling together of pursuits and interests, the varying excitements and recognised principles, and the alternations of passion and their corresponding prejudices, an almost unlimited scope is given to speculation, and events occur calculated to awaken by turns every feeling of the human heart. It is hence public journals derive their interest, and the mixed character of their contents. They answer the queries which are put respecting the world at large; they speak of the evil and the good which have invaded or blessed the homes of our fellow-countrymen, and they represent, or affect to represent, the views which the master-minds of the age take on the great subjects of human interest. There ever has been, and ever will be, an eager desire after publications of this nature, and there would be no surer sign that the life and spirit of a people were gone, than the loss or diminution of their passion for general news. The state of the public press, as answering to this universal want and desire, will, of course, vary with the government, and, in some measure, with the condition of a nation; but it can then only fully discharge its office when it is perfectly unrestricted in its operations; when its machinery is so free that it will answer to the slightest touch, and act as an index to the different variations in the social body. That it will ever be that perfect agent in the diffusion of political knowledge, or in conveying information on the actual state of mankind, which it might be, is scarcely to be expected. To perfect it in this manner would require a great alteration in the present system of its management, the removal of circumstances, which, as it is now constituted, diminish its freedom, independent of any foreign control, and the addition of supports, without which it could never put forth its full strength and remain standing. It is evident, that every part of a public print which has been the work of private judgment ought to be received but as such; and it is evident, that, in whatever degree that judgment has been biassed by personal motives or prejudices, it has perverted the purpose of the paper, and committed an error against the common good of society. While, therefore, public Journals are under a control which can, by any possibility, by any subterfuges, or cloak of secrecy, elude the force with which its false opinions could be attacked if otherwise propounded, they must, of themselves, be very uncertain guides in any inquiry whatever. On the other hand, when they have not the aid of wealth, popularity, and very powerful and self-trusting talent to support them; if they speak truth, they will either never make themselves heard, or never be able to resist the opposition awakened. The greatest cause, however, and that which is most reprobated, of corruption in the public press, is the misrepresentations caused by party enmities, and the sinister designs of dishonest and factious partisans. But in this there is less cause for fear than is generally imagined. No great or dangerous falsehood was ever broached and acted upon in times of strong party agitation, and I apprehend, that, as things are at present with regard to the public press, and as we cannot look for its very rapidly becoming a perfectly uncorrupted medium of public information, that there is no time in which it may be more safely trusted, or in which, taking it all together, it better performs its office, than when party is most active against party, and every inch of debateable ground is fought for with the most determined eagerness.

Both the Constitution of England, and the national character of the people, have been long eminently favourable to the extended action of the public press; and to whatever circumstances its original establishment may be traced, it seems certain, had it been unknown in other countries, or had no policy of the court, or individual adventurer, contributed to its invention, that society would have proceeded but a very little longer in its accelerated course without the employment of this great engine of public opinion. It is, I believe, generally known, that the first Newspaper established in England appeared in the time of Elizabeth, and was, it is said, employed by her minister, Lord Burleigh, to prevent the circulation of false intelligence during the Spanish war. At their commencement, however, newspapers could hardly be considered in the light in which they are now to be viewed, for both the one I have just mentioned, and the earlier Italian ones, were mere calendars of Court proceedings, or bulletins framed and worded to suit the present purposes of the Government. It was during the time of Cromwell they took the character which has since distinguished them, and became those vehicles for the bold and unmeasured expression of opinion, which, in every period of agitation, they have subsequently been. Since their taking the form in which they have appeared of late years, they have been divided into two classes, answering to the different parties whose opinions they represent, or whose rights they pretend to advocate. One very important benefit resulting from this is, that, whatever party-virulence may do in misrepresenting facts, or unfairly depicting the character of a public man, the world is sure to be made acquainted with the strongest arguments that can be brought in support of or against any particular opinion, is secured from any danger of being led blind-fold into harm, or of having its interests tampered with, either by the suspected opposers of them, or the connivance of unstable advocates. This useful quality of the public

press in England must always remain to it, so long as our national character continues the same, or the freedom of the press is itself preserved. While this is the case, the journals of all parties will have their use, and, as a part of the great political machine, will help to make it more perfect and more effective.

The present state of the public press in this country may be described in few words. It enjoys nearly unlimited freedom from legislative control; but the tyranny of courts is supplied by the tyranny of party. It is active and vigorous in its spirit; but it is often weak, changeable, and undetermined in its operation. It is eager in the pursuit of a present object; but it has no power of looking beyond it. It will grapple to the death with an enemy within its grasp; but it never grasps at any thing great and mighty, and out of the beaten track. It is a good and indefatigable collector of facts and incidents; but it is an uncertain and often faithless reporter. It is one of the safeguards of English liberty; but it is continually shaken and disjointed by English caprice. Its establishment is a consequence of public wealth and spirit, and it often panders to them with a most unblushing front. Lastly, It is the winged and ever-ready vehicle of opinion, filled and instinct with thought, but loaded with the rubbish of paltry speculations, or manufactured casualties, for ballast.

But my purpose, in offering these observations, is to introduce the remark, that, as periodical literature began with the introduction of public journals, its next step was taken in the publication of Magazines. These were a kind of off-set from the newspapers of the times, and marked, by their commencement, the progress of men's minds to a higher state of refinement. They had hitherto stood in need of some object of visible and present interest to attract their attention: they now began to find amusement in the abstractions of morality, in the generalising of their views, and in the less exciting appeals of agreeable fiction. From this period to the present, many revolutions have taken place in Magazine literature; but, as I have already alluded to them, I shall now proceed to make a few remarks on the principal periodicals of the day, which I divide into Magazines and Reviews, confining our consideration, at present, to the former.

The publication of this class, which first started in the new career of periodical literature, was 'The New Monthly,' to which the credit is due of having thrown a life and animation into magazines, which they never before possessed. Till this appeared, they were made up of a most heterogeneous mass of miscellaneous information and puerile fictions; and so orthodox a style did this appear for Magazines, that 'The New Monthly' itself appeared, originally, in the same character. It was not long, however, before it was discovered, that a refined taste in literature, the resources of elegant scholarship, and the rich stores of foreign observation, might be profitably employed in the construction of a modern Magazine. The Periodical, accordingly, of which we are speaking, turned to these hitherto unemployed objects of popular attraction, and became deservedly esteemed, as well for the solid merit of much of its contents, as for the novelty of the whole. A Periodical, however, of this nature, is on dangerous ground; and aiming, as it evidently does, at novelty and elegance, and a certain piquancy of style, it is almost sure to fall, sometimes, into affectations, and, at others, into a puerile and ridiculous flippancy. We accordingly find, that there is no Periodical which, on occasions, has so much the air of an ill-educated fashionable, as this generally delightful Magazine; none in which we seem so perfectly to see the strut, and little giffing artifices, of inexperienced coxcombry. Nothing can be more offensive to readers of good taste than such a mixture; and it is almost inexplicable how this leaven of affectation, this sort of fashionable pedantry, can have been admitted into such a publication as the one we are noticing.

'The New Monthly' has also a strong political colouring, and, occasionally, a serious business-like tone of inquiry. In the former of these, however, it takes no higher stand than the least-talented newspaper, and is as little original in its views; but, in its latter characteristic, and whenever a subject of general utility is to be discussed, it speaks the language of sound and dignified reason, and rises above its proper rank as a Periodical. We may mention, in illustration of our remarks, the papers which appeared in it, on the subject of the London University, in which the good practical sense of experience, and the elevated views of benevolence and philosophy, were both eminently displayed. On the whole, 'The New Monthly' is well entitled to the popularity it has obtained; and could it be entirely freed from the affectations and puerilities, the appearance of cant and trickery, with which it is sometimes disfigured, its pages would be explored with as keen an appetite, by the retired man of letters, and the readers, whose taste has been rendered fastidious by drinking at a purer stream of literature, as they now are by the most eager and easiest satisfied of its purchasers.

The next Periodical to be noticed of this class, is 'Blackwood's Magazine',—a publication which, both for the variety of talent employed on it, the known literary character of its principal supporters, and the intense and fervent spirit that breathes through all its pages, has the strongest hold both upon the mind and heart of its readers, that was ever possessed by a Periodical. 'The New Monthly,' elegant as is its general style, and interesting as are its contents, makes no impression upon the heart, and has no bright glowing associations belonging to its name. We read it, and we are delighted with its liveliness, its variety, and taste; but the remembrance of its contents passes away with the Number, and we cannot trace any new feeling, any enlarged admiration of the great and good, any deep thrilling hatred of the low and corrupt to the perusal of its pages. It is a good companion, but it has not enough of heart in it to be our friend, and we never knew it to possess a true hearty enemy. With 'Blackwood's,' the case is widely different; no one, we believe, ever read a Number of it, without having the depths of his bosom stirred up; his love of human kind, in one or another path of existence, awakened with a new fervour; his passionate grasp of some creed or principle, rendered still stronger and bolder; his hope or remembrances, bound about his heart with an increased assurance or tenderness. There is a recklessness, a sinning against, and breaking through of rules, a spirit of wild revelry, or desperate despite, throughout its composition. It is similar to the other modern Periodicals in its catching at the circumstances of the times, at the flitting and evanescent shadows and essences of the passing tide; but it groups and condenses them with a more magician-like power; blends them together by an element of thought brighter and more glowing, and brings them to the eye and heart in more palpable and familiar forms. In all these characteristics of style and manner, 'Blackwood's Magazine' is perfectly original; nor is it likely soon to have an imitator. The lofty talent and intellectual hardihood which have given it its present character, are of rare occurrence, and of still rarer union in such perfection; and it will probably remain alone, in its own peculiar province, till another age has brought about some new revolution in public feeling, and another impetus has been given to the hidden stream of thought, that has been waiting the filling of its channels and the cleaving of the rock. It is not, however, in point of style, or in its literary character only, that 'Blackwood's Magazine' is to be considered; for it owed a great part of its original popularity to claims of a far inferior description to those which it might at present put forth with a more honourable boldness. No reader of Periodicals can forget the flagrant violations of literary justice,—the bare-faced attacks on character, both private and public,—the downright and determined opposition to the morality of public truth, of which it was guilty in its early numbers; and we are obliged to say, that, if its particular enmities, its untempered and excessive love of hacking and hewing up whatever it met with, be softened, the effects of its early propensity still remain, and its spirit is often imbued with as blinding a prejudice, or, if it be not so, with as dishonest an art, as ever darkened a human intellect, or perverted its powers of good. 'Blackwood's Magazine' is, in fact, a true type of humanity, full of its proper energies, quickened by its pride, and all its loves and antipathies, rushing from its highest vantage ground, in pursuit of whatever objects attract its notice, and feeling in itself the power of a giant; but, with all this, having no aim but the obtainment of some present and particular purpose, and no impulse sufficiently powerful and constant to send it beyond the narrow bounds in which it is contented to spend its force.

But I must proceed to make a few observations on one or two of the other Magazines, which, though less extensively popular, and possessing a somewhat inferior claim to literary distinction, are, notwithstanding, of sufficient importance to merit a longer attention than can be here given them.—Among this second class of Magazines are to be noticed 'The Gentleman's,' the old 'Monthly,' and 'The London;' the two former of which have been, in their day, at the head of periodical literature. 'The Monthly Magazine' has undergone, during its existence, more changes in style and composition, than have been undergone by any other that can be named. It has been the vehicle of knowledge and inquiry to one age, and the organ of sceptical philosophy to another; and it is, at present, compounded of political essays, occupying one half of its pages, and the lightest species of literature filling the remainder. The great fault, accordingly, of this Periodical, is its utter want of a connecting principle in its composition,—the total absence of individuality, if we may apply such a term to a Magazine. The consequence of this is, a seeming tendency in its parts to fly asunder from each other, and a disadvantage given to its best and most spirited essays. For, having none of that assistance which is afforded to a composition, by the preparatory note already uttered, when a Periodical has a known and determined character,—they are confounded with the undigested mass of materials that surround them, and are valued by the generality of readers, at as low a price as the most indifferent piece in the collection. There are occasionally papers in 'The Monthly Magazine,' both of a public and merely literary nature, which are not, by any means, estimated as they ought, and the neglect is, in a very great measure, owing to the circumstances I have mentioned. But the best and most conspicuous feature in this Periodical is the space it devotes to what are termed 'Notes of the Month,' which are in general drawn up with a spirit and tact of observation that render them a most felicitous assemblage of varieties. Many other periodicals have attempted a similar thing, but they have none of them succeeded so well in it; and if 'The Monthly' possessed no other claim to attention, it would deserve it for this single but very striking feature of its present composition.

'The Gentleman's Magazine' affords, in its history, a striking contrast to the one of which we have just been speaking. While 'The Monthly' has undergone almost every variety of change, this has retained its primitive style and form; it has worn the garb of its ancestors from generation to generation, and spoken the same language that was taught it when it first stepped upon its career. There is something not a little curious in this; and it is not uninteresting to inquire, how it has happened, that, amid all the changes which periodical literature has un-

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dergone since the commencement of this work, amid all the experiments which have continually been making on its different departments, in some instances ruinous, and in others successful,—'The Gentleman's' has been as unmoved a spectator as if it had been unborn of paper and print? The most obvious explanation is, that the subjects of which it treats undergo little variation, and are unlike those which depend on the changing character and dispositions of mankind. An answer of a similar kind may be given, from the consideration that the class of readers to which it peculiarly belongs, are a fraternity whose tastes, and habits of thinking, are not subject to violent alternations, and, especially, that to them every year of the Magazine's lengthened existence confers an additional value on its old original appearance,—on its double columns, filled with queries and replies, like the pages of a school-book on the Interrogatory System,—on the patriarchal name of the Editor, and the Saint John's Gate of the title-page. This veneration, however, for primitiveness of dress and style has been carried a little too far by the Proprietors of 'The Gentleman's Magazine.' It has lost, as every Periodical of the kind will always do, much of its original vigour, even in the branch of learning to which it is especially devoted; and, by its conductors being afraid, or unwilling, to attempt any change in its construction, they have had no means of supplying their lost strength from the freshly opened fountains of thought and opinion. This cannot be easily excused. 'The Gentleman's Magazine' has a claim, notwithstanding its devotion to antiquity, on more than mere antiquarian readers. Its age has made it public property, and there are few really literary men who would not deeply regret, if, either by negligence, or a growing indifference to its fate, it were left to lose more and more of its old worth, and the respect it once possessed.

'The London Magazine' is our next object of attention. This Periodical promised on its appearance, and during its first years, to be one of the most excellent that the press sent forth; and when it is recollected, that it was in this that Mr. De Quincy published those beautiful papers, the 'Confessions of an Opium-Eater;' and that it was in this the Essays of Elia, the whimsical but warm and tender-hearted Elia, appeared,—there will be found few readers who will not regret that its original spirit was not better kept alive. Latterly, indeed, it has scarcely deserved the name of a Magazine, or any other than that of a mere Olio of indifferently selected matter; for, with the exception of a very few sprinklings of original writing, it has consisted of nothing but reviews, which were themselves made up of extracts, extended beyond all the bounds of the most latitudinarian principles that govern reviews. I am happy to learn, that a chance remains of our seeing this once spirited Periodical restored to its original rank, and presenting equal attractions with those it has lost. If this be the case, it may, probably, supply a chasm which is still open in our periodical literature, and which is left by the wide difference between the elegant and sparkling 'New Monthly,' and the high-wrought, passionate 'Blackwood's.'

I have now mentioned the principal publications of this description at present popular in England. There are several others of an inferior character, and many of a less general nature, and circulated only in particular classes of society. Of these, I do not think it worth our while to make particular mention. They crowd the list of periodical works; but they are undistinguished by any feature, except their uselessness. In one respect, they are to be regarded with considerable suspicion; for, their circulation being chiefly among persons whose whole literary wealth they form, the bad taste they exhibit, and the wrong opinions which they frequently propagate, make them a greater evil than is generally imagined. It also deserves remark, that, while works of this description take away the few shillings which a large class of readers can spare to gratify their wishes in these respects, they will be hindered from perusing works of solid value, and such as are adapted to enlarge their minds, while they furnish them with a far better and more constant source of amusement. It is astonishing to see the almost incalculable number of light and cheap periodicals which have appeared within the last few years, and which, as long as they continued, must have been supported entirely by the least opulent class of readers. It is gratifying, however, to know, that the most indifferent of this kind of publications have been gradually disappearing, and others of a totally different character rising to supply their place, as objects of popular regard. 'Constable's Miscellany' is of this latter description; the tracts, also, published by the Society for Diffusing useful Knowledge are likely to furnish, if not too scientific, most valuable stores of information and entertainment to the general reader; but of the publications which belong strictly to the periodical class, and are intended to afford a cheap relaxation to the mind, there is one which we should be committing a fault to pass over without naming. We mean the admirable little work entitled 'The Spirit and Manners of the Age,' which, though confining itself to moral subjects, has a variety and liveliness in its pages which make it deserve to rank far above every other publication of a similar kind.

The rapid review which I have thus taken of the principal Magazines of the day, and of the peculiarities which distinguish them, suggests some important considerations. The first of these is, that our periodical literature has no national character, or strong pervading and assimilating element. It owes, as we observed at first, its present activity and extent to national circumstances; but, beyond its activity, it possesses few characteristic traits of real English feeling, and is by no means the mirror of our manners, habits of thinking, and social constitution, which it might be expected to be. This is sufficiently seen in the loose manner in which Periodicals of the same class and character hang together,—the total want of a style which, though varying in its tone, would have the expression of a common and connecting feeling, if such pervaded this species of literature,—and the mere adventitious circumstances, the chance occurrences, or the employment of money, on which a periodical is frequently found to depend, and without danger, for support. Were the case otherwise, were there a really good hearty sympathy existing between the people and the press,—could we be led to see that periodical works are, indeed, the prepared channels in which we may plumb the stream of our individual humanity, the open cisterns in which we may see the collected fountains that spring from our own country's soil, there would be a different feeling in the public mind respecting them, a closer sympathy with every bold attempt at their improvement, an associating of their names with household feelings and patriotic pride, a censorship set over their honesty and purity in the constant observation of the public, and a general and more popular interest taken in the progress and prosperity of the species of literature to which they belong. It is to be observed, also, that there are no indications, in the Magazines of the day, of aiming at any high standard either in morals, politics, or literature. It is to this, probably, we may attribute their general want of that strength and energy which only distinguish some occasional paper in them,—their wasting of their richest materials on the most paltry subjects, their throwing away their magic armour and their polished weapons for a barbarian's painted quiver and poisoned arrows, and their readiness to sacrifice truth and consistency for any temporal end or conveniency. Lastly, I must mention a circumstance to which sufficient attention is not paid; and it is, that the most active spirits of the age, those from which springs the current literature of the times, being employed in the composition of these works, and availing themselves in them of an unrestricted freedom to be consistent or not, or any thing but dull,—they acquire the habit of trifling where they should reason; of being paradoxical where they should be clear, bold, and convincing; of playing with our fancy, when they should seize upon the strong-holds of the heart; of aiming at nothing higher than being amusing, when there is a thirsty land calling from its barren furrows for the rich dews of a noble eloquence and wisdom. The consequence of this is the pollution or degradation of our national literature; and I must conclude with observing, that, if it shall ever owe its regeneration to one cause, it will be, I believe, to the rising of some master-spirits of the day, who shall have heart enough to desire, and intellect strong enough to work up our periodical literature as pure and energetic, as it is now bold and active.

MEXICAN ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mexican Illustrations, founded upon facts; indicative of the Present Condition of Society, Manners, Religion, and Morals, among the Spanish and Native Inhabitants of Mexico; with Observations upon the Government and Resources of the Republic of Mexico, as they appeared during part of the years 1825, 1826, *and* 1827. *Interspersed with occasional Remarks upon the Climate, Produce, and Antiquities of the Country, Mode of Working the Mines, &c. By Mark Beaufoy, late of the Coldstream Guards.* Carpenter and Son, London, 1828.

We have no objection to a writer coming before us, trusting only to his plain good sense, and the opportunities, however limited, he may have had of observation; but we have an utter abhorrence of an author who can laugh, where it is his duty to give unprejudiced information; or who can let his light and frivolous habits of thinking, lead him into treating contemptuously any thing that respects the great questions of human happiness or misery. We have not this charge to bring, in its full weight, against the author of the Mexican Illustrations; but he has certainly very narrowly escaped it; and so narrow is the distance from his light, free style, to one of culpable frivolity, that there is more than one passage in his book, which we are doubtful where to class. We are willing, however, to consider it as the production of a man not thinking very deeply, either on liberty or the consequences of slavery, and writing more from the dictates of present feeling, than any matured sentiments on the subject. Regarding the volume before us in this light, it is amusing and full of interesting anecdote, and well calculated to set us right on many points respecting the state of Mexican society, and the general condition of the country. The author has also some notices of a statistical and scientific nature that are valuable. Our extract, accordingly, shall be from a part of the volume in which he seems at home; for with all his levity and want of proper attention, to the seriousness of some of the objects he brings before our eyes, he possesses a shrewdness of observation, which enables him to write sensibly on matters of business or calculation.

'The Indians have a strong natural aversion to labour, and they will never work unless watched, or under a system I will presently explain; yet it is remarkable how much they will perform in their own slow and inefficient modes.

'Each mining district of any importance has a resident deputy from the college of mines; chosen annually, and vested with powers, which, in some cases, supersede all other authority. Thus, if a man who is in the employment of miners is arrested for any offence, the deputy can insist on the magistrate sending the culprit to work during the day, and only allow him to be imprisoned at night: so precise were the royal ordinances in favour of a department of industry, which is almost the only real source of wealth in the country; the *only one* which enables the inhabitants to pay for European goods, or furnish a revenue.

'The veins of silver were, no doubt, originally discovered by fires being accidentally lighted on spots where the ore "cropped out" on the surface; and some portion of metal became smelted and seen: adventurers then began to sink a shaft; or much more commonly to dig a hole in the vein itself, following the richer lodes in all their sinuosities, groping about, sometimes above, sometime below, but leaving nothing behind that was worth taking away.

'I have heard many professional European miners declare, that no workings could be carried on more de void of all system than those of the Mexicans; and yet, in despite of all the very best of theories, the ignoramuses had contrived to extract the precious contents.

'The Indians were not precisely treated as slaves, but certain rights were always exercised over them in regard to mining, which obliged a certain proportion of labourers to be furnished in each district, and to work at reduced wages. They were, in truth, hewers of wood and drawers of water; and obliged, in addition to the ore, to carry out mud, and other refuse in skin sacks, or sometimes wicker-baskets, on their backs.

'Whether I am correct or not in the conjecture I cannot say; but I have often thought when visiting the old narrow winding excavations of the natives, that men were capable of going further under ground, in that pure atmosphere, without a circulation of air than in denser climates: fire damps are, I believe, unknown, and wherever a candle will burn, there the air is not so much stagnated as to prevent breathing.

'When the workmen arrive at the opening of the shafts or levels, they strip entirely, except a cloth round the middle; then signing the cross, each takes a candle, and they commence a shrill dissonant hymn to the Virgin, which gradually becomes softened and pleasing as they recede from the surface. Certain regulations are strictly adhered to with reference to the relieving of the labourers, or allowing them to quit the enclosed space above, except at stated periods; a measure of precaution to prevent the purloining of the richer ore.

'Very few fronts are so wide as to admit more than two men abreast, but the vein can be attacked in many places at once; and to insure the industry of the miners, the system of task-work is adopted, with the addition of a certain proportion of all rich ore they dig out: it is likewise much more economical in the end, to make them a certain allowance for finding themselves with candles and gunpowder.

'If the shaft is perpendicular, a large wooden drum, turned by horses, raises to the surface a sort of sack, made of three great skins, firmly sewed together, and filled with water; for the use and mode of making tubs with staves is utterly unknown, and there are very few mines which have a level deep enough to drain a third part of their galleries. While this is going forward, the carriers work their way to the surface by means of notched poles put across a part of the shaft in a zigzag fashion; and they then give their load to the breakers, who knock the ore into pieces exactly as if they were going to macadamize a road.

'The quantity brought "to grass" by each individual would appear ridiculously small to those who are unacquainted with the difficulties of the low underground passages, and the fatigue of mounting several hundred feet of notched sticks; but it is the long established usage of the natives, and can only be got rid of by degrees, even in those mines where the shafts will allow of a bucket.

'A well-regulated establishment ought to have selectors of ore quite distinct from the breakers, to point out what is worth undergoing the additional expenses of amalgamation; but to this plan all the Mexican proprietors will, of course, object most strenuously, and insist upon sending every description of ore to the manufactory. Many excellent Europeans are also of opinion, that whatever is good for the native owner, must be advantageous for both parties; but I am of quite a different way of thinking. If I sow three bushels of wheat, and only reap two bushels, and am then obliged to give one of those bushels of produce to another person, it seems clear to me that I lose two bushels, and the other party gains one by the bargain.

'At the manufactory the ore is ground, or else pounded very fine under stampers, and then placed on an area most frequently open to the weather, but preferable if covered from the rain and cold; it is there wetted and mixed with certain proportions of salt and burnt pyrites, which vary in quantity on every occasion, and can only be known from long experience. This mud, which strongly resembles the scrapings of London streets, is well trodden and mixed together by men or horses; quicksilver is then squeezed through a fine cloth all over the heap, and the mass is again turned over and kicked about for a long succession of days. Thus, according to circumstances of the state of the atmosphere, and various other causes, the mud remains from three to six weeks before it is fit to be washed; then it is put into a cistern of water, well stirred up, and allowed to run very gently down a long inclined plane or trough, as represented in the figure. The quicksilver having united itself with the minute particles of the precious metal, they are together heavy enough to sink and collect at the stops on the board, while the refuse dirt is carried off with the water.

'The greater portion of the mercury is got back by pressing the mass obtained from the washing; and the rest, except a certain loss which must occur, is obtained by sublimation, leaving the pure silver behind.

'As the great mass of Mexican Mine Proprietors had not manufactories of their own, they were obliged to send their ore to be amalgamated by other persons; paying them a fixed sum for a given quantity, and all the additional expenses of salt, pyrites, and mercury. It must, therefore, be evident, without my entering into prolix details, that the owner of the manufactory had very numerous opportunities of cheating the miner; and that all the energies of the latter were continually exercised to prevent his being very grossly robbed.

'The one would damp his salt, only half burn his pyrites, put bullets into the quicksilver to increase the weight, and, by carelessly washing the mud, gain a handsome profit from the refuse carried off. The miner, on the other hand, would calculate to an incredible nicety, what each quantity of the ore sent ought to yield in silver.

'The Germans, who added a great deal of economy in their arrangements, to much practical experience in silver ores, found, on trial, that many of the processes adopted in their native country, would not succeed in Mexico, and they very wisely gave up all such unproductive innovations and experiments immediately; satisfied with having ascertained the *fact*, without obstinately insisting that nature ought to have made all climates alike.

'Every German with whom I have conversed in the Republic, admitted candidly, that in judgment of the value of ores, in all processes of amalgamation, in shrewdness, and in those details they were accustomed to, the Mexicans were at least equal, if not superior to the Europeans; but that the great defect of their system, was in not endeavouring to concentrate the riches of a vast mass of ore into a small compass by means of 'percursion tables,' before they commenced so tedious and expensive an operation as amalgamation.

'The Mexican smelting furnaces are tolerably well arranged, the blast being driven by a column of water, according to the European improvements; but the German introduced new fluxes; and by means of the 'percursion washing tables,' and small establishments of management, they have, I am told, almost superseded the use of amalgamation, and have already sent net remittances to Europe.'

From the anecdotes which the writer has given of South American society, it is evident he possessed opportunities of extensive observation. We are only sorry he did not avail himself of them in a better manner; and that he has suffered himself to destroy the value, and much of the interest, of his book, by presenting himself to the public in the character of a story-teller, and that one of the lightest, when he might have been received in the more respectable one of a shrewd and intelligent traveller. We trust, however, if he be a young man, he will find out his error, and be more prudent, for the future, in using his opportunities of good both to himself and the public.

CHARACTER OF THE ATHENIANS.

On the National Character of the Athenians, and the Causes of those Peculiarities by which it was Distinguished. An Essay which gained the Prize of One Hundred Guineas, proposed to the Students of Edinburgh, by his Majesty's Commissioners for visiting the Universities and Colleges of Scotland. By John Brown Patterson, A.M. 8vo. pp. 220. Waugh and Innes. Edinburgh, 1828.

The formation of national character is hidden among the wonders and metaphysics of history. The points which, at first sight, seem fixed and certain, after a closer inquiry, are found continually varying, and the particulars which have been carefully collected together in illustration of a certain theory, are discovered to bear equally well on another and opposite one. But it so happens that half the writers upon national character fail to distinguish between what is fixed and what is varying, or between what may be discovered by a careful balancing of circumstances and the other methods of pursuing an inquiry, and what is of too subtle a nature, with our present means of knowledge, to be successfully pursued. It is necessary, we conceive, in the investigation of this subject, to remember that, in some respects, national character is never the same at two different periods; and that the description which is given of it in one age will only lead to mistake and confusion, if it be applied to another. On the other hand, it is to be received as past doubt that there is a principle comprehended in the constitution of every distinct society of mankind, or nation, that declares and preserves it the same; a something which may be compared to that mysterious centre-point of our earthly frame, which, it is supposed, preserves its identity through all its wastings and replenishings, but to discover which our faculties are most likely altogether inefficient. There are, however, it hence appears, two objects of inquiry to which a writer on this subject must turn his attention. The one, what has been a nation's character at different periods, and to what causes it has owed its peculiar tendency; the other, whether there be any peculiar feature belonging to it which may be traced through every variation, and found with the same expression under every circumstance; and, if it be so, what it is, and to what it owes its origin?

The admirable little work before us, on the Athenian Character, has not formally made this distinction; but its author has carried on his inquiries with so much ingenuity, and in such a philosophical spirit, that he has very finely marked the line to be pursued, whichever question may be started as the subject of discussion. It is, however, to be remarked, and Mr. Patterson's Essay strongly confirms us in the opinion, that the Athenian national character was, in its formation, different to that of other nations, and different in this respect. Other countries, in the various revolutions they experience, often produce violent changes in the general character of the people; so that an inquirer will have to begin his observations, as it were, from a new point. But the Athenian character was, if we may so speak, the development of certain innate principles from first to last, and possessed as perfect a unity, amid every political convulsion, as the character of an individual from youth to manhood and old age. It affords altogether one of the most curious objects of moral and political speculation that the history of the world contains, and the Essay on our table may be adduced as a proof of its connection with the most elegant departments of learning and philosophy. The style of Mr. Patterson, and the powerful manner in which he pursues the inquiry he has undertaken, will be seen in the following extract:

'The government of a people is, without question, the most powerful of all single causes in moulding its character. "Political constitution," as Isocrates says, "is the soul of a political body." It will master and control the influence of all other principles upon the national mind, if its spirit be inconsistent with theirs; and, if coincident, will invest them with a power of tenfold their intrinsic energy. The latter was the case at Athens. For the same scorn of limitations which was the characteristic of the Athenian civilisation, was the principle of the Athenian polity. It should seem as if, while the Pelasgic savages yet roamed over Parnes and Lycabettus in a state of wild nature, they had the seeds sown within them of that love of liberty, or rather hatred of restraint, by which they were ever afterwards distinguished. Hence it happened that, when they at length submitted themselves to regular government, as it was their own voluntary act, the result neither of force, as happens in the case of national subjugation, nor of those natural and unwilled tendencies which gradually, out of the system of patriachal authority, built up the oriental despotisms, the constitution of their state, though monarchical, was, from its

earliest age, remarkably liberal and free. From all the facts which can be ascertained in relation to the Cecropian monarchy, it is plain that the royal prerogative was exceedingly limited; that the king was rather the leader than the sovereign of his people; and that to them belonged the great mass of practical power. By the arrangements of Theseus, the most celebrated of all the Athenian princes, the government was rendered yet more decidedly democratical; and it is a remarkable circumstance to this effect, noticed by Plutarch, that Homer, in his catalogue of the different states of Greece which joined in the Trojan expedition, gives the name of Ἄναξ to none but the Athenians. In these circumstances it was not extraordinary, (for the love of power is the most encroaching of all principles,) that a people, so strongly led my imagination, and experiencing a daily advancement in civilisation, which made all sense of subjection painful, should, on the first convenient opportunity, rid themselves of monarchy altogether; or that they should do it after that somewhat fantastic fashion, which they, in point of fact, adopted, when, on the heroic fall of Codrus, they declared that none but Jupiter was worthy to be their king and his successor. That this was not a mere accidental event, but a result of the gradual progress of opinion, seems plain from the fact that almost simultaneously monarchy sank without a struggle, as if by a natural death, in most of the Grecian states; and that, even after the fall of royalty the progress continued regular through various more and more popular forms of oligarchy, till that too was swallowed up at Athens by the torrent of democratic feeling. The state of anarchy, however, into which when, the ancient checks on popular license were withdrawn, the Athenians soon found themselves precipitated, compelled them to have recourse to a more definite and chartered Constitution; though even in the act by which they sought to check their own unlicensed freedom, their democratical tendencies were strongly manifested in the circumstance, remarked by Aristotle, that they uniformly selected their lawgivers from the middle class of citizens. Accordingly, after an unsuccessful trial of Draco's sanguinary code, they appointed the wise and virtuous Solon unlimited legislator of the commonwealth.'—Pp. 43—47.

Few things in history afford a more singular spectacle than the tendency to be found in the Athenian character, to submit itself to the power or guidance of some celebrated individual, while it contradicted, by this tendency, almost the first principle on which its most remarkable features depended. It is, however, to be explained by observing, that every one of those to whose influence it was for a time subjected, had been first the idol of the people, for some splendid virtue or his remarkable genius. No instance can be found of the Athenians being subjected to mere political expediency; but our author continues—

'The constitution which, under this commission, he delivered to his countrymen, and which, considering the time and circumstances of its composition, deserves to be esteemed a master-effort of sagacity, was, necessarily, democratical in its basis; though, at the same time, the legislator made it his object to provide sufficient checks on the popular despotism, in the prerogatives which he conferred on the senate of Four Hundred, and the tribunal of the Areopagus. Hence, when asked if he had given the Athenians the best possible laws, the sage replied: "The best which they can bear;" a reply strongly intimating the strength to which the love of popular power, cherished by a singularly free development of mental character, had already risen at Athens, and his apprehension that it might be too late to check it, even by the restraints of his beautiful aristo-democracy. So in fact it proved. For while the laws, by which he had defined and guarded civil right, continued the objects of popular veneration down to the extinction of the Commonwealth, the Constitution was, almost immediately after its promulgation, suspended in the strife of parties, which terminated in the brilliant domination of the Pisistratidæ; and, even after having been restored on the expulsion of Hippias, was made the victim of various innovations destructive of the whole system of balances which Solon had wisely, but too insecurely, disposed. Step by step the Solonic constitution was melted down into a pure democracy. Clisthenes added indefinitely to the power of the people, by the institution of the Ostracism; and to their already excessive tendency to political meddling, by increasing the number of the tribes to such an amount, as to give every individual more or less a political part to play. This was followed by the law, with which Aristides found it necessary, after the Persian war, to propitiate the ungovernable vanity of the victor people; the law admitting citizens, of the lowest class, to fill all public stations indiscriminately with the highest. The corruption of the constitution was carried on by Cimon, whose princely liberalities had all the effect of bribery upon the people, and by Pericles, when he applied the public treasury to a similar use. But the most fatal blow of all was that which the last-named statesman struck through his creature Ephialtes, in degrading the sacred prerogative of the Areopagus, that venerable senate, which, veiling itself in the darkness of night from all illusions of sense, and guarded by the severity of law against all appeals of passion and imagination, used to sit like a public conscience in its sanctuary, the watching genius of the Constitution and of civic virtue at Athens. Thus, the process of events, which had gradually concurred to invest the people with political power, terminated at last in the establishment of an unlimited and despotical ochlocracy; the union of all the powers of government in the hands of the sovereign populace; or, in two words, a democratical tyranny.

'Nor must we forget, in this review, that the external fortunes of the nation had been as brilliant as its internal constitution had become licentious. The renown of victories which, with all the deductions made by the cynical Sallust and his followers, must still be called unparalleled, both for the heroism which achieved them, and for the place which they hold in the history of man, had enshrined Athens as in the centre of a glory. The genius of Miltiades and Themistocles had carried her to the pinnacle of renown for arms and diplomacy; the justice of Aristides had made her the acknowledged leader and treasurer of the Greek confederation; the adventurous bravery of Cimon had established for her a brilliant and extended empire; the sagacity of Pericles had consolidated the frame-work of her dominion, and made her structure worthy the place she held in Greece. all had combined to invest her with the command of the seas, and raise to an unexampled pitch of prosperity both her military and her commercial marine. She was the centre of an extensive trade, carried on, both directly, and through the medium of a multitude of rich and powerful colonies, situated in the mid-channel of ancient traffick; she was a manufacturing town so distinguished as to be accounted the inventress of all useful arts; and, in one word, she had become what she called herself, the most beautiful, the most wealthy, the most puissant, and the most glorious of commonwealths; the luminary of Greece, the terror of Persia, the envy of the world.'—Pp. 47-52.

The other parts of the Essay are composed with an equal felicity of observation and language. Some of the remarks on the ancient mythology of Athens, on the system of national education, and on the arts of poetry and sculpture, which are dispersed throughout the dissertation, are of singular excellence, and we give our tribute of praise, both to Mr. Patterson for his very elegant Essay, and to the judicious awarders of the University prize, who directed its publication.

TEUTONIC ANTIQUITIES.

Teutonic Antiquities; or, Historical and Geographical Sketches of Roman and Barbarian History, &c. By C. Chatfield, Esq. 8vo. Pp. 270. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London, 1828.

To those at all acquainted with the bold and extensive researches pursued, by the modern Mullers, Bouterweks, and Hammers of Germany, into the early history and emigrations of nations, an undertaking like the one before us will appear comparatively light and unimportant. The historians of all countries, however, are bound to write with distinct national views, and the laborious inquiries and disquisitions, so eagerly and perseveringly sought after on parts of the Continent, where no great capitals call for the more active employment of the intellectual energies, would be, in great measure, useless in a country like our own, where the active and contemplative faculties must be maintained in more equal proportion. Few men among us have either opportunities or Stoicism enough to seclude themselves for the purpose of wrestling with some gigantic undertaking, in the shape of twenty huge tomes, during perhaps more than the same period of time. But, with the Germans, this is another affair; it is a matter of course: they have no world of politics—no busy metropolitan pursuits and frivolities to distract them; they go to their task as to a *levee*, and commence with zeal what they effect with invincible courage and perseverance. If the intended work, indeed, exceed more than forty large volumes, as in the General History of European Literature and Science, it is considered prudent, in case of a demise, for a few writers to combine, allotting to each only ten or twelve volumes, which we believe to be the portion assigned, in this instance, to the learned Bouterwek.

Works of the same calibre, however, are no longer applicable to the wants and condition of this country. It is no longer in its youth, or in its zenith, like Germany; the age of its folios is gone by; and, though our literature be still green and vigorous in age, it can only be sustained by fresh grafting, and by correct cultivation; not by inserting fresh roots in a soil that has already yielded national fruits so abundantly. It must be ever vain and unprofitable to attempt to form a new literature for any country, much more for one like England. By rightly directing, indeed, and judiciously applying to new subjects, the national genius and characteristics; by forming abstracts and compendiums from the stores of the past, its reputation, doubtless, may become more durable and more widely disseminated. But, at this time of day, it would be intolerable for us to go over our old ground, and produce extensive original works, like the modern Germans, whose substantial disquisitions would be thrown away upon a people, familiar, as it were, with the luxuries of literature in every branch.

Had, therefore, these 'Teutonic Antiquities' now before us, run to the extent of some ponderous volumes, we should have augured by no means favourably of its utility, or its popularity, inasmuch as we believe it would have boasted too few attractions for an English public. The title alone might have been sufficient to deter many, indeed, most readers, from venturing farther; and, had the body of the materials corresponded with its sound and gravity, we incline to think that such a work must have been confined to the range of pure philosophers and antiquarians. Why Mr. Chatfield should have chosen to confer a repulsive name upon a valuable and useful little work, we are at a loss to conjecture; the more so, as it fails to convey a just idea of the work itself. For we should naturally enough have concluded, that, in addition to long and dry researches, it might have contained *bonâ fide* illustrations of camps, roads, monuments, hieroglyphics, &c. &c. So far from this, however, it is simply a series of historical views, explanatory of the origin and progress of the Northern or Scandinavian nations, calculated to impress general ideas and facts, and bring us acquainted with their movements, succession, and reciprocal influence on each other, with the growth of that mighty and wide-spreading tree, from whose branches the tribes of modern European nations are mainly sprung. The only kind of illustrated antiquities we meet with consist of genealogical tables of these nations, which, at least, serve to impress facts connected with their succession more firmly upon the memory. A more correct idea of this able and instructive little work, more adapted to general reading, and to public seminaries and libraries, than to the closet of the antiquarian, would have been afforded us by entitling it, as we observe in the Preface—'Historical Notices of the Origin of the States of Europe in the first and secondary Classes.'

In regard to the method observed by the author in treating his subject, it is at once clear and comprehensive; and he must be allowed the merit of having added to the perspicuity of his narrative by carefully preserving the chronologi-

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cal order and marginal dates, for want of which so many historical Views fail to interest their readers. He has, moreover, the art of condensing his subject, without depriving it of interest, an art which so few writers of abridgments, besides Goldsmith, have succeeded in effecting. The

'Operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.'

was not esteemed a trivial task even by Horace; nor could it have been so in the present case, when, in the compass of nine moderate chapters, the author has dwelt upon the origin, movements, and vicissitudes of the successive tribes of Goths, Wisigoths, Ostro-Goths, Vandals, Lombards, Thuringians, Burgundians, Bavarians, Franks, and Britons. Of the real progress, the international influence, the several and combined effects of these Scandinavian tribes, history, it is known, presents many passages of a disputable nature; and it must have cost a writer no small pains, to steer his way clearly through conflicting statements, so as to preserve an equal tone of consistency and spirit to give effect to his narrative. This, however difficult as it would appear, the writer, for the most part, has attained; and, if there be nothing eloquent or brilliant in his style and descriptions, nothing remarkably striking or philosophical in his remarks, there is nevertheless nothing tame, puerile, and common-place. In some of the more interesting epochs of the history connected with the Lombards, the Burgundians, and the Franks, in particular under Charlemagne, the author always rises with his subject, and inspires us with an interest in what he describes. We may rank his account of King Clovis also, as one of the most pleasing. His conversion to the Christian faith presents a perfect picture to the eye. Treating about this period, in the year 495, the writer observes:

'These scenes of bloodshed at length gave way to more serene and agreeable prospects; the King of the Franks formed an alliance with Clotildis, daughter of Chilperie, Duke of Burgundy, and his marriage was speedily followed by his conversion to the Christian faith, an event accomplished by the mild persuasion of his Queen. He was baptised in the cathedral of Rheims; his subjects hastened to imitate his example, and the flatterers of the age bestowed on him the title of "Founder of the Franconian Church."

'It is related of Clovis, that, in explaining to him the doctrines of the gospel, his spiritual director read aloud the narrative of the Crucifixion, on which the King started from his seat, and, laying his hand on his sword, exclaimed with the enthusiasm of a warrior, "Would that I had been there with my Franks to defend him!" The faith of the new convert, it may be readily imagined, soon became visible in his works; and the petty states of France and Germany, which adhered to the tenets of Arius, were made sensible of the disadvantages of dissenting from the religious opinions of the King of the Franks.'—Pp. 196.

The character and exploits of Charlemagne, during the 8th century, are sketched with considerable truth and spirit:

'This period is also memorable for the institution of gendarmerie, persons of the rank of gentlemen, whose province it was to guard the person of the King. The were clad in a suit of complete armour, and mounted on horseback, followed severally by five or six attendants. It was also the first era of French literature; the learned languages and the works of ancient authors were introduced, and studied by the higher orders of the Franks, and the nation in general began to imbibe a taste for the arts and sciences.

'The titles of Charlemagne were, Emperor of the Romans and of Germany, and King of France and Spain: to these may be added the honorary appellations of Patron of the Arts, and Friend of Humanity. He instituted public schools, repaired and beautified the city of Florence, threw a bridge over the Rhine at Mentz, founded the cities of Dresden and Hamburgh, stationed fleets at the mouths of the navigable rivers to repel the incursions of the Saxons, mitigated the ferocity of single combats by substituting clubs for military weapons, and despatched officers, at stated periods, to administer justice throughout his dominions. . . . Nor was the fame of this Monarch confined within the limits of the Continent of Europe; it travelled into Asia, and history makes mention of an embassy sent to him by the famous Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, with sumptuous presents, amongst which was a tent of prodigious magnitude, containing all the apartments requisite to form a complete dwelling, and decorated with columns inlaid with gold and silver, and a throne ornamented with precious stones. The Caliph also presented him with a water-clock made of brass, of wonderful mechanism, which showed the hours by the fall of balls of metal on the bell, and by the figures of knights, who opened and then closed a stated quantity of doors according to the number of the hour.'—Pp. 231, 232.

We must here, however, break off; though there are other portions of the work fully as spirited and pleasing. The subject is, upon the whole, new, at least to most English readers, and is treated in a manner calculated to render the history of our northern ancestors equally instructive and agreeable. It is, nevertheless, not free from faults—some almost unavoidable, from the disputable ground, and authorities clashing with each other. There are others, however, less pardonable, as, for instance, where the author, in treating of the same periods, but of different tribes, more than once actually repeats the same facts with a slight version of the story. (See pp. 95 and 131.) He might also have advantageously given us more historical references and authorities to satisfy the doubtful reader.

SCIENCE OF ZOOLOGY.

The Animal Kingdom Described and Arranged, in Conformity with its Organisation. By the Baron Cuvier, Member of the Institute of France, &c. &c. &c. With Additional Descriptions of all the Species hitherto named, of many not before noticed, and other Original Matter. By Edward Griffith, F.L.S., and Others. Parts XIV. and XV. 8vo. Whittaker. London, 1828.

We have observed with pleasure, for some short time past, the obviously increasing popularity of Zoological science in England. From the establishment of 'The Zoological Society,' and the distinguished names connected with it, we must anticipate a further increase of this popularity, providing, (of which, indeed, we see no reason to doubt,) that that institution be always regulated by the impartial spirit and freedom from unnecessary restriction, which can alone insure its success. It should never be forgotten, for a moment, that science is the universal property of mankind; that its interests can have no natural connection with the differences of country, of politics, or of religion; and that nothing is more disgraceful than their being compromised, in a single instance, through the influence of private feelings.

Considering the peculiar advantages which England possesses for the cultivation of Zoology, it is astonishing how long this science has been comparatively neglected among us. England is most favourably circumstanced for the improvement and extension of natural knowledge. Her ships that visit every shore for the purposes of commerce, her colonial possessions in the West, her gigantic empire in the East, her Australasian settlements, and, above all, her numerous, intelligent, and enterprising race of travellers, would seem to place her in a position, of all others, the most advantageous for the prosecution of the pursuit in question. In the last-mentioned particular, she stands unrivalled among the nations of the earth.

No country can produce an equal number of distinguished individuals, who, heedless alike of the allurements of pleasure and the suggestions of interest, have been carried to remote and inhospitable climes, where, among barbarous tribes, they have braved every danger, and endured every privation, actuated alone by the sacred thirst of knowledge, or the still holier claims of philanthropy. Nor will it be said, that, among those who remained at home, there was not an ample number, whose assiduity and philosophical acumen could turn to the best profit the result of foreign researches. Notwithstanding all this, however, it must be owned, that, until lately, we were far behind our continental neighbours in the cultivation of some of the natural sciences, and more especially of Zoology; and though, within a few years, we have, indubitably, much accelerated our pace, it cannot yet be affirmed, with truth, that we have overtaken our competitors.

But we beg to be distinctly understood on this subject. When we say that Zoology has languished among us, we speak generally. We know that English individuals have pursued this science with as much ardour and success as the natives of any other country; we know that there have been, and that there are among us, geologists, comparative anatomists, and zoologists, as profoundly versed in the philosophy, and as minutely intimate with the detail of their respective studies, as any of the savans of Germany or France,—men, who need fear no comparison with the proudest names of which the Continent can boast. But there has been nothing like the same degree of encouragement, nothing like the same degree of general extension, given to these important branches of knowledge, in England, as abroad. They form no part of a liberal education; ignorance of them is deemed no disgrace, and an acquaintance with them, is, in general, estimated at no great value. We have, ourselves, repeatedly met men of extensive information in other points, most grossly ignorant of the commonest principles of these sciences, and who could not make use of their commonest terms without the most egregious blundering,—who could not speak of divisions, classes, orders, genera, and species, without the most ridiculous impropriety and confusion,—who entertained notions concerning animal life and habits utterly at variance with all proven facts, and, in many cases, impossible to be true, because contrary to the invariable laws which regulate the co-existence of forms,—and who, in fine, would deny the relation of beings the most evidently congeneric, and unite together the most heterogeneous natures:

'——— ut
Serpentes avibus, geminentur tigribus agni.'

This indifference to natural history, so much exhibited in this country, arises from different causes. First, from our all-absorbing passion for politics, the result of our popular constitution. Both abstract and natural science are much less connected with politics than literature is; and, accordingly, literature has been, and still is, much more generally cultivated among us, than either. Under an enlightened despotism, science may greatly flourish; but the atmosphere of freedom is essentially necessary to the growth and perfection of literature. Science has thriven even under the auspices of Oriental despots, and nothing is fatal to it but superstition. It sheds a lustre round the throne of an arbitrary prince, and cannot interfere with his interests, as literature would do. Men of science, too, are more abstracted from the world than literary men. Literature deals with the '*quicquid agunt homines*,' and its cultivators cannot always avoid observing what is going on around them. The dramatic poet, and the novel writer, cannot always steer clear of politics; much less the cultivator of history and eloquence, with whose pursuits politics are inseparably wound up. But the mathematician and the naturalist have nothing to say to them. It was for this reason that the late Emperor of France encouraged science, and discouraged literature. To this encouragement the popularity of scientific pursuits in France, of late years, is, in a great measure, owing; and to the want of such enconragement, their comparative unpopularity here. However, to do our Government justice, it has, in this respect, been always perfectly impartial. It has encouraged neither science nor literature, and the result has been what might naturally be expected. The study which was most closely connected with our national habits, and which certainly is, in

itself, more attractive to the majority, has flourished most. Science, indeed, requires the sort of encouragement we have mentioned, more than literature. Its outside is not attractive enough, at first sight, to catch the superficial observer. Motives, extraneous to itself, must be held forth to induce its cultivation. A '*Jardin du Roi*' in France has done more for the extension of natural history in that country, than all the labours of private amateurs could ever have done without it.

This leads us to the second reason, which, indeed, follows naturally from the first. Natural History, not being popular among us from our habits, from its less obvious external attractions, and from the want of encouragement on the part of Government, has obtained no *commercial* value in England. This is a most powerfully influential cause of its neglect. It would operate any where; but here, from our essentially commercial character, it must operate more strongly than elsewhere. The value of every thing in this country depends upon what it will fetch. Nothing is esteemed, except in proportion to its demand, as a luxury, or its direct practical utility, as almost a necessary of life. Literature is in the first-mentioned predicament, and, accordingly, we find it a very extensive and profitable article of commerce. The Mechanical, Chemical, and Medical sciences, are in the second, and they hold the next rank in profit and popularity. As to Natural History, it is esteemed as little more than an object of idle curiosity to a few, from which no amusement can be derived, and no profit. It is neither a luxury, nor a necessary of life,; therefore, it has no commercial value,—therefore, it is neglected; it is abandoned to the attention of a few gentlemen, whose independent fortune, or disinterested spirits, enable them to pursue knowledge for its own sake; and the profits of it, such as they are, fall to the share of Messrs. Cross and Wombwell, *et id genus omne*.

The third reason originates with men of science themselves, in this peculiar department. They have taken little or no pains to render this study generally interesting and attractive; they have confined themselves too much to mere classification, definition, and dry description, and neglected to render prominent what is important in the philosophy, and pleasing in the details, of the subject. Added to this, is the very unfortunate degree of complication and confusion existing in the nomenclature of many departments of Natural History All this has proved a source, and a very natural source, of disgust, to many persons, against the study of Zoology. We regret, too, to say, that the evil, so far from being diminished, has increased, and is still increasing: almost every new writer on the subject deems himself justified in multiplying subdivisions, and coining new names, most of them more absurd and barbarous than their predecessors. There is no greater desideratum than a judicious well-digested manual of Zoology, in which there shall be no unnecessary multiplication of subdivisions, into which no new names shall be admitted, except for new species, and no more names than are absolutely indispensable. Were such a work once done, and well done, the sooner the systems of former nomenclators were committed to the flames, the better.

Such appear to us to be the principal, if not the only causes, which have retarded the progress of Zoology among us, and rendered too general the singularly ill-founded opinion, that the pursuit itself is uninteresting, if not uninstructive. The truth, indeed, is exactly the reverse. The study is

'Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose.'

There are, on the contrary, few studies better calculated to expand the mind, and gratify our natural thirst of knowledge. The gradation and interapproximation of animal forms, amid whose countless variations a relation to a given standard can be traced, to one common and original type,—the intimate relation between organised beings, and the local circumstances by which they are surrounded,—the structure of peculiar organs which necessitate a modification of all the others, and fix irreversibly the habits and mode of existence of the animal,—the varieties produced by accidental causes, and the grand and permanent distinctions, whose preservation has been guarded by jealous nature with impassable barriers,—the proportionate development of the intellectual principle following the varieties of organisation,—and, in fine, the astonishing results of that mysterious cause, which our ignorance has termed instinct:—all these are surely subjects of the highest interest, and constitute the essential province and peculiar charm of Zoology. The writers who unfold them are deserving of the gratitude and admiration of mankind, as much as those who employ themselves in disguising and degrading the science, by a cacophonous nomenclature, and a parade of barbarous latinity which fools think learning, are entitled to reprobation and contempt. There are many such in France, and some among ourselves, great men in their little circles: they do well to make the most of this; for they may rest assured, that, however highly they may rank in their own estimation, or in that of their coteries, the world neither knows nor cares any thing about them.

It is time, however, to turn our attention to the work before us. The design of it is extremely laudable,—it is that of combining the scientific and the interesting parts of Zoology, so as to extend the popularity of the subject, and the knowledge of its latest improvements and discoveries. It consists of a translation of the 'Regne Animal' of Cuvier, and a very copious Supplement, containing every thing of interest and importance omitted in Cuvier's text, and drawn from the best authorities. To the preceding parts on the Mammalia, was added a synoptical list of all the species omitted in the 'Regne Animal.' In the present parts on the Birds this plan is altered, and the omitted species are interspersed in the translation of the text, marked by a smaller type and an inner margin.

The Numbers now under our notice contain the Accipitres, Translation, &c., and Supplement, and part of the translation of the next order, the Passeres.

Our observations have extended so far as to leave us little space for extracts. We cannot conclude, however, without observing, that illustrations of this work continue to be executed, in the excellent style of the preceding Parts; and, consider the undertaking in all respects worthy of the patronage of the public.

LAW OF ELECTIONS.

A Digest of the Law of Elections; containing the Proceedings at Elections for all places in England, Ireland, and Scotland, with the Qualifications of Voters, &c. By Daniel Lister, Solicitor. 8vo. pp. 150. London, 1828.

This is the most convenient Manual of the Election Law that has yet been given to the public; and, without a simplification of the law itself, we do not know, indeed, how the subject could e presented, in all its extent, either more luminously, or within a narrower compass. The volume contains a very minute detail of the proceedings at elections in the different divisions of the United Kingdom, from the issuing to the return of the writ, in the course of which are given full copies of the orders, notices, oaths, &c., which have been enjoined by the Legislature, together with ample information as to every other point of practical importance. The special provisions that have been made for particular cases, are all, we observe, very accurately noted; so that there is no county or borough that will not find, in Mr. Lister's little work, a perfect guide or directory as to the formalities of the election ceremony. The laws with regard to the descriptions of persons entitled to vote or interfere on the occasion, are very distinctly expounded in the concluding chapter of the book; and an enumeration is added, in the form of an Appendix, of the penalties to which returning and other officers are liable for neglect or wilful abandonment of duty. Abundant references, too, are made, under every head, to Acts of Parliament and works of legal authority, in support of the statements in the text. Lastly, the whole subject is comprised within a volume of only 150 pages, a circumstance which we certainly regard as forming not the least important recommendation of our author's labours.

Even one hundred and fifty pages is an extravagant amount of letter-press, however, for the exposition of either the Election Law of a country, or any other of its laws. Why might not the whole doctrine of the subject be contained in a single Act of Parliament, of such brevity that every man in the kingdom might easily, if he chose, commit it to memory? Under a rational system of legislation, this would undoubtedly be the case; for the forms of procedure established by such a system, would be few and simple, inasmuch as they would be contrived only with a view to the protection of the few and simple interests of the parties really concerned in the business, and not in subserviency, either to the random and unreasoning solicitations of accident, or, what is still worse, to the preposterous claims and suggestions of lawyers. Our own Legislature seems, indeed, to have at all times proceeded very much upon the principle, that the law exists especially, if not exclusively, for the benefit of the lawyer. Yet, for this particular class in the community, the worst laws are evidently the best. Lawyers would starve under a system of perfect law; just as physicians would do in a country in which there was little or no disease. Their prosperity, as depending upon the law, is all made out of our sufferings under it; and the more it vexes and torments us, the more merrily, we may be sure, will they sing its praises. Had even our Election Law, for example, been less encumbered than it is by all sorts of unmeaning and mischievous complication, Mr. Lister would have been without a subject for his present publication. Not, certainly, that we think he does not amply deserve all the credit and profit his book may bring him, —for it is really, as we have said, a compilation of much merit,—but still it would undoubtedly be better, if the law could be made so short, and generally intelligible in itself, that such explanations of it would be altogether uncalled for. The oaths, and other useless forms and requirements, by which every chapter of it is overloaded, are calculated to yield a far richer harvest to practitioners, we are well aware, in another way than by the comparatively insignificant returns they can ever bring to the man who has happened to make them the subject of a successful publication. Indeed, such popular expositions as the present constitute the most formidable attack—next to the demolition of the system altogether—that can be made upon the monopoly of professional men; and Mr. Lister, we think, deserves the thanks of the public for the disinterested part he has acted, in arming us, as it were, with his practical protection against the dominion of himself and his brethren.

The Hebrew, a Sketch in the Nineteenth Century; with the Dream of Saint Keynor. Blackwood. Edinburgh. 1828.

This is one of the best attempts at conveying religious instruction by means of fictitious narration, that we remember to have seen. The tale is itself extremely interesting, the moral it inculcates is unquestionably good, and many of the incidental descriptions and sketches very admirable. We may mention, in particular, the account of a Jewish ball, and the narrative of an English officer's preservation when wounded and left for dead, by a kind-hearted searcher among the corpses of a battle-field. It is altogether a very interesting little volume, and calculated to afford amusement and instruction at the same time.

NAVAL EXPLOITS OF BRITAIN.

Geste Navali Britanniche, dal Grande Alfredo sino alla Battaglia di Navarino, Poema di Stefano Egidio Petronj. Edizione seconda. 2 Vols. 8vo. Treüttel, Wurtz, and Co. London, 1828.

The idea of celebrating the naval exploits of Great Britain from the reign of Alfred to that of his present Majesty, in a single poem, is, at all events, sufficiently novel. Doubtless, too, a more heroic and glorious theme could not have been selected, had the author ransacked the annals of nations, whether ancient or modern, from this to Doomsday. It presents us with a continued series of splendid triumphs, and calls for little more on the part of a poet, than strong powers of eulogy, with a common share of historical knowledge and enthusiasm for his art. These, at least, we are ready to grant to the muse of Signor Petronj, which, if boasting nothing of the epic fire of a Homer or a Milton, always maintains her flight at a tolerably respectable distance from mere mediocrity and sing-song. Though not highly poetical, there is energy in his lines, and his management of the *versi sciolti*, (the Italian blank verse,) is at once varied and animated. His verse, indeed, has not the polish and power of that of Monti, Alfieri, Cesarotti, and Mauzoni, but it is equally free from carelessness and extravagance. The earnest and spirited tone of the language, likewise, supplies, in some degree, the absence of highly-gifted powers; and this is further recommended by the judicious method of selecting and treating his subjects in a series of epic books or cantos, illustrative of the most brilliant epochs of our naval history. These are, moreover, accompanied with numerous notes, as creditable to the author's knowledge of English history, as to his industry and judgment. He is not content with presenting us with a mere dry detail of facts; he gives force and freshness to them, as well as to his poetical text, by the political views and reflections with which they are interspersed. We may observe, in particular, of the reigns of Elisabeth, Cromwell, and Charles II., the very able and spirited style in which the poet characterises the most remarkable features of our national enterprise and achievements, and the most splendid passages in the lives of our great navigators and heroes of the ocean. As a single specimen, we shall give the speech of the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, after his defeat, addressed to the States:

'Thus well thou spok'st, consummate is the worth
And valour of unconquered Albion's sons.
Had not the speedy succour of our gallant
And noble comrades reached me, I had been
Or slain or taken. Thou, too, De Witt, exclaimd'st,
Hear me, ye sovereign people! while I state,
Boldly, the truth, as now in duty bound:
The English are too powerful, 'tis in vain
We would oppose the monarchs of the sea.'

Pp. 230.

PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE.

Advice to Solicitors on the Passing of Private Bills through Parliament. 8vo. London, 1826.

We cannot better describe the nature of this publication than by a brief recital of its contents. It is especially intended to form a guide to solicitors in the passing of private bills through Parliament, and consists, in fact, chiefly of a methodical digest of the requirements in regard to this matter contained in the voluminous orders of the Lords and Commons, illustrated by frequent references to the practice of the two Houses, and by such occasional directions as to the most advisable mode of proceeding as the author's own experience enables him to lay before his readers. The work commences, accordingly, with a list of the bills requiring public notices, accompanied by a specification of the particular form of notice necessary for each, together with a very full summary of such explanatory observations as the subject seems to demand. The next two chapters treat of the map or plan which must be deposited with the respective Clerks of the Peace upon the introduction into Parliament of a bill for any intended undertaking, and of 'The Book of Reference,' containing the names of the owners and occupiers of the lands delineated in the plan. The whole of this information is afterwards very luminously disposed in a tabular form. Then follows a chapter on the 'List of Owners and Occupiers,' whose interests are to be affected by the undertaking, and whose assent has, therefore, been applied for. The 'Estimate of Expense,' the 'List of Subscribers,' and the Form of 'Petition,' occupy the three next divisions of the Treatise; the first part of which concludes with an enumeration, in regular order, of the stages through which every Private Bill has to pass in its progress through Parliament. Part Second consists simply of an exact reprint of the 'Standing Orders' and 'Tables of Fees' of the two Houses; without the insertion of which the author has, very properly, we think, judged that his work could not have been considered as complete.

From this short statement, the object and utility of the publication will be sufficiently evident. It will not, as the author takes particular pains to show, enable solicitors to dispense with the services of the Parliamentary agent; but it cannot fail to form a most important guide to them in regard to those preliminary duties connected with the getting up of Private Bills, which are considered as belonging more peculiarly to their own department. The subject of which the work treats is interesting, too, in no slight degree, to the public in general; to whose attention, therefore, we would beg to recommend the present exposition of it, as the most convenient and luminous that has come under our review. The author's public spirit was, we understand, last session of Parliament, the means of effecting the correction of many abuses and frauds connected with the passing of private bills; and the public are also indebted to him for certain improvements in the Tables of Fees of both Houses, which have been recently adopted. The book, we think it also right to mention, although first published towards the close of the year 1826, has been prevented from being sold till within these few weeks, by an injunction from the Court of Chancery, the operation of which, in the present case, has been attended with peculiar hardship to the author. We trust he will now find some compensation in the liberal patronage of the public, and especially of his own profession, for the consequences of this vexatious interference.

IRELAND'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. By W. H. Ireland, Esq. 4 vols. 8vo. Cumberland. London, 1828.

Amid the immense number of memoirs to which the career of the singular man whose life they record, has given birth, it is generally acknowledged, we believe, that none have appeared which do justice to the interesting subject. More surprise has been expressed at this than we think reasonable. It was not to be supposed, that Buonaparte would be more happy than other celebrated men in meeting with biographers uninfluenced by any of the ordinary prejudices of writers; or that, in the study of his character and times, we should possess more facilities for judging rightly than in the examination of any other historical character or period. We would ask of those who so bitterly lament the inadequacy of any of the numerous works which have appeared on the subject to effect its proper purpose, what period in ancient or modern history, or the actions of which men belonging to it, can be rightly understood through the testimony of one author? It is with regard to Napoleon's character and actions, as it has been with every other conspicuous actor on the stage of life; his merits and defects are only to be learnt by a careful examination of many and opposing observers.

The work of Mr. Ireland recommends itself, not for any high political character, but for containing a vast quantity of anecdote, and an amusing recapitulation of whatever is known respecting Napoleon's battles and general career. It is illustrated with several coloured prints, and is well calculated for a work of popular reading.

Flora Medica. Numbers 1 *to* 6. Callon and Wilson London. 1828.

Medical Botany is a study of such importance that it is surprising so few, and those almost entirely unscientific works, should be known among us. The present publication is well calculated to supply the want which both professional students and general readers must have felt in this department of science. The letter-press descriptions, as well as the introductory matter, afford a clear and succinct account both of the botanical character of the several planets, and their medical properties. The illustrative prints, also, are well executed, and are admirable specimens of lithography. We cordially recommend the work to the attention of our readers, as it is especially calculated to render the important uses of botanical studies more clearly understood.

CARTOONS OF RAPHAEL.

The Death of Ananias, drawn on Stone by G. Fogge, from the original Cartoon of Raphael, at Hampton Court; and dedicated with permission to Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy. Engelmann and Co. London, 1828.

Of the original Cartoons of Raphael it is unnecessary to say a word. They are among the most perfect of the specimens of ancient art, which time has spared; and are of themselves a sufficient attraction to draw crowds of strangers annually to the palace at Hampton Court to see them. Any representations of these magnificent designs, which, by being moderate in price, can be generally possessed, deserves therefore especial encouragement; and such is the lithographic impression before us. It is the first of a series, intended to include the whole of the Cartoons, to be published at only ten shillings each, though the size of the drawing is about 22 inches by 14. At present, no good collection of prints from the originals can be procured at any moderate price. Holloway's, which are the most finished, (and are certainly splendid specimens of line engraving,) sold as high as *ten guineas each;* and although to persons of fortune these were better adapted than prints of inferior labour and inferior value, and were quite worthy of the highest patronage, inasmuch as the originals *deserved* the highest class of art to be applied to their transcripts,—yet, as there must be a very large number of persons possessing sufficient taste to value highly the masterly drawings of the Cartoons, to whom Holloway's engravings of them were unattainable,—to this class, at least, these lithographs of Foggo's, which are extremely faithful in the general character and effect, cannot fail to be highly acceptable.

VIEWS OF GIBRALTAR.

Six Views of Gibraltar, drawn on Stone, by J. M. Baynes, from the Originals, by H. A. West, Esq., of the 12th Infantry. R. Ackermann, Strand. London, 1828.

We can speak personally as to the extreme accuracy of these Views. Gibraltar, indeed, is so remarkable a place, that whoever has visited it once, must retain vivid recollections of its peculiar features; and those who have visited it frequently, can have no difficulty in recalling every point and aspect of its singular scenery to mind. The first View is from the ruins of Fort St. Philip on the Spanish territory, looking south-eastward, giving a fine view of the perpendicular northern face of the cliff in which the Devil's Battery is placed, and which, overhanging the small sandy isthmus, called the Neutral Ground, which separates the almost insular rock from the main-land of Spain, resembles the Shakspeare Cliff at Dover, overhanging the British Channel at its feet. The second View looking north from the South Bastion, though faithful, is of less interest than the preceding, as being more limited in its extent. The third View, which shows the elevated and cloud-capt peak of Europa, on the summit of which the highest telegraph is placed, with the Governor's cottage on the winding road of ascent; the sea at the base of the rocky cliffs; the Straits of entrance to the Meditteranean Sea beyond, and the African mountains in the distance—forms a very striking picture. The fourth View, looking south from the New Mole, exhibits in a very picturesque manner the manner in which the fortifications are carried along the margin of the sea. The defect of this print is, that the sky is too heavy, and the coast of Africa hardly sufficiently in distance; the battery walls, and the beach beneath, are, however, exceedingly well pourtrayed. The fifth View, which is taken from the North Bastion, is faithful, and gives a good idea of the mingled effect of modern fortifications, rocky eminences, Moorish towers, and ordinary buildings, all of which are here united. The sixth View, looking from the New Mole Fort northwards, embraces a sight of the Spanish hills, with ships and boats at anchor, and completes a very interesting panorama of one of the most remarkable places among all our foreign possessions.

DIDOT.

The superb and unrivalled printing-press of this patriotic and talented individual, has been purchased by the Bank of Brussels, and will very shortly be set at work in that city. The expected renewal of the censorship in France has thus deprived that country of an object which well justified the national pride with which it was regarded by the natives, and the admiration it excited in foreigners.

EIGHT DAYS AT BRIGHTON—BY A FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION.

No. V.

'Tout ce que vient du cœur n'est pas de la flatterie : les flatteurs n'en ont pas . . . . .'

I LEFT Lord S——l's early, intending to spend the remainder of the evening at Lady Mary S——d's, where I was invited. But, in spite of all my hurry, it was so late when I got to her ladyship's residence, that almost all the company had departed before my arrival. This little accident, however, procured me the pleasure of passing a few hours in the society of Lady Mary and a few of her intimate friends.

When I entered the drawing-room, the party were engaged in one of those philosophic discussions in which her ladyship takes so much delight. I felt myself incompetent to share in this profound conversation; and, as it is said that silence implies a certain kind of talent, I contented myself with remaining a listener. I thus enjoyed no small share of interest and pleasure, whenever Lady Mary spoke. I shall not presume to add my humble tribute to the admiration which her high talents so universally call forth; but I may observe that her ladyship has profoundly investigated many important philosophical questions, that she seeks and surmounts difficulties instead of evading them, and that the most enlightened critics are unanimous in the encomiums which her productions have elicited.

The company were occasionally diverted from the grave discussions in which they were engaged by the syren voice of Miss ——, her ladyship's daughter, whose graceful fingers, lightly running over the keys of the piano, proved that she was equally accomplished as a player and a singer.

Lady Mary presented me with her work, entitled, 'The Perception of an External Universe.'—'Madam,' said I, 'I candidly confess that I shall be unable to understand it, without your kind assistance in the way of explanation. Such has been the unsettled course of my life, that I have hitherto had little opportunity for studies of this kind. But I am a docile scholar; and the lessons of an instructress, who possesses, as you do, the art of winning attention and exciting interest, can never be unattended with success.' Upon this her ladyship had the goodness to translate to me some passages of her work,—among others, that which treats of the faith due to miracles. To this last chapter might justly be added the miracle of a lady, devoting herself, in the flower of her age, to the task of collecting and deducing evidences of those important truths, which are not unfrequently the subject of sceptical controversy.

Before I left Paris, I had heard that an Indian, named Mohammed, had established some vapour-baths at Brighton, which were much extolled for their salubrity. The season was now too far advanced for sea-bathing, though many persons still persevered in braving the salt waves every morning. I wished to make trial of the Indian's baths, and to ascertain whether they deserved to be compared with those of Constantinople. I accordingly visited them at an early hour in the morning. I was enveloped in a cloud of vapour, confined in a flannel tent, and my limbs underwent a sort of friction or pressure, called *shampooning*, which produced an unusual sensation of vigour and power of activity. But the baths of Constantinople have an advantage over these. They are taken in a spacious marble chamber, in which the vapour is equal throughout; and when the temperature is raised to the highest degree, it is suddenly reduced by a shower-bath of cold water, which is one of the most powerful tonics imaginable. These new vapour-baths at Brighton are fitted up in that style of elegance which distinguishes all similar establishments in England. The proprietor Mohammed, who has made the art of bathing his peculiar study, is exceedingly attentive in superintending the details. The efficacy of these baths is almost instantaneously felt.

On quitting the bath, after resting for a few moments, I repaired to the terrace of the jetty, to enjoy the bracing sea-air, and also in the hope of meeting with some of the sages of this modern portico. I was not disappointed. Lord and Lady H——d were there; his lordship mounted on his poney, and her ladyship seated in a little chaise, just high enough to enable her to converse with her friends in the ride; for here they were sure to meet almost every body they knew in Brighton. The members of this little out-door club were all on a footing of perfect intimacy. Lord H——d, who is at all times distinguished for his pleasing manners, appeared on these occasions more than usually remarkable for easy, unaffected frankness. These conversations, which, in spite of difference of opinion, were constantly maintained with good-humour, might, had they been recorded, have served alike for a code of *bon ton* and a school of politics.

Lord H——d and his friends were, when I joined them, talking about the affairs of Greece, and the influence which the support of the Greek cause would probably have on the political equilibrium of Europe. The name of Colonel Fabvier was mentioned, and I was asked whether I knew him. 'I frequently met him in Paris,' I replied, 'before he went to Lyons as Chief of the Duke of Ragusa's Staff. I lost sight of him when he was assailed by those unjust and unwise persecutions which forced him into a line of opposition totally at variance with his natural character. After a long series of calamity, he was driven to the greatest of all misfortunes, that of bearing arms against his country. The issue of the contest in Spain involved him in all that misery which falls to the lot of political victims, and in this forlorn condition I found him on my first visit to London. He was then engaged in chemical experiments adapted to the arts, and he told me that he had some idea of going to Persia, where he had left a brilliant reputation, when he was attached to one of the French embassies in that country. His absence from France seemed to prey upon his spirits, and his anticipations of the future were cheerless and discouraging. But the noble mind is exalted by misfortune, as the atmosphere is purified by storms. It was with no less surprise than satisfaction, that the newspapers shortly afterwards informed me of his arrival in Greece; and the noble cause he has embraced, will, I trust, like a new baptism, purify him in the eyes of those who, judging of things only by their results, have, perhaps, condemned him undeservedly.'

Two young ladies, attended by their governess, now appproached lady H——d. Their cheeks were suffused with that delicate but healthful tint which succeeds the more decided bloom of childhood, and the modest grace of their deportment rendered them exceedingly interesting. 'Those,' said Sir Robert, 'are the daughters of Lord G———le, our ambassador at Paris; the young ladies are here for their health.' The weather was most inviting, and the elegant promenade was thronged with carriages and fashionable pedestrains. 'There,' said Sir Robert, 'is Princess Esterhazy.' Her appearance sufficiently denoted her exalted rank; and, in her elegant figure and sweet expressive countenance, I could trace a striking resemblance to her aunt, the late Queen of Prussia. 'This place,' said I to Sir Robert, 'is a sort of universal panorama. I could now almost imagine myself transported to the banks of the Neva; for yonder I perceive a Russian nobleman; his fine countenance, portly figure, and, above all, his richly furred pelisse, remind me of one of the boyards of Moscow.' 'That,' replied Sir Robert, 'is no other than the Duke of Devonshire; however, your mistake is natural enough. For his coat has, I dare say, been brought from Russia, where he has lately been the representative of our Sovereign, at the coronation of the new Czar.'*

'Who is that lady,' I inquired, 'surrounded by her lovely young family?' 'That,' replied Sir Robert, 'is Lady Ux——ge, whose father-in-law has just been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or, as you would denominate it in France, the *Viceroy*. Her beauty would, indeed, add lustre to a throne. You will, perhaps, see her this evening at the ball; for, I suppose, you have not neglected to apply for your ticket. Contrary to our English custom, the ball will commence early, but nevertheless, I dare say, it will be kept up till day-light to-morrow morning. I intend taking my daughter, and if you will favour her with your company to a family-dinner, we will all go together.' I gladly accepted the invitation. Besides Sir Robert's family and myself, the dinner party consisted of Mr. Br——el, his two daughters, and a very agreeable young gentleman, named L——, a brother of Lord D——, who seemed to be a particular favourite of Sir Robert. I was struck with the singular resemblance of one of Mr. Br——el's daughters to the Countess Rosalie Rezewonska, with whom I was intimately acquainted at Vienna. I remarked the circumstance to Sir Robert, who had also known the Countess at Warsaw, and he concurred with me in thinking the likeness very remarkable. 'May I inquire,' said Mr. Br——el, 'who is the lady whom my daughter so much resembles?—From her name, I should guess she is a Russian.' 'No Sir,' I replied, 'she is a native of Poland, and one of the most distinguished individuals in that country, as well on account of her high rank, as her many estimable qualifications. She is celebrated by an anecdote of which she was the heroine, and which borders closely on romance.' This was enough to rouse the curiosity of the ladies. Miss Br———el begged to be made acquainted with the adventure of her female socio, and, in compliance with her wishes, I related the following story.

At the epoch, when terror covered France with scaffolds and tears, a young lady, equally illustrious by birth and celebrated for beauty, the Princess Fanny Lubomerska, was in Paris. In the midst of the convulsion, she relied for her security on the protection of the law of nations, and devoted her whole attention to the education of her only daughter Rosalia, who was then in her sixth year. Nevertheless, she was denounced to the Revolutionary Committee as a conspirator against the Republic, and was brought before that sanguinary tribunal. To be suspected, accused, and guillotined, was, in a few days, the lot of this interesting victim. On being arrested and separated from all her servants, she was allowed to bring her daughter with her to the Conciergerie, and when the unfortunate mother was dragged to the scaffold, she recommended her child to the care of some of the prisoners who remained behind. These, however, in their turn, soon experiencing the same fate, transferred to others the unfortunate infant who was in this way bequeathed, *in articulo mortis*, from victim to victim. At last, little Rosalia found a protectress in a good woman, named Bertot, who was the laundress of the prison, who, feeling for the forlorn condition, and charmed by the interesting countenance of this orphan of the dungeons, added her as a sixth to the five children of whom she was already the mother. In this situation, so different from that for which fate seemed to have destined her, Rosalia showed that the qualities of her heart were as valuable, as the graces with which nature had endowed her person were attractive. Her sweet disposition, her eagerness to please her bene-

* It is always gratifying to see individuals whose names are associated with historical recollections. But, besides the distinction which an illustrious name confers, the Duke of Devonshire possesses that of being a liberal patron of the arts. The elegant verses translated by our poet Delille, refer, I presume, to the Duke's accomplished mother.

factress, in all of whose labours she shared, made the good laundress feel for her all the affection of a mother, and bestow on her the same tender care as on her own children.

The reign of terror having passed away, the list of the victims of that period, which was published in every country of Europe, informed the friends of the princess, that, in a land called free, an illustrious Polish lady had paid with the forfeit of her life, the confidence she placed in a people whom she considered generous. On receiving this distressing news, Count Rezewonski, brother to the Princess, hastened to Paris. He took lodgings in the Hotel Grange Batelliere, in the street of the same name, and anxiously endeavoured to discover some traces of the daughter of his unfortunate sister; but several weeks were unsuccessfully spent in pursuit of this object. Every means of publicity was resorted to in vain. The poor laundress never read the journals, in which the advertisements, descriptions, and proffered rewards, were inserted. The gaoler of the Conciergerie, who could have given some information respecting the orphan, was dead, and had already had two successors. Nothing now remained to promise a favourable result to the Count's inquiries. However, Providence, which had thought fit to close the period of the young orphan's trials, ordained, that she, who had been the laundress of the Conciergerie, should be employed in the same capacity for the Hotel Grange Batelliere. One morning Rosalia accompanied her second mother, when she had to bring her burthen of linen to the hotel. The Count, who happened to be crossing the court at the time, was struck with the beauty of the child, whose features brought his sister to his recollection.—'What is your name, my little dear?' said he. 'Rosalia, Sir.' 'Rosalia, do you say? Good woman, is this your child?' addressing the laundress. 'Yes, Sir, I think I have a good right to call her mine, since I have adopted her and maintained her for these three years; but though I say she is mine, I cannot say I am her mother. Her poor mother was a prisoner, and she has now neither father nor mother.' 'Her mother a prisoner, did you say?' 'Aye, and a grand lady she was, Sir, but she was guillotined along with others in Robespierre's time.'

The Count was persuaded that he had found his niece; but to be farther convinced, he made the experiment of speaking to her in Polish. On hearing the accents of her native tongue, Rosalia burst into tears, and throwing herself into the Count's arms, exclaimed, 'Ah! I understand you; that is the way my mother used to speak to me.' The Count had no longer any doubt; he pressed the child to his heart, exclaiming, 'Rosalia! Rosalia! you are my niece, the daughter of my beloved sister!' Then turning to the laundress, whom surprise had rendered motionless and silent, 'Worthy woman,' said he, 'be still the mother of your Rosalia, you shall not be separated from her. Since you made her one of your family when she was a destitute orphan, your family shall belong to hers in her prosperity. And now let us begin to share with you.' With these words, he put a purse of gold into her hands, and that very day provided lodgings for her and her children at the Hotel Grange Batelliere. Soon after he left Paris for Poland, whither Rosalia's second mother and the whole family also went. The children of the laundress were educated under the eyes of the Count with the greatest care. The boys, who were sent to the University of Wilna, afterwards joined the Polish army, and became Aids-de-Camp to Prince Poniatowski. The daughters received handsome portions and were married to Polish gentlemen. As to the Countess Rosalia, whom you, Miss Br——el resemble so much, she married her cousin, Count Rezewonski; and, when she related to me this affecting anecdote, opulence and felicity had spread their golden wings over her destiny. The good Madame Bertot still lived with the Countess, who called her always her mother.

When I finished this narrative, Miss Wilson observed, 'You have related a story, Sir, which, perhaps, may fail to be recorded as it ought to be, but which deserves to be engraved in every female heart.'

Soon after, our ladies left us to make some addition to their dress for the ball; but, at their age, more than half the toilette is nature's workmanship, and they came down as soon as the carriages were announced. We soon drove to Ship-street, which is but a short way from Sir Robert's house. When we got to the Old Ship, we found the company assembled, and the ball begun. The spacious rooms were fitted up in a very superior manner. They even exhibited a degree of elegance and refinement which I little expected to see at a tavern. The view of the whole was, at first sight, really dazzling. The fair forms and faces which I beheld around me, presented all that angelic beauty, which I hitherto supposed had no existence but in the imagination of Raphael, and which no pencil but his could adequately pourtray. I soon got separated from my party, and, as I wandered about in search of some one who, like myself, wished to be a spectator rather than an actor in the gay scene, I was lucky enough to meet my old friend, Mrs. Concannon. Now, thought I, I shall neither be a solitary, nor an unprofitable observer. I offered her my arm; and we took our places on an elevated seat, which commanded a view of the whole ball-room. The gay panorama was now rendered doubly interesting by the readiness with which Mrs. Concannon gratified my curiosity on every point on which I questioned her. 'Does not this remind you,' said she, 'of the Hall of Apollo at Vienna, which was so splendidly fitted up, and which used to be thronged by foreigners from all parts of Europe.' 'The Appollo-Saal, Madam, was much larger than this room; and, if I recollect right, it was fancifully adorned with shrubs. The company also was generally more numerous than this; but I may safely affirm, that I never, on any occasion, beheld so dazzling an assemblage of beauty as is collected here to-night. There is such an enchanting air of freshness and purity about young females in England, that they may, without any poetic extravagance, be compared to opening flowers and unsunned snow. Their appearance of innocence and candour is even more captivating than their regular features and brilliant complexions.' 'Your remarks, Sir,' said Mrs. Concannon, 'apply admirably well to the four young ladies who are dancing in this quadrille. They are Miss Ric—ds—, Miss F——x, Miss K——p, and Miss St——rt. Is it not like one of Albano's pictures set in motion?' 'But tell me, Madam, who are those young officers who are dancing with them. It appears odd that they should wear their swords. Is it for their own personal convenience, or for that of the company, that they bring the emblems of war into a place consecrated to the elegant and tranquil amusements of peace?' —'Oh,' said Mrs. Concannon, 'that is one of the fashionable follies of the day; a piece of caprice, and bad taste, which, I have no doubt, will be relinquished before our next ball. Do you observe the lady who is coming this way, and who seems oppressed with melancholy, in spite of all the gaiety with which she is surrounded?'—'I think,' replied I, 'that I saw her this morning, in an elegant carriage, in the King's Road.'—'Very likely you did,' said Mrs. C. 'She is one of the richest heiresses in England, and her dejected appearance sufficiently denotes that wealth is an irksome burthen to her. She cannot determine on the choice of a husband; and it is said, that she has even refused the hand of one of our princes of the blood, an alliance which would have raised her to the highest rank in society.'—'Alas! Madam, she is greatly to be pitied. Care and anxiety seem to have preyed deeply on her health and spirits. If I might venture on a Latin quotation, I should say,—

'Fortuna magna magno domino est servitus.'

'Translate it, if you please, Sir.' 'It means, Madam, that great fortune makes the possessor its slave.' 'Here is a contrast to this melancholy picture,' resumed Mrs. Concannon; 'look at that young man, whose cheerful open countenance seems to indicate perfect happiness. Such is the opposite effect produced by different circumstances and feelings. The lady possesses wealth, and the gentleman only hopes to possess it.' I inquired the name of the gentleman. 'He is,' replied my fair interlocutor, 'Mr. Charles Th——on. His grandfather's absurd will occasioned the passing of an Act of Parliament, to prevent the recurrence of similar cruelty and injustice, for such undoubtedly it is, to disinherit four generations for the purpose of making one of our descendants richer than any sovereign in Europe. Mr. Th——cn's son is destined to enjoy this accumulated wealth. He is a lovely boy,—the image of his beautiful mother; but, when he attains the age of the lady of whom we were just now speaking, he may perhaps justly apply to himself your Latin quotation. The lady who is sitting opposite us, and whose mild and dignified countenance so well harmonizes with the elegance of her form and the richness of her dress, is the Baroness D——. Beside her, sits her beautiful sister, Mrs. M——ng, who, during her long residence in India, has acquired that sort of voluptuous Oriental grace, which is observable in all her motions.' 'I have the honour of knowing those two ladies,' I said, 'and I can bear witness that your eulogium does not exceed their merits;—but will you be kind enough to inform me who that young lady is, who dances so gracefully in the quadrille, at our left?' 'She is Miss Sm—th, the niece of Mrs. F——b—rt. To her Parisian education, she is perhaps indebted for the singular elegance by which she is distinguished. She speaks French with the utmost purity, and she excels in every accomplishment; and what is certainly not her least merit, she is as modest as she is beautiful. Her partner is Lord Charles R——l, the son of the Duke of B——d.' 'Ah!' said I, 'there is something about him which strongly reminds me of his mother.' 'He is in the army,' added Mrs. Concannon, 'where I have no doubt he will honourably maintain the historical fame of his family.'

After the quadrilles, waltzing commenced. 'This, of course, reminds you of Germany, and the happy days we spent at Vienna,' said Mrs. Concannon. 'I presume you like waltzing, were it only for the pleasing recollections it revives.' 'I do, indeed, Madam,' I replied, 'in spite of all that is said against it in Goëthe's "Werther." I could almost affirm that the gentleman who is dancing with that young lady, whose slender waist is encircled by a sky-blue sash, had learned to waltz in Austria, which is the native land of waltzing. Who is he, pray?' 'That is Mr. W——er, one of the most distinguished of our young men of ton. But his recent marriage with a young lady of very amiable qualities may, perhaps, wean him from his fashionable follies, and teach him to seek happiness in the duties and pleasures of domestic life. His partner is Miss S——i, who is remarkable for that exquisite beauty of which she herself appears so unconscious. The couple by whom they are followed are Lord Ux——ge, the son of the Marquis of A——sea, and the graceful Miss Gib——s, who has passed some time in Italy and France, where she has received instructions from the best masters. She paints like an artist, speaks several languages, and even understands Latin and Greek. But what enhances all her charms, is the pains she takes to conceal her superior acquirements. The group now advancing are the Ladies O'B—en, their sister, Lady Susan H——m, and the Misses H——at.' 'I

have the pleasure of their acquaintance, Madam,' said I, 'and nothing can exceed the admiration and repect I entertain for them. Were we to study the manners of high life from such models, we should trace pictures, whose bright lights would more than counterbalance the shadows we should be obliged occasionally to throw in.' 'If you please,' said Mrs. Concannon, 'we will retire to the refreshment-room.' 'With great pleasure, Madam, perhaps I may there rejoin my friends, from whom the charms of your conversation have so long separated me.' 'Oh! said Mrs. Concannon, the young ladies have, of course, been dancing; and as to the gentleman here, as well as everywhere else, to do as they please, is an indispensable condition in all their amusements.'

CONTINENTAL SCENES.

No. I.—The Murder.

During the middle of last summer, I was travelling through the delightful provinces in the east of France. Thus agreeably engaged, I frequently availed myself of the delicious fragrance which pervaded the mild evenings of the month of August, and wandered alone amidst the splendid scenery on the banks of the Rhine. On one occasion, I strayed mechanically towards the village of Houssen, situated near Colmar. The sun had already set, though a glowing streak of red still marked its departure in the west; while, from the opposite horizon, the moon, like a timid, blushing nymph, rose from out the silvery clouds. The Queen of Night gradually rose, and pursued her course uninterrupted through the azure vault of heaven, or occasionally rested on an accumulated mass of clouds, whose broken shapes and shades likened them to the lofty summits of snow-topped mountains. Her mild and dawning light rapidly assumed a vivid brilliancy, which glittered through the foliage of the trees, and illumined the deepest recesses of the wood, or played upon the waters of the noble stream which flowed through the plain. I contemplated with delight this enchanting scene, and could not, in my enthusiasm, but exclaim, with the poet—

Eloigne tes pavots, Morphée, et laisse moi
Contempler ce bel astre, aussi calme que toi.
Cette voûte des cieux mélancolique et pure,
Ce demi-jour si doux levé sur la nature,
Ces sphères qui, roulant dans l'espace des cieux,
Semblent y ralentir leur cours silencieux;
Du disque de Phœbé la lumière argentée
En rayons tremblottans sous ces eaux répétés,
Ou qui jette en ces bois, à travers les rameaux,
Une clarté douteuse et des jours inègaux;
Des différens objets la couleur affaiblie,
Tout repose la vue, et l'ame recueillie.
Reine des nuits, l'amant devant toi vient rêver,
Le sage réfléchir, le savant observer.

The sky was clear, the air calm and serene, and the rays of the moon broke through the darkness with their pale light; the freshness of the night fell upon the earth and cooled its burning heat; the husbandman had long left his labour, and retired to his peaceful dwelling: all was tranquillity and repose, and no sound was heard, save the mournful cry of birds of prey, the distant step of some lonely traveller, or the hollow roar of the impetuous waters, as they dashed upon the rocks in their course.

I sat at the foot of a tree, and looked with wonder and delight upon the sublime scene that lay before me, and my thoughts were of the hidden Being who had created such works of grandeur: I was absorbed with these reflections, when the hour of one struck from the church of Hausen and warned me to retire.

I rose and walked slowly away; as I came near a bridge at a short distance from Colmar, I saw something like a human figure stretched in the road, and, on approaching the spot, found it really was a man lying senseless. At this moment I heard the noise of an approaching carriage; it was the Strasburg mail, and was driving exactly in the direction of the body. I called to the postillion, but either he heard me not or the horses ran away; for the carriage proceeded with redoubled speed, and, soon after, I heard the crush of the wheels passing over the head of the unfortunate being in the road. I hastened towards him to give every assistance in my power, but, alas, he had ceased to exist.

It was now between two and three o'clock, I removed the corpse to the road-side, and proceeded with all haste towards Colmar. I informed the officer on guard at the gate of the city, of the event which I had just witnessed; and we were preparing to return to the spot, where the disaster had taken place, when a person, covered with rags and tatters, entered the guard-house, and surrendered himself a prisoner, declaring, at the same time, that he had just assassinated a man. I looked at this unhappy being; he was in the prime of life, about the middle size, but much emaciated. The extreme paleness of his face was still more conspicuous, from the jet black hair which nearly covered his forehead. His look was steadfast, and his countenance bore the character of profound melancholy, and fixed resignation. There was something in his whole appearance so unusual and so unlike guilt, that he inspired me with compassion, rather than with horror. I was present when he was brought before the authorities to be examined: he said his name was Joseph Ignatius Platz, a native of Switzerland; that he was on his return from Russia, where he had lived for several years in a situation little removed from slavery. Forsaken by the whole world, and reduced to the necessity of begging his bread, he had become weary of the wretched existence to which he was doomed, and had formed the resolution of committing some crime which should induce the laws of his country to relieve him from the burthen of life, which he was no longer able to support. He said, that he had, on the preceding evening, on the road to Strasburg, near Colmar, between the hours of eleven and twelve, met a man uttering dreadful imprecations, that he had seized the stranger's stick, and beat him over the head until he fell down dead, and that he was now come to deliver himself up to justice, to punish his atrocity and rid him of a weary existence.

The spot this unhappy man described as the scene of his guilt, was precisely that on which I had found the lifeless body of the man who had been crushed by the Strasburg mail, I was also present at an inspection of the corpse of the murdered man, who was a Jew, named Heyman, well known in Colmar, where he had spent the day on the 2d of August; the murder was committed on the 3d. The surgeon who examined the body observed, that, according to my report, the head had been crushed by the wheel of a carriage, but whether his death was occasioned by that circumstance, or whether Heyman had ceased to live previous to that accident, it was almost impossible to decide. He was, however, of opinion, that, had he been dead any length of time, at the period of the wheel passing over his head, the effusion of blood would have been less abundant; that some would have flowed through the apertures of the fractured bones; but that, the large wound in the face would probably have been less liable to such copious bleeding.

This declaration enlightened immediately my mind; I hastened to the prison in which the wretched Platz was confined, and, by dint of persuasions and entreaties, I prevailed on the unfortunate man to acknowledge that he had not committed the murder of which he had accused himself. 'You have extorted my secret from me,' said he, looking steadfastly at me, 'do not divulge it; do not take from me the hope of being soon in presence of my Judge, my Creator, my God;' and he took up a small prayer-book that he had laid down on a seat, on my entering, knelt down before an image of Christ, which he had fixed to the wall, and shedding a flood of tears, and striking his head against the walls of his cell, he began to read aloud the psalms of the dead.

I hastened to inform the magistrates of the confession which the unfortunate Platz had made; one of my friends was intrusted with his defence, and we succeeded, by our entreaties, in making him promise to tell the whole truth before the Court. 'Then I am again to be condemned to live,' said he bitterly; 'why will you restore me to an existence that I abhor?' We tried to reconcile him to life. 'You have not only exchanged the inhospitable climate of Russia,' said his generous defender, 'for the soft sky of France, but you have passed from the station of a slave, to that of a man. Will not this give you a claim to the assistance and sympathy of your fellow-men? Many will succour you without your knowing the hand that supports you, many a generous heart will seek to bind you to existence by the tie of gratitude; and you will then bless the day that gave you for judges humane and noble-minded men.' Platz shook his head doubtingly, and we left him to prepare his defence.

The trial was fixed for the 7th of December. As a witness, I was obliged to be present; the Court was crowded, and, in the countenances of those present, there was more of pity than of that feeling of horror which crime generally inspires. Platz was brought to the bar of the accused; he bowed his head before the image of Christ placed over the President's chair; and, after making several times the sign of the cross, he sat down, and it was evident from the motion of his lips that he was praying.

'Platz,' said the President, addressing the accused, 'you stand charged with having committed a murder.'

Platz, (inclining his head,) replied, 'God's will be done!'

The President continued—'You have several times declared that you were guilty of the crime.'

Platz rejoined—'I have said so, it is true, but I am not guilty; my declaration was contrary to truth; I am indeed a sinner, a wicked man, but I have not committed this murder.'

'Then,' asked the President, 'why did you accuse yourself?'

(To be concluded in our next.

A CHAPTER ON HAIR AND BEARDS.

'God, when he gave me strength, to show withal
How slight the gift was, hung it on my *hair*.'
Samson Agonistes.

Abulfeda, the Arabian historian, relates, in his memoirs of Saladin, that, when the Franks were rapidly acquiring the upper hand in Egypt, the Caliph, in his terror, implored Sultan Muraddin's aid, and accompanied his earnest entreaty by the homage of his wives' *abscisded locks*. An inquiry into this passage, which has proved a Gordian knot to more than one learned cranium, will afford a more amusing occupation than would, at first sight, appear 'to square with the occasion.'

From remotest antiquity, the hair of the head and chin has been cherished with a degree of respect, bordering, among Eastern nations, upon positive veneration; nor has even Jew, Turk, or Russian, in our own days, departed from the predilection of their forefathers for this once reverenced adornment of the 'human face divine.' We are informed by Pocock, that, when the Egyptians permitted their slaves to wear beards, the mere permission denoted that they were restored to freedom. A greater insult or disgrace could not be offered to a person, than to deprive him of his beard. The loss, indeed, of the hair, either of the head or chin, was of itself symbolical of vassalage; and we may judge of the excess of idolatry, to which this prejudice in favour of the lock and beard was carried in ancient times, by the supernatural potency, which Samson ascribed to his hair.

The Greeks, it is true, were accustomed to clip their locks, and, in general, did not allow them to descend below the shoulder; yet, that it

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might not, on this account, be inferred, that they were bondmen, they scrupulously sacrificed the first rape of those locks to some favourite deity. The haughtier Greek, however, prided himself on suffering his hair to grow at full length and flow, in copious tresses, down to his waist or elbows, and delighted in having it said of him, not that he was 'polished,' but that he 'wore long hair.' The reverse of this custom prevailed among the earlier Christians, who considered it a proof of humility to have their heads shaved, precisely after the fashion of the Thracian slaves, whose distinguishing mark was a bald pate, with a tuft of air on the crown of it. It is more than probable that the tonsure of monachism arose out of this practice.

The hair was equally a token of freedom among the Arabians. Combatants, releasing their prisoners without ransom, cut off a lock from their brows, and carefully preserved it in their drinking-cups, as a proof that it had stood in their power, either to slay their captives, or retain them as slaves. It was also customary, at the celebration of the baptismal ceremony, to present the sponsor with a locket of the infant Christian's hair, as a sign that he was consigned to the care and protection of the party responsible for his nurture in the true faith. From this custom sprung the ceremony of cutting off the hair, which the Greek Church ordains to be celebrated on the eighth day after baptism, and the Latin Church equally admitted among its rites in earlier times. Nor should it be forgotten, that among the various modes of adoption formerly practised, one of them consisted in shaving a child's head: in proof of this, it is recorded, that, when Charles Mastel, the French major-domo, sent his son, Pepin, to Luitpraud, king of Lombardy, he entreated him to cut off his hair, or, in other words, to adopt him as his child.

At a later period, we find Bormund, prince of Antioch, when taken prisoner by the infidels, sending a confidential message to Baldwin, subsequently king of Jerusalem, with a lock of his hair in token of his captivity; and, on another occasion,—that of the Saxon's breaking out into rebellion against Clothaire of France, and defeating Dagobert, his son, in Holland,—the latter despatched one of his suite, with a lock of his hair, requiring instant succour from his parent.

Surely, enough has now been adduced to show that, when Saladin, who deemed himself the mightiest of all earthly potentates, sent the locks of his wives to Muraddin, he meant to intimate that he was reduced to the last extremity, and apprehensive of seeing those, who constituted his dearest treasure upon earth, dragged into foreign slavery.

Before we take leave of the reader, we will glean for his amusement an interesting fact or two, not unconnected with these topics, from the annals of our Gallic neighbours, the lords of taste and fashion in a semi-refined age.

Of old, a lengthy beard not only distinguished a native of Gaul, from the inhabitants of the various countries his prowess had subdued; but was esteemed a badge of honour: every youngster, in consequence, felt himself bound to bestow a more than common care on the first shoots of his chin and lower lip. Towards the end of the eleventh century, however, William, Archbishop of Rouen, thought proper to declare war against long hair and beards, and carried his hostility to such a pitch, as to prevail upon a Council, held in 1096, to issue a decretal, that all such as irreligiously persevered in wearing their hair long, should for ever be excluded the pale of the Christian church, as well as the benefit of being prayed out of purgatory after their decease. Custom, however, is second nature, and the laity refused to be shorn by the clergy. Zealous and gallant defenders arrayed themselves on the side of the 'bearded party,' and such was the fury with which the point was contested, that either side could boast a number of victims in its own good cause. But the most melancholy consequence arising out of this broil, was Lewis the Seventh's permitting his beard to be abscinded, and becoming thereby so despicable an object in the eyes of his consort, Eleanor of Aquitaine, that his days were not only bereaved of all domestic peace, but he was at last obliged to divorce himself from her. Within a period of six weeks' time, she became the wife of Henry, Duke of Normandy, and subsequently King of England; who received the provinces of Poitou and Guyenne, as her marriage portion. From so trivial a cause as this, may be said to have arisen that succession of wars, which desolated France for a space of three hundred years afterwards. Three millions of Frenchmen lost their lives, because an archbishop chose to denounce the use of beards; a king allowed himself to be shaved, and a queen-consort considered him a contemptible puppy, from the moment he attempted to salute her cheek with a smooth chin.

In the course of time, beards went out of fashion, and remained in banishment, until Francis the First restored them to their quondam dignity; their cousins-german, the ringlets and long tresses, however, had continued to maintain their reputation, until that monarch, meeting accidentally with a blow upon his head, was compelled to undergo the operation of the tonsure, and, in order that he might divest himself of the appearance of a monk, took immediate care to promote the growth of his hitherto beardless chin. From this moment, every dandy about the court decorated his phiz with a long beard, whilst the jurisconsult and ecclesiastic continued to strut in beardless gravity. Dating from the reign of Henry the Fourth, human ingenuity was actively engaged in devising perpetual variations in the form and cut of the beard. Some wore it round, others in the fashion of a fan, some in ringlets, and others of a long, narrow, pointed shape, like a cat's tail; it was tended day and night, perfumed, anointed, and deposited in a bag, when the owner sought his pillow. Its ultimate fate merged into the retention of a diminutive tuft below the under lip, and the creation of an upper beard—the renowned mustachio.

THE SOCIETY AND LITERATURE OF FRANCE. BY A RESIDENT OF PARIS.

No. III.

Paris, March 21, 1828.

The second volume of M. Fougeray's *Soirées de Neuilly*, has had an immense sale. The fidelity of the description of Malet's extraordinary conspiracy is felt by all; but the most attractive portion of the volume is the Proverbe, entitled the *Stationnaires*. In this little production, the sentiments and conversations of our different political parties are most happily pourtrayed. The Buonapartist ridicules the old Marquis de Monville, who, in discussing the affairs of Greece, is against going to war with the Grand Turk, on account of his legitimacy; while, on the other hand, the emigrants smile at the simplicity of Generals like Delorme, who fancy that the French nation is still attached to Buonaparte and his family. But the most humourous scene in the piece is that which ridicules the affected seriousness now so much in vogue among our young men. The author pourtrays a grave youth, who, instead of making love to the girl who is destined to be his wife, entertains her with a long discourse on *Statistics*. To satirize this prevailing affectation, required some degree of courage; for the class of young men at whom the author has aimed his ridicule, are the contributors to our principal literary journals, in which Fougeray will no doubt be set down as an exceedingly immoral writer. The first edition of the *Soirées de Neuilly* was sold in twelve days. In the second edition, which was published yesterday, several passages are suppressed. Some of the individuals alluded to in Malet's conspiracy are still living, and are a little ashamed of the part they acted on the 18th and 19th of October, 1812.

For example, Corporal Rateaux, the innocent Aid-de-Camp of Malet, is now residing at Brussels. He, however, has made no remonstrance on the subject of the publication. The author has softened down many circumstances in the original trial of Malet, which was taken down in short-hand.

A copy of this trial, accompanied by some very curious manuscript notes, has been lent to me. In one of these notes the following particulars are mentioned:—Napoleon was subject to fits of sentimental jealousy, and, when in Egypt, he is said to have been less distressed by the miseries to which his troops were exposed, than he was tormented by the thoughts that Josephine might forget her duty to him in his absence.

During the whole of the passage from Alexandria Frejus, he was constantly thinking about the sort of reception he should experience from his wife. He even ventured to speak on the subject to his friends. 'If,' said they, 'our wives meet us with tears, that is a bad augury; but if, on the contrary, they receive us in a natural way, it is a sign that they have nothing to fear, and that they set scandal at defiance.' Buonaparte exercised all his ingenuity, and that was not a little, to avoid appearing ridiculous, when conversing on this delicate subject with his friends. But this was no easy matter. The rest of the officers were infinitely more concerned about the reception they might experience from the Directory, than they were about meeting their wives. If the Directory had acted with firmness, they would all have been shot.

Buonaparte, having landed, proceeded immediately to Paris; but his wife was not there. Two roads lead from Paris to Lyons. The General took the Burgundy road, and Josephine, who set out to meet him, took the Bourbonais road. On his arrival in Paris, the General spoke of his wife with affected indifference. His friends, imagining that ambition alone occupied his thoughts, alluded, unreservedly, to some levities of which Josephine had been guilty in his absence. The General determined on having a divorce, a resolution in which he persevered for the space of three days. Duroc, however, convinced him, that, by resorting to such an extremity, he would only make himself ridiculous, and that he would never find a better wife than Josephine. Buonaparte, who was ardently attached to her, was easily prevailed on to forgive her. It is droll enough that he used to ridicule Berthier, (who was passionately in love with Madame Visconti,) because he used to forgive his mistress for proceedings similar to those of which Josephine was guilty.

Our clever and inexhaustible dramatist scribe has just brought out his one hundred and tenth piece. It is a melodrama, intitled 'Yelva,' and the story is that of a Russian dumb girl. In the first act she is seen in the Luxembourg gardens in Paris. In the second we find her at Wilna, where a duel is fought between her brother and her lover, and, by the violent agitation of her feelings occasioned by this event, she obtains the use of speech. The piece has proved exceedingly attractive, though the critics have found fault with it. Mademoiselle Leontine Fay performed the part of the dumb girl very effectively. At the age of twelve, this actress was considered a juvenile prodigy; but she is not esteemed above mediocrity now that she is twenty.

A picture by Horace Vernet, now exhibiting at the Salon, is much admired. The subject is Edith seeking the body of Harold on the field of battle, where he was slain by the companions of William the Conqueror. It is painted quite à *l'Anglaise*, that is to say, with an utter disregard of finish in all the minor parts. This picture has been executed with singular rapidity. It was begun on the 5th of January last, and was exhibited on the 5th of March.

MADAMEOISELLE SONTAG—THE BEAUTIFUL OPERA SINGER.

[At the present moment, when public curiosity is so highly excited, respecting this celebrated singer, who is to make her début at the King's Theatre on Tuesday next, we feel much pleasure in presenting to our readers the following article, extracted from Dr. Granville's forthcoming work, entitled 'Petersburgh at the close of 1827,' which has been obligingly communicated by a friend of the author.]

On the very day after our arrival, (October, 1827,) we found all Berlin in an uproar, and people running in all directions to procure a ticket, an admission, or a corner in a box for the Opera, for the purpose of hearing Mademoiselle Sontag. Entreaties, bribes, extravagant prices for a place, were all in turn resorted to, as the only means of gratifying a wish which seemed to animate at one and the same time, the whole town. I soon found that the inhabitants were positively wild about this much-talked-of Mademoiselle, and I insensibly caught the general enthusiasm. What was mere curiosity on my part, to hear this celebrated songstress, of whom so many and singular romantic reports had circulated in England, was soon changed into an irresistible desire to be present at her performance in the evening. In this, however, I should have been disappointed, but for the kindness of the English Chargé d'Affaires, who, very fortunately, sent me in the afternoon a ticket for his box, just as I had received the despairing news from our landlord and valet de place, that it was found impossible to procure an admission for that evening, either for love or money. At a very early hour, the house was crammed full. The King, two Princesses, and I do not know how many Princes Royal, the Duke of Cumberland, and a long string of grandees, all glittering with stars and crosses, attended the representation. With the exception of his Majesty, who sat in a side box on the stage; they all occupied a magnificent box in the centre of the house, brilliantly illuminated, hung with a rich drapery, and highly ornamented with mirrors and gilding. The company assembled on the occasion, formed a striking *coup d'œil* for Berlin. The boxes boasted of all that is *choisi* in society; among the ladies there was a fair sprinkling of beauty; but the sweet countenance of Lady B——, who graced the box in which I had the honour of sitting, and who had just returned from a trip to Moscow, by way of spending the summer holidays, was easily distinguished from amongst the fairest Berlinoises, and, from the first of her entering the house, attracted universal attention. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, on perceiving her ladyship from the Royal box, came round to pay her a visit, during the lead-footed minutes which hung heavy, and slowly elapsed, before the long-wished Opera began.

At last the Orchestra, consisting of about double the number of performers that compose the orchestra of the King's Theatre in London, struck up the magnificent overture to *Winter's* new Opera, entitled 'The Interrupted Sacrifice,' (Das Unterbrochen Opferfest,) which was divinely executed. No one can form an idea of the difference between the performance of this, or any other piece of music, by a German orchestra, and the orchestra of any other nation, who has not heard both. One of the highest gratifications which a successful composer can enjoy, must be that of having his productions executed in such a style, and in so admirable a manner. When the uproar which the much-applauded overture excited had ceased, all eyes and eye-glasses were, at once, directed towards the stage, watching with impatience for the appearance of the idol of the night. At last, Mirrha entered, and every hand was instantly in motion. The star —the comet,—the attraction,—the Henriette Sontag, Königlich Kammersängesin, of whom poets, sonnet-writers, newspaper-compilers, prose-composers, and travellers, have made so much of, stood before us. Her beauty dazzled me —her singing pleased and disappointed me.— She is slender, rather *petite* and *mignonne*. Her countenance, like that of Canova's nymph, is full of sweetness and heavenly radiancy, which belongs more to the *beau ideal* than to mortal reality. I would say, that her foot is the prettiest thing imaginable, if her hands were not prettier still. She is faultless as to teeth, which the sweetest smile imaginable, for ever hovering round her mouth, sets off at every warble in all their glory. Her *chevelure*, between auburn and *blonde*, is magnificent; and, to conclude with the most essential part, the quality of her voice is, beyond measure, pleasing, and she possesses great and remarkable facility; yet, with all these attributes, she is not a first-rate opera singer—lacks judgment—is indiscriminate in the introduction of ornaments—knows no method, and belongs to no school. Of all these negative qualifications, the first only it will not be in her power to alter. Nature has refused to her the two principal requisites towards forming a first-rate opera performer—expression both of countenance and in the tone of her voice, and a commanding person. Mademoiselle Sontag can never attempt the grandiose style; she cannot depict strong passions, and is as much the reverse of Pasta or Pizaroni, as any singer can well be. She is, in fact, a pretty thing—a pretty singer, a pretty *bijoux*, and nothing more. Madame Catalani was quite correct when she said, that 'Elle est la premiere dans son genre—mais son genre n'est pas le premier.' It is impossible not to agree with this description. My own disappointment at her performance, however, was not very considerable after all; for I could have listened to her warblings, and looked at her beautiful person, for ever. But my expectations had been raised too high; I expected a *cantatrice di primo cartello*, and I found only an agreeable songstress.

Mlle Sontag's voice is a soprano of a pleasing, clear, and sonorous *timbre*. She can reach the high E without screaming. The flexibility of her organ has seduced her into that peculiar style of singing, which made Madame Catalani the wonder of musical Europe for a few years; but which disables the performer from ever being a scientific singer. It is this quality of the voice, united to the personal gifts so profusely lavished by nature on this favourite daughter of her's, that brought Mlle Sontag forward as a miracle on the German stage, and made her at once, without any preliminary step, a precocious *prima donna*, at the age of seventeen! But the first station at the Opera cannot be held on such easy terms. There must be science, and we must have acting and correct declamation. We require a just and impassioned conception of the character to be represented, a classical acquaintance with the drapery of the subject, to constitute a real *prima donna*. Now, none of the *ornamental* singers, whose astonishing facility for flourishes, roulades, and chromatic notes, lifted them up precociously to the seat of pre-eminence for a time, have ever possessed any of those important qualifications. The necessary time for acquiring them has been spent in receiving premature applause to the one dazzling gift of nature, a flexible voice, rendered more seductive by personal beauty. Such applause has spoiled all these Infant Lyras; and, in their adult years, they have found themselves deserted. Who could have patiently listened to a Catalani, any night, within the last twelve years? On the other hand, look at Marno, Banti, Camporesi, Pasta, Pizaroni, toiling through the difficulties of the profession, moulding their taste to the best models, forcing their early way through hisses or chilling silence, and, at last, compelling the capricious public to bestow admiration and applause, where they displayed but indifference. They become absolute on the stage, and retain their post, with increasing credit, to the end of a long and brilliant career.

The part of *Mirrha* is suited to Mlle. Sontag, except in the last two scenes, where she is required to represent great feeling and acute distress of mind. In both these she fails. Her unalterable sweet face is the same under the influence of pleasing as afflicting passions; and the extent of the expression of her large beautiful eyes consists in lowering them with the bashfulness of one of Carlo Dolce's lovely Madonnas, or in raising them toward heaven with the swimming tenderness of an expiring Cleopatra. These two movements are introduced into every character, and at every step of the representation, succeeding each other at times with unceasing rapidity. If ever Mademoiselle Sontag visits London, the frequenters of the King's Theatre will not be long in remarking this singular limitation of power in a lady, who, I doubt not, will, nevertheless, be received with enthusiasm. Such loveliness as hers is sure of reigning supreme in that house, the emporium of gallantry and fashion.

On the following evening, the same enthusiasm and ardour prevailed at the representation of the 'Barbiere' of Rossini. This master is now, *goûté*, as much in Germany as he is in Italy or France. The part of *Rosina* seems to have been written expressly for Mademoiselle Sontag. She is unequalled in that character, and leaves even Fodor behind her. Her bewitching grace, and the charm of her fine voice, in '*una voce poco fa*,' heightened, no doubt, by the faultless beauty of her person, drew down such thunders of applause as had never been before heard within the walls of the Berlin Theatre. The Germans are perfectly enraptured with their charming countrywoman,— the more so as her private character is spotless, and her conduct perfectly lady-like. Exposed by being placed on the stage not so much to temptations, (which real virtue can withstand, in any station in life) but to calumny and illiberal reflections, Mademoiselle Sontag, being without any female relatives of consequence, has selected, it is said, from amongst her acquaintances, a lady of the strictest morality, the widow of a superior officer, to whom she allows a very liberal pecuniary consideration, to be constantly with her on all occasions and in every place. She is, moreover, guided by the counsels and shielded by the patronage of an eminent foreign diplomatist, resident in Berlin, whose age and high character are a sufficient guarantee of that lady's unimpeachable conduct.

For the twelve representations for which she was engaged at Berlin she received 600 louis d'ors, and the receipts of the last night, expense free The administration of the national theatre made her an offer of 4000 ducats (2000*l.* sterling) for a season, which she rejected; probably owing to a previous engagement with the Parisian manager.

In the French capital, Mademoiselle Sontag is also a very great favourite; but the French admiration for her talent does not, like that of the German, border on extravagance. She has performed at the 'Théâtre des Italiens,' in some of the first master-pieces of Rossini. In 'Tancredi,' unquestionably one of the most magnificent productions of that composer, she does not appear to advantage. The part of *Amenaide* is too full of sentiment and elevation of character to be at all represented with effect by an actress and a singer of the calibre of Mademoiselle Sontag. She seems aware of this, and consequently omits one or two pieces which require much and sweet expression. The *Amenaide* of Mademoiselle Sontag is a coquette, looking almost too innocent for such a character, but still a coquette, elegant, graceful, agile, smiling, bewitching, but not the *Amenaide* of Rossini. In 'Otello' again she has attempted the character of *Desdemona*, and has failed, even in the opinion of her fondest admirers. Her pretty figure will not yield to the impressions of tragic emotion; her destiny is to shine and be unrivalled in the Opera Buffa. If she appears on the London boards, and consults her own credit and fame, she will select for her *début* 'La Donna del Lago,' 'La Cenerentola,' or 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia.'

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my return from Russia to England, I had ood fortune of again hearing this popular in Paris. The performances were 'La a del Lago' and 'La Cenerentola.' In the r opera, Mademoiselle Sontag had, by her most powerful rival for public favour, in ra Pizaroni, that giant of strength, gran- and energy, in both singing and acting,— inparalleled *contralto*, some of whose notes through the veins, and make the very quake against the course of nature. This nstance seemed to give her more animation. the moment in which she sung a beautiful vith Pizaroni, her voice, her taste, even her e, I was about to add, seemed at once to ve. She strove to give more energy action, and more expression to her sweet but with little success. Mademoiselle g must study, for some time, the great models of her art, before she can to succeed in her praiseworthy efforts, ual this great singer, in whose company has been so often performing. With- xaggeration, I may say, that in no country e world have I been a witness to the e of rapturous and enthusiastic expression plause which followed the conclusion of me Pizaroni's cavatina, 'Oh, quante la- !' The ardent passion, the affecting melan- the anguish of mind, pourtrayed by that ordinary performer in the course of this na, with a display of mastery of her art n equalled, and never surpassed, by any singer,—positively turned the head of most *melomanes* in the crowd, who, with screams ociferations, clapping of hands and beating cks, hurraing, and vivaing, and waving of erchiefs, and throwing of flowers on the testified, for some minutes, their conviction e superiority of science, taste, action, and unassisted by a single spark of feminine y, over mere beauty and facility of execu- These are the models that Mademoiselle g will see the necessity of studying.

e 'Cenerentola' is, in the opinion of many, f Rossini's best productions in the comic Many of the principal songs and *pezzi rtati* in it, had been sent forth to the public eir eccentric composer, in other operas, with to try the taste and judgment of the con- urs respecting them. Those were ingrafted 'Pietra di Paragone,' performed at Milan 12; in the 'Turco in Italia,' which appeared t Milan, in 1814; lastly, in 'Otello,' which irst played at Naples in 1816; and, being vards collected together, they were intro- as the *forte* of the 'Cenerentola,' the first sentation of which took place at the 'Teatro ,' at Rome, in 1817. Mademoiselle Sontag aken great many liberties with her part in pera, and has made transpositions of keys, are not always compatible with what follow. She is very fond of singing in This, indeed, appears to be the key in she can mostly display the extent and of her voice. One of her most successful positions is that in her cavatini in the finale, , from E, she raises a tone and a half to G- avatina may be assumed as a favourable spe- t of the utmost which this sweet songstress o. She descends to the G below the lines. g over, in the prettiest manner possible, a atic scale of great extent, with a grace and ess that are absolutely irresistible. Her ap- aturas are expressive; her sostenutoes, firm, and sonorous; the silvery tone of her voice ivered with a well-managed breath; she is g, and launches, at all hazards, into a sea of shes, of the result of which, she appears not certain, but which is generally successful, oncludes by darting towards the audience heart-melting glances, which have called , in Berlin, and which will call down in on, if she comes hither, thunders of ap- e.

'THE LITERARY GAZETTE,' AND 'LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW.'

If mere controversial victory had been our aim and object, in the observations, contained in our last Tuesday's Number, on the conduct of the two Journals named above, the issue would have abundantly answered all our expectations: as the first has offered no extenuation or reply whatever, and the Editor of the last, unable to justify his conduct by reason, has recourse, as is usual in such cases, to personalities of the most unwarrantable nature. But we were actuated then, as now, by much higher motives than mere desire of triumph; and, conceiving it a duty we owe to the public, as well as to ourselves, to expose whatever is calculated to delude their judgments, by unfounded assertions in fact, or erroneous inferences in argument, we shall steadily pursue that course to the end, undeterred by taunts or threats, which have no terrors but for the guilty. With 'The Literary Gazette' we have done; our business is now with 'The London Weekly Review.'

In the article put forth by the Editor of that work, on Saturday last, as an answer to our observations of the preceding Tuesday, the main points of our charge, (namely, the arrogance of its self-eulogy, and the inconsistency of such conduct in parties who originally set out with a denunciation of this system, when observed by others,) are altogether evaded, and personal recriminations substituted. The several heads of these we will enumerate.

First—It is attempted to enlist the sympathy of pacific minds, by asserting that '"The London Weekly Review" never attacked Mr. Buckingham or his Periodicals;' that, on the contrary, 'it had spoken *indulgently* of him on more than one occasion, and should have preserved this pacific conduct to the end of the chapter, but for this wanton and uncalled-for attack,' which, it is insisted, was commenced by us! But, how stands the fact? It is admitted, in the same article, that 'The London Weekly Review,' did, purposely, speak 'contemptuously' (and, we will add, unjustly) 'of Literary Periodicals in general;' and it now avows that 'it could not conscientiously make an exception in favour of Mr. Buckingham's labours,' and, therefore, did not mean to except them. What is not excepted, must, of course, be included; and, therefore, the unjustifiable assertion that *all* 'the Weekly Literary Periodicals,' except 'The London Review,' were 'under *base* influence'—'pretending to sources of information which had *no existence*,'—and '*servile copyists* of its own previous decisions,' was the original attack, and a more hostile or injurious one can scarcely be imagined. This was commenced, without cause or provocation, by 'The London Weekly Review;' and that it was done through the pages of 'The Quarterly,' instead of through its own, is only an aggravation of the evil; first, in its being addressed to those who, not seeing 'The London Weekly' itself, might be the more easily deceived; and, secondly, from its more extensive circulation, spreading the delusions respecting itself, and mis-statements respecting others, wider than twenty times the amount of its own sale would accomplish. It is, therefore, a subterfuge to assume for it the pacific character attempted to be worn, since the first declaration of open hostility proceeded from itself, and was met only by a just defence.

Secondly—It is attempted to disparage 'The Sphynx' and 'The Athenæum,' (for in this, both must be included) by the insinuation, that, whatever funds may have been available for establishing them and carrying them on, have been derived from 'appeals to the pity and charity of mankind.' This may allude to two circumstances: first, to the legacy left to Mr. Buckingham by a gentleman in India, which he devoted to the establishment of 'The Sphynx'; or, secondly, to the amount subscribed for Mr. Buckingham by that portion of the British and Indian public who thought him unjustly oppressed by the Government of India. As to the first, when it is considered that this legacy of 500*l.* was left by a gentleman with whom Mr. Buckingham never had any intercourse, personal or written; whose death happened in the interior of India, some years after the object of his approbation had been banished from that country, and that it was accompanied with the solemn assurance of its being 'offered as a dying testimony of respect for his zeal and manly conduct as a public writer and advocate of the cause of the oppressed;' we repeat, when all this is considered, Mr. Buckingham can have no reason to be ashamed of such an unsuspicious mark of esteem, any more than of the purpose to which it was appropriated, namely, to uphold and disseminate those very principles, in honour of which it was originally bestowed. As to the second, the case stands simply thus: In preferring his moral and political duties to his pecuniary interests, Mr. Buckingham sacrificed, in what he deemed a public cause, a positively possessed fortune of 40,000*l.*, and an income of 3,000*l.* a year, with the prospect of 100,000*l.*, within a reasonably short period; and, subsequently, had this sacrifice in some degree mitigated, by the voluntary aid of the public-spirited among his countrymen in India and in England, to the extent of about 10,000*l.*,—a bare fourth of his loss;—every shilling of which, however, as those who make so unworthy a use of these facts well know, has reverted again to the community of India, in the establishment and support of a work, exclusively devoted to the advocacy of their interests, under disadvantages which nothing but such sacrifices could counteract. When individuals who sneer at such sacrifices, and such testimonies of public sympathy as these, shall make the one and receive the other for themselves, they will then be better able to estimate their real value.

Thirdly—It is insinuated, that the Rev. Henry Stebbing, (who did not become permanently attached to 'The Athenæum,' till some time after its establishment,) is its real Editor; that Mr. Buckingham is wholly incompetent to edit a Literary Journal; that he knows nothing whatever of the ancient authors of whom he speaks so familiarly in his writings; that he is even wholly ignorant of contemporary literature; that, in short, he is every thing that is contemptible as a man, and a mere empiric as an author. These accusations are indirectly made, it is true, in the form of questions; but they assume a direct shape by what follows, where the writer says, 'We do not ask (these questions) for our own information, for *we know him*; but we cannot help blushing for our *profession*, when we find it *disgraced* by EMPIRICISM SO REVOLTING.'

This is towards the close of the article under notice; and, really, all other matters contained in it are of such subordinate importance compared with this, that we might have passed them over with the silent scorn which would best have suited them; but, although we have hitherto abstained entirely from reference to personal matters, we should be unworthy of the estimation of any honourable mind, if we could permit such assertions as these to go unrefuted. As, however, the writer of these imputations, Mr. St. John, the Editor of 'The London Weekly Review,' (who has been privately offered an opportunity of denying the authorship, and has answered only by saying, that Mr. Buckingham had no right to question him on this point!) assumes greater credit for his assertions, on the ground of his personal knowledge of the individual to whom they apply,—as he thus puts the question at issue, as it were, on his personal acquaintance with Mr. Buckingham, it will be but an act of justice to him to state, in a few words, the history of that acquaintance, and the circumstances under which it was formed, fostered, and maintained.

At the close of the year 1823, when 'The Oriental Herald' was about to be commenced, Mr. St. John was introduced to Mr. Buckingham as a young man of ability, who might be useful to him as an assistant on that work, with the further claim of most pressing and urgent want, with which he had long been struggling, from the difficulty of supporting himself by his literary labours. This is not stated by way of reproach; for this may, at some periods of their lives, be undeservedly the condition of the most worthy men on earth; but it is a necessary part of the narrative. The two claims of ability and need were such as to command immediate attention; and, accordingly, Mr. St. John was engaged, as sub-editor of 'The Oriental Herald,' at first, on a scale of payment for labour performed, but, subsequently, in compliance with his own preference, on a stated salary, as being less precarious. During three years and a half, Mr. St. John continued to fill this situation under Mr. Buckingham, his salary being progressively increased, and continued, without interruption or deduction, through periods of absence from town, and incapacity, from sickness, to afford the slightest assistance to his employer. During the same period, also, he received pecuniary advances, beyond his just claims, to a considerable amount, for the purpose of relieving him from embarrassments, from which he had no other means of escaping; which advances (notwithstanding the flourishing state of his new undertaking, according to his own representation in the public prints) he has never made an effort to return; and which are, to this hour, unrepaid. During the whole of this period, Mr. Buckingham's house was his second home; and such was his professed preference of the pleasure its society

afforded him, to every other enjoyment within his reach, that he twice changed his residence to be nearer to this circle, and scarcely ever went a week without passing some of his evenings there. During this period, he expressed the most lively interest in all the public proceedings in which Mr. Buckingham was engaged;—his efforts for redress against the Indian Government;—his refutation of the calumnies of Mr. Bankes;—the progress of his separate volumes of travels through the press;—and all his other undertakings. During this period, he published a Poem, and, as a mark of his respect and esteem, dedicated it to Mr. Buckingham by name. Soon afterwards, when the 'Travels among the Arab Tribes' were published, he unsolicitedly wrote a review of that work, which was full of the most flattering eulogies, and the highest compliments, to the talents, as well as character, of its author, several parts of which were printed in 'The Examiner;' and, both in his correspondence and conversation with others, as well as to the individual himself, (often, indeed, intrusively so,) was fervent and incessant in professing the highest admiration of what he himself chose to characterise as 'extraordinarily extensive knowledge and powerful talent,' and a 'perfection of character, and mildness of disposition, altogether unparallelled in his acquaintance with mankind.' Such adulation ought, perhaps, to have excited doubts of its sincerity at the time; but, however much beyond the real merits of the individual to whom it was applied, it was more easy for him to suppose it originating in the mistaken judgment of a warm and zealous friend, than in an insincerity, of the existence of which he had not the most remote suspicion.

In the summer of 1827, Mr. D. L. Richardson projected the establishment of 'The London Weekly Review;' and, being acquainted with Mr. St. John, as the sub-Editor of 'The Oriental Herald,' made overtures to him, for the purpose of obtaining his assistance. Mr. Buckingham's consent was asked, and freely given, under a persuasion, that the Editorship of such a Review would offer better prospects of ultimate reward to Mr. St. John, than the subordinate situation which he then filled. On quitting Mr. Buckingham's service, however, all his former protestations of respect, gratitude, and friendship were repeated; and pledges of the same devotion to his interests, as heretofore, voluntarily made. The next favour solicited of Mr. Buckingham was, (and in this both the Proprietor and Editor equally joined,) that he would furnish some articles for their 'Literary Review;' and, above all, that he would allow them to be printed, with his name attached to them as the author—for the sake of giving to the Review the advantages which, to use their own words, his 'deservedly high reputation' would secure it! With this, also, he complied; and the early Numbers of 'The London Weekly Review' will thus be found to contain original articles, studiously put forth, both in the advertisements as well as in the body of the work itself, as 'written by J. S. Buckingham,'—whose name was then thought an important attraction to the infant-undertaking. In the same spirit of cordial good-wishes for its success, both these gentlemen were still permitted to be on such a footing of personal intimacy, as to come, uninvited, whenever it suited their convenience, to join the literary friends, who made Mr. Buckingham's residence their resort, and to derive whatever benefit this extension of their acquaintance and connection might afford them.

At the close of 1827, the almost unexampled success of 'The Sphynx,' and the consequent possession of means which this placed at his disposal, induced Mr. Buckingham to think of establishing a purely 'Literary Journal,' on the same independent principles. So unwilling was he, however, to do any thing which might be supposed hostile to the interests of Mr. Richardson or Mr. St. John, that he immediately communicated his intentions to both, and proposed, in order to prevent all rivalry, to make them joint participators in the benefit of his new undertaking, either by admitting them as partners with him, on an equitable consideration,—or by uniting 'The Weekly Review' with 'The Sphynx,' for a consideration to be fixed by them,—or, in short, by any made most convenient to their own views of the matter. They declined (as they had an undoubted right to do, if they chose); but the very offer was regarded by all, but themselves, as a proof of great disinterestedness, and friendly intentions, at least. Their next step was an endeavour to dissuade Mr. Buckingham from undertaking 'The Athenæum,' for which purpose they paid an evening visit, and (possibly enough, sincerely,—but, at all events, very gravely) assured Mr. Buckingham their own experience was sufficient to teach them that, by venturing on such a step, he would be rushing on certain ruin; as *even they* had hitherto been quite unable to defray their own expenses, and for *him*, such a thing was hopeless;—modestly adding, that, when *they* commenced 'The London Weekly Review,' there was really *need* of an enlightened and independent journal, but that now that need was supplied, and no other could have a chance of success. The conversation ended, on the part of Mr. Richardson, with the offer of a bet of a thousand guineas, that 'The Athenæum' would not sell 500 copies per week in the first six months. Mr. Buckingham replied, that, not being in the habit of betting, he should prefer reserving that sum to be applied to the making 'The Athenæum' worthy of the success which he still hoped it would attain.

The experiment was tried; and the result was, that it sold, in the very first week of its existence, more than four times the number which it was predicted it would not reach in six months! This event, gratifying as it necessarily was to the party benefiting by it, seems to have been the sole cause (for no other can be imagined) of a complete revolution in the feelings, views, judgment, and determination of the other party. From that moment, their visits were less frequent; and, when made, were sometimes applied to the purpose of endeavouring to seduce from their engagements literary associate contributors to the pages of 'The Athenæum.' Still, however, a show of friendly disposition was maintained; and, even so late as the 18th of February last, when a letter was addressed by Mr. Buckingham to Mr. St. John, adverting to these attempts, and stating also that reports were current,—of his endeavouring, conjointly with Mr. Richardson, to depreciate 'The Athenæum,' by privately insinuating that its circulation was less than the world believed,—and expressing a hope that this was not true;—the answer of Mr. St. John, which went to deny the accuracy of the report, contained the following remarkable expressions:—first, in reference to the attempt to draw off its contributors, he says:

Perhaps you do not consider the thing as wrong in itself, and only object to my putting the question under your roof. God knows, I had been *so accustomed to consider your house as almost my own*, and you as so far above all petty jealousy, that I had no conception it could be unpleasant to you:'—and next, in reference to the fear expressed, that circumstances had made a change in his disposition, he says, addressing Mr. Buckingham, 'You will find in the long run, that, in all your travels, *you never met a man so attached to you, as I have been up to this moment.* I do not say, (he continues) that, I am incapable of literary jealousy, for perhaps I do not sufficiently know my own heart; but this I will say, that it must be *bitter ill-usage indeed* that could make me your enemy:' and he afterwards characterizes himself as 'one of the most faithful (though not powerful) friends it was ever your fate to make or find in the world!'

These are the *verbatim* expressions contained in a letter, written by Mr. St. John's own hand, and addressed to Mr. Buckingham so recently as the 18th of February last, but a few weeks ago, since which, not a single new fact connected with Mr. Buckingham's capacity or understanding, (save and except his exposure of the arrogant pretensions of the advertisement of 'The London Weekly,' as analysed in 'The Athenæum,') can have come to his knowledge.

Mark, then, the result—For more than four years of uninterrupted personal intercourse, Mr. St. John saw nothing in Mr. Buckingham's character or conduct to prevent his serving under him, as a literary assistant;—dedicating to him the only original work he ever published, as to his patron and friend;—writing, unsolicited, for a periodical journal, the most eulogistic review of Mr. Buckingham's Travels, and the highest praise of his talents and character, that ever appeared in print;—soliciting from him articles for his 'Review;'—pressing, as an especial favour, for permission to use Mr. Buckingham's name;—and calling himself, at the end, the most attached and faithful friend that Mr. Buckingham ever had the good fortune to make or meet in the world:—within a few weeks after which, totally forgetting all his former experience, avowals, obligations, pledges, and professions, he turns round, and calls the same individual, in the columns of his own paper, 'an ignorant and contemptible empiric,' 'a silly, dull, prolix, illogical, wordy, and obscure writer,' having 'a happy knack at abusing reason and common sense,' and 'making sad havoc with the English language;' as being so filled with 'grovelling envy and malevolence,' as to be 'always in quarrels;' and as being deserving only of such language as this:—'His pitiful cant and hypocrisy are our utter scorn; we shall ask him for his pity when we write like him;' and, 'we cannot help blushing for our profession, when we find it disgraced by empiricism so revolting!!'

Can such a plain and circumstantial narrative as this need one word of comment? or can the individual here described, be ever again worthy of belief, or of a moment's attention? Of the truth of all we have stated, we pledge ourselves, whenever the occasion shall be offered us, to furnish unimpeachable evidence and proof. We regret deeply the necessity for such disclosures; but our consolation is, that we have not been the first to attack either the public character of a rival Journal, or the private character of its conductor. When 'The Athenæum' was, in common with its contemporaries, denounced in 'The Weekly Review,' as base, servile, and pretending to resources which it did not possess, we should have tacitly acquiesced in the justice of the censure, had we remained silent; and when our private character is attempted to be held up to public odium, by the conductor of the same Journal, we should be deficient in spirit, indeed, if we abstained from showing the nature of the claims, which the writer has to credit for his assertions. It is this spirit of resistance to injustice, from whatever quarter it proceeds, (by which we ever have been, and hope always to be, animated,) that is, indeed, the cause of our having been, unfortunately, more frequently engaged in 'quarrels,' than more submissive subjects. We have never once, however, *provoked* them. There are men living under the despotism of India, who have borne ten times the oppression we have suffered, without a murmur: thank heaven! we are not of so yielding a mould. There are others who have been terrified from their purpose, by more insignificant threats than those of Mr. Bankes: we rejoice that we are made of sterner nerves. There are some, also, who would submit in silence to all we have been here exposing, on the ground of its insignificance and incapacity to produce the smallest injury. We have, however, but one rule, by which we regulate our conduct, whether towards enthroned tyrants, clothed with all the power that despotism can give them,—to private slanderers, whose wealth emboldens them to outrage truth and justice,—or to the humbler enemies whom jealousy may make infuriate, and their obscurity encourage them to hope for escape,—from each and all of which we now have suffered; we have, we repeat, but one rule, which is, 'Be just: and fear not.' It is not our disposition to strike; but we will never shrink from defending ourselves, against all invasions of our political rights, our public reputation, or our private character, whenever there is aught substantial in such aggressions, whether they come from peers or peasants, from open enemies or pretended friends; but most of all, when, as in the present case, an attempt is made to deceive the public by one who lays his claim to its confidence on a long-continued private friendship, which he has here turned to the worst purpose that it is possible for the mind of man to conceive.

We have performed a painful duty; but, since we cannot reverse the past, our fervent prayer for the future is, that, as far as we ourselves are concerned, the subject may never again cross our recollection; and, for our ungrateful enemy, that he may also live to repair the breach, which, if he has a spark of generous feeling left in his bosom, this event must have already caused in his own happiness and peace.

Views of Windsor Castle, and its adjoining Scenery, drawn from Nature, and on Stone.' By William Gwain. Engelmann and Co. London, 1828.

THE second Number of this Work has been just sent to us. It contains the same number of Views as the first, namely, six; and, on a comparison of the two, we find the present quite equal to its predecessor. Of these twelve views, there is not one without interest; they present a series, which, from the variety, as well as skilful choice of the positions taken, will give a stranger a complete idea of one of the most celebrated castles and royal palaces of England. The introduction of the river and park scenery—of Eton College, and Windsor Bridge, across the Thames,—add much to the picturesque effect, and agreeably relieve the merely architectural views. The Collection is, indeed, in all respects, worthy of a place in the portfolio of amateurs.

The Pride of the Village; Designed and Drawn on Stone. By C. Childs. Engelmann and Co. London, 1828.

IT is not easy to imagine a more characteristically beautiful figure, or a more sweetly expressive face, than is given to the Village Girl here represented. The landscape of the scene is also well designed; and the execution of the whole soft as well as spirited.

La Fontaine.

Fable 4.

Les Deux Mulets.

Deux mulets cheminoient, l'un d'avoine chargé,
L'autre portant l'argent de la gabelle.
Celui-ci, glorieux d'une charge si belle,
N'eut voulu pour beaucoup en être soulagé,
Il marchoit d'un pas relevé,
Et faisoit sonner sa sonnette;
Quand l'ennemi se présentant,
Comme il en vouloit à l'argent,
Sur le mulet du sac une troupe se jette,
Le saisit au frein, et l'arrête.
Le mulet, en se défendant,
Se sent percer de coups, il gémit, il soupire.
'Est-ce donc là,' dit il, 'ce qu'on m'avoit promis?
Ce mulet, qui me suit, du danger se retire,
Et moi, j'y tombe, et je péris.'
'Ami,' lui dit son camarade;
'Il n'est pas toujours bon d'avoir un haut emploi,
Si tu n'avois servi qu' un méunier, comme moi,
Tu ne serois pas si malade.'

TRANSLATION.

Two mules were journeying, laden one with corn,
While gold was in the other's panniers borne.
The money-carrier marched with stately tread,
And tossed the jingling bells upon his head,
Proud of the costly burthen; while the other,
At humble distance, followed his rich brother.
Some thieves, who near the public road were hovering,
Attacked the travellers, seized the reins;
Nor were their nimble fingers long discovering
Whose sacks could best repay their pains:
Cashier resists, and plunges, bites, and kicks;
The rogues reward him roughly with their sticks;
Till, sinking, bruised and battered, on the road,
Eased of his load,
Loud he bemoaned his melancholy fate.
His comrade thus addressed him: 'Posts of state
Are often posts of danger: had you been
A miller's mule, you'd slept in a whole skin.

J. B.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Tragedy, by Lord Morpeth, is in a state of forwardness for publication, entitled 'The Last of the Greeks, or the Fall of Constantinople.'

Botanical Register, or Ornamental Flower Garden and Shrubbery. By Sydenham Edwards. Vol. XIII., coloured Plates.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

New Orders of the Court of Chancery; published by authority, 3s. 6d.
Retzsch's Outlines to Shakspeare, first series, 'Hamlet,' containing 17 plates, 4to., 1l. 1s.
The Stranger's Guide through London, with Map, Hackney Coach Fares, &c., 3s. 6d.
Galeotti's Elements on Conversation, Italian and English, 4s.
The Cambridge University Calendar for 1828, 5s. 6d.
Lord Grenville's Essay on the Supposed Advantages of a Sinking Fund, 2s.
Westminster Review. Part 17.
Retrospective Review. Part 4.
Senior's Three Lectures on the Transmission of Precious Metals from Country to Country, &c. &c.
A Letter to the Right Hon. Charles Grant, on the Corn Laws, Wool Laws, &c., by Agricultor.

Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MOODS and TENSES. By One of Us. 'There is a good deal of talent in this little volume; much of that quick and *rizzle* observation which constitutes wit; much of that enthusiastic feeling which is in itself poetry. We rejoice to see the author acknowledge himself to be "One of Us."'—*Literary Gazette.*

Printed for Richard Glynn, 36, Pall-mall. Where may be had,

CASWALLON, KING OF BRITAIN; a Tragedy, by Edward Gandy, Esq. 8vo. 5s.

LORENZO, the OUTCAST SON; a Drama, by the same Author. 8vo. 3s.

'SOME PASSAGES' in the Life of Mr. Egomet Bonmot. 8vo. 2s.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, for April, contains, among other interesting Original Articles:—1, Public Affairs.—2. Letters to the Students of Glasgow, by Thomas Campbell, Esq. No. 5; The Literature, &c., of the Alexandrian School.—3. Sketches of the Irish Bar, No. 19; The Catholic Bar; Mr. O'Loghlin.—4. Parisian Society, Politics, and Literature.—5. Original Poetry, by Mrs. Hemans.—6. Tales of the West.—7. Walks in Rome and its Environs: Roman Art—Cammucini.—8. Society in India, No. 2; The Bar, the Bench, and Female Côteries.—9. Clio Grub at Brighton, by one of the Authors of 'Rejected Addresses.'—10. Canning's Speeches and Memoirs.—11. Aristocratic Novels.—12. My Partner at Cheltenham.—13. Table Talk Abroad, No. 3; The Bar.—14. Hatem Tai, an Arabian Tale.—15. A First Lesson in Reading.—16. Notes on the Month: Modern Architecture, Law of Copyright, Prince Metternich, Cooper the Novelist, the Game Laws, Otello, Duelling, Retrocession of Intellect, Mr. Northcote and Lord Eldon, &c., and the usual Varieties in Art, Science, and Literature.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington-street; and Sold by John Cumming, Dublin, and Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh.

IRELAND; its EVILS, and their REMEDIES: being a Refutation of the ERRORS of the EMIGRATION COMMITTEE, and others, relating to that country.

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'Nothing can be more elegant and pleasant than the style in which the history is written. It is simple, unaffected, and sometimes even eloquent. The circumstances are related with a modest enthusiasm, which is justified by the subject, and in that perfectly good taste which makes the narrative extremely agreeable.'—*Times.*

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THE ATHENÆUM.

London Literary and Critical Journal.

No. 23. LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1828. Price 7*d.*

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. XII.—*Lord Byron.*

The mind of a poet of the highest order is the most perfect mind that can belong to man. There is no intellectual power, and no state of feeling, which may not be the instrument of poetry, and in proportion as reason, reflection, or sympathy is wanting, in the same degree is the poet restricted in his mastery over the resources of his art. The poet is the great interpreter of nature's mysteries, not by narrowing them into the grasp of the understanding, but by connecting each of them with the feeling which changes doubt to faith. His most gorgeous and varied painting is not displayed as an idle phantasmagoria, but there flows through all its scenes the clear and shining water, which, as we wander for delight, or rest for contemplation, perpetually reflects to us an image of our own being. He sympathises with all phenomena by his intuition of all principles; and his mind is a mirror which catches and images the whole scheme and working of the world. He comprehends all feelings, though he only cherishes the best; and, even while he exhibits to us the frenzies or degradations of humanity, we are conscious of an ever-present divinity, elevating and hallowing the evil that surrounds it.

A great poet may be of any time, or rank, or country; a beggar, an outcast, a slave, or even a courtier. The external limits of his social relations may be narrow and wretched as they will, but they will always have an inward universality. In his rags, he is nature's treasurer: though he may be blind, he sees the past and the future, and though the servant of servants, he is ever at large and predominant. But there are things which he cannot be. He cannot be a scorner, or selfish, or luxurious and sensual. He cannot be a self-worshipper, for he only breathes by sympathy, and is its organ; he cannot be untrue, for it is his high calling to interpret those universal truths which exist on earth only in the forms of his creation. He cannot be given up to libertine debauchery; for it is impossible to dwell at once before the starry threshold of Jove's court, and in the den of lewd and drunken revel. It was to Hades, not to Olympus, that the comrades of Ulysses voyaged, from the island of Circe; nor can we pass, without long and hard purgation, from the sty to the sanctuary, or from the wine-cup to the fountain of immortality. The poet must be of a fearless honesty; for he has to do battle with men for that which men most dread, the regeneration, namely, of man: and yet he must be also of a loving-kindness; for his arms are the gentleness of his accents, and the music of all sweet thoughts. Such is the real and perfect poet; and it is only in so far as verse-artisans approach to this, that they are entitled to that lofty and holy name. But he who is such as has been now described, is indeed of as high and sacred a function as can belong to man. It is not the black garment, nor the precise and empty phrase, which makes men ministers of God; but the communion with that Spirit of God, which was, in all its fulness, upon those mighty poets, Isaiah and Ezekiel; which unrolled its visions over the rocks of Patmos, and is, in larger or smaller measure, the teacher of every bard.

Many of the warmest admirers of poetry will, of course, be shocked at the idea of its being any thing more than an innocent amusement. It is in their eyes a pretty pastime, to be classed with the making of handscreens, or the shooting of partridges, an art not at all more important, and only a little more agreeable, than rope-dancing or back-gammon, to be resorted to when we are weary of the graver and more difficult operations of summing up figures, or filling sheepskins with legal formulas. These are the persons who are perfectly contented with a poet, if he supplies them with excitement at the least possible expense of thought; who profess that the Fairy Queen, is tedious and 'uninteresting,' who only do not despise Milton, because he is commonly reported to have been a man of genius, who treat Wordsworth as a driveller, and Coleridge as a 'dreamer of dreams.' And herein they are, perhaps, right; for, being deaf, they have not heard the piping, and how then could they dance? We trust, however, that we have many readers who will agree with us in taking a different view of these matters, and to them we would say a few words about Lord Byron.

No one, probably, will be inclined to maintain, that Lord Byron's poetry produces a good moral effect, except those who are anxious to spread the disbelief of the goodness of God, and to bring about the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. With such persons, we have at present no quarrel. They are welcome to their opinions, so far as we are concerned; and we can only lament, for their own sakes, that they should think and feel as they do. To those who, without going so far as these, yet deny that his writings have a bad moral influence, we will give up the advantage to be derived from pressing the two above-mentioned points, and put the question on other grounds: and we wish to state distinctly, that we think, in the first place, Lord Byron (as seen in his writings) had no sympathy with human nature, and no belief in its goodness; and, secondly, that he had no love of truth. These are grave charges; and, at least, as grave in our eyes as in those of any of our readers. But we are convinced of the justice of them; and no fear of being classed with the bigots, of being called churchmen rather than Christians, and believers in articles, more than believers in God, shall prevent us from expressing and enforcing our conviction.

The attempt to prove any thing as to the habitual state of mind of a writer, by picking out detached sentences from his works, we look upon as vain and sophistical; vain, because no sentence of any author expresses the same meaning when detached from the context as when taken along with it; sophistical, because the very selection and abruption of these parts indicates a wish to persuade us that we ought to judge of a house from a single brick. The only satisfactory and honest method of estimating an author is, by considering the general impression which his works leave upon the mind. Now, if any candid and reflecting man, (or woman,) were to inform us of the influence exerted upon him by the perusal of one of Lord Byron's poems, would not his account be something of this sort—that he had felt inclined to look with scorn and bitterness upon his fellow-creatures, to wrap himself up in his own selfishness, and to see, in the outward world, not embodyings of that one idea of beauty which prevails in our own minds, not frame-works for human conceptions and affections, but mere images of his own personality, and vantage-grounds on which to raise himself afar from and above mankind? Would he not say that he had been imbibing discontent, disgust, satiety, and learning to look upon life as a dreary dulness, relieved only by betaking ourselves to the wildest excesses and fiercest intensity of evil impulse. If, as we firmly believe, a sincere observer of himself would give us this account of his own feelings, after communing with the poetry of Byron, the question as to its beneficial or even innocent tendency is at an end. It is true that there are in man higher powers than those which tend directly to action; and there may be a character of a very exalted kind, though not the most perfect, which would withdraw itself from the business of society, and from the task of forwarding the culture of its generation, to contemplate with serene and grateful awe the perfect glory of the creation. But this is not the species of superiority to those around us and independence of them, which is fostered by the works of Lord Byron. The feeling which runs through them is that of a self-consuming scorn, and a self-exhausting weariness, as remote as can be from the healthful and majestic repose of philosophic meditation, as different from it as is the noisome glare of a theatre from that midnight firmament which folds the world in a starry atmosphere of religion; while the practical portion of our nature is displayed in his writings, as only active and vigorous amid the atrocities or the vileness of the foulest passions. He saw in mankind not a being to be loved, but to be despised; and despised, not for vice, ignorance, insensibility, or selfishness, but because he is obliged, by a law of his being, to look up to some power above himself, because he is not self-created and self-existing, nor 'himself, his world, and his own God.'

As the Lord Byron of 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan' had no sympathy with mankind, neither does he seem to us to have had any love of truth. He appears to have felt that we have a natural tendency towards admiring and feeling, in accordance with the show of bold and bad predominances. The corrupt vanity of men, the propensity which teaches them to revere Cromwell and worship Napoleon, has made the world derive a diseased gratification from the pictures of Harold and Conrad. But these latter personages are essentially untrue. All that gives them more of the heroic and romantic character than the former worthies, is superadded to the original basis of evil and worthlessness, and is utterly inconsistent with it. And this Lord Byron must have known. He who put together these monsters, must have been aware that they are as false, and, to a philosopher, as ridiculous as sphynxes, or chimeras to a naturalist. But he had so little love of truth, that he could not resist the temptation of encircling himself with these bombastic absurdities, to raise the astonishment of sentimental mantua-makers.

It is mournful to see that so much of energy and real feeling should have been perverted to the formation of these exaggerated beings, alternately so virtuous and so vicious, now so overflowing with tenderness, and so bright with purity, and again so hard, and vile, and atrocious. These qualities, to be sure, are all found in man; but the combination, where, in earth or moon, shall we look to find it? The principles of human nature are not mere toys, like phosphorus and paint, wherewith to eke out goblins: and he who pretends to exalt the mind by representing it as

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superior, not only to its meaner necessities, but to its best affections, in truth, degrades it to the basest of uses, by exhibiting it, not as a thing to be reverenced, and loved, and studied with conscientious and scrutinising reflection, but as a dead and worthless material, which he may pound and compound—evaporate into a cloud, or analyse into a *caput mortuum*, and subject to all the metamorphoses which are worked by the lath wand of a conjuror. It is only by attributing the favourite thoughts and deeds of his writings to personages whom we feel throughout, though we may not realise the consciousness, to be essentially different from ourselves, that he could, for a moment, beguile us into conceiving libertinism sublime, and malignity amiable; and, if mankind were so educated as to know the constitution of their own souls, if they had learned to reflect more and to remember less, they would never be deluded into sympathy with phantoms as unsubstantial and inconsistent as the Minotaur, the Scylla, the Harpies, and the Cyclops of fable,—the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

'Do grow beneath their shoulders.'

We entirely omit the question of the direct irreligion and indecency of his writings. As to these matters, those who feel religiously will blame him, without our assistance, and those who approve of infidelity, or gloat over obscurity, will applaud, in spite of us. At present, we neither seek to heighten the reprobation, nor to diminish aught from the approval. For ourselves, we lament the Anti-Christian and impure tendencies of his mind, not so much for any positive evil they can do,—this, we suspect, being much over-rated,—as because they are evidences of the degradation of a powerful mind, and of the pollution of much and strong good feeling. We certainly differ considerably from the greater number of those who have attacked him, as to the particular parts of his writings, which merit the severest condemnation. The story of Haidee seems to us much less mischievous than that of Donna Julia, and this far more endurable than the amour with Catherine. 'Childe Harold' will do more harm than 'Cain,' and either of them more than the parody of 'The Vision of Judgment.' Of this, also, we are sure, that, had he never openly outraged public opinion by direct blasphemies and grossness, the world would have been well enough content to receive his falsifications of human nature for genuine; and all his forced contortions, and elaborate agonies, would have passed current as natural manifestations of a reasonable and pretty despair. But, when he once did violence to those names which are the idols of the age, while the spirit of religion is wanting, he became a mark for the condemnation of those who live by the service of Bel and Dagon. He might exhibit man as a wretched and contemptible, an utterly hopeless and irrecoverably erring creature,—he might represent selfishness and vanity as the true glories of our nature,—he might leave us no home but solitude, and no stay but sensuality, and deny not only God, but good;—and yet be the favourite of pious Reviewers, the drawing-room autocrat, the boudoir deity. But when he once dared to doubt, in so many words, of the wisdom of Providence, and, instead of hinting adultery, to name fornication, the morality of a righteous generation rose up in arms against him; and those who ought long before to have wept over the prostitution of such a mind, affected a new-born horror at the event, though they had been delighting for years in the reality of the pollution.

We wish not to deny that Lord Byron was a poet, and a great one. There are moods of the mind which he has delineated with remarkable fidelity. But, as Shakspeare would not have been what he is, had he exhibited only the fantastic waywardness of Hamlet, or the passionate love of Romeo, so Byron is less than a first-rate poet for the uniformity with which he has displayed that intense self-consciousness, and desperate indifference, which he has undoubtedly embodied more completely than any other English writer. The sceptre of his power is, indeed, girt with the wings of an angel, but it is also wreathed with earth-born serpents; and, while we admire we must sigh, and shudder while we bow.

SALATHIEL.

Salathiel: A Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

A COPY of this interesting and powerfully written work having just come into our hands, we are anxious to give our readers an opportunity of judging of its very peculiar beauties and originality of style. For this purpose we have selected several extracts; but, as the work itself is not yet complete, we must defer giving a detailed opinion of it, till we are able to read the conclusion. We must, however, mention, that the story commences with the terrors that followed our Saviour's Crucifixion and the Siege of Jerusalem; that the scene is Judea, and the principal character, that mysterious being on whom the doom is supposed to have been passed of existing upon earth till the Second Advent.

The Demon Epiphanes.

'In one of those wanderings, I had followed the course of the Kedron, which, from a brook under the walls of Jerusalem, swells to a river on its descent to the Dead Sea. The blood of the sacrifices from the conduits of the altars curdled on its surface, and stained the sands purple. It looked like a wounded vein from the mighty heart above. I still strayed on, wrapt in sad forebodings of the hour when its stains might be of more than sacrifice; until I found myself on the edge of the lake. Who has ever seen that black expanse without a shudder? There were the ingulphed cities. Around it life was extinct—no animal bounded—no bird hovered. The distant rushing of the River Jordan, as it forced its current through the heavy waters, or the sigh of the wind through the reeds, alone broke the silence of this mighty grave. Of the melancholy objects of nature, none is more depressing than a large expanse of stagnant waters. No gloom of forest, no wildness of mountain, is so overpowering, as this dreary, unrelieved flatness:—the marshy border—the sickly vegetation of the shore—the leaden colour which even the sky above it wears, tinged by its sepulchral atmosphere. But the waters before me were not left to the dreams of a saddened fancy:—they were a sepulchre. Myriads of human beings lay beneath them, entombed in sulphurous beds.—The wrath of Heaven had been there.

'The day of destruction seemed to pass again before my eyes, as I lay gazing on those sullen depths. I saw them once more a plain covered with richness; cities glittering in the morning sun; multitudes pouring out from their gates to sports and festivals: the land exulting with life and luxuriance. Then a cloud gathered above. I heard the voice of the thunder;—it was answered by the earthquake. Fire burst from the skies;—it was answered by a thousand founts of fire spouting from the plain. The distant hills blazed, and threw volcanic showers over the cities. Round them was a tide of burning bitumen. The earthquake heaved again. All sank into the gulf. I heard the roar of the distant waters. They rushed into the bed of fire; the doom was done: the cities of the plain were gone down to the blackness of darkness for ever.

'I was idly watching the bursts of suffocating vapour that shoot up at intervals from the rising masses of bitumen, when I was startled by a wild laugh and wilder figure beside me. I sprang on my feet, and prepared for defence with my poinard: the figure waved his hand in sign to sheathe the unnecessary weapon; and said, in a tone strange and melancholy, "You are in my power; but I do not come to injure you. I have been contemplating your countenance for some time: I have seen your features deeply disturbed—your wringing hands—your convulsed form: are you even as I am?"

'The voice was singularly mild: yet I never heard a sound that so keenly pierced my brain. The speaker was of the tallest stature of man—every sinew and muscle exhibiting gigantic strength; yet with the symmetry of a Greek statue. But his countenance was the true wonder—it was of the finest mould of manly beauty: the contour was Greek, but the hue was Syrian: yet the dark tinge of country gave way at times to a more than corpse-like paleness. I had full leisure for the view; for he stood gazing on me without word; and I remained fixed on my defence. "At length," he said, "put up that poniard! You could no more hurt me, than you could resist me. Look here!" He wrenched a huge mass of rock from the ground, and whirled it far into the lake, as if it had been a pebble. I gazed with speechless astonishment. "Yes," pursued the figure, "they throw me into their prisons—they lash me—they stretch me on the rack—they burn my flesh." As he spoke, he flung aside his robe, and showed his broad breast covered with scars. "Short-sighted fools! little they know him who suffers, or him who commands. If it were not my will to endure, I could crush my tormentors as I crush an insect. They chain me too," said he with a laugh of scorn. He drew out the arm which had been hitherto wrapped in his robe. It was loaded with links of iron of prodigious thickness. He grasped one of them in his hand, twisted it off with scarcely an effort, and flung it up a sightless distance in the air. "Such are bars and bolts to me! When my time is come to suffer, I submit to be tortured! When my time is past, I tear away their fetters, burst their dungeons, and walk forth trampling their armed men."

'I sheathed the dagger. "Does this strength amaze you?" said the being: "look to yonder dust;" and he pointed to a cloud of sand that came flying along the shore. "I could outstrip that whirlwind; I could plunge unhurt into the depths of that sea; I could ascend that mountain swifter than the eagle; I could ride that thunder-cloud."

'As he threw himself back, gazing upon the sky—with his grand form buoyant with vigour, and his arm exalted—he looked like one to whom height or depth could offer no obstacle. His mantle flew out along the blast like the unfurling of a mighty wing. There was something in his look and voice that gave irresistible conviction to his wild words.—Conscious mastery was in all about him. I should not have felt surprise to see him spring up into the elements.

'My mind grew inflamed with his presence. My blood burned with sensations, for which language has no name; a thirst of power—a scorn of earth—a proud and fiery longing for the command of the hidden mysteries of nature. I felt, as the great ancestor of mankind might have felt, when the voice of the tempter told him, "Ye shall be even as gods."

'"Give me your power," I exclaimed; "the world to me is worthless: with man all my ties are broken: let me live in the desert, and be even as you are: give me your power." "My power!" he repeated, with a ghastly laugh that rang to the skies, and was echoed round the wilderness by what seemed voices innumerable, until it died away in a distant groan. "Look on this forehead!"—he threw back the corner of his mantle. A furrow was drawn round his brow, covered with gore, and gaping like a fresh wound. "Here," howled he, "sat the diadem.—I was Epiphanes."

'"You, Antiochus! the tyrant—the persecutor—the spoiler—the accursed of Israel!" I bounded backwards in sudden horror.

'I saw before me one of those spirits of the evil dead, who are allowed from time to time to re-appear on earth in the body, whether of the dead or the living. For some cause that none could unfold, Judea had been, within the last few years, haunted by them more than for centuries. Strange rites, dangerously borrowed from the idolaters, were resorted to for our relief from this new terror; the pulling of the mandrake at the eclipse of the moon—incantations—midnight offerings—the root Baaras, that was said to flash flame, and kill the animal that drew it from the ground. Our Sadducees and sceptics, wise in their own conceit, declared that possession was but a human disease, a wilder insanity. But, with the rage and misery of madness, there were tremendous distinctions that raised it beyond all the ravages of the hurt mind, or the afflicted frame; the look, the language, the horror of the possessed, were above man. They defied human restraint; they lived in wildernesses where the very insects died; the fiery sun of the East, the inclemency of the fiercest winter, had no power to break down their strength. But they had stronger signs; they spoke of things to which the wisdom of the wisest was folly; they told of the remotest future with the force of prophecy; they gave glimpses of a knowledge brought from realms of being inaccessible to living man; last and loftiest sign, they did homage to HIS coming, whom a cloud of darkness, the guilty and impenetrable darkness of the heart, had veiled from my unhappy nation. But their worship was terror—they believed and trembled.'—Vol. I., pp. 96—100.

A Lion Fight.

'Dismounting, for the side of the hill was almost precipitous, I led my panting Arab through beds of myrtle, and every lovely and sweet-smelling bloom, to the edge of a valley, that seemed made to shut out every disturbance of man.

'A circle of low hills, covered to the crown with foliage, surrounded a deep space of velvet turf, kept green as the emerald by the flow of rivulets, and the moisture of a pellucid lake in the centre, tinged with every colour of the heavens. The beauty of this sylvan spot was enhanced by the luxuriant profusion of almond, orange, and other trees, that, in every stage of production, from the bud to the fruit, covered the little knolls below, and formed a broad belt round the lake.

'Parched as I was by the intolerable heat, this secluded haunt of the very spirit of freshness looked doubly lovely. My eyes, half-blinded by the glare of the sands, and even my mind exhausted by the perplexities of the day, found delicious relaxation in the verdure and dewy breath of the silent valley. My barb, with the quick sense of animals accustomed to the travel of the wilderness, showed her delight by playful boundings, the prouder arching of her neck, and the brighter glancing of her bright eye.

'"Here," thought I, as I led her slowly towards the deep descent, "would be the very spot for the innocence that had not tried the world, or the philosophy that had tried it, and found all vanity. Who could dream that, within the borders of this distracted land, in the very hearing, almost within the very sight, of the last miseries that man could inflict on man, there was a retreat, which the foot of man, perhaps, never yet defiled; and in which the calamities that afflict society might be as little felt as if it were among the stars!"

'A violent plunge of the barb put an end to my speculation. She exhibited the wildest signs of terror, snorted, and strove to break from me; then fixing her glance keenly on the thickets below, shook in every limb. But the scene was tranquillity itself; the chameleon lay basking in the sun, and the only sound was that of the wild doves murmuring under the broad leaves of the palm-trees.

'But my mare still resisted every effort to lead her downwards, her ears were fluttering convulsively, her eyes were starting from their sockets; I grew peevish at the animal's unusual obstinacy, and was about to let her suffer thirst for the day, when my senses were paralyzed by a tremendous roar. A lion stood on the summit which I had but just quitted. He was not a dozen yards above my head, and his first spring must have carried me to the bottom of the precipice. The barb burst away at once. I drew the only weapon I had, a dagger,—and, hopeless as escape was, grasping the tangled weeds to sustain my footing, awaited the plunge. But the lordly savage probably disdained so ignoble prey, and continued on the summit, lashing his sides with his tail, and tearing up the ground. He at length stopped suddenly, listened, as to some approaching foot, and then with a hideous yell sprang over me, and was in the thicket below at a single bound.

'The whole thicket was instantly alive; the shade which I had fixed on for the seat of unearthly tranquillity, was an old haunt of lions, and the mighty herd were now roused from their noon-day slumbers. Nothing could be grander or more terrible than this disturbed majesty of the forest kings. In every variety of savage passion, from terror to fury, they plunged, and tore, and yelled; darted through the lake, burst through the thicket, rushed up the hills, or stood baying and rearing defiance against the coming invader; the numbers were immense, for the rareness of shade and water had gathered them from every quarter of the desert.

'While I stood clinging to my perilous hold, and fearful of attracting their gaze by the slightest movement, the source of the commotion appeared, in the shape of a Roman soldier issuing, spear in hand, through a ravine at the further side of the valley. He was palpably unconscious of the formidable place into which he was entering; and the gallant clamour of voices through the hills, showed that he was followed by others as bold and unconscious of their danger as himself.

'But his career soon closed; his horse's feet had scarcely touched the turf, when a lion was fixed with fangs and claws on the creature's loins. The rider uttered a cry of horror, and, for the instant, sat, helplessly gazing at the open jaws behind him. I saw the lion gathering up his flanks for a second bound, but the soldier, a figure of gigantic strength, grasping the nostrils of the monster with one hand, and, with the other, shortening his spear, drove the steel, at one resistless thrust, into the lion's forehead. Horse, lion, and rider fell, and continued struggling together.

'In the next moment, a mass of cavalry came thundering down the ravine. They had broken off from their march, through the accident of rousing a struggling lion, and followed him in the giddy ardour of the chase. The sight now before them was enough to appal the boldest intrepidity. The valley was filled with the vast herd; retreat was impossible, for the troopers came still pouring in by the only pass, and, from the sudden descent of the glen, horse and man were rolled head foremost among the lions; neither man nor monster could retreat. The conflict was horrible; and the heavy spears of the legionaries plunged through bone and brain. The lions, made more furious by wounds, sprang upon the powerful horses and tore them to the ground, or flew at the troopers' throats, and crushed and dragged away cuirass and buckler. The valley was a struggling heap of human and savage battle; man, lion, and charger, writhing and rolling in agonies, till their forms were undistinguishable. The groans and cries of the legionaries, the screams of the mangled horses, and the roars and howlings of the lions bleeding with sword and spear, tearing the dead, darting up the sides of the hills in terror, and rushing down again with the fresh thirst of gore, baffled all conception of fury and horror.

'But man was the conqueror at last; the savages, scared by the spear and thinned in their numbers, made a rush in one body towards the ravine, overthrew every thing in their way, and burst from the valley, awaking the desert for many a league with their roar.' —Vol. ii. pp. 71—77.

Supernatural Signs during the Siege of Jerusalem.

'In that hour came one of those solemn signs that marked the downfall of Jerusalem.

'The tempest, that had blown at intervals with tremendous violence, died away at once; and a surge of light ascended from the horizon, and rolled up rapidly to the zenith. The phenomenon instantly fixed every eye. There was an indefinable sense in the general mind, that a sign of power and Providence was about to be given. The battle ceased; the outcries were followed by utter silence; the armed ranks stood still, in the very act of rushing on each other: all faces were turned on the heavens.

'The light rose pale and quivering, like the meteors of a summer evening. But in the zenith it spread and swelled into a splendour, that distinguished it irresistibly from the wonders of earth or air. It swiftly eclipsed every star. The moon vanished before it; the canopy of the sky seemed to be dissolved, for a view into a bright and infinite region beyond, fit for the career of those mighty beings to whom man is but a feather on the gale.

'As we gazed, this boundless field was transformed into a field of battle; multitudes poured across it in the fiercest convulsions of combat; horsemen charged, and died under their horses' feet; armour and standards were trampled in blood; column and line burst through each other. At length the battle stooped towards the earth; and, with hearts beating with indescribable feelings, we recognised in the fight the banners of the tribes. It was Jew and Roman struggling for life; the very countenances of the combatants became visible, and each man below saw a representative of himself and his fortunes above. The fate of Jewish war was there written by the hand of Heaven; the fate of the individual was there predicted in the individual triumph or fall. What thought of man can conceive the intense interest with which we watched every blow, every movement, every wound of those images of ourselves?

'The light illumined the whole horizon below. The legions were seen drawn out in front of the camps ready for action; every helmet and spear-point glittering in the radiance; every face turned up, gazing in awe and terror on the sky. The tents spreading over the hills; the thousands and tens of thousands of auxiliaries and captives; the little groups of the peasantry roused from sleep by the uproar of the night, and gathered upon the knolls and eminences of their fields: all were bathed in a flood of preternatural lustre.

'But the wondrous battle approached its close. The visionary Romans shook; column and cohort gave way, and the banners of the tribes waved in victory over the field. Then first human voices dared to be heard. From the city and the plain burst forth one mighty shout of triumph.

'But our presumption was to be soon checked. A peal of thunder that made the very ground tremble under our feet, rolled from the four quarters of the heaven. The conquering host shook, broke, and fled in utter confusion over the sapphire field. It was pursued; but by no semblance of the Roman. An awful enemy was on its steps. Flashes of forked fire, like myriads of lances, darted after it; cloud on cloud deepened down, as the smoke of a mighty furnace; globes of light shot blasting and burning along its track. Then, amid the doubled roar of thunder, rushed forth the chivalry of Heaven; shapes of transcendant beauty, yet with looks of wrath that withered the human eye; armed sons of immortality descending on the wing by millions; mingled with shapes and instruments of ruin, for which the mind has no conception. The circle of the heaven was filled with the chariots and horses of fire. Flight was in vain: the weapons were seen to drop from the Jewish host: their warriors sank upon the splendid field. Still the immortal armies poured on, trampling and blasting, until the last of the routed was consumed.

'The angry pomp then paused. Countless wings were spread, and the angelic multitudes, having done the work of vengeance, rushed upward with the sound of ocean in the storm. The roar of trumpets and thunders was heard, until the splendour was lost in the heights of the empyrean.

'We felt the terrible warning. Our strength was dried up at the sight; despair seized upon our souls. We had now seen the fate of Jerusalem. No victory over man could save us from the coming of final ruin. Thousands never left the ground on which they stood; they perished by their own hands, or lay down and died of broken hearts. The rest fled through the night, that again wrapped them in tenfold darkness. The whole multitude scattered away, with soundless steps, and in silence, like an army of spectres.'—Vol. iii. pp. 74—79.

A Prophet.

'Whence came the intruder, no one could tell. But there he stood, a figure that fixed the universal eye. He was of lofty stature, brown as an Indian, and thin as one worn to the last extremity by sorrow or famine. Conjecture was busy. He seemed, alternately, —the fugitive from a dungeon,—one of the half-savage recluses that sometimes came from their dens in the wilderness, to exhibit among us the last humiliation of mind and body,—a dealer in forbidden arts, attempting to impose on the rude credulity of the populace,—and a prophet, armed with the fearful knowledge of our approaching fall. But to me there was an expression in his countenance that partook of all: yet I gazed with an indefinable feeling, that there was a something different from all in the glaring eye, the fixed and livid scorn of the lip, and the stern and grand outline of features, that appeared alike overflowing with malignity and majesty.

'No man thought of interrupting him. A powerful interest hushed every voice of the multitude; and the only impulse was eagerness to hear the lofty wisdom, or the fatal tidings, that must be deposited with such a being. He himself seemed to be overwhelmed with the magnitude of the thoughts that he was commissioned to disclose. He stood for a while with the look of one oppressed by a fearful dream; his bosom heaving, his teeth gnashing, every muscle of his meagre frame swelling and quivering. He strongly clasped his bony arms across his breast, as if to repress the agitation that impeded his words; then, stamping on the ground, in wrath at the faculties which thus sank under him at the important moment, the tempest of his soul broke forth.

'"Judah! thou wert as a lion—thou wert as the king of the forest when he went up to the mountains to slay, and from the mountains came down to devour. Thou wert as the garden of Eden, every precious stone was thy covering; the sardine, the topaz, and the beryl were thy pavements; thy fountains were of silver, and thy daughters that walked in thy groves were as the cherubim and the seraphim.

'"Judah! thy temple was glorious as the sunrising, and thy priests were the wise of the earth. Kings came against thee, and their bones were an offering; the fowls of the air devoured them; the foxes brought their young, and feasted them upon the mighty.

'"Judah! thou wert as a fire in the midst of the nations—a fire upon an altar; who shall quench thee?—A sword over the neck of the heathen; who shall say unto thee, Smite no more! Thou wert as the thunder and the lightning: thou camest from thy place, and the earth was dark: the heaven was thine, the earth was at thy feet. Thou didst thunder, and the nations shook; and the fire of thy indignation consumed them."

'The voice in which this extraordinary being uttered those words was like the thunder. The multitude listened with breathless awe. The appeal in the language of their own prophets, was to them a renewal of the times of inspiration; and they awaited with outstretched and quivering countenances the sentence, that their passions interpreted into the will of Heaven.

'The figure lifted up his glance, that had hitherto been fixed on the ground; and, whether it was the work of fancy or reality, I thought that the glance threw an actual beam of fire across the upturned visages of the myriads that filled every spot on which a foot could rest; roof, wall, and ground.

'Bowing his head, and raising his hands in the most solemn adoration towards the Temple, he pursued, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, yet indescribably impressive—

'"Sons of the faithful Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; people chosen of God, elect and holy! Will you suffer that house of holiness to be the scoff of the idolater? Will you see the polluted sacrifice laid upon its altars? Will you be slaves and victims in the presence of the house of David?"

'A rising outcry of the multitude showed how deeply they felt his words. A fierce smile lightened across his features at the sound. He erected his colossal form; and cried out, like the roar of a whirlwind, "Then, men of Judah, be strong, and follow the hand that led you through the sea and through the desert. Is that hand shortened, that it cannot save? Break off this accursed league with the sons of Belial. Fly every man to arms, for the glory of the mighty people. Will the Most High desert his people? Go; and let the sword that smote the Canaanite, smite the Roman."

'He was answered with furious exultation. Swords and poinards were brandished in the air. The safety of the Roman officers became endangered; and I, with some of the elders, dreading a result which must throw fatal obstacles in the way of pacification, attempted to control the popular violence by reason and entreaty. But the spirit of the Romans, haughty with conquest, and long contempt of rabble prowess, disdained to take precautions with a mob; and they awaited with palpable contempt in their faces the subsiding of this city effervescence. But this silent scorn, which probably stung the deeper for its silence, was retorted by clamours of unequivocal rage; the mysterious disturber saw the storm coming; and flinging a furious gesture towards the Roman camps, which lay glittering in the sun-shine along the hills, he rushed into the loftiest language of malediction.

'"Take up a lament for the Roman," he shouted. "He comes like a leviathan; he troubleth the waters with his presence; and the rivers behold him, and are afraid.

'"Thus saith the king, he who holdeth Israel in the hollow of his hand: I will spread my net over thee, and my people shall drag thee upon the shore; I will leave thee to rot upon the land; I will fill the beasts of the earth with thee, until they shall come and find thee dry bones and dust, even thy glory turned into a taint and a scorn.

'"Lift up a cry over Rome, and say: Thou art the leopard; thy jaws are red with blood, and thy claws are heavy because of the multitude of the slain; thy spots are glorious, and thy feet are like wings for swiftness. But thy time is at hand. My arrow shall smite through thee; my steel shall go through thee: I will lay thy flesh upon the hills, thy blood shall be red in the rivers, the pits shall be full of thee.

'"For, thus saith the king, I have not forsaken my children. For my pleasure, I have given them over for a little while to the hands of the oppressor; but they have loved me—they have come before me, and offered up sacrifices; and shall I desert the land of the chosen, the sons of the glorious, my people Israel?" A universal outcry of sorrow, wrath, and triumph, followed this allusion to the national sufferings.

'"Ho!" exclaimed the figure. "Men of Israel, hear the words of wisdom. The burden of Rome. By the swords of the mighty will I cause her multitude to fall; the terrible and the strong shall be on thee, city of the idolater; they shall hew off thy cuirasses, as the hewer of wood; and of thy shields, they shall make vessels of water. There shall be fire in thy palaces, and the sword. Thy sons and thy daughters shall they consume; and thy precious things shall be a spoil, when the king shall give the sign from the sanctuary." He paused, and, lifting up his fleshless arm, stood like a giant bronze pointing to the Temple.

'To the utter astonishment of all, a vapour was seen to ascend from the summit of Mount Moriah, wreathing and white like the smoke that used to mark the Daily Sacrifice. Our first conception was, that this great interrupted rite was resumed; and the shout of joy was on our lips. But the vapour had scarcely parted from the crown of the hill, when it blackened, and began to whirl with extraordinary rapidity; it thenceforth less ascended than shot up, perpetually darkening and distending. The horizon grew dim, the cloudy canopy above continued to spread and revolve; lightning began to quiver through; and we heard, at intervals, long low peals of thunder. But no rain fell, and the wind was lifeless. Nothing could be more complete than the calm; not a hair of our heads was moved; yet the heart of the countless multitude was penetrated with the dread of some impending catastrophe, that restrained every voice; and the silence itself was awful.

'In the climate of Judea we had been accustomed to the rapid rise and violent devastations of tempests. But the rising of this storm, so closely connected with the appearance of the strange summoner, that it almost followed his command, invested a phenomenon, at all times fearful, with a character that might have struck firmer minds than those of the enthusiasts round him. To heighten the wonder, the progress of the storm was still faithful to the command. Wherever this man of mystery waved his arm, there rushed a sheet of cloud. The bluest tract of heaven was black as night the moment he turned his ominous presence towards it, until there was no more sky to be obliterated, and, but for the fiery streaks that tore through, we should have stood under a canopy of solid gloom.

'At length the whirlwind that we had seen driving and rolling the clouds, like billows, burst upon us; roaring as it came; scattering fragments of the buildings far and wide, and cutting a broad way through the overthrown multitude. Then superstition and terror were loud-mouthed. The populace, crushed and dashed down, exclaimed that a volcano was throwing up flame from the mount of the Temple; that sulphurous smokes were rising through the crevices of the ground; that the rocking of an earthquake was felt; and, still more terrible, that beings not to be looked on, nor even to be named, were hovering round them in the storm.

'The general rush of the multitude, in which hundreds were trampled down, and in which nothing but the most violent efforts could keep any on their feet, bore me away for a while. The struggle was sufficient to absorb all my senses, for nothing could be more perilous. The darkness was intense. The peals of the storm were deafening; and the howlings and fury of the crowd, trampling and being trampled on, and fighting for life in blindness and despair, with hand, foot, and dagger, made an uproar louder than that of the storm. In this conflict rather of demons than of men, I was whirled away in eddy after eddy, until chance brought me again to the foot of the elevation.

'There I beheld a new wonder. A column of livid fire stood upon it, reaching to the clouds. I could discern the outline of a human form within. But, while I expected to see it drop dead, or blasted to a cinder, the flame spread over the ground, and I saw its strange inhabitant making signs like those of incantation. He drew a circle upon the burning soil, poured out some ungent, which diffused a powerful and rich odour, rased the skin of his arm with a dagger, and let fall some drops of blood into the blaze.

'I shuddered at the sight of those palpable appeals to the power of evil; but I was pressed upon by thousands, and retreat was impossible. The magician then, with a ghastly smile of triumph, waved the weapon towards the Roman camps. "Behold," he cried, "the beginnings of vengeance!" A thunder-roll, that almost split the ear, echoed round the hills. The darkness passed away with it. Above Jerusalem the sky cleared, and cleared into a translucence and blue splendour, unrivalled by the brightest sun-shine. The people, wrought up to the highest expectancy, shouted at this promise of a prouder deliverance, and, exclaiming, "Goshen! Goshen!" looked breathlessly for the completion of the plague upon the more than Egyptian oppressor. They were not held long in suspense.

'The storm had cleared away from above our heads, only to gather in deeper terrors round the circle of the hills, on which we could see the enemy in the most overwhelming state of uncertainty and alarm. The clouds rushed on, ridge over ridge, till the whole horizon seemed shut in by a wall of night towering to the skies. I heard the deep voice of the magician; at the utterance of some wild words, a gleam played round the dagger's point, and the wall of darkness was instantly a wall of fire. The storm was let loose in its rage. While we stood in day-light, and in perfect calm, the lightning poured like sheets of rain, or gushes of burning metal from a furnace, upon the enemy. The vast circuit of the camps was one blaze. The wind tore every thing before it with irresistible violence. We saw the tents swept off the ground, and driven far over the hills in flames, like meteors; the piles of arms and banners blown away; the soldiery clinging to the rocks, or flying together in helpless crowds, or scattering, like maniacs, with hair and garments on fire; the baggage and military machines, the turrets and ramparts sinking in flames; the beasts of burthen plunging and rushing through the lines, or lying in smouldering heaps where the lightning first smote them.'—Vol. iii, pp. 114-126.

REFORM OF THE LAW.

A History of the Court of Chancery; with Practical Remarks on the Recent Commission, Report, and Evidence, and on the means of improving the Administration of Justice in the English Courts of Equity. By JOSEPH PARKES, Solicitor, Birmingham. 8vo. pp. 616. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

'THE reign of George the Third,' says Mr. Parkes, 'may be truly denominated the age of war.' That of George the Fourth bids fair to become one of legislation. A greater than either had shown, that the most ambitious pursuit of conquest was not incompatible with the most scientific arrangement of the art of governing. It must be confessed, however, that Napoleon Buonaparte, who will be remembered with gratitude as a legislator, when he has ceased to be execrated as a conqueror, had the advantage over his contemporary Sovereigns: the Revolution had swept away the refuse of the ancient law; the curiously-preserved ruins of feudal architecture had been thrown down by the political earthquake; the stagnation of judicial corruption had been scattered by the political whirlwind. He had a clear stage, and little or no prejudice to encounter; his task was to restrain, rather than to excite, reform.

Very different was the state of Great Britain. Her rulers, feeling, or pretending to feel, alarm, at the progress of innovation, wilfully confounding the excesses of an exasperated people, newly emanated from the most hateful slavery, with the essence of revolution, determined, as far as lay in their limited power, to retard the progress of public opinion, and to prolong, for their own day, at least, the darkness of legislative superstitions. We know how well they succeeded; the aristocracy, trembling for their privileges, the priesthood clinging to their tithes, the lawyers to their emoluments, each aided in his vocation the efforts of the gagging ministry—each maintained that the law was perfect—each denounced doubt of its perfection as heresy—each resolved to treat any attempt at reform as rebellion; a splendid minority, indeed, in each class, rescued their body from universal disgrace. The Duke of Norfolk, Charles Fox, and Mr. Grey, proved that a few men of birth could be disinterested; the Bishops Watson, Bathurst, and King, were examples that every ecclesiastic is not a court sycophant; Erskine and Romilly were lawyers, and yet philanthropists. But for these, and a few more of less note, how many even of those who saw the light, closed their eyes upon it, and voluntarily sought the security of darkness.—Honour and persecution was on one hand, subserviency and promotion on the other: shall we wonder that so many deserted, or that any stood, their ground? Happily for mankind, a small but energetic party did persevere, in spite of temptation, in spite of calumny, in spite of persecution; and now they see legions flocking to their banner;—they see their ancient enemy endeavouring to counterfeit their standard, and to possess themselves, by fraud, of that vantage ground for commanding public opinion which they once affected to despise, but now find the only permanently tenable post for the government of the country.

Two parties now appear, equally anxious for the reformation of the law—the old reformers,

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with a host of volunteers, under Mr. Brougham, and a new legion, headed by Mr. Peel, who falsely claim the honour of having first raised the legislative standard of innovation. If both were equally sincere, we should have little to apprehend from the feeble band of veterans who yet rally upon the ancient ways, even though we should find in their ranks some few deserters from a better cause, and, among the number, that leader on whose talents and integrity we had once relied as a mainstay of our cause. But we have too much reason to distrust the faith of the new converts. As long as proposed amendment touch no man's purse who is in place, no man's privilege who is in office, no man's patronage who is in power, we may calculate upon a cautious and almost reluctant co-operation; but when we come to the root of the evil, the extortions, the bribery, the peculations which affect the pockets of the office-bearers—to the delays which minister to the indolence of the functionaries—to the ignorance and incapacity of favoured placemen—to the sinecures of a pensioned aristocracy—there we shall find ourselves deserted by our allies, if not opposed by them as enemies.

We must not, therefore, consider the work of reform secure, because a Secretary of State has volunteered his assistance; we know enough *now* of him, and of the men he leads, to be well assured, that if the current of public opinion should slacken, the tories would again become the advocates of existing abuses, the obstinate opponents of every change.

It is for this reason that we hail with peculiar pleasure every work which keeps the attention of the public alive to the present state of the law. By long and laborious efforts an interest has been excited on this subject. We must beware that it is not suffered to flag for want of stimulus; it is exceedingly difficult, however, to keep the minds of men alert on a subject which, though to the highest degree interesting to them in its end, is not intelligible in its details. The mass of the people must generally be content to see the result; they cannot comprehend the machinery by which it is produced. Still those who, from time to time, show them the great moving powers of the engine, point out their uses, their defects, or their decay, detect their rust or their rottenness, or discover the *dead weights* which impede the due action of the machinery, are the most valuable benefactors of the state.

Mr. Parkes has, we believe, been for some considerable time a labourer in this vocation; he now comes before us as the historian of the Court of Chancery, to give us an account of the origin, additions, and alterations, (would that we could add the improvements) of that monstrous engine.

If, to recover the truth, it be most expedient to trace the progress of error, and so start with a new reckoning, this History is most important. It investigates the origin, it tracks the increase, it demonstrates the magnitude of evil under which the country labours, for its existing equitable jurisdiction. To have done this, and to have done this well, was no trifling task; and, if our author had done no more, he would have been entitled to the highest praise. We have to commend, the honesty which exposes abuses without respect to party or persons; the industry, which, in the exercise of a profession allowing little leisure, has collected a vast store of recondite learning; the talent, which has combined such a mass in a form at once interesting and intelligible to the general reader. Having bestowed this much of approbation, we mean no detraction when we occasionally differ on some conclusions, and, in one or two instances, question the accuracy of the information, or the correctness of the reasoning, on which such conclusions are founded. We do not, for instance, concur in the bias which this author evidently entertains against the separate existence of Courts of Equity. We must not confound the use and abuse of things. The expense and delay of the Court of Chancery, and the inefficiency of the Court of Exchequer, cannot, for a moment, be denied; but we are not, therefore, to jump at the conclusion, that the jurisdiction of these tribunals is not necessary to the complicated state of the business and legal interests of the country. For unless we could frame laws which should meet all possible transactions between man and man, in respect of property, one of two things must be done; either great latitude of construction, and sometimes a dispensing or enacting power, must be left to the ordinary Judges, or else a separate jurisdiction must have the power to modify the law by rules of equity. Against the first mode, there is this obvious objection; that when it was left uncertain, whether the decision of the Judge was founded on the strict law, or on an equitable interpretation, none would know on what basis the judgment was founded, or by what rule to guide themselves; add to this, the great and dangerous power which this vagueness would give to the Bench, and prudent men will resolve, that it is best to keep the ordinary tribunals as nearly as possible to the strict letter of positive enactment. We too well know the use which the Judges, generally for political purposes, have made of the common law, *(lex non scripta,)* whenever the Statutes have not served their turn; how much more, then, should we be in danger, if we gave them the further latitude of equitable interpretation. A separate tribunal is not liable to this objection; men know its principles, and may ascertain the extent of its jurisdiction; that is, if its practice be as narrowly watched as it ought to be. Our Court of Chancery, as will be shown, has grown to its present power, in times when men less understood the science of jurisprudence than they now do, much less than they soon will do; its encroachments were established by despotic Kings against a people who had only one *nominal* organ of remonstrance. But should the jurisdiction of this Court ever be again reduced within reasonable bounds, future Chancellors will find the business of usurpation infinitely more difficult, if not impossible. Though every effort will be made, and, in fact, is making, to put off the evil day, this reform must come, and at no distant period. When it is accomplished, we, or our posterity, shall best be able to appreciate the debt due to those who have boldly stood forward to strike the first blows at the corruptions of the system.

On this question of the separate existence of equitable jurisdictions, we may look, with profit, to the other side of the Atlantic. We left our laws as a legacy to the United States, and they long retained them with something like the superstitious veneration with which we, till lately, worshipped them; but juridical scepticism, if not of earlier growth there, met with a more congenial soil and climate; and, for some time, the American Legislature have been actively engaged in adapting their ancient institutes to modern exigence. 'The consideration of the state and expediency of this' (the equitable) 'jurisdiction, has lately undergone a solemn and ingenious debate in the conventional legislation of New York; the discussion and resolves of which are highly important, and might be made assistant to the legislative measures now before Parliament, in the Bill introduced by the Master of the Rolls, (Lord Lyndhurst) for the amendment of our own Court of Chancery. It became a serious and grave inquiry, whether that state should transfer or abolish the equity jurisdiction. Such is the bold and statesman-like conduct of these republican legislators: they submit the evils of *their* judicial system to a real *bona fide* investigation; and pleading the sanction of age, will not bar inquiry, or sanction abuse. Mr. Kent, the ex-Chancellor of the State, the most learned and upright of American Judges, took a prominent part in the inquiry. He argued successfully against the abolition, and urged the Convention to establish, and not to destroy; at the same time, honestly exposing the defects and abuses of the Jurisdiction. In that discussion it is averred, that those States which have not a separate Court of Chancery, feel the want of one, and that, where the equity and common law jurisdictions had been blended, great evils existed. Delavare tried both systems; and, in 1799, had divided the Chancery powers into a distinct and separate branch: and the question had been decided in favour of that course, in South Carolina, after long and deliberate discussion.'—Jurist, No. I., p. 32.

We must now hasten to give our readers some idea of the information to be derived from the historical part of Mr. Parkes's work, which we shall do as concisely as the nature and importance of the subject will permit:

'The Chancery, in the time of William II. was a college of clerks,' *(graphiariis, scil. qui conscribendis et excipiendis judicum actis dant operam)* 'instituted to form and enrol the King's writs, patents, and commissions: it was managed by the Keeper of the Seal, and was anciently held in the Exchequer, where the great seal was commonly kept, and the writs generally sealed. The Chancellor was then, in precedence, only the sixth officer in the King's court; he was almost always an ecclesiastic, and one of the King's chief counsellors.' We cannot, indeed, trace the period when he was first denominated the Keeper of the King's concience, as well as of his seal; but as he was a priest, and the other great officers, the Constable, Mareschal, Steward, and Chamberlain, were, for the most part, soldiers, it is not wonderful that his spiritual influence and professional habits of intrigue, soon enabled him to supersede these functionaries in political power; he had then only to contend with the Chief Justice, whom he very shortly overcame. This was the more easily done, as the Justicier assumed, or, as more courtly writers would say, arrogated supreme legal power; sometimes interfering with, and sometimes rivalling, the royal prerogative. The Norman Kings were not of a metal to bear this opposition of the law; and therefore, no doubt, gladly seized upon the opportunity which the revived study of the *civil* law, by the clergy, afforded them of surreptitiously setting up the more flexible ecclesiastic against the more sturdy common lawyer. 'The clergy henceforward filled all the offices of justice.' It appears that numbers of them came over for that express purpose. In the reign of William Rufus, Malmsbury says, there was, "*nullus Clericus nisi causidicus,*" no clerk who was not a pleader; and by transacting all law proceedings in the Norman language, they monopolized the keys of the lock of justice.

But the Barons were not to be so tricked out of their favourite system of Common Law; a severe contest ensued between the clergy and the nobility. The clergy were ultimately defeated, and with the tact peculiar to their cloth, when they found the field no longer tenable, affected a virtue in retiring from it. The bishops forbade Ecclesiastics to appear as advocates *in foro seculari;* but their consciences did not forbid their sitting as judges. We had still clerical Chancellors, who made the civil law the basis of equitable jurisdiction, as it remains even unto this day. Mr. Parkes declines giving us a list of these ecclesiastical judges, or a detail of their official and political biography. This we regret, for if, as he says, the greater number may be fairly judged by the character of one, the recital would have afforded a useful lesson to those who, even in this day, affect to believe, that the sanctity of the spiritual character is not affected by mixture with temporal jurisdictions. The example cited is, of 'Robert Bluot, Bishop of Lincoln, a wholesale dealer in Church Preferment, and who died in prison for his misdeeds, (where many more ought to have expired,) of whom Coke dryly observes, that he lived without love, and died without pity, save of those who thought it pity he lived so long.'

Nor was the nomination of priestly Chancellors the only evil:

'The Norman Kings, who were ingenious adepts in realizing profit on every opportunity, commenced the *sale* of Judicial Offices. The Plantagenets followed their example. In Madox, chap. ii., and in the Cottoni Posthuma, may be found innumerable instances of the purchase of the Chancellorship, and accurate details of the amount of the consideration monies. The example of a King is said to be a warrant to his subjects. What was *bought* must, of course, be *sold;* and justice became henceforth a marketable commodity, and the sale of it a staple trade. Madox truly describes the sale of judicial redress as the worst abuse under the Anglo-Norman Government. The Courts of Law became a huckster's shop: every sort of produce, in the absence of money, was bartered for "justice." "The King, we are often told, is the fountain of justice; but in those ages, it was one which gold alone could unseal—men fined to have right done them; to sue in a certain court; to implead a certain person; to have restitution of land which they had recovered at law!"' p. 23.

Thus, the Court of Chancery arose out of the contests between the King and the Barons, the Clergy and the Laity; the nobility, on the one hand, attached to the ancient county and baronial Courts, founded by the common and feudal law; the King, on the other hand, seeking to cripple these jurisdictions by the interposition of prerogative, and the *aula regis*, ably supported by the willing tools of power—an ambitious priesthood. Every encouragement was given to petitions against the ordinary course of the common law; these Bills or Petitions were referred to the Chancellor, and by him adjudged, as we have the *verbiage* to this day, 'according to equity and good conscience.'

But the Chancellors did not confine themselves strictly to matters of mere equitable jurisdiction. Mr. Parkes cites a proclamation of 22d Ed. III., in which the common-law business is directed to be brought before the Archbishop of Canterbury elect—*our Chancellor;*—and, in 'The Records of early Proceedings in Chancery,' recently published, and of which the reader will find some curious extracts in the last number of 'The Jurist,' will be found bills in Chancery for robbery, assault, trespass, witchcraft, heresy, the regulation of candle-wicks, prizes, breach of promise of marriage, and even rape,—so miscellaneous was the jurisdiction.

Against these incroachments the Commons constantly complained, and were almost as constantly repulsed by the right royal answers:—

'*The King* will appoint such officers as best like him.

'As heretofore, the same shall be.

'Let it be according to the discretion of the Chancellor, as it hath been.

'*The King* will preserve his royalty, as his progenitors have done before him.

'*The King* wills that the Chancellor, for the time being, shall have power to ordain and *award damages*, according to his discretion.

'In the 3d Hen. V., A. D. 1415, we learn that John of Waltham was the inventor of the writ of subpœna, from a petition which protests against the process. As a remedy, the Commons pray, that the cause of action should be always stated in the writ, and the process enrolled and made patent in the court when issued; and that the party vexatiously suing out such process, in any question determinable at common law, should be liable to an action of debt for forty pounds.'

The royal answer was, in the civil terms, used even to this day,—'*The King* will advise.'

The ministers of those times had, no doubt, discovered the convenience of the doctrine held by their successors, even in this generation, that *stare super vias antiquas* was sound policy, except when they had occasion to make new roads, to their own particular ends; for we have seen, that, in the midst of the most startling innovations, men are still to be found who maintain the wisdom of their ancestors; and we now see, that, *tempore Henrico Quinto*, it was usual for functionaries, in one breath, to invade the rights of the people, and answer their remonstrances by—'Let it be as it hath been;'—meaning, 'The usurpation is established—grumble, if you dare!'

From this period till the time of Henry the Eighth, of pious memory, nothing very material is recorded, except that Henry the Seventh, two of whose principal councillors were most duly hanged for their extortions, 'used to boast of governing England by his laws, and his laws by his lawyers, a chicanery not confined to the King's of the fifteenth century.'

The Chancellorship of Cardinal Wolsey was, like all other offices of that great man, marked by a determined character; we cannot pause to inquire whether it was or was not obnoxious to the charge of extortion alleged by Mr. Parkes; but we must confess, that the articles quoted in support of it, do not bear out the allegation. It was the fate of this extraordinary churchman to be much vilified in his own immediate day from aristocratic jealousy; in succeeding times, from the rancour of religious hatred.

We at last come to a single bright spot in this dark history of ancient abuses:

'On the deposition of Wolsey, A. D. 1529, Henry VIII. appointed Sir Thomas More, "that with that bayte," as Cardinal Pole says, "he might the more easily be brought to the bente of the King's bowe." But the probity of this celebrated lawyer was invincible.

'Now at his coming into office, he found the Court of Chancerie pestered and clogged with manie and tedious causes, some having hung there almost twentie yeares. Wherefore to preuent the like, which was a great miserie for poore suitors, first he caused Mr. Crooke, chiefe of the Six Clarkes, to make a dockett containing the whole number of all iniunctions, as either in his time had already passed, or at that time depended in anie of the King's Courts at Westminster. Then bidding all the Iudges to dinner, he in the presence of them all, shewed sufficient reason why he had made so manie Injunctions, that they all confessed that they themselues in the like case would haue donne no lesse. Then he promised them besides, that if they themselues, to whome the reformation of the rigour of the law appertained would, vpon reasonable consideracions, in their owne discretion (as he thought in conscience they were bound,) mitigate and reforme the rigour of the lawe, there should then from him no iniunctions be granted; to which when they refused to condescende, then, sayde he, for as much as yourselues, my Lords, driue me to this necessitie, you cannot hereafter blame me if I seeke to relieue the poore people's iniuries. After this he sayd to his sonne Rooper secretly, I perceiue, sonne, why they like not this; for they thinke that they may by a verdict of a jurie cast of all scruple from themselves vpon the poore jurie, which they account their chiefe defence. Wherfore I am constrayned to abide the aduenture of their blame.

'He tooke great paines to heare causes at home, as is sayd, arbitrating matters for both the parties good; and lastly, he tooke order with all the atturneys of his Courte, that there should no *sub pœnas* goe out, whereof in generall he should not haue notice of the matter, with one of their hands vnto the Bill; and if it did beare a sufficient cause of complaint, then would he set his hand to it, to haue it goe forward; if not, he would vtterly quash it, and denye a *sub pœna*.' pp. 64, 65.

'He invariably refused and returned the numerous presents and "new-year's gifts" by which the suitors sought to influence his judgments. It is recorded, that being presented by "one Mrs. Goaker" with a pair of gloves, and forty pounds of angels put into them, he said to her, "Mistress, since it were against good manners to refuse your new-year's gift, I am content to take your gloves, but as for the *lining* I utterly refuse it."

'Some days in term, such was his dispatch of business, that no cause was heard or motion made. And there cannot be a greater contrast than in the character of this great man, the *first lay-chancellor*, compared with that of his predecessors, than is expressed in the head of the 7th chapter in his biography, noting among "his especiall and remarkable virtues in midst of his honours, incredible poverty in so eminent a personage."' p. 66.

'The succeeding Chancellors in this reign were more supple courtiers, and, therefore, better adapted to their situation and calling. No particular circumstances occurred during the two subsequent reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, worthy of narration.'

Queen Elizabeth always serving herself first, took especial care to fill all the more important offices of the state with able ministers. Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the yet more celebrated Chancellor and philosopher, (how seldom those titles can be united,) held her great seal for a space of eighteen years, and died in 1579, leaving behind him a well established character for equity and integrity. Of Bromley, his successor, we have no particular notice; but who can forget the dancing Chancellor! Sir Christopher Hatton, vice-chamberlain to the Queen, whom Spencer commended, and of whom Camden writes, '*Spendissime omnium tamen quos vidimus se gessit, et quod ex juris sciantia definit ex æquitate supplicii studuit.*' It is true, that he is said to have had a prompter; the same thing has been alleged of more modern judges; it is well that ignorance is not always coupled with presumption!

Passing over Sir John Pickering, we next come to Sir Thomas Egerton, of whom Mr. Parkes relates, 'that the Queen happening to be in Court, while Mr. Egerton was pleading in a cause against the crown, her Majesty (?) exclaimed, 'in my troth, he shall never plead against me again.' He was very speedily appointed Queen's Counsel and Solicitor-General. An anecdote, somewhat similar, was circulated, not many years since, of a certain modern Attorney-general, thus selected by Government, in consequence of ability diaplayed in defence of parties arraigned for high treason. Our author might have added the curious fact, that a certain other Attorney-general volunteered his services to the accused on the same occasion, in resentment at having been passed over in a recent promotion; it is singular, also, that the last mentioned gentleman was the only Attorney-general for many years, who had been taken from the steady adherents of ministers; all the rest had been *rats*, and he seems to have thought it requisite to demonstrate, that he possessed the versatile faculty.

In the succeeding reign of James II., Lord Bacon broached his well-known plans of Legal Reform; but though the royal pedant at first entertained the project, he had neither strength nor honesty to carry it into effect. If he had kept his word, it would, probably, have been *secundum artem*; for this equitable Ruler was wont to say, that, so long as he had the making of Judges and Bishops, that should be both law and gospel which but pleased him.

It was in the chancellorship of Egerton, then Lord Ellesmere, that the celebrated dispute arose between Sir Edward Coke and the Chancellor, on the subject of equitable jurisdiction; and though we think the Keeper of the Great Seal had the advantage over the great luminary of the common law, both in argument and practical result, yet the annoyance is said to have hastened the end of Lord Ellesmere; upon whose death, Bacon, by a course of humiliating supplications to the King and favourite, from which the most profligate of modern lawyers would recoil with disgust, obtained the seal. Happy had it been for the honour of mankind, if the end had not been worthy of the means; this otherwise great man was as corrupt in office, as mean in suing for it. From his own mouth we must convict him.

'Lord Bacon, in his abstract reflections, writes, "If any one sue to be made a judge, for my own part I should suspect him." When his predecessor was dying, he assumed the character of an entreating courtier praying for the Chancellorship: in the office we see him corrupt! No. 103, in his collection of Apophthegms, is singularly applicable to his *practical* character, and to that of many modern lawyers—"103. When his Lordship was newly advanced to the great seal, Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, came to visit him. My Lord said, that he was to thank God and the King for that honour; but yet, so he might be rid of the burthen, he could very willingly forbear the honour: and that he formerly had a desire, and the same continued with him still, to lead a *private* life. Gondomar answered, That he would tell him a tale of an old RAT, that would needs leave the world, and acquainted the young rats that he would retire into his hole, and spend his days solitarily,—and would enjoy no more *comfort;* and commanded them, upon his high displeasure, not to

offer to come in unto him. They forbore two or three days: at last, one that was more hardy than the rest incited some of his fellows to go in with him, and he would venture to see how his father did; for he might be dead: they went in, and found the old RAT sitting in the midst of a rich Parmesan cheese!" So Gondomar applied the fable after his witty manner.'—Pp. 84, 85.

We wish that we could excuse the philosopher upon the plea, that he only conformed to the manners of his times. God knows, they were bad enough; but he, whose mind so far outran the age in which he lived, ought not to have been subject alone to its corruptions. We quit this unpleasing theme with a useful quotation for the consideration of our contemporary lawyers and Judges.

'In Mallet's meagre life of Bacon, where Johnson says that the Biographer forgot that his hero was a philosopher, one applicable reflection may be quoted—"The offices of Attorney and Solicitor-General have been rocks upon which many aspiring lawyers have made shipwreck of their virtue and human nature. Some of these gentlemen have acted at the bar, as if they thought themselves, by the duty of their places, absolved from all the obligations of truth, honour, and decency. But their names are upon record, and will be transmitted to after-ages with those characters of reproach and abhorrence that are due to the worst sort of murderers; those that murder under the sanction of justice." Men, who *before* they attained office were the active friends of legal reform, *afterwards* are the panegyrists of corruption and the calumniators of their former political connections.'—P. 91.

When the Great Seal was brought to James, from Bacon, his Majesty is reported to have exclaimed—'Now, by my soule, I am pained at the heart where to bestow this; for, as to my lawyers, I thinke they be all knaves!'—so he gave it to a priest!!!

On the fall of Bacon, the Duke of Buckingham employed Dean Williams to value (!!!) the place; and, on his Majesty's perusing the valuation, he was sensibly impressed with the fitness of Williams for the situation, and he was made Lord Keeper accordingly. From such a beginning, we need scarcely add, that he was worthy of his ecclesiastical predecessors, and left us no reason to regret that he was the last clerical Chancellor.

'In Bacon's place comes Williams, a man on purpose brought in at first to serve turnes, but in this place to doe that which none of the laity could bee found bad enough to undertake; whereupon this observation was made, that, first, no lay-man could bee found so dishonest as a clergy-man; next, as Bacon, the father of this Bacon, did receive the seales from a Bishop, so a Bishop againe received them from a Bacon; and at this did the Lawyers fret, to have such a flower pulled out of their garland.—This Williams, though he wanted much of his Predecessor's abilities for the Law; yet did he equal him for learning and pride, and beyond him in the waie of bribery, this man answering by petitions, a new way, in which his servants had one part, himselfe another, and so was calculated to be worth to him and his servants 3000*l. per annum*, a new way never found out before.'—P. 95.

Charles II.—'In this reign, the sins of the fathers were visited on the children.'

Archbishop Williams, having jilted the mother of the Duke of Buckingham, was removed, and his place bestowed upon Lord Coventry, several of whose orders, still extant, show that he had ability to reform his Court; but the times were not favourable to such an enterprise.

'In 1639, Sir John Finch, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was made Lord Keeper. This infamous Judge was, doubtless, thus rewarded for his former services of drawing and propounding to the other Judges the question of Ship-money, and for having obtained their answer favourable to the Crown, "after many solicitations, with promises of preferment to some, and high threats against others he found hesitating and doubtful." Such an important service, together with his iniquitous conduct on his circuits, and his corrupt judgments in the Common Pleas, gave him an indefeasible right, in those days, to the seals.'

This court-sycophant fled to Holland, to avoid an impeachment, and it is singular, that little is known of his subsequent life, or place of death. We may conclude that he was not living at the time of the Restoration, or so useful a tool would not have been overlooked by the second Charles.

Sir Edward Littleton, who deserted the banner of liberty, in the hope of preserving his office, was the next and last* Lord Keeper of this reign; for, on his joining the King, with the seal, at York, the Parliament voted that if he did not return with it in fourteen days, he should lose his office, and all process subsequently sealed with the Royal seal should be void. A new seal was then made, the old one, subsequently taken at Naseby, was broken, and some temporary measures were adopted, as to the equitable jurisdiction. 'The capital punishment of the unfortunate sovereign, and the abolition of monarchy, terminated the tragical contention between the King and the Parliament.

We shall return to this subject shortly.

* Sir Richard Lane held the seal of the King, but as a mere sinecure.

TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.

Travels in Russia, &c. &c. By William Rae Wilson, Esq., F.S.A.; Author of Travels in Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, &c.; and of Travels in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Illustrated by Engravings. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. London, 1828.

It is not a little curious to observe the different manner in which men of various temperaments view a foreign country. There is nothing, however, more inexplicable to us, than the preposterous union of an ardent love of change and excitement, and a bold and self-denying resolution, with a paltry vanity and coxcombical passion for appearing as the author of a book of travels. Men, however, leave home for very opposite purposes; and, while some are willing to bear every fatigue and hardship to advance science or procure wealth, there are, doubtless, as many others who are equally ready to waste their lives in wandering for the sake of a quixotic renown, or to gather information enough to fill a respectable-looking volume. Some are more fortunate than others, in being able to travel farther and stay longer; but, from the little pert passenger in a Calais steam-boat, who notes down the conversation of his companions to help out his 'Journey from London to Paris,' to the happier and prouder man of leisure, who can visit Italy and the Isles of Greece for a similar purpose, it is one and the same passion that fills their minds, and makes them determine on braving the dangers of sea and land, to effect their object. The truest sign of a man's being instigated to travel by this desire, and nothing else, is his publishing his tour, as soon as possible after his return, and its being filled, either with the details of a geographical grammar, or the little flimsy road-talk which amused him and his companions.

Now, we have a very high respect for travellers in general; and it therefore grieves us greatly, when we see any one of the fraternity appearing before the public without the proper credentials of sound reflection, or enough of originality in his intellectual constitution to bring something additional to the stock of our previous knowledge. We have of late been obliged, more than once, to express ourselves thus on this point; and we are afraid Mr. Wilson's work has not much softened our asperity against modern tourists. He has collected, with vast industry, whatever was to be collected from guides, postmasters, and friends in office, and we thank him for his pains where his information is new; but he has travelled as if he were one of those above-mentioned gentlemen himself, and has filled his book with such details as they might be supposed to collect on their route. To do Mr. Wilson justice, however, he evidently lost no time while on his journey, and, for readers taking pleasure in such narratives, his publication will undoubtedly afford considerable amusement. We take our first extract from his description of Tsarskoe Selo, which is really very lively and amusing.

'Having gratified ourselves with inspecting all the beauties of this delicious retreat, we proceeded to Tzarskoe Selo, which was originally erected by Peter the Great, who presented it to his consort, but was rebuilt by Elisabeth, in 1744; was again improved and extended by Catherine II., and is now the summer residence of the imperial family. Every thing is here on a scale of extraordinary magnificence, and worthy the residence of a monarch. At one extremity, there is a noble lake, flanked by a majestic terrace of massive polished granite; and over the canal communicating with that fine piece of water are three bridges of the same material. The banks of the lake are farther ornamented with three Gothic buildings, forming what is denominated the Admiralty; they being destined to serve as a shelter in winter to the elegant yachts, and other pleasure-vessels, that in fine weather are seen gliding over the glassy waters, reflecting their gilded sides and gay banners. On one part of this lake is a vast hall, built by the Empress Elisabeth, for concerts; but the noblest architectural ornament is the superb rostral column, erected to commemorate Orlov's victory over the Turkish fleet at Chesme. On three sides of the granite pedestal are bas-reliefs, and on the fourth an inscription, recording that memorable action. What adds considerably, also, to the beauty of this scene, is the number of swans, ducks, and other aquatic birds, that are to be seen on the lake and its banks. It would require some space to describe all the various objects that embellish this abode of royalty; the Gothic ruins; the Turkish kiosk, copied from one in the garden of the seraglio at Constantinople; the various Chinese and other pavilions; the magnificent triumphal arch, erected in honour of Count Gregory Orlov; another of more recent date, to commemorate the achievements of the late war; the new terrace, &c. Let it suffice, therefore, to observe, that it is difficult to determine whether our admiration is most excited by the splendours of art, or by the beauties of nature, which here exhibits a luxuriance that one would imagine absolutely impossible at the 60° of northern latitude. The palace itself, both for its extent and imposing appearance, may be considered as one of the noblest royal residences in Europe, although it has now lost much of its pristine magnificence; the roof, which was at first gilded, having been painted of a light green colour.

'The principal rooms form an enfilade, and the pannels of their doors are richly gilded. Notwithstanding, however, all the elegance displayed in other respects, they are poorly furnished, with the exception of those occupied by the reigning Empress, which are at one extremity of the palace. In her study were a number of books, in the French and English language. One of these was open, and we found it to be Captain Parry's Voyage, which she appeared to have been just looking over. Adjoining to these are the apartments of the Emperor. One room in this palace is entirely of amber; which was a present of Frederick I. of Prussia to Elisabeth; and the doors are inlaid with mosaic. In a spacious and lofty hall are portraits of Catherine II., and Anne, daughter of Peter. The grand banqueting-room, or gallery, is 168 feet in length, by 91 in breadth, with 52 windows on each side, and contains specimens of antique china and large jars, piled from the floor to the ceiling. The floors are uncommonly fine, some of them being inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and others formed of porcelain of different colours. One room is fitted up in the Chinese style, with curious images, pagodas, &c. In this suit is the bed-room of Catherine II., where are columns of blue glass, so constructed as to appear to support the ceiling. From the windows is a beautiful view of the gardens and lake; and adjoining to it is a gallery, decorated with flowers and bronze busts of the Roman emperors. On a flight of steps are enormous colossal figures of Hercules, &c. The adjacent village of Tzarskoe Selo contains 5000 inhabitants; and French restaurateurs are established here.

'Turning into the great road, we prosecuted our journey. The post-boy, who wore long gloves, like those of men in armour, reaching nearly to his elbows, with a smart broad hat, ornamented with artificial flowers, was one of the merriest we had met with in this country; for he sang loudly during the whole stage, and appeared to depend more on his musical powers than on his whip, whenever he wished his horses to proceed at a quicker rate. We travelled all night, passing through Chondova, and villages where

the houses were built of wood, and without chimneys, so that the smoke was forced to escape at the door. In consequence of the wood being laid level with the ground, these habitations must be damp, and, consequently, injurious to the health of the inmates; and many of them, from the want of a solid foundation, incline on one side. In North America, a mode has been adopted in building to prevent humidity from the ground, which merits publicity:—When the foundation is raised two feet above the ground, a layer of sheet lead, of the same breadth, is placed upon it, and the walls are then continued on the lead, by which means the whole is secured from damp.

'At Podberos, a curious scene, by no means uncommon at the post-houses, although apt, at first, to excite alarm in a traveller, took place. On the appearance of our equipage, a crowd of boors, that were lying about near the door, set up a loud yell, contending among themselves who should furnish horses for the next stage. On such occasions lots are cast, by tossing up fruit, copecs, stones, or any thing else, in a hat, and the traveller must abide by their decision, as it is in vain for him to interpose, or express any will of his own. A sketch of this extraordinary scene, taken on the spot, is given in the engraving in front of this volume. At the post-houses slices of raw turnip are handed about, with a spirituous liquor, as a whet before dinner, a practice that is also particularly observed in Sweden. We left this with small lean horses, and passed a military colony, respecting which an anecdote is related, with regard to a visit made to the place by the Emperor Alexander, for the purpose of inquiring into the condition of the soldiers. His Majesty, having entered into a kitchen, observed a goose roasting, and on visiting a second saw a similar feast preparing; in short, in every kitchen he slipped into, he invariably beheld a goose upon the spit, and returned perfectly satisfied that the colonists had plenty of excellent cheer. It was, however, afterwards discovered, that he had been imposed upon; for, after all, there was only a single goose, which had been very dexterously conveyed from one kitchen to another, so as to be turning at the fire whenever he entered. This was a contrivance on the part of the governor, to impress his Majesty with a favourable idea of the flourishing state of the colony.'—Vol. II. pp. 3-8.

After having given this anecdote of the autocrat of the Russias, we cannot, perhaps, do better than follow Mr. Wilson with a very long step from Podberos to Telget, where we find him as fortunate in the discovery of anecdotes of our own king as formerly of the foreign potentate:

'Beyond Osnaburg the country became beautiful, and the rural character of the landscape was increased by the number of farm-houses, all of which had an air of snugness and comfort about them, that rendered them highly pleasing objects. After passing through a wood, a magnificent prospect burst upon us of an extensive plain immediately beneath. On an eminence, above the village of Iburg, is a pile of building,

"An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion,"

which has been occupied since 1803 by the governor of the district. Although a village, this place contains about 800 inhabitants and two churches. This was also the birth-place of the mother of Frederick the Great.

'At Telget, we were informed by the landlord of the inn where we alighted, that his dwelling, humble as it appeared, had been honoured by having been, for several days, the residence of his Majesty George IV.; for which honour we found that he had been more indebted to accident than design, since one of the carriages having been upset, the attendants behind had been flung off, and one of them severely wounded. With his characteristic humanity, therefore, his Majesty ordered him to be conveyed into this house, alighted himself, and remained here a whole day. This circumstance proved a fortunate one for the landlord, as it produced him a thousand dollars; it is needless, therefore, to say, that he spoke of our monarch's liberality in the most rapturous terms. Even the stains of blood on the table, on which the wounded man was laid when first brought into the house, were pointed out to us, and will, without doubt, be carefully preserved as a memorial for his descendants. Had it not been for this occurrence, I much doubt whether Telget would have been long favoured with the presence of royalty, as the place itself has nothing attractive in its aspect.

'Not having met with any similar accident to detain ourselves, we now hastened on to Munster, whose spires shortly after appeared at the extremity of a heath. In the environs of the city are many gardens, with pleasure-houses and pavilions, which are the favourite resort of the citizens on summer evenings. This place is of some importance, being the capital both of the duchy of the same name and of all Westphalia. It was formerly fortified, but little remains, at present, even to indicate its once military appearance, except a few fragments of ancient walls. There are eleven churches; and the first of these is St. Lambert's, said to have been built 800 years ago. The principal altar is ornamented with Doric columns, and therefore quite out of character with the rest of the edifice. On the walls are many old paintings of subjects from the New Testament, with figures of bishops and saints; there is also a most preposterous image of the Virgin, with three swords sticking in her breast. The windows have a quantity of stained glass, emblazoned with armorial bearings. From the tower of this church, which is 307 feet high, is a fine prospect of the surrounding country; but what renders this building interesting to the historical traveller, is, that it was here John of Leyden, King of the Anabaptists, as he styled himself, suffered torture for having seized upon the city, which was retaken after a siege of fourteen months. Three iron cages, about eight feet high, and four in breadth, project from the walls near the summit of this tower, in which he and two of his accomplices were exhibited like wild beasts. The cathedral, which is a still more ancient edifice, situated in a square planted with trees, has attached to it a monastery in good preservation, and in the cloisters belonging to it are numerous monuments, &c. There are some old paintings, one of which represents Christ driving the money-changers from the Temple. We were shown an enormous chess-board, about five feet long and two broad, which is said to have belonged to John of Leyden. There is, too, a curious clock, which is pointed out as one of the "lions" of this cathedral, and it is certainly a most ingenious piece of mechanism: there are four figures,—one with a trumpet, the second with a hammer, a third representing Time with his scythe, and the fourth Death with a dart in one hand, and an arrow in the other. At the expiration of each quarter of an hour, the first figure sounds his trumpet, and the other strikes with his hammer; and, at the end of the hour, Death gives a blow with his dart, and Time reverses his hour-glass.

'The town-house is a very antique and massive building, the walls being eight feet thick; the windows are Gothic, and two of them have stained glass, with figures of Justice, Fortitude, Charity, Patience, Hope, and Faith. The hall, which is sixty feet in length, by thirty in breadth, has some grotesque but well-executed carvings, and niches or stalls, with seats and cushions, over which are the names of the persons to whom they belonged. At one end was a table covered with coarse tapestry, and at the other an enormous fire-place, with a massive canopy of carved wood, representing various events in the life of our Saviour. The walls are adorned like those in the town-hall at Aix-la-Chapelle, with the portraits of those who were present here at the signing of important public treaties. A door beneath the table was opened by our cicerone, who took out a silver figure, representing a game-cock, the head of which can be taken off by unscrewing it, when it forms a drinking-cup, in which capacity it is used at the election of a burgomaster. Among other curiosities was exhibited to us the hand of a notary public, which was chopped off in 1703, for forging a document, and is preserved here *in terrorem*; also an iron collar, with spikes,—no very pleasing memorial of the barbarities formerly inflicted upon criminals. Besides these, was an iron sword six feet in length, which formidable weapon is still borne in procession on some occasions. It was in this hall that the famous treaty of Westphalia, which terminated a religious warfare that had been carried on for thirty years, was signed in 1648.

'The city itself is very ancient; and the houses, the fronts of which are decorated with carvings and figures, generally rest upon arches. Beneath these are the shops, and the latter are consequently very gloomy. There are about 18,000 inhabitants, the greater part of whom are Catholics. The walks around the town are pleasant, particularly those on the ramparts, which are planted with lime-trees, and command a prospect of the river Aa that flows beneath.

'Although the greater part of the population are Catholics, recent political changes have considerably increased the number of Protestants; and in August, 1818, the Catholic University, which had of late years about 300 students, was broken up; but there is still a seminary for educating priests of that persuasion; also a Catholic Gymnasium, which latter has about 250 scholars, and a library containing 25,000 volumes. Horses must be cheap here, if I may judge from a strong one for a cart, which I saw sold in the principal street for one guinea.'—Vol. ii. pp. 264—269.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

An Essay on the Diseases of the Jaws, and their Treatment; with Observations on the Amputation of a Part or the Whole of the Inferior Maxilla; tending to prove that such Operation is seldom, if ever, necessary. With two plates. By Leonard Kœcker, M.D., Surgeon-Dentist, &c. &c. Underwoods. London, 1828.

THE author of the present essay is well known to the medical profession by his excellent treatise on 'Dental Surgery.' In the work before us, he has taken a careful review of all the diseases incidental to the bones constituting the jaws, which are numerous. The art of a dentist is, like that of a surgeon, divided into the *Art* and *Science*, of this department of medical education. Unfortunately for the public at large, most of the modern dentists, who flourish in the public papers by means of advertisements, generally study the mere mechanical part of the profession, while the scientific portion is omitted. It is, therefore, pleasing to find an individual, (and a foreigner too,) paving the way for its improvement in this most important part. And it is truly lamentable, to find the majority of medical practitioners (including many professed dentists) so little acquainted with the fundamental principles of of their profession. We need hardly inform our readers, who are the sufferers on this occasion. The author of the present essay appears to use his endeavours to create a more general study of the diseases of the teeth and mouth among medical pupils generally. We cannot but recommend a careful perusal of both his present and his former work, as containing valuable remarks, with illustrative cases, highly interesting to the pathological student, and recommend him to pay more attention to the diseases in question, as being frequently, and, we may add, in our opinion, most generally, created by indigestion, intemperance, and neglect.

An Analysis of the Historical Books of the Old Testament. Vincent. Oxford, 1828.

THIS is a useful and important little work. It is adapted to give the young a clear idea of the course of scripture history, and the more advanced reader will find great advantage in the assistance it offers to the recollection. The notes are well selected, and all highly useful. We recommend the work to general attention, not as superseding the Bible in its proper form, but as a key to its contents.

Arran; a Poem, in six Cantos. By the Rev. David Lansborough. Blackwood. Edinburgh, 1828.

THE pleasure we experience in reading descriptive poetry, is very akin to that we feel in wandering over the fields, or among the scenes which it describes. It affords a soft and quiet sort of gratification, neither heightened nor disturbed by some of the accompaniments of other species of poetry, and the writer of it, accordingly, has only to possess feeling, and general good taste, to insure our sympathy, and make us enjoy his compositions. Mr. Lansborough's Poem has great merit of this kind, and we should tread every spot of ground he has mentioned with a deeper and more lengthened enjoyment, since reading many of his happy and picturesque descriptions.

Constable's Miscellany; Register of Politics and Literature for 1827. Constable. Edinburgh, 1828.

WE are exceedingly glad to find such a work as this, in its present cheap form, before the public. It contains a Memoir of Mr. Canning, a concise and judicious abstract of every thing of importance which has become matter of political or literary history during the last year, and is altogether well compiled.

Mémoires du Compte de Modene sur la Revolution de Naples de 1647. Paris, 1828.

THESE Memoirs were first printed in Paris in 1666, and had become so scarce a work that a new edition of it has just been published. The old edition is to be met with in most collections of historical productions; but we notice the present one, in consequence of a very curious correspondence which has been added to it, and shows what part France took in this revolution. These letters are written by Louis XIV., Cardinal Mazarin, the Duke de Richelieu, M. de Brienne, and the Duke de Guise.

[The concluding Article of the Eight Days at Brighton will be given in our next.]

TYRANNICAL TREATMENT OF THE LAST QUEEN OF GEORGIA.

The subjugation of Georgia, to the Russian sceptre, was attended with many interesting circumstances, which are as yet, either entirely unknown, or at least, known but very imperfectly in Europe. We have, however, met with an account in a German journal, of the removal from Tiflis, of the last individual of the Royal family, who attempted to recover the sovereignty which Russia had extinguished. An abstract of this story, which though romantic, is we believe, substantially true, may be allowed to occupy a page in 'The Athenæum' at the present moment, when the powerful Autocrat of the North, is understood to have recommenced war with Persia, on the one hand, and on the other, to threaten a formidable attack on the Ottoman Porte.

It is well known, that, about the end of the last century, some of the principal tribes of Georgia, unable to repel the repeated attacks of the Turks and Persians, eagerly sought the assistance and protection of Russia. The appeal was not made in vain. The Russian troops marched into the country, and supported the Kings of Georgia, Imerthia, (called in the maps and gazeteers, Immeretia and Imiretta,) and the other chief Princes of the country. But it was soon found, that these independent Sovereigns quarrelled among themselves, and Russia was not slow in taking advantage of the dissensions, which, it is alleged, she provoked. Like the Greeks, the Georgians wished to be independent; but that wish did not coincide with the policy of the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh. It was there determined, that the several native Princes should be removed to a distance from their territories, and allowed pensions for their subsistence. Most of them submitted quietly to the arrangement imposed on them. Only one, Salomon II., King of Imerthia, rejected the Russian offer. He fled, placed himself under the protection of the Porte, and died at Trebisond, in 1815.

The Princess, whose last unsuccessful attempt to throw off the Russian yoke we shall briefly relate, was Maria, the daughter of Prince George Tsitianoff, and the widow of George XIII., son of the celebrated Heraclius, King of Georgia. This last of the Georgian Kings died in December 1800. His eldest son, David, ought then to have ascended the throne, but, in consequence of stipulations made by Russia in the Treaty of Tiflis, concluded in November 1795, he was merely declared Regent, and was, finally, removed to Russia in the year 1803. The whole country was immediately converted into a Russian province. This change was chiefly brought about by Prince Paul Dimetrewitch Tsitianoff, who, though nearly related to the royal family, was completely devoted to the interests of Russia. He had risen to the rank of general in the Russian army, and, for his services on this occasion, was appointed Governor-General of Georgia.

Prince Tsitianoff appeared to have now put an end to all idea of further resistance on the part of the country, and as no danger was apprehended from Queen Maria, she, without much difficulty, obtained permission from the Russian Government to remain in Georgia with her infant children, of whom she had seven, five male and two female. The Queen, however, did not feel much gratitude for this favour, as she suspected that her sons, on approaching manhood would be taken from her and removed to Russia. She, therefore, resolved to escape into her father's territory, where she expected to find the means of making head against the Russians. In the mean time General Tsitianoff, who was aware of the bold and decided character of the Queen, kept a a strict eye upon her. All her movements were carefully watched, and at last the General thought it necessary to advise the Russian Government to withdraw the permission for her residence in Georgia. But this was not sufficient; the Queen might take some important step before the decision of the Russian Government could arrive; and to guard against every accident, he gained over, by promises and bribes, Kalatusoff, a Georgian of noble family, who was in the Queen's household, and honoured with her entire confidence. This wretch, seduced by the offer of a brilliant reward, disclosed all the plans of the Queen.

Maria relied much on the Pshavi and Tushini, two Caucasian tribes, who inhabit the banks of the Yora to the north-west of Tiflis, and whose character and customs render them formidable to their enemies. Their laws incite to the most daring hardihood in the field, and they are taught to regard revenge as a duty. He who returns from battle wounded in the back is punished with death, and the beard must remain unshaved until the death of a relation be avenged. These mountaineers had from time immemorial, formed the body guard of the Georgian kings, and they had always been strongly attached to the Royal family. Maria determined in the first instance to take refuge among the Pshavi; but the plan of her escape was betrayed by Kalatusoff, at the moment when every thing was prepared for its execution.

One of the chiefs of the Pshavi, named Hadilla, remarkable for his courage and gigantic stature, was deputed by his tribe to conduct the plan of escape. He had several conferences with the Queen on the subject, which were immediately disclosed by Kalatusoff. General Tsitianoff wished to verify the information he had received, and for that purpose ordered Hadilla to be summoned before him. There was with the General, only his interpreter, whom he thought proper to have present at this interview, though he knew the language of the Pshavi perfectly well. Kalatusoff was concealed behind a sofa. On Hadilla's entrance, he saluted the General in the manner of his country, and the following dialogue followed between them:

'What has brought you to Tiflis?' 'I have come here to purchase salt.' 'Do not attempt to deceive me, you have other reasons for being here.' 'I have come to purchase salt.' 'Your life is forfeited if you do not speak the truth. If you persist in concealment, I have power to order your head to be struck off instantly.' 'What, order me to be beheaded immediately! By whom then? By that Armenian interpreter there, perhaps, (putting his hand in his bosom) but I have still a dagger ***.'

The general perceived that he could not succeed by threats, and endeavoured to extract something by milder language. But his alteration of tone produced no effect Hadilla's unvarying answer was, that he came to buy salt. The general than called Kalatusoff from his concealment, and confronted him with the Pshavi, who indignantly refused to answer any farther questions. Six Russian grenadiers were then introduced, who disarmed Hadilla, and conveyed him to the fortress.

The General was now satisfied that the removal of the Queen was indispensable to the peace and tranquillity of the country. He, therefore, resolved to accomplish that object on the following day, the 12th of April, 1803. It was his wish, however, that nothing should seem to be done privately, but that it should appear that the Queen was proceeding of her own accord on a journey. Every thing was, therefore, to be conducted with pomp and ceremony. Accordingly, at an hour of the morning rather too early for waiting on a Princess, Major-General Lazareff, in full uniform, accompanied by an interpreter, named Sorokin, having the rank of Captain, and followed by two companies of infantry, with military music, proceeded to the Palace. Lazareff went directly to the Queen's apartment, where he found her sitting, in the oriental manner, with her legs crossed under her, on an elevated cushion. She was surrounded by her seven children, the eldest of whom was barely seven years of age, and who were sleeping on adjoining cushions. Lazareff intimated that she must immediately prepare to leave Tiflis. The Queen had for some days apprehended that a measure of this kind would be adopted before she could effect her escape. But, though she was not altogether taken by surprise, she did not fail to remonstrate against so precipitate an order. She pointed to her children, and said, that if she waked them rashly 'it would turn their blood.' This is a prevailing prejudice in Georgia. When Lazareff stated that he acted under the orders of General Tsitianoff, she merely said 'Tsitsiano toofiani,' *i. e.*, 'Tsitsianoff is the disgrace of his family.' Beside the cushion on which the Queen sat, and which covered a kind of state bed or throne, there was a pillow on which she used occasionally to recline her head, and which she now drew towards her knee, apparently resting her arm upon it. In this pillow she had, for some time, kept concealed the sword of her deceased husband. Lazareff perceiving no disposition to prepare for the journey, approached the cushion on the left, and stooped down with the intention of raising the Queen. Maria, who had by this time laid the pillow quite across her knee, suddenly drew the sword and plunged it into his side, exclaiming, 'So perish all the agents of tyranny and dishonour.' The wound was mortal, and the Russian, with a convulsive cry, instantly expired. Sorokin, the interpreter drew his sword to oppose the Queen, and wounded her severely on the shoulder; Helena, the mother of Maria, being alarmed by the noise, rushed at this moment into the apartment, and seeing the blood streaming from her daughter's wound, clasped her in her arms, with the eager action of a parent protecting her child. Four officers also immediately entered, and in a moment the House was full of Russian soldiers. The Queen was dragged from the arms of her mother, and hurried with her children into a carriage, which had been prepared to receive her. A strong military escort accompanied the carriage. Every where on the road the Georgians gave proofs of their attachment to the Queen, but the soldiers permitted very few persons to come near her. It was wished to know what the Queen might say to any of the people, or what conversation might pass between her and her children. For this purpose, a Russian, who understood Georgian, was selected to conduct the carriage. This man, on his return to Tiflis, related many affecting anecdotes of the journey. Among the rest the following:—The young prince Gabriel, only six years old, said, 'Mother, why did you kill that officer?' 'For your honour, my dear,' answered the Queen; to which, the child replied, 'Mother, say that I did it, and then the Russians will not harm you.'

On arriving in Russia, the Queen was shut up in a cloister, and thus ended the kingdom of Georgia.

CONTINENTAL SCENES.

The Murder—Concluded from our last.

The narrative of the supposed murderer's trial, broke off abruptly in our last, (p. 345,) at the point in which the unhappy individual, Platz, who had first insisted on surrendering himself up to justice, recalled his self-accusation, and insisted on his being innocent, notwithstanding his previous eagerness to cover himself with guilt.

Never, perhaps, was man placed in so singular, nay, unprecedented, a situation, as that in which the counsel for the unfortunate Platz now found himself. 'Can it,' said he, addressing himself to the Jury with enthusiastic warmth, 'can it, gentlemen, be for a moment asserted, that the accusation preferred against this unhappy man, is supported by any forcible testimony? Is there a

rong mass of presumptive evidence, to bewilder our judgment and excite suspicions in your mind hich it becomes me to remove? Who are the ccusers at this awful tribunal? One, and one nly, and that is the wretched Platz himself. lis evidence alone supports the impeachment; e alone endeavours to baffle every effort of his efenders, and to devote himself to an ignomiious, though welcome death. What witnesses ppear against him? None—the only testimony f his guilt is his own acknowledgment, and that made under the influence of a morbid and meancholy state of mind. Numerous circumstances re in positive contradiction to this avowal, and ontribute to render it in the highest degree improbable. When I reflect, (continued the counsel, a tone of voice calculated to excite the most ympathetic emotion,) on a condemnation passed pon such proof or rather want of proof, I am aturally inclined to revert to those days, when Judge pronounced sentence of death on the retched criminal whose confession of guilt had een extorted by the application of torture: yet ven these unfortunate beings, had an advantage ver my unhappy client; *they* could, by summonig all their energies to their aid, for a short eriod, resist the agonies of the wheel. But where the mind endowed with sufficient fortitude to ndure torture for a series of years? when each ccessive day brings with it a renewal of hopeess grief, with no diminution of suffering, no conolatory reflection to mitigate the pang. We are ll aware, how the strongest mind must sink under ich baneful influence; how enviable the repose f the tomb must then appear, and with what agerness it would be sought. And are not the eans pursued by this unhappy man the most kely to effect his purpose? I shudder when I all to your attention, that, if prisoners are conemned on their own confession alone, the hand f Justice must frequently become the instrument f suicide.'

This discourse of my learned friend excited trong emotion in his auditors, many of whom ere bathed in tears. Platz alone remained unhaken, and seemed to regret that he should till be compelled to endure life. When the resident, however, re-commenced the examinaon, he threw himself on his knees, and began pray. 'What a lesson,' said the eloquent agistrate, 'would the present scene afford those whose illiberal and selfish minds would eprive the lower classes of society of the benets arising from the diffusion of knowledge: hat a striking example of the evils of their docrine! Ignorance perverts the most valuable recepts of morality, as well as the most sacred aws of religion, which forbid us to quit the post which the Almighty has placed us, until it shall lease him to relieve us; and, if any wretched eing presumes to relinquish his life and his ate, however miserable, and rush unbidden nto the presence of his Creator, he becomes able to the just anger of his offended God. he unhappy prisoner is not ignorant of this acred law; his memory acknowledges it, but his eason is no guide in the fulfilment of it; derived of the light of education, he is led astray y the errors of superstition. Thus, he acts in irect opposition to the very law that he considers ost sacred; although armed with the most ferocious resolution against his own life, he dares not acrifice it himself, lest he should provoke the nger of his heavenly Judge; he has, however, ecourse to the dreadful expedient of compelling is fellow-creatures to inflict death upon him. o effect this, he has rendered himself guilty, ither of an actual crime, or a wilful falsehood, nd, should he appear in the presence of the lmighty, stained with the blood of his fellowman, the judicial sentence will still leave some pace between the commission of the deed and he hour of atonement; wherein he may enevour by prayers and repentance to obtain the ivine mercy. If, on the other hand, he has proclaimed himself guilty of an imaginary crime, he deceives himself even still more palpably. He thinks he has escaped perdition, because, by not being his own executioner, he has cast the guilt upon the judge, who, by means of his artifice, will have passed an unjust sentence upon him, which to you, gentlemen, as well myself, would be a source of endless regret. With you, however, it rests, he continued, addressing the jury, to decide to which of these expedients, the prisoner has had recourse.'

After a short deliberation, the unfortunate prisoner Platz was acquitted unanimously by the jury, and a subscription was immediately made for him among the members of the Bar. I watched him closely when the acquittal was pronounced; he clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven, then he leaned his head upon the crucifix, and his gesture was that of perfect resignation. I left the Court, and thought of that passage in Rousseau, which says, 'Devotion is the opium of the soul; when we take a little, it animates and strengthens us; when we take too much, it produces lethargy, or delirium, or death:' and never did its truth strike me so powerfully.

FRENCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[The first number of a New Quarterly Review has just appeared in Paris, of which the following notice has been transmitted us by a Correspondent, on whose disinterestedness and impartiality we can rely.]

While glancing over the contents of this Number, we could not help frequently considering what an impulse such a work, wisely planned and judiciously conducted, might give to the progress of enlightened knowledge, and how it might prepare, for the French people, the road to superiority in wisdom and in liberty. We live in a period when society is all life and activity. Information has been more generally diffused, and the consequence has been a universal advancement towards every species of improvement. Individual interests are now better understood, more cared for, and attended with greater prosperity; but, as we are convinced that the interests of the great family of the state proceed upon principles in no respect different from those which regulate private families, every one conceives that he ought to have the privilege of examining for himself, and the voice of the public resolutely demands the right to fix a scrutinizing eye upon the operations of their governors. To that voice the press replies in a thousand different forms; and, in a thousand different forms, encourages, irritates, or appeases it. On the other hand, by means of the universal advancement of which we have spoken, and through this conflict of action and re-action, the whole range of human knowledge has been thrown open to the eyes of the community. Political economy, domestic economy, philosophy, literature, are the amusements of almost every body: reading has become one of the chief wants: books are called for, and appear as if by magic.

As it would not be in the power of every individual to purchase all the books which are written in each department of literature, so neither would the compass of human life suffice for their perusal; still less, would the great majority of readers be capable of forming a correct judgment of them, and of reaping from them the greatest possible advantage. Reviews have therefore become indispensable; and, if ably and impartially conducted, they cannot fail to be of the utmost utility.

We have great pleasure in saying, that most of the articles composing the first number of the 'Revue Trimestrielle' are of great merit. That which treats on the French Elections of 1827, and that on 'The Constitutional History of England,' (both subjects of the greatest moment,) are eminently distinguished by profound views, and by an historical completeness, an order, and a perspicuity, which make them most delightful reading, and leave on the mind an impression as lively as it is interesting. Between these two articles, which are chiefly political, we meet with two others relating to natural history; the one on fossil bones, or, rather, on the revolutions of our globe, and the other on the temperature of the interior of the earth. The first of these forms a small book, complete in itself; the subject is connected with inquiries of the most serious nature and of the highest importance; and the article itself is alike entertaining and instructive. It concludes thus: 'One thing more is worthy of remark, and that is, that, in thus supplying his own wants, and making up the deficiencies of nature, he, (man,) discovered that this same nature had violently convulsed our globe by frequent revolutions; that lofty chains of mountains are the receptacles of an immense number of organic remains; and that,—with the exception of some central ridges, the primitive soil, crystallized before life had appeared in the world,—wherever he walks, and wherever he toils, he is walking and toiling among tombs; that it is out of the wrecks of life, that he builds his halls, palaces, and temples, and procures almost all his enjoyments. It should seem as if nature thus designed to place continually before his eyes, the final doom of all organized existence, the inevitable end of life,—mortality.'

The other article, though quite as excellent in its kind, is less satisfactory to readers who look for known and definite results, which are still entangled among theories. After having examined the nature of volcanic substances, and demonstrated that they are homogeneous throughout the world, the writer puts the following question, 'And what can this pervading fire be, except the fluid and inflammable mass of the globe, the solid rind of which, incessantly contracted by the periodical refrigeration which has not yet attained its limit, compresses the liquid substances in its enclosure, and forces them to seek vent through those openings in the surface which exist in different places?' Further on, we read: 'It is not then by virtue of theory that we are now brought back to the notion of a central fire; but in spite of theory, and in spite of many prejudices.'

The article on the works of the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, and of his disciples, will not be without interest to those who are conversant with the religious doctrines which have characterised the various nations of the earth. It appears to broach the opinion, that they have all sprung from the same source; and it is scarcely too much to conclude, that, on a closer examination, their origin might be traced to the people who possess the books of Moses. This article, especially, as well as the preceding ones, conscientiously fulfils all the conditions of the prospectus.

The review of Mr. Walton's letter to the Marquis of Lansdown, on the affairs of Portugal and Spain, while it throws great light on the present state of Portugal, depicts in very gloomy colours the future destinies of that country; and the events which have transpired since the publication of the Review, prove but too clearly how intimately the author is acquainted with public opinion on the banks of the Tagus. There is another article which we cannot pass over in silence; a description of the industry of the departments of France, by Baron Dupin. It is difficult for any one to read it without feeling a strong desire to retire into the bosom of the country, and contribute his share to the prosperity of the state, by devoting himself to some one of the branches of industry which the author has described, or to the encouragement of popular instruction, which, as he has so well said, and so ably proved, 'leads to happiness by the path of knowledge.'

HECATOMPYLOS.

The populous and unapparent deep
Is imaged in our visionary hours,
And dreams of men oft shadow forth the forms
Which lie beyond the palpable bare sense.
So did I view a ruinous city vast
Slow rising through the great abyss of thought,
Dim and half-bodied, like a forming world;
And, in my sleep, a wild voice loud bewailed,
Whose hollow tone in echoes lingered far,
E'en like old Chaos howling for his throne.

Stately the domed vision ponderous rose,
And the rough haze was slowly swept away,
Till arch, and cupola, and marble wall,
Cloud-piercing spire, temple, and obelisk,
Stood shroudless, bare, like beings from the grave
Forth called, amidst the revels of the worm;
Mouldering and shattered, their gaunt skeletons
Grappling with ruin, mindful of gone days.

Here stood a palace, gorgeous once and strong,
Whose fallen blocks were heaped with dust around;
Its inner work in ridgy fragments rose;
Their carved sides of many-folding beams,
Rifted and ribbed, seemed like an old crushed wreck
Half full of sand, where uncouth reptiles crawl.
The pinnacle's unseemly outline bare,
Formless with flaws whence hideous lizards looked,
And homeless bats sought shelter from the day.
There too a fane all roofless echoed oft
The death-psalm of the wind, and on its forms
And sculptured images of ore and stone
Time gravely smiled, while from his giant feet
He shook the dust of ages. Here at length
A prostrate pyramid o'erwhelmed the plain,
As though a polar storm had landward cast
A dead leviathan, all stiff with ice.
Its dreamy hieroglyphics of the stars,
(Whose lore the Magi and Chaldean old
At midnight conned in circling awe, and shook
Their beard's portentous snow,) with sand were choaked,
Or levell'd by earth's operative change.

There too a mass of solid porphyry,
With shafts of pillars, alabaster pure,
And veined marble, whose bruised effigies,
Confounding oft the monster with the man,
Told not one name of the great dead within,
Stood in the grandeur of a vast decay.
But, through a dome that yawn'd in fangs of gold,
Like the rich pandemonium of a mine,
Down gazing far a line extensive arch'd,
Where, grimly ranged, slept the swathed dust of kings.
Nought stood entire, save of those hundred gates,
Whose massy brass look'd dingy as a cloud,
Or, as the earthy hide of Behemoth,
New risen from his slumbers. Many still
Their primal form and thronging sculpture bore.
One near to view its fabric rear'd, whereon,
Above the arch-way, from its fretted pile,
Isis in ponderous majesty stood forth,
Poising the moon, while, at her feet, the glebe
Was strewn with tassel'd corn and autumn fruits.
Low at her side sat Orus, on a stone
Rough with strange characters, and lifted high
A spear-staff, headed by a ravening hawk.
Behind her sombre garments, and around,
Pastures and fields were spread; and bare, swarth forms
Drove the great oxen o'er the blackened soil,
Where serpent trenches drain'd the flooding Nile.
Beneath was graven, on a shattered slab,
Upheld on shoulders of pygmean shapes,
'I am the all-creative—the unveil'd!'

A second structure, all of carved brass,
As were those hundred gates, attracted now
My full-fed gaze. Colossal, wide it stood,
And lifted high the shoulder of its arch,
On which there sat a mighty god asleep,
With huge lids seal'd, as though a thousand years
His slumbers had endured. The bulky arms
Lay, in repose, along his close square knees;
And, round the fabric of that silent head,
Heaven, and the clouds, and dim eternity,
Were circumfused—companions of its trance.
Beside the feet, two horny crocodiles,
Like rock-hewn monsters fashioned by a spell,
Watchful of riot, crouch'd with ready jaws.
Another fabric now my vision fill'd,
Which, at an adverse corner of this old
And ruin'd city, rose near the outer wall,
Spanning the earth with imminent dreadful weight.
Eight columns square, and huge as stone-built tower,
Supported all; and on their surface broad
Stood naked giants flat-limb'd and obscene.
Clos'd were the gates, a ponderous tier of brass,
Such as besieging armies long might strive
With crowded ram or iron-limb'd catapult
To batter down; till their king rent his robes
And tore the jewel'd tresses from his front
In impotent despair. Tall and superb,
A hundred pillars, such as wrestler's arms,
Breasting, might barely compass, bedded deep
Within a wall-like frame, each side compos'd;
And round them uncouth carving and device
Show'd like the bark of ancient forest trees,
Where Time hath scor'd strange legends of his power.

Over the arching sweep swoln serpents roll'd
The volumes of their mail, and, on the maze
Of their involving forms, a fretted mass
Firmly was rear'd. Hereon a pageant rich
Was clear display'd, as of some Orient King
From war return'd, performing solemn rites
And orgies old as his ancestral throne.
His regal form a coal-black camel bore,
Which, like a tower, o'erlook'd the far-swept fields;
His head was circled by a gem-sown wreath,
For such it seem'd ev'en midst the dingy hue,
And thro' his ample robes, which fell like waves
From some steep rock, one hand was seen to sway
A weighty sceptre burning in his hold,
With diamond and carbuncle thick inlaid.
Behind him and around the horsemen throng'd
In armour plated, or midst shapeless chains,
Loading the back of steeds, that surging mov'd
Clouded with foam and haughtiest breath of spleen.
Three other camels led by thongs of gold
In rich array, the surplus of his need,
Follow'd in grave and melancholy pride,
And at their heels the chariots slowly roll'd
Horrid with iron-bound faces scarr'd in war,
And blood-stain'd hands, grasping their death-worn blades.
Next rode a crowd of wild and splendid show,
Some bearing banners, others spear and shield;
While, following far, ten thousand footmen came,
Sworders, and bowmen bristling all behind
Like forest boars, and bearers of the axe.
Last came a countless throng of naked slaves,
Limb'd like the demons yok'd to midnight's car,
Who on their ebon shoulders bore great clubs.

Fronting the way a temple stood, whose porch
With prostrate forms was chok'd, and offerings rich
Profusely cast, as the wind strews a wreck.
Above the porch a mighty ox uprear'd
His solemn bulk, and turn'd towards the sun
His well-known visage. From an adverse side,
Fixed on a mystic pedestal, there rose
A human form, dog-headed, and o'erhung
By chains of snakes, and garlands wreath'd with pearl.

High over all, upon the topmost verge,
A brood of eagles bickering seem'd to threat
A wall beneath, where sphynxes couched in pairs.
On seven low turrets massy tripods stood,
Whose incense once stain'd all the clouds in heaven;
And lion-claw'd vases, where, on festive days,
Masses of flowers, like chaos'd paradise,
Were gorgeously o'erheap'd in wasteful joy.

Long had I gaz'd, and longer still, perchance,
In contemplation dwelt; for strongly now
Mine eyes had grown the rivets of my thought,
When, from a ruin dim, deep tones I heard,
As of some stern and melancholy sage
Opening his nature to the elements,
And pouring forth the eloquence he felt;
Pacing and pausing as the impulse came.
But soon his words fell clear upon mine ears,
And to my mute-suspended spirit seem'd
A lone voice risen from the patriarch time,
When strong hearts throbb'd and song was great with man.

'Absorbing time, grey harvester midst tombs!
Thou sleepless giant—never-sated guest!
Swallowing man's ages as a daily meal—
Leviathan, who ever hungerest through
The ocean of eternity—behold
A pulseless phantom risen from the dust,
O'er whom thy feet have trampled long agone;
Free'd from thy power to brood among these walls,
And view thy nature as a thing that 's past.
The silence, and the darkness, and the strength
That dwells beneath decay; the voice of Death
Shouting beneath the sea, till the black porch
Of night turns grey, and gradual yawns in flame
Before the orient sun; the souls of men
Sighing in dreams through their own high-grass'd graves:
These are the empire of my scepter'd ghost.

'Five thousand years are fled since I was man;
Yet hath the impress of my human state
Liv'd in my soul, the finger-mark of God.
Earth and its myriad shows before me float,
The forms of matter and the spirit of life,
Which, e'en from dawn to change, bickers and falls,
Conquering, subdued, yet struggling to the last,
In passion's burning vortex; as the storm
Fretteth a brand, until it waste away
And drop its ashes to regenerate earth.
Thus, like a traveller on some floating isle,
He urges forward to his perilous goal,
While happiness recedes beneath his feet.
The goad of Hope drives him beyond the bourn,
And, blind with zeal, he stumbles on Despair,
And hugs him for a friend. Few are his needs,
But broad monotony crawls o'er his rest,
Until he rise with fiery fresh desires.
Would man were resolute in his forbearance
As in his will to act; then might the load
Which pain o'erheaps on frail mortality,
From infant tears to manhood's smitten front,
Or dull-vein'd age shaking resign'd grey hairs,
Be lighten'd, by whole mountains, of its woe.

'Thou universe of unimagin'd splendour
And glory indestructible, expanding
Infinite, e'en as the all-pervading Spirit!
Whether yon rolling orbs of light be trod
By beings like this palpable green earth,
Or differing wide, internally compose
Vast sphered urns of ice and horrid fire,
To nature's purpose fram'd; how mean appears,
Beside thy far and thought-repelling thrones,
The ebb and flow which shakes this bubbled world.
Our generations hurry to the past,
And heroes, rich in fratricidal blood,
Sink into nought; even the echoed curse
Above a tyrant's grave, oblivion takes
To her void bosom: kingdoms change like clouds,
And the live mirror of the sun doth shift
Its maned waves; over the wilderness
Great navies float, and haughty palaces
Spurn down the oaken forest to the root,
While temples from the desert rise like dreams:
Thus chance doth plough the fallows of the world,
And turns up empires. Riches and renown,
Grandeur and pride, and war-begotten power,
Like ugly moths, of wing superb, drop dead
Amidst the flaming glory of their lust.
Babylon! Babylon! Babylon! fallen!

'And thou vast Hecatompylos, the ador'd!
From the abysm of things thus call'd to earth
Brief space to show thy worm-polluted form,
Tho' but in vaporous outline; for thy heart
Is gnawed by time unto the husk of shade;
Return in silence to thy pregnant sleep.
Of all those brazen gates, whence armed hosts
Issued, like thunder from the jaws of fate,
Nought more remains than song of idle bard
Shall fashion to his mood. So shifts the scene!
They were—and they are not; yet, in each pause,
Great contemplations live and vision'd awe,
Like silence mid'st the spasms of the storm.
But thou, Eternal Universe! remain'st
Unchangeable, a quiet breath obeying,
Which moves all spheres, wakes every germ to life,
Moulding destruction to the order'd Whole.'

The voice now ceas'd—the vision slowly sank!
And darkness clos'd like portals o'er its towers.
Pondering the scene I rose—when by my side,
Amid'st a gorgeous haze, old Mammon stood,
Scoffing my trance, and pointing, with stern brow,
Where frozen Famine sat 'mongst wintry boughs,
Her ribs as gaunt and fleshless; and beneath,
An old grave frown'd, o'er which was rudely carv'd,
'Here lie the bones of Homer, clad in earth:
Good fare for one who living begg'd his bread.'
So Mammon, sneering, wended on his way,
Dragging his golden manacles with pain:
Go, slave!—better to be his dust than thee.

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EXPERIMENTAL PHYSIOLOGY.

When we consider the imperfect knowledge we possess of many important parts of the human body, it is not to be wondered at, that men of a patient and inquiring mind should endeavour to investigate and discover their use, as we cannot suppose that any portion of the animal machine was created without a function assigned to it. Of such an importance has the science of experimental physiology been considered by philosophers of all ages, that animals have been sacrificed by them for the purposes already mentioned. Among these, the names of Hippocrates, Galen, Vesalius, Fallopius, Eustachius, Asellius, and Dr. William Harvey, are transmitted to posterity, by their valuable physiological discoveries. In 1616, the latter discovered the circulation of the blood, from experiments made on deer, frogs, mice, &c. Eustachius and Asellius discovered the absorbent system in the horse and dog, (1563—1622.) Thus two of the most important functions connected with the cure of disease, were found by the lives of a few animals being sacrificed to the public good; and so convinced was that unfortunate monarch, Charles the First, of the importance of this department of medical science, that his permission was given to Dr. Harvey, to take as many of the deer from the royal parks, as he thought proper, for the prosecution of his experiments on this subject, as well as to elucidate his theory of generation.

Notwithstanding the clamour that has been raised against Dr. Magendie, (of Paris,) Messrs. Bell, Home, Brodie, Philip, and others engaged in the performance of experiments on living animals, their objections appear to be chiefly laid on the ground of *humanity*, and there would be some weight in them, if they acted themselves on this principle; but we find, that the opponents to this mode of research, patronise hunting with hounds a timid hare or stag, for many miles, when the poor animal, worn out with fatigue, becomes an easy prey to the pursuing dogs; and in the shooting season, many thousands of harmless birds are left to expire in lingering agonies, from fatal wounds: yet this is tolerated, because it is *sport*. (Is it *humanity?*) But if the anatomist destroys a dog or rabbit, for the purpose of benefiting the public, he is openly denounced as barbarous, by those very persons who take pleasure in giving faithful accounts of horse-races, hunting, shooting matches, &c. How are we to know the effects of newly-discovered medicines, but by giving them to animals, carefully watching their results, and then making our comparisons? Can any conscientious medical practitioner sport with his fellow-creatures? Would any individual consent to have experiments performed on his own person? No, it becomes our duty to ascertain their effects; which, we repeat, can only be done on the brute creation; and, to use the words of Dr. Wilson Philip, (acknowledged to be an excellent anatomist, a patient investigator, and a careful experimentalist,) 'Can we censure Orfila for an extensive set of experiments on living animals, made with a view to discover an antidote for the poisons often taken *accidentally* in ordinary life, by which many human beings have been saved, and many thousands will be saved, from the most painful death? Or will it be maintained that animals may be sacrificed to save one man to-day, and not thousands at a future period? Who can calculate what sufferings have been prevented, and how many lives have been saved, by the experiments made on living animals? For example, those which made known the circulation of the blood, and thus gave to the practice of medicine, in many particularly inflammatory diseases, a precision formerly unattainable.*

By one of the original laws of the Royal Veterinary College at St. Pancras, a *Medical Experimental Committee* † was directed to be formed, for the purpose of cultivating animal physiology, and elucidating its mysteries; but, since the death of John Hunter, the illustrious father of modern surgery, nothing has been done, nor are the public acquainted with the results of their labours, (if any.) This is much to be regretted, considering the utility of such an establishment, and the large sum of money placed at the disposal of the professors for the promotion of veterinary science. However, it is in the power of the patrons to effect a *reform* in this department of medical science; and we trust the time is not far distant when the institution will be conducted, as intended, for the purposes designed by its founders.

However well the public may feel disposed to sympathise with the brute creation, (and here let us observe, the prevention of unnecessary cruelty is well worthy of their attention,) we must call to their recollection that 'charity begins at home;' and that it is therefore a task imposed upon us, to render the works of the Deity subservient to the purposes and benefit of that *chef d'œuvre* of divine skill and wisdom, Man.

* See an inquiry into the Vital Functions, &c. &c. by Dr. W. Philip, third edition, dedicated to the scientific public, and well worth their attentive perusal.

† See No. III. of 'The Farrier and Naturalist,' for March.

THE EIGHTEENTH OF BRUMAIRE.

[The following fragment, which has been transmitted from Paris, for 'The Athenæum,' is extracted from a work now in the press, which is highly commended by those who have read the manuscript. It brings to light one of the most singular episodes of the French Revolution, and exhibits, in the clearest point of view, the characters of those persons who took a share in the famous 18th of Brumaire, which made Napoleon master of France, and was his first step to the Imperial throne.]

Scene.—*Rue de la Victoire in front of Napoleon's house. The doors open. The street, filled with mounted dragoons of the 9th regiment.*

A Dragoon, (*trotting through the street.*)—Coachman, turn to the left, drive along the Rue du Montblanc, no carriages to pass here!

The Coachman, (*on his box.*)—We set down at the General's, and that street is full of soldiers.

The Dragoon.—No matter—drive on! that's my order.

*Madame Gohier,** (*from the coach-window to an officer.*)—Officer, I am Madame Gohier, I am going to breakfast with Madame Buonaparte. (*smiling.*) I believe I am free of admission.

Officer.—Dragoon, let the Director's carriage pass.

Dragoon.—Excuse me, officer; I have my orders. Let the female citizen alight and go on foot.

Madame Gohier, (*angrily.*)—That's pleasant! (*She alights and goes in.*)

Officer of Dragoons, (*galloping up.*)—Make room, there, fellows! Go, four dragoons to the corner of the street.

A woman.—Captain, tell them to let me pass; I am the cook of Monsieur Talma, in the Rue Chantereine.

Dragoon.—Be gone, woman. There is no such street now, it is the Rue de la Victoire. Move on. (*He drives her back.*)

Officer to the Soldiers.—Form line, dragoons, the Colonel's coming!

Colonel Sebastiani,† (*galloping up.*)—Captain, take two hundred men to the Pont-tournant. Some dismounted dragoons will take your place. (*He alights and goes in. Shortly after, General Andreossy,*‡ *and the Adjutant-Generals, Caffarelli and Doucet, come up.*)

Caffarelli.—What the devil is the matter here? The Boulevard and the Rue de Montblanc are full of uniforms.

Doucet.—There's a review, then?

Andreossy.—It is impossible to get in to the General. Even the porch is blocked up. (*Generals Milhaud and Morand come up.*)

Morand.—Zounds, gentlemen, it is very hard that the commandant of Paris does not know what's going on! Shall I have the honour to know it? What are we sent for, pray?

Doucet.—I have asked that of every body. We have been all summoned, I know not why.

A Superior Officer.—It's very extraordinary.

Milhaud.—I believe it is meant for a presentation of a number of officers.

Andreossy.—Right! The General has made us wait a long time for that favour.

Milhaud.—'Faith! Gentlemen, I must get in to the General at all events—I'll not come here for nothing.

Caffarelli.—If you can get in even to the yard, you may think yourself very fortunate. (*More officers come up.*)

Regnault,§ (*leading out M. de Gohier.*)—No, Madam, I beg of you—shall I have the honour of seeing you to your carriage?

Mde Gohier.—Why, really, one would think we were in a town taken by storm! No, Monsieur. You may tell the General, that I am not his dupe. He must not expect Gohier; his presence is too necessary at the Directory.

* Madame Gohier was the wife of one of the Council of Five.

† Now a General and Member of the Chamber of Deputies—a relation of Napoleon.

‡ Afterwards Ambassador to England.

§ Regnault-de-Saint-Jean d'Angely, a confidential friend of Napoleon—who was afterwards banished by the Bourbons, and died shortly after his return from exile, in 1819.

Regnault.—Reflect, Madam, on the consequence of his conduct to-day. You know that Sieyes himself——

A Citizen.—Well, citizens, it seems we are going to have hot work. This will be another famous day.

A Second Citizen.—A famous day, indeed! I see the sabres at work yonder, and I must go in. I have not forgotten that this little fellow has peppered us with grape-shot before St. Roch.*

Barleau,† (*running up.*) Ah! there you are. I know well what's going on. The Directory is not quite at ease. I would not wish to be in their shoes.

1st Citizen.—You believe! Liberty for ever! Buonaparte for ever!

2d Citizen.—Do you hear? The same cries again! I must take leave: *Bon soir, la compagnie.* Take care of your heads, if you have any. (*He disappears in the crowd.*)

Barleau.—Every thing is going on well. We have talked enough. (*Several dragoons gallop up with drawn sabres.*) Make room there.

A Dragoon.—Stand aside, Parisians.

A Citizen.—Oh! you will crush me.

A Woman.—Take care. Must you cut down the people this way? (*Colonel Sebastiani and General Leclerc descend the staircase.*)

Sebastiani.—It is impossible to resist that man.

Leclerc.‡—He is now the man of France. Colonel, we ought all to rally round him, without exception. But here is Commissary Cornet.

M. Cornet,§ (*coming up.*)—I have brought the decree of the Council of Elders.

Leclerc.—Then the day is ours.

Cornet.—I have described the conspiracies, and struck the conspirators with terror and consternation. The motion for transferring the Council is voted and carried, and the execution of it committed to the General. My zeal for liberty has triumphed over every obstacle. I must run in to the General. We have saved the country.—(*He goes in.*)

Lefebvre,‖ (*galloping up, and alighting in the court-yard*).—Zounds! Am I thus to be laughed at? Soldiers, by whose orders are you under arms? Who commands the division?

Officer.—General, the Colonel has——

Lefebvre.—Pray, Colonel, tell me why your regiment is not in its quarters? Which of us commands the division?

Sebastiani,—(*shrugging up his shoulders.*) Faith, General, go to Buonaparte, and he will tell you all about it.

Lefebvre.—The devil! Buonaparte is nothing, where I am Commander-in-Chief. Has he just come from Egypt to give us the law?

Buonaparte, (*appearing at the balcony, surrounded by Murat, Macdonald, Lannes, Bernadotte, Joseph Buonaparte, Moreau, Berthier, &c.*)—Is that you, Lefebvre? What is the matter? Are you one of the pillars of the Republic, and will you let it perish in the hands of these lawyers?—(*Drawing his sword*). Look, General Lefebvre, this is the sword which I wore under the Pyramids; I give it to you in the presence of the flower of the army, as a pledge of my esteem and confidence.

Lefebvre, (*much agitated.*)—Oh! yes, by the thunders of heaven, throw all the lawyers into the river. I will stand by you!

All.—Buonaparte for ever! Vive la Liberté!

Joseph, (*to Bernadotte.*)—You are very quiet, Bernadotte,—Liberty!

Bernadotte.¶—There are no longer any hopes for it! The only patriots are now in the Council of five hundred.

Buonaparte, (*earnestly.*)—Council of five hundred! France spurns at them!

Bernadotte.—You are sacrificing liberty! Your plans will bring back the despotism!

Buonaparte, (*with warmth.*)—You know my plans! I tell you, you must not quit this spot.

Bernadotte, (*with disdain.*)—I am not one of those Generals that suffer themselves to be arrested. If I had an order to act, I would fight against every attempt against the established order.

Buonaparte.—I then rely on your promise to undertake nothing of your own accord.

* The 13th Vendemiaire, when dispersing the insurgent sections of Paris.

† Barleau was, we believe, a secretary of Buonaparte.

‡ Leclerc was brother-in-law to Napoleon. He died in the expedition to St. Domingo.

§ Cornet has, since the return of the Bourbons, been a deputy and distinguished for his ultra-royalism.

‖ Afterwards Mareschal de France, Duc de Dantzic.

¶ Bernadotte was the only General that opposed Napoleon, but, after an ineffectual attempt to prevail on General Augereau, to join him, he was obliged to conceal himself for some time.

Bernadotte.—I have made no promise, nor will I make any.

Buénaparte, (haughtily.)—Then what is your pleasure, Sir?

Bernadotte.—No Kings! No tyrants! Death or liberty.

Buonaparte, (coming down two steps of the stair-case.)—And who wishes for liberty more than myself?

Murat.—Yes! *Sacre nom*, we all wish for liberty!

All.—Vive la Liberté! vive la Republique! *(They all get round Bernadotte, and endeavour to pacify him.)*

Buonaparte, (remounting two steps of the stair-case.) Generals, officers, soldiers! This state of things cannot last; it would lead to despotism. We wish for a Republic, but it must be one founded on the basis of equality and civil liberty; it is now time to bestow, on the defenders of the country, that confidence to which they are so well entitled. None can be more patriotic than those brave men who have lost their limbs in the service of the Republic. No more deportations; no more oppressions. *(holding up the decree in his hands)* Here is the decree of the Council which commands the legislative body to be transferred to Saint Cloud. I am charged with its execution. I am now going to the bar of that assembly, and I will appear there, surrounded by my companions in arms. Soldiers, you will all follow me. *(He comes down.)*

Fouché.—*(advancing)*—I have provided against every thing, and given the order to close all the barriers and stop the couriers.

Buonaparte.—You have done wrong, Monsieur Fouché. I want no noise. I march in the cause of France, and I rely upon her. *(Passing into the midst of the Generals.)* Berthier, Lannes, Murat, Marmont, Macdonald, I have always found you faithful on the day of battle, and I now rely upon you. General Moreau, France knows that you are as brave in attack, as skilful in retreat. My brave Andreossy, it is not now the Nile or the Izonzo, we have to pass. Caffarelli, your brother was my friend; let us both remember that. Michaud, your services at Bastaro and Verona have not yet been rewarded; but you may rely upon me. Colonel Doucet, serve me as well as you have served Lafayette; fortune has never failed me. To horse, Soldiers!

Sebastiani, (mounted,)—Dragoons, attention! Advance four abreast! Column! File off! March!

The People.—Vive Buonaparte! Vive la Liberté!

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Drury-Lane—Monday Evening.

The attractions at this house on Monday evening were considerable. Young Kean, Miss Foote, and two new after-pieces, we had expected would have insured an overflowing audience: but we were disappointed in this; and, considering the bill of fare, we regard the house as having been by no means well filled. Mr. Kean, jun., as *Frederic* in 'Lovers' Vows,' played the first few scenes in as languid and awkward a way as he well could. In the latter half of the play he gained vigour and animation, and evidenced strong marks of real dramatic feeling and ability. There is much promise in this young man, if he be not overtutored by his father, or spoiled by the capricious praise or blame of the public, before his powers have been sufficiently developed to give him confidence in the dictates of truth and nature. The worst sign about him, at present, is a strong tendency to the mannerism of his father, and, of all men, Mr. Kean is the least fit to be imitated. His genius will not admit of being transfused. We must have himself, or no one merely like him. Miss Foote was lively, graceful, and easy; and Mr. Cooper, as the Count, her father, richly deserved the applause he obtained from every part of the house.

The new afterpiece, 'The Dumb Savoyard and his Monkey,' is an interesting little drama, founded, like 'The Maid and the Magpie,' on the mischance brought about by an unlucky animal; a nobleman being about to fall a sacrifice to imperial jealousy, and his wife having obtained his pardon, the sealed document of which is for some time lost, and which is subsequently found to have been concealed by the monkey.

The scenery is surpassingly beautiful, and 'The Dumb Savoyard' is one of the best entertainments of the kind we have seen.

English Opera House—Wednesday.

The performances of Monday last attracted rather a scanty audience at the English Opera House, but this evening a more numerous and fashionable audience attended. The chief attraction was the 'Ecole des Vieillards,' the master-piece of Casimir De la Vigne. A feeling of curiosity was experienced, to see Perlet in the character of Danville, the performance of which placed the tragic performer Talma at the head of all the comic actors also of the French Theatre. A hope was also indulged, that the part of Hortense, which was confided to Mademoiselle Falcoz, would find in her a suitable interpreter, well adapted to enable us to comprehend and appreciate the beauties which adorn the composition of the purest of modern French poets.

This hope was partly realised. Perlet appeared to great advantage in the part of *Danville*, and although Madame Beaupré, a new debutante, (who had taken the place of Mademoiselle Falcoz, in the part of *Hortense*,) did not fully answer the expectations of the audience; yet the comedy of Delavigne was the object of general admiration.

Danville, an old widower, and wealthy ship-owner, had married the granddaughter of Madame Saint-clair, an antiquated coquet, who is a desperate admirer of high life, and passionately fond of fashionable amusements, into which she frequently leads Hortense. The grandmother and granddaughter happen to be at Paris, where Danville, who had been detained at Havre by business, arrives shortly after them. The first acquaintance he meets with is his old comrade Bounard, to whom he described his matrimonial bliss in the following terms:

'Je végétais, mon cher, et maintenant j'existe.
Que de soins! quels égards! quels charmans entretiens!
Des défauts, elle en a; mais n'as-tu pas les tiens?
Tu crains pour mes amis les travers de son âge?
J'ai deux fois plus d'amis qu'avant mon mariage.
Ma caisse dans ses mains fait jaser les railleurs!
Je brave leurs discours; je suis riche, et d'ailleurs
Une bonne action que j'apprends en cachette
Compense bien pour moi les rubans qu'elle achète.
Hortense a l'humeur vive; et moi ne l'ai-je pas?
Nous nous fachons par fois; mais qu'elle fasse un pas,
Contre tout mon courroux sa grace est la plus forte.
Je n'ai pas de chagrin que sa gaîté n'emporte.
Suis-je seul? Elle accourt. Suis-je un peu las? Sa main,
M'offrant un doux appui, m'abrège le chemin.
J'ai quelqu' un qui me plaint quand je maudis ma goutte;
Quand je veux raconter, j'ai quelqu' un qui m'écoute.
Je suis tout glorieux de ses jeunes attraits;
Ses regards sont si vifs! Son visage est si frais!
Quand cet astre à mes yeux luit dans la matinée,
Il rend mon front serein pour toute la journée;
Je ne me souviens plus des outrages du temps:
J'aime, je suis aimé, je renais, j'ai vingt ans.'

In the mean time, Hortense appears, and Danville hears of the indiscretions which she has committed during his absence. He demands of her 20,000 francs for the use of his friend Bounard; but the nuptial treasury is empty. He is angry at the extravagance which has been displayed, and the excessive expenses which have been incurred; but Hortense apologises in so graceful a manner for her conduct, that she speedily disarms the resentment of her matrimonial Mentor. Danville's heart yields, though his judgment is unconvinced; and he accordingly repairs to his banker's for the 20,000 francs, which he has promised to his worthy friend Bounard.

In the second Act, Danville returns in a rage, not having found his Banker, and having afterwards gone to the Thuilleries, where he discovered his wife surrounded by a host of admirers, among whom he perceived the Duke of Eluvar. Immediately after Danville's return, the latter arrives, being speedily followed by Hortense, and invites them to a ball to be given by one of the Ministers, his relation. Danville refuses the invitation, and Hortense, finding herself alone with her husband, endeavours to prevail over him. Danville resists, and the act concludes with a brisk quarrel between the newly-married pair.

In the third act, Hortense, in spite of the wish of her husband, prepares for the ball. Danville re-appears, and evinces remorse for the first pain he has given to his young wife. Hortense, affected by this, renounces her intentions; and Danville, after an admirable scene, in which he discloses the utmost tenderness, intermingled with jealousy, repeats the following lines:

'Quand on aime avec crainte, on aime avec excès;
Jeune, on sent qu'on doit plaire, on est sûr du succès;
Mais vieux, mais amoureux au déclin de sa vie,
Possesseur d'un trésor que chacun nous envie,
On en devient avare, on le garde des yeux.'

He then leaves her, quite enchanted with her kindness. Shortly after, the Duke returns; he presses and entreats her, and describes the pleasures of the ball in the following animated terms:

'L'agréable soirée!
Je vous vois par mon oncle accueillie, admirée;
A votre aspect s'élève un murmure soudain;
Les cavaliers en foule assiègent votre main;
Tout danse et se confond au bruit de la musique:
Les grâces de la cour, l'orgueil diplomatique,
La banque, l'institut, et jusqu'aux facultés,
Jusqu'aux fleurons d'argent des graves députés:....
Tout Paris y sera, jugez!... Dans quel grand monde,
Si l'esprit est commun, le ridicule abonde.
Vos bons-mots vont courir, et, répétés cent fois,
Feront vivre les sots dèfrayés pour un mois,
Et la ville et la cour diront que tant de charmes,
Bien qu'ils soient tout puissans, sont vos plus faibles armes.'

The grandmother joins her remonstrances to those of the seducing Duke, and Hortense, forgetting all her promises, goes to the ball at last. Danville returns, and, finding himself mocked and insulted, is quite enraged, and hastens immediately in search of his wife.

Hortense does not feel the full extent of her indiscretion, till she arrives at the gay assembly, where, shortly after, she has a glimpse of her husband, who does not speak to her. She immediately returns home alone, overcome with remorse; a chariot arrives, which she supposes to be her husband's. The door opens, and the Duke appears; he brings with him the nomination of Danville to the post of 'Receveur Général,' and, throwing himself on his knees before the young bride, he makes a declaration of his guilty passion. Hortense, quite alarmed and distracted, replies to him with a feeling of horror:

'——— Je vous dis que vous m'épouvantez.
Si Danville—ah, Grand Dieu! tous deux seuls! à cette heure—
De honte à son aspect voulez-vous que je meure?'

In the mean time, a noise is heard; Hortense is frightened, and in her alarm she forces the Duke into a closet, and shuts the door. Danville arrives; an animated scene takes place between the husband and wife. She at length goes out, and Danville, who is told by a servant that the Duke is in the house, summons him to appear, and challenges him to a duel. This scene, which is drawn with admirable talent, produces the finest dramatic effect, and was admirably played by Perlet and Daudel.

In the fifth act the duel takes place; the Duke disarms his adversary, and justifies the conduct of Hortense. The suspicions of Danville, however, still remain, until the discovery of a letter, written by Hortense to the Duke, which bespeaks her innocence, leads to a reconciliation; and the wife, struck with terror at the dangers which she has escaped at Paris, prevails on Danville to take her back into the country.

This piece, which does the highest honour to the talents of M. Delavigne, presents a very useful lesson, as well as portraits of manners full of truth and nature. The character of Bounard, which was but feebly represented by a new debutant of the name of Préval, has all the characteristics of genuine comedy. Perlet ably represented that mixture of passion and weakness, of courage, and high sentiments of honour, which constitute the character of Danville. His first scene with his friend Bounard, his quarrel with Hortense, and especially the duel scene, brought down peals of applause. Daudel, if not a perfect representative of the dashing Duke, infused into his part a portion of dignity and animation. Madame Beaupré, though not destitute of talents, is ill adapted, either by figure, features, or style of delivery, for the character of Hortense. The character of Mme. Saint-Clair, which is the only ill-conceived one in the piece, produced but very little effect; that of the valet, Valentin, confided to M. Cloup, was not ill performed.

The entertainments of the evening, which commenced with a paltry Vaudeville, called 'Les Mauvaises Têtes,' concluded with 'Les Anglaises pour rire,' in which a debutante, Mdlle. Irma, who is exceedingly pretty, sustained the principal parts.

M. le Comte de Champfeu

Has lately published, at Paris, his translation from the Spanish of Moncada, of 'The Expedition of the Catalonians and Arragonese, against the Turks and Greeks at the commencement of the fourteenth century,' in one volume, octavo., Muntamer, a Spaniard, who belonged to the expedition, on his return to his native country, having written its details in form the of a Chronicle, Moncada deemed it worthy of his labours, and, by enlarging on the subject, rendered it more intelligible and instructive as a history, than it could be in its original state. The translation of M. de Champfeu is admirably well executed, and possesses the highest interest.

ENGRAVINGS.

Portrait of Miss Fanny Ayton Engraved by G. H. Phillips, after a Drawing by R. Westall, R. A. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.

THIS is a good, but it must be also confessed, a flattering likeness, of the fair vocalist who appeared on the boards of the Italian Opera. There is a peculiar elegance and style in the whole air and tournure of the portrait, which, independently of its merits as a likeness, or an engraving, make it a very pleasing subject for the eye to repose upon.

The Enchanted Island. Engraved by G. H. Philips, from a Painting by F. Danby, A.R.A.—M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.

THE original of this picture was the subject of much criticism at the period of its exhibition at Somerset House, a year or two ago; but the judging representations of enchanted scenes by the ordinary rules of art, is like judging miracles by the laws of reason. In the representation of what is *out* of nature, nature itself can be hardly violated; the only question to be asked respecting such a picture is, does it present a splendid, glowing, and beautiful, as well as exaggerated scene? and has the artist so blended his forms and hues, as to leave impressions of pleasure, as well as of admiration, on the beholder? If so, he has done all that can be expected; and this we take to be the case in the instance before us. The Engraving is a soft mezzotinto, and gives as faithful a transcript of the original as the absence of colours will admit.

The Phlebotomist, drawn on Stone, by J. D. Harding from an Original Picture by Edward Bristowe, in the possession of W. A. West, Esq., of the Life Guards Flint, Burlington Arcade. London, 1828.

THIS is another of those grotesque exhibitions of Monkeys, dressed in the habiliments, and engaged in the circumstantial occupations, of human beings, which, since Mr. Landseer's 'Monkeyana' have become so popular. The present sketch gives an interior view of a Phlebotomist's Dispensary, with the spectacled operator preparing his lancet, and his old nurse sustaining a patient from fainting in apprehension, by the administration of a glass of cordial. It has the characteristic merit of the class of subjects to which it belongs, and is not without humour; though we confess we think these caricatures of human nature have been pushed to the utmost limits.

NEW MUSIC.

Six Waltzes pour La Guitarre, composées et dédiés a Madame Henry de la Chaumette. Par Pierre Gomes. Ewer and Johanning. 2s. 6d.

INSIGNIFCANT as *we think* the Spanish Guitar, in the scale of musical instruments, yet there seems to exist a facility in producing ingenious chords and modulations upon it, not easily to be accounted for by those who cannot play; for example, all who have enjoyed, (as we have frequently,) the good fortune to hear Sox and Nüské, (two very clever writers, performers, and teachers,) have experienced singular delight, not unmixed with astonishment, at the remarkably excellent arrangement of harmonics produced by *them*, upon an instrument so apparently inapplicable to the purpose: and we are led to offer these remarks, because the very clever Six Waltzes, now under consideration, become, by their merit, a striking illustration of the subject; they abound in chromatic transitions that do not crowd or disfigure the agreeable melodies, but on the contrary considerably adorn them.

'I'd be a Butterfly,' a Ballad sung with the most rapturous applause by Miss Love, in Mr. Poole's new Comedy, 'The Wealthy Widow,' also by Miss Stephens and Mrs. Waylett. The words and melody by T. H. Bayley, Esq., and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Ashtown. Willis. Price 2s., coloured 3s.

As this is published as the *fourth* edition, we are at a loss to understand why it is sent to us as *new* music, 'at the eleventh hour?' The simple fact of the *quantity* that must have been circulated by the number of editions, speaks volumes as to its popularity, if it does not as to its merit. The cheerful simplicity of the melody *must* please, but the veriest tyro in musical composition cannot but be offended at the inaccurate harmonies applied to it; for example, the consecutive fifths, in passing from the first to the second bar of the preliminary symphony, as well as the bass applied to the first bar itself, are sufficient to astonish any musician of the most slender acquirements. Occasionally, little flourishing passages are neatly and carefully engraved over the treble stave; and an advertisement prefixed to the song, informs us that they are 'The graces by Signor Crevelli, as sung by his pupil Miss Atkinson, at the Oratorios.' Now, in our opinion, these very graces tend to destroy and vitiate the 'cheerful simplicity' for which the ballad is principally to be admired. Another advertisement in a note, (which is whimsical and amusing,) says, 'The words written above are sung by Miss Love, in the comedy of "The Wealthy Widow." Now, the *only* word altered in the song is that of 'tasting' for 'kissing;' and the ultra-modesty that could be alarmed at a butterfly kissing a flower-bud, (by the bye, we believe they choose open flowers and not buds,) must be strict indeed! Another *modest* proposal amused us. All who have seen the song, know that there is a lithographic sketch of a butterfly upon the title, and the publisher proposes to charge 3s. for the song if the said butterfly be coloured, and 2s. if plain!

Three favourite Airs arranged for the Harp or Piano-forte, (ad libitum,) and respectfully dedicated to 'THE WONDERFUL INFANT LYRA. *By R. Schroeder.* (No. XI.) Published by the Author. 1s. 6d.

THE melodies chosen are 'Oh! it was not for me that I heard the bells ringing,' 'Isabel,' and 'You ask a song, you bid me sing.' These are evidently arranged by a harp teacher, and especially for that instrument; but we cannot admire the manner. The basses from beginning to end are a mere succession of octaves, and the treble a similar succession of common chords, the uniform monotony of which remains unvaried, by the smallest mark of expression. Not one star, dot, S, or P, &c., is perceivable in the three pages! and the whole is presented in the worst possible taste.

Fantasia for the Piano-forte on an original Air, composed and dedicated to Miss Hutchinson. By Frederick Lemare. Latour. 2s. 6d.

THE appellation of *Fantasia* is surely misapplied to this little piece, as it is merely a very simple air with four variations, preceded by a trifling introduction, and concluding with as trifling a vivace finale. It may be found of particular service as a school lesson, being well adapted to the piano-forte, and written in a neat and pleasing style; but as the passages are quite of a *familiar* character, so are they destitute of *originality* and effect.

'Fly away, Lady Bird,' Cavatina sung by Madame Vestris. The Poetry by Samuel Carter Hall. The Music by Alexander D. Roche. Lee. 2s.

THE name of *Cavatina* to this bagatelle, is as much out of character as the denominating the above piece a Fantasia. And 'Fly away, Lady Bird,' is admirably adapted to be a companion to 'Little Bo-peep has lost her Sheep,' which has attained extreme circulation and popularity as a nursery song for children. It is light, pretty, and easy; but too much resembling Bishop's 'When the Wind blows,' in 'The Miller and his Men,' to be recommended as original.

Twelve characteristic Tyrolese Waltzes, composed for the Piano-forte, founded on Tyrolese and Swiss Melodies. Ewer and Johanning. 4s.

THESE are precisely what they profess to be, highly characteristic and excellent specimens of the peculiarity of Swiss Music; hence the extreme sameness must be excused. The alternation of the chord of the 9th, and flat 9th in the trio of the 2d Waltz is ingenious, and evinces the hand of a clever master. They are well 'brought out,' and neatly engraved, but not always quite correct; for example, in the 2d strain of the 12th Waltz, some of the bass notes should be quavers, that are now crotchets, &c. The whole composition is pleasing, graceful, and in excellent taste.

'Hurrah, for the Bonnet and Plaid!' A Scotch Ballad, written and composed expressly for, and sung by Miss Love, in the celebrated Opera of 'Guy Mannering.' The words by Wallace Campbell, the Music by Leander Zerbini. Wybrow. 2s.

WE could speak more favourably of this spirited and pretty trifle, if it were not so decidedly an unacknowledged parody upon 'Hurrah, for the Bonnets of Blue,' both words and music closely imitating it. Zerbini, who is an industrious and clever young man, will, (we venture to predict,) force his talent into notice, and his works into popularity; but he must shun *affectation* and *quackery*, and take more pains with his copy. In the symphony to his song, are the following inaccuracies. The first note has a dot applied to it, instead of the 2d; the major 3d is improperly absent in the chord of the 7th at the commencement of the 2d bar, and the 5th note of the treble in the same bar, should be a quaver instead of a crotchet; and a similar error occurs in the last bar upon page 1. We will not pursue the many corrections necessary through the song, as they are equally tiresome to write as uninteresting to be read when written; but the above hints are offered with the hope of inducing a young composer to be careful. The burthen of the song, 'Hurrah, for the Bonnet and Plaid,' with the same musical passage applied to it, occurs too frequently, (eight times in the two verses,) and gives a monotonous, as well as a common effect to it.

Le Rendezvous, Divertimento for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced the favourite Ballad of 'Meet me by Moonlight,' with a flute accompaniment, (ad libitum.) By T. A. Rawlins. Latour. 4s.

THE arrangements and compositions of this writer, have, in rather a short period, attained a well-deserved popularity. They are grammatically correct, pleasing in style, familiar without puerility, and always in good taste. The piece now before us, is formed of a short Introduzione al Preludio, (his allegro brillante in G,) immediately followed by an andante, con esp. in 6-8 time, which, by ingenious modulation, passes into a Tempo di Marcia, both of which movements are quite à *la Rossini*. After this, Wade's 'Meet me by moonlight,' is introduced in the Key of C, (Andante e Soave in 3-8 time,) and the Divertimento concludes with a Rondino, Allegretto Scherz. e leggiero, in G 2-4, in the hornpipe style, occupying the remaining four pages. Thus a great variety of movement and character is produced in a very desirable manner, quite in illustration of our general remarks at the head of this article.

SCHILLER'S WORK ON THE INSURRECTION OF THE LOW COUNTRIES.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—Give me leave to inform you, (in reference to your page 136,) that an introductory work by Schiller, on the insurrection of the Low Countries, was accessible to 'the English reader' more than twenty years ago. It is now before me, as published in 1807, and entitled, 'History of the Rise and Progress of the Belgian Republic, until the Revolution under Philip II. Including a detail of the primary Causes of that memorable event. From the German Original of Frederick Schiller. By Thomas Horne.'

The translator describes himself as having performed his task, under the advantage 'of a long and complete acquaintance with the language of the original.' How far he has preserved the sense of his author, I am unable to ascertain. Of the translator's style, the following specimen (pp. 2—6) is much at your service:

'It is an awful and comfortable reflection, that there is yet one remedy left against the insolent claims of regal prerogative; that plans of the deepest contrivance for the subversion of liberty among mankind may be rendered abortive; that a determined opposition can unnerve the uplifted arm of a tyrant, and heroic obstinacy exhaust all the dreadful materials and resources of arbitrary power. I was never impressed with a more lively conviction of this solemn truth, than by the History of that memorable rebellion, which dismembered the United Provinces from the Spanish monarchy: on which account it appeared to me to be an undertaking highly meritorious and praiseworthy, to exhibit this monument of social union, in all its majesty and grandeur, before the eyes of the world; that I might, peradventure, excite some pleasing emotions of sympathy in the breasts of my readers, and adduce new and irrefragable proofs, what men may venture to undertake in a righteous cause, and what they may accomplish by unity and concert.

'It is not a surprising mixture of the marvellous and extraordinary, which allures me to commemorate this event. In the history of mankind, revolutions are recorded more daring and arduous in the attempt, more splendid and glorious in the execution. Many governments have been blown up with a more tremendous explosion; others have advanced with more rapid strides towards the summit of power and glory. Neither are we to look for any of those sublime and splendid characters of more than mortal mould, nor any of those marvellous exploits with which ancient story so copiously abounds. Those times are passed away; those men are no longer in being. Nursed in the soft cradle of luxury and refinement, we have idly consumed those energies which past ages exercised.

and which an imperious necessity demanded. With mute and languid stupefaction, we gaze at those gigantic figures of antiquity, in like manner as a decrepid old man surveys, with conscious infirmity, the manly sports of youth. The history we have now in contemplation, is of quite a different cast and complexion. The people who make a principal figure on this stage, were the most pacific in the European world, and the least susceptible of that heroism, which imparts an air of grandeur to actions of an ordinary size and magnitude. The school of adversity infused into their minds a peculiar vigour and energy, and forced upon them a temporary greatness, that nature had never designed for them, and which they were not destined to behold again. That sort of energy which roused them to action, is, therefore, not dormant, nor extinct among us: the signal success that crowned their daring attempt, is likewise reserved in store for us, when a favourable conjuncture offers in the revolution of ages, and similar causes call for the same measures, and a like plan of operations. It is, therefore, a total absence of magnanimity and heroic virtue, that conveys instruction, and constitutes the chief characteristic of this revolution; and, whereas others propose to themselves, as their main object, to show the superiority of genius over fate and fortune, I shall now endeavour to exhibit a picture, wherein chance creates heroes, and genius is the offspring of necessity.'

This small volume concludes with the year 1559, when Philip had invested his sister, Margaret of Anjou, with the government of the Netherlands, from whence he soon after took his final departure, leaving there a worthy instrument of a bigoted and cruel despot, in the able, yet deservedly infamous, Duke of Alva.

N. L. T.

VARIETIES.

Selected from Recent Letters of Continental Correspondents.

The Duke of Orleans.

It was the Duke of Orleans himself who presented to the King of France the letter addressed to his Royal Highness by M. Cauchois-Lemaire, which has since become the subject of prosecution, and of so much general remark. However frank and loyal the proceeding of the Duke may be esteemed in itself, his reception is said to have been any thing but grateful to his feelings, or complimentary as an interpretation of his motives.

Madness of a whole Family.

A very singular case of sudden and unaccountable madness, in an entire family, of the Commune de Tréverrée, (Arrondissement Saint Brieux,) has excited much local interest, and has even created an ineffectual inquiry into its cause on the part of the most celebrated physiologists of Paris.

Jean Lepage, a farmer and proprietor of lands, the produce whereof enabled him to support, in comfort and respectability, his wife, his sister-in-law, a son, and a daughter, and whose conduct, as that of every member of his family, had been marked by regularity and inoffensiveness, who had lived on the most kind and friendly terms with his neighbours, some time since wholly withdrew himself from all communication with his acquaintances; and, imitated by the rest of his family, retired wholly from other society than that which his own roof sheltered. They refused to reply to any one they met,—they spoke not even with each other,—as they passed along, signs were the only medium by which they conveyed their sentiments. The hitherto well-cultivated farms, holden by Jean Lepage, were abandoned and neglected, and laid open to the ingress of every species of cattle: his *grange*, which was well stored with corn, was never resorted to; and, finally, after long indulging in their gloomy reserve, the characters of himself and his relations assumed all the marks of highly-excited derangement. Whosoever was met on their passage, as they walked forth in company, was certain of being assaulted. They visited the church of their parish, but not for the purposes of devotion: on the contrary, their irreverent and riotous behaviour interfered frequently with the due celebration of its rites; and, at length, in an access of frenzy, Jean Lepage struck the curate, even while he was in the performance of his sacred functions at the foot of the altar. Repeated violence offered to their neighbours, coupled with this last outrage, induced an order for the arrest of the family; they were conducted to prison; and subsequently brought up for examination before the magistrates; but they refused to reply to inquiry,—treated exhortation and remonstrance with disdain,—and were wholly inaccessible to reproach or intreaty. The two women and the children were called separately before the magistrates, without the latter being enabled to induce them to speak. They were, as a necessary precaution, reconducted to prison, but every attention their singularly unfortunate state demanded was shown them. Lepage here refused all nourishment; for eight days, he never suffered aliment of any kind to pass his lips; his strength decayed rapidly; he sustained all the horrors of voluntary starvation with the courage of a martyr; and it was not until it became too evident that his existence would be speedily terminated by his obstinate refusal of nourishment, that he and his family were released from confinement. They returned to their now wretched home, but the former violence they had exhibited was not repeated; a deep and settled melancholy seemed to have possessed them. For the last twenty-two months, they have daily wandered forth, the father in company with his son, and, at a short distance behind them, the three females. They speak not amongst themselves, nor do they address others; and the only offensive peculiarity in their manner, is that of never diverging from their path, let them meet whom they may. All who encounter them, however, from humanity or fear, move from their way; and thus they pursue their miserable career to the astonishment and pity of those who, not long since, beheld the half-famished, ragged, and unhappy wretches whom they now see, the most contented and the most respected members of their small *commune*.

Police of France.

A rich merchant of Lyons was very lately robbed in that city, to a very large amount; and, after using every exertion in his power, was led to believe that the thief had fled to, and was resident in Paris, whither he directed his course, without the least delay. On his arrival in the metropolis, he communicated to one of his friends, (a literary character, and whose political writings had assured him some months' detention in prison, and an acquaintance with the police,) the history of his loss, and his suspicions regarding its author. 'If he be in Paris,' replied his friend, 'I engage he shall be forthcoming. Follow me.' They were soon in the presence of an officer of the *gendarmerie*, who, having listened composedly to the merchant's narration, ordered him to return on the morrow. The next day, the merchant having presented himself, the officer, informed him that he had discovered the thief; that he was in Paris, and his residence known. 'Let us lose no time, Sir,' exclaimed the eager and expectant merchant, in the fear he should escape. 'Do not alarm yourself,' said the other; 'he is strictly watched, and is even *associated* with the Police.' 'I shall instantly hasten for an order of arrest from the Procureur du Roi,' continued the merchant, in preparing to depart. 'Not quite so hasty, if you please,' replied the apathetic officer; 'that you will obtain the order you propose, I pretend not to deny; or that it will be imperative on me to show it obedience; but you will decidedly defeat your object; and the man you seek will be unattainable.' 'I do not understand you, Sir.' 'Listen for a moment, and I shall explain the matter. My responsibility as a police-officer is great, and extends to the interests of the community in general. I require many hands, and the means accorded me of satisfying them are trifling; yet if I do not pay well I shall want assistance; and if they whom I employ can gain more on their own account than in executing my orders, it would be impossible for me to act. I therefore, of necessity, conform to the long-established usages of my department. A criminal, you may be aware, is ever upon the alarm; but so long as he is not directly and publicly charged with a particular offence, I accept a compromise with him; and he pays me in return a monthly sum, which goes to the remuneration of my subalterns. The very man in question relies at this moment upon the faith of our treaty, assured of not being molested until I have special orders regarding him. In that event, I am bound in honour to advise him that our agreement is at an end, and that he must look to his own safety. He will then use his best attempts to escape, and I to entrap him. The person you inquire for is in the situation I have mentioned; and, if you will follow my counsel, before you proceed judicially, you had better try conciliatory measures. I shall direct him to be tomorrow, at a certain hour, in the *Rue Monconseil*, and you will meet him there. Two of my men shall be near you for your protection. You will enter into an explanation with the robber; and I shall be greatly surprised if, after the hints I shall convey to him, you do not come to a satisfactory arrangement in respect to the stolen property.'

The interview took place as proposed, and an amicable agreement was entered into. The merchant, when well assured of restitution, presented the officer with a sum far inferior to what the expense of prosecution on his part would have amounted to; while, even in the latter case, justice might have been probably better satisfied by the result than the merchant himself.

This circumstance, which but recently occurred, and on the truth of which implicit reliance may be placed, tends to prove that the Police (of Paris at least) is less devoid of information respecting the authors of crimes, than it is deficient in zeal, activity, and disinterestedness.

New Picture.

Monsieur Lethiere, Professor of Painting in Paris, and Member of the Institute of France, who exhibited, with great success, a few years since, a large picture called 'The Judgment of Brutus,' has just arrived in London; bringing with him a picture of similar magnitude, and, report says, of still higher promise—its subject, 'The Death of Virginia.' The Lords of the Treasury, with a liberality which does them honour, have directed that this picture may be passed through the Custom-house, free of all duties; a compliment, in some measure, due to the Painter, for having selected this country, in preference to his own, or any other, for the display of his distinguished talents.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

'The Life and Times of Francis the First, of France,' in two volumes, is preparing for publication, embellished with an Engraving of Francis, from Titian's Painting in the Louvre.

The second series of 'The Romance of History,' is in a state of forwardness, to comprise tales illustrative of the Romantic Annals of France, from the reign of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIVth inclusive.

In the press, 'Observations on Geographical Projections, with a description of Georama,' by M. Delengtame, member of the Geographical Society at Paris, and inventor and constructor of the Georama there.

Shortly will appear The First Lines of Philosophical and Experimental Chemistry, by Mr. J. S. Forsyth. The First Lines of Analytical and Experimental Mineralogy by the same author is nearly ready.

Speedily will be published, in one pocket volume, the Boarding-school and Teacher's Directory; or, the addresses of the best London Masters in every department of Education, and of the principal Finishing and Preparatory Seminaries for young Ladies and Gentleman, in and near the Metropolis.

Speedily will be published, a Whole-Length Portrait of Thomas Clarkson, Esq., M.A., Vice-President of the Anti-Slavery Society, author of 'The History and Abolition of the Slave Trade,' 'Life of William Penn,' &c., &c. From the original Picture, painted by A. E. Chalon, Esq., R.A., engraved by C. Turner, Esq., engraver in ordinary to his Majesty.

A General Compendium of the County Histories of England; comprehending the History, Antiquities, Topography, &c., of every County in England.

Country Stories, Scenes, and Characters; forming a Third Series of 'Our Village.' By Mary Russell Mitford.

Foscari, and Julian, Tragedies. By Mary Russell Mitford.

The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life; also, Peptic Precepts, pointing out agreeable and effectual Methods to prevent and relieve Indigestion, and to regulate and strengthen the Action of the Stomach and Bowels. By the late William Kitchener, M.D.

A Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps. By the Rev. J. A. Cramer, M.A., and H. L. Wickham, Esq.

The Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, (Savary, Minister of Police under Napoleon,) which have been promised to the public for many years, but of which the publication has been, from various circumstances, delayed till now, are positively about to appear. The Duke's intimate acquaintance with the secret history of the Court and Government of Napoleon, cannot fail to render his memoirs one of the most attractive works that have appeared during the present century.

Mr. Cooper, the celebrated American novelist, (author of 'The Red Rover,' 'The Pilot,' 'The Prairie,' &c.,) has in the press a work of a completely original character, entitled, 'America, by a Travelling Bachelor; or, Facts and Opinions relative to the United States. In a Series of Letters,' forming 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. D'Israeli is about to publish a fourth Edition of his work, called 'The Literary Character; or, the History of Men of Genius, drawn from their own feelings and confessions;' with a new Preface, and a Letter and Notes by Lord Byron.

A Novel, which is reported to be of a very striking and original character, will soon appear, under the title of 'Marriage in High Life;' edited by the authoress of 'Flirtation.'

Mr. Burke, the author of the popular 'Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom,' is preparing for publication a work which has long been wanted, and must be of the greatest use and value; namely, a Dictionary of the Commoners of Great Britain, qualified, by landed fortune, to become County Members of Parliament, but undistinguished by any hereditary title of honour; with the genealogical history of their families.

An Octavo Edition of Mr. Leigh Hunt's recent work, 'Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries,' will be published early this month.

The Continental Traveller's Oracle, or New Maxims for Locomotion, by Dr. Abraham Eldon, is announced, and is reported to be a work of much wit and originality.

A Second Edition of 'The Red Rover' is in the press.

'Babylon the Great; or, Men and Things in the British Capital;' a Second Edition, with additions and corrections, will shortly appear.

A new Tale of the Beau Monde. By the Authoress of 'English Fashionables Abroad,' will speedily be published, under the title of 'English Fashionables at Home.' The former work of this Writer gave a brilliant and lively sketch of the Manners of the Aristocracy on the Continent; in her forthcoming Novel, she proposes to delineate them as they appear in their Drawing Rooms, and at their Country Seats in England.

The Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative of the Peninsular War, will be published in the first week of the present month.

Shortly will be published, 'Narrative of an Ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, on the 8th and 9th of August, 1827.'

Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, is now in London, superintending his work on America.

In the press, a Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the French Revolution. By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters. In 1 vol. 8vo.

Detection Displayed. By Mrs. Opie. In 1 vol. 8vo.

A Treatise on the Valuation of Property for the Poors' Rate; showing the Method of Rating Lands, Buildings, Tithes, Mines, Woods, River and Canal Tolls, and Personal Property. With an Abstract of the Poor Laws relative to Rates and Appeals. By T. S. Bayldon, Author of 'Rents and Tillages.' 1 vol. 8vo.

The second volume of Researches into the Causes, Nature, and Treatment of the more Prevalent Diseases of India, and of Warm Climates generally. Illustrated with Cases, Post Mortem Examinations, and numerous coloured engravings of Morbid Structures. By James Annesley, Esq., of the Madras Medical Establishment, late Surgeon to the Madras General Hospital, M.R.C.S. and M.R.A.S.

Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. Vol. XIV. Part 1. in 8vo. with five coloured plates.

Tales and Romances of the Author of Waverley, containing 'St. Ronan's Well,' 'Redgauntlet,' 'Tales of the Crusaders,' and 'Woodstock.' In 7 vols., 18mo., second edition, with frontispieces and vignette titles, uniform with, and in continuation of, the Novels, Tales, and Romances, in 25 vols., 18mo.

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Bibliographica Cantabrigiensia; or, Remarks upon the most valuable and curious Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge. Illustrated by original letters, and notes biographical, literary, and antiquarian.

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A Manual of Advice to Young Candidates for Holy Orders; designed to guide them to correct principles for their future life. In a series of letters from a father to his son, preparatory to his ordination. 1 vol. crown, 12mo.

An Introduction to Entomology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects. By William Kirby, M.A. F.R.S. and L.S., and William Spence, Esq., F.L.S. New edit. in 4 thick vols. 8vo., with plates, and portraits of the authors.

On the 1st of May will be published, The Magazine of Natural History; and Journal of Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, and Meteorology. By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S. H.S., &c. To be continued in Monthly Numbers, price 2s. 6d.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Southey's Peninsular War, vols. 1 to 4, 8vo., 2l. 2s.
Ireland, its Evils and their Remedies, by M. T. Sadler, 8vo., 12s.
The Christian Year, third edition, 18mo., 6s.
The Cypress Wreath, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, fc. 8vo., 7s.
India, by R. Rickards, Esq., demy 8vo., part 1, 4s. 6d.
Wood's Ruins of Balbeck and Palmyra, folio, 6l. 6s.
Hearne Ectypa Varia, 4to., 2l. 2s.
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Dwight's Sermons, 2 vols., 8vo., 24s.
Sketches, Scenes, and Narratives, 18mo., 5s.
Account of the Poor Dutch Colonies, 12mo., 6s.
Contrast, by Mrs. Roche, 3 vols., 12mo., 21s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	March.	Therm. A.M.	Therm. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Cloud.
	Wed. 2	51°	45°	29. 86	N.E.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus
	Thur. 3	44	39	29. 88	N. to NE.	Ditto.	Ditto.
	Frid. 4	42	41	30. 12	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
	Satur. 5	48	46	29. 52	Variable	Rain.	Cir. & Nimb.
	Sun. 6	50	45	29. 22	W to NW	Cloudy.	Cir. Cumul.
	Mon. 7	44	44	28. 95	S.W.	Rain.	Cir. Nimbus
	Tues. 8	46	45	28. 86	S.E.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus

Rain on the nights of Saturday and Sunday. Mornings fair except on Sunday and Monday.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun and Saturn 2° distant on Thursday at 11½ A.M.
The Moon and Jupiter in conjunction on Wednesday.
The Sun's longitude on Tuesday, 18° 37′ in Aries.
The Sun's declination on ditto, 7° 18′ N.
Length of day on ditto, 7 hours 22 min.

This day is published, in 3 vols. post 8vo., price 1l. 7s.

GOMEZ ARIAS, or, THE MOORS OF THE ALPUJARRAS; a Spanish Historical Romance. By Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cosio. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Lord Holland.

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THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN, and other Poems. By Agnes Strickland, Authoress of 'Worcester Field, or the Cavalier.'

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The following Works are nearly ready for publication, by Henry Colburn, New Burlington-street.

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Falmouth, April, 1828.

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The following remarks are copied from 'The Times.'

'The Omnipresence of the Deity.

'Mr. Montgomery's excellent poem on this awful and impressive subject has, not more rapidly than deservedly, arrived at a second edition. The work is dedicated, by permission, to the Lord Bishop of London, and is, in every respect, worthy the countenance and protection of that elevated dignitary. The author is, we understand, a very young man; but, in this production, he has displayed a depth and maturity of thought, a strength and justness of reasoning, which would do honour to any writer of the present day. His versification combines, in no ordinary degree, energy and elegance; his figures are beautifully appropriate—they are never introduced merely at the suggestion of fancy, but are called in to illustrate some feeling of the mind, or some affection of the heart. A glowing spirit of fervid devotion distinguishes the whole work. In every page we find—

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

'The author appears to have felt, that he stood in the presence of Him whose greatness he was celebrating; to Him he has prayed for inspiration, and from Him he has received it. He describes, with felicitous effect, the presence of the Deity in all times and places—in the glare of day, and in the darkness of night; in the storms of winter, in the mild breath of spring, in the gorgeous glory of summer, and in the fruition of Autumn. The all-seeing eye is never closed; it penetrates our most secret thoughts; it views our most covert designs; it is fixed on us when we are born,—it marks us during youth, manhood, and old age,—and, when the death-bed scene arrives, it is still fixed on us. The author has inculcated this principle with a force and vigour worthy of the theme; he calls on his fellow-men, eloquently and affectionately, never to let the fact escape from their memory, that the Deity is ever present; and he argues, that, where such a feeling exists, it must check the growth of evil, counteract the tendency of human nature to vice, and extend the empire of virtue. A purer body of ethics we have never read; and he who could peruse it without emotion, clothed, as it is, in the graceful garb of poetry, must have a very cold and insensible heart.

'There are several small poems attached to the volume, which possess great merit. That entitled "The Crucifixion," cannot be read without emotion.'—*The Times*, April 1, 1828.

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PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

UNPUBLISHED LECTURES ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A.

No. IV.

Reviewing—Its Nature and Uses.

I endeavoured, in my last Lecture, to trace, by a few general remarks, the popular passion for information respecting public events to its original source, and to show how both newspapers and magazines derive their principal interest from the universal propensities and sympathies of human nature. I next made a few observations on the past and present state of the public press, and then proceeded to inquire, into the distinguishing qualities of our present magazine literature. My opinions on this point I endeavoured to exemplify, by an examination of the principal publications of the kind that are known in England, and I concluded by some remarks on the style of writing most popular in them. It is my present purpose to inquire into the origin of Reviews, and the principles on which their utility is founded; and I shall endeavour to make such observations on the subject as may seem most practically useful, and most easily applicable to the ordinary circumstances of the general reader.

The theories which have been formed respecting the principles of taste, of our admiration for certain forms and expressions, and our dislike of others, have been as numerous as those which have sprung from political or moral investigation. There is, however, a law written so plainly on the human heart, so strongly manifested in the development of all our faculties, and which leads men to such a universal assent on several great and leading points in this inquiry, that a canon of general principles is allowed to exist wherever literature is known, and according to which every species of composition is to be judged. In the earlier ages of learning, men of philosophical minds were employed in closely examining these principles, in searching for their existence in the works which obtained greatest admiration, and tracing that life of truth and most perfect soul of beauty, whose visible effects they contemplated, to their secret places. Aristotle, however, and the other great critics of antiquity obtained but the lower purpose of their search. They learnt to separate, with a most skilful anatomy, the different parts of the work they took in hand, were able to demonstrate the splendid grace of its proportions, and give lessons on the art of modelling after the measurements they had made; but they were altogether in the dark respecting the deeper philosophy of criticism: they could only see the material forms which their science grasped; they could discern nothing of the spirit which brought and held them together; they imagined it was the building up of great and precious stones, which gave glory to the temple, and forgot the Shechinah, which made it holy. It is hence that we see and hear so much of unities, and plots, and tropes, and figures, in these ancient critics and their followers; that we find them speaking with dogmatical precision on points with which the rules of their art have no concern, and that we possess so many instances of their best and soundest principles producing, in practice, none of the effects which they supposed properly belonged to them. The science of criticism was, therefore, in ancient times, of a much lower character than in ours. It had the same aim, but it had no distinct perception of the object it struggled for: it attempted to make men understand the causes of poetic beauty, but it had no faculty of detecting its essence: it imagined itself capable of reviving taste and invigorating genius, when its highest power could only attain to the detection of their violations; and it pretended to find an everlasting law of natural dictation upon the mind, when the mind, neither in its higher faculties nor its most sublime tendencies, was comprehended by their philosophy. While, however, we thus deny to the critics of antiquity the honour of having advanced beyond the mechanism of their art, we would give them the praise due to their labours from every lover of literature. Although not adapted to do much service in times characterised by deep feeling or the power of a lofty intellectuality, they were of considerable use in the periods when they flourished. They began their labours and were most in vogue, when the higher species of composition were on the decline, and when, had it not been for the rules of just criticism, they would have degenerated at once into wild extravagance and bombast. Aristotle and his followers had the merit of confining authors within the limits of truth and propriety, and produced the farther good effect of preserving public taste from being entirely vitiated by the pretenders to novelty or unnatural brilliancy. The father of criticism, in ages of weak and undecided literary taste, is of more authority than the father of poetry. Men, in such times, can more easily comprehend what is true to the understanding, than what is most splendid in invention. Their reason is more clear than their taste is correct; and Homer will be venerated more because of Aristotle, than Aristotle because of Homer. The critics, however, of ancient times were principally employed in inventing rules and in establishing the principles of their science. Their examination of epics and tragedies was undertaken, not to decide upon their respective merits, but to evolve new rules or furnish additional illustrations of already-received theories. They engaged themselves in forming the laboratories and nomenclatures, of which future critics were to avail themselves, when their science should escape the thraldom of schools and academies. It was not, accordingly, till modern times that criticism began to be employed in the general and popular manner in which it has now been for one or two centuries past; and there is no reason for supposing that the notion was ever conceived of so employing it till a comparatively very late period.

An attempt has been once or twice made to trace the idea of reviewing, as it is now practised, to Photius; but, I believe, it is generally allowed, that the whole undivided honour of the invention belongs to M. Denis de Sallo, Conseiller au Parlement de Paris. This celebrated French literate lived in the reign of Louis the Great, and was distinguished both for his talents and his great acquirements in all departments of learning. It was his constant practice, it is said, in reading, to make very considerable extracts from the works which engaged his attention; and, from the utility and benefit which he found belonging to this practice, he conceived the notion that it would be productive of the greatest good, both to literature in general and to men of learning, unpossessed of large resources, if the plan he pursued in his private reading could be made available in the diffusion of knowledge, in increasing the circulation of works of merit, and affording some guide to the uninitiated in their choice of publications for study or amusement. Strongly impressed with the idea that such a project, carried into execution, would actually produce the effects he had supposed, M. de Sallo planned a Journal which should contain reviews of all the principal works of the day. These reviews were to consist of critical remarks and copious extracts from the publications noticed; and it hence appears that the first public Journal of the kind answered very closely in its plan to those of a similar description at present known among us. The publication of M. de Sallo was entitled the 'Journal des Sçavans,' and the first number appeared on Monday, the 5th of January, 1665. It is also well worthy of observation, and not a little interesting in the present state of periodical literature to know, that the first literary Journal which ever appeared, was neither a monthly nor a quarterly, but a weekly Review; thus enabling the popular class of Periodicals, which are after the same plan, to claim the honour of an antiquity not commonly supposed to be on their side. At first, M. de Sallo depended solely on his own exertions in the composition of his work; but subsequently associated with himself some of the most eminent men of his time. The publication appears to have been one of considerable merit. Indeed, it could hardly have failed to be so. It was started by one of the best scholars of the age, by a man connected with the highest ranks of society, having every opportunity of gaining information of whatever kind he desired, possessing resources of a literary nature open to few others, and undertaking the execution of his design out of pure love for literature, and a hearty desire to promote its interests, and those of its deserving votaries. With all its merit, however, and notwithstanding the rank and influence of its conductor, this excellent journal was unable to stand its ground against the intrigues of some party it had offended by an allusion in one of the articles; and M. de Sallo was obliged to discontinue it by a decree of the Court. It was revived, I believe, under several subsequent editors; but its appearance soon gave rise to an innumerable variety of other literary journals, and its history becomes lost in the multifarious traditions respecting their rise and fall. France was in a short time overrun with periodicals relating to every branch both of literature and science; England with the greatest eagerness followed her example; the learned men of Germany were roused by the novelty of the design, and composed journals in Latin, and relating to the higher departments of learning. Almost every country in Europe, in fact, had in a little time its Review and Journal of contemporary literature. It appears, however, that the most of those which were published at this commencement of the institution, embraced a much wider sphere of observation than the Reviews of our own times, both that of M. de Sallo and its successors undertaking to make their readers acquainted with the labours of the literary men of other countries, as well as of the one in which they appeared. There was a great advantage in this, as it formed a medium of correspondence for the whole republic of letters; but the original reason

of it was, probably, that the reading people of that period were a more confined circle and more interested in the progress of literature in general than is at present the case. The number of books also published in each country was far less than in modern times; and, while it is now one of the greatest difficulties of an editor to make a proper selection of works for review, from the multitudinous heap constantly accumulating, it was at that time necessary to look over the Continent for such as might be worthy of attention or study. To France, however, the credit is due of having given birth to a species of publication, the influence of which on literature has been of the highest importance. But it is not a little surprising that no idea of the kind should have entered any one's mind till the middle of the seventeenth century. There is something so natural in the notion of a literary man writing down his opinions on the works he peruses, either for his future use, or the benefit of those whom he may wish to instruct,—something so likely to engage the attention of any one embued with an ardent love of letters in the advantages offered by a judicious selection from great and useful works,—that our wonder would be greater than it is, were it not to be remarked, that the only thing which was wanted to convert the old-established usage of learned men into the modern system of reviewing, was the periodical publication of their accumulating treasures, and the restriction of their labours to works of present interest. It is seldom that any useful invention is discovered till the circumstances of the times render it necessary; and it was the case with the establishment of a system of public criticism. There was no want of it before books were multiplied, and the love of literature made general. It was then that a guide through the labyrinths of learning and the ornamented paths of philosophy was first necessary, that the selections made by the hand of experience and good taste became of public use, that the necessity was felt of receiving with caution the varied intellectual food that was offered, and of submitting the hasty and untrained appetite for novelty to the careful and scrutinising skill of the well-read and sober critic.

As the causes which had given birth to the first of these publications increased, they went on multiplying; and a bare enumeration of the principal ones that have appeared in this country, or are now in circulation, will show how large a share we have had in the establishment of the system on which they are founded. The earliest, I believe, of which we have any mention, are 'The History of the Works of the Learned,' which commenced at London in 1699; 'The Censura Temporum,' in 1708, and, about the same time, 'The Memoirs of Literature,' and 'The Bibliotheca Curiosa.' To these succeeded 'The Monthly Review,' begun in 1749; 'The Critical Review,' in 1756; 'The Anti-Jacobin Review,' in 1798; 'The British Critic,' now united with 'The Theological Review,' in the same year; 'The Edinburgh Review,' in 1803; 'The Eclectic Review,' in 1805; 'The Quarterly Review,' in 1809; 'The British Review,' in 1811.

Such are the dates of the principal reviews which have appeared, or are at present known among us. Of their characters and purpose I shall endeavour to give some account, before I leave this part of my undertaking; but my present intention is to make some observations on the nature and proper aim of reviewing itself, to clear up, if possible, a few of the obscurities which popular mistakes on the subject have occasioned, and to point out the advantages which may be produced by a judicious management of the system, or by a union of the qualities which should be found in the works it produces.

With respect, then, to the principles on which the utility of reviewing is founded, there are three purposes which every publication of the kind is supposed to have in view. The first is the performance of the duty which belongs to a public critic, to make known the merits of the works which appear, and put forth a claim to notice; this is the duty which results from the writer's relation to the authors of the country in which he labours. The second purpose is the furnishing a sufficient idea of the publications of most interest, to enable ordinary readers to understand their merits, to give them a guide in their search for excellencies, and a caution against the mis-statements, or false opinions of unestablished writers. The third purpose in their composition is the affording of such abstracts and selections as may supply the want of works, the expense or extent of which may keep them from the shelves of the studious but not affluent inquirer. Taking these to be the objects of reviewing, according to our modern notions of it, we shall have little difficulty in determining either the advantages which belong to it, when properly conducted, or the reasons on which they are founded. As far as the system regards authors, it is one to which the whole fraternity owes a debt of most lasting gratitude. It is true, many a heart-burning, many a bitter and unforgotten pang has been occasioned in the course of its rigid censorship, but it will be found, on a little consideration, that the unpleasant feelings which have been suffered from its attacks, or even the evils which have resulted from its occasional unmeasured severity or ill-founded condemnations, are too trivial to be mentioned, when brought into comparison with the advantages which authors in general have derived from its employment. It is, in the first place, of no little importance to writers to have their productions made known, let it be through what medium it may; and of the use which reviews especially are of in this respect, there is no better proof than the eagerness with which booksellers as well as authors of every class seek to obtain the notice of any publication of the sort. But if Reviews are of this use to authors in making their works publicly known, they are of still more important service to them, in obtaining for them the attention and patronage to which their respective merits entitle them. It is the same with men of letters as with every other class of persons, whose reputation or support depends upon public encouragement. It is always a benefit to them to have the pretensions of each individual in their society properly estimated. The effect may be perhaps to diminish their number; but it will increase and establish the influence and prosperity of the order itself; and, when the rank of the different associates is understood, the respect which the public entertains for each will be more definite and permanent. It being useful, therefore, in a general point of view, it is easy to discover the beneficial effects of public criticism to each individual author who deserves a station among his contemporaries. His merits, whatever they may be, are set forth long before they could otherwise have obtained notice; he is told of his faults by critics, without the prejudice of friends or the ill-nature of enemies; he is himself permitted to address the public by the best passages of his work, is made master of a reputation of much wider extent than the mere circulation of his production itself would have obtained him, and stands a much better chance of having his sentiments or style fairly understood and estimated, than could possibly have been the case, had his book been left to the vague, doubting, and unprepared judgment of the public. With respect to the second purpose of Reviews, that is, the characterising of the works which come under their notice, so as to guide the choice of readers in the perusal or purchase of them,—it is an important consideration, that the more multifarious the literary productions of an age become, the more danger there is, not only of literature becoming corrupted, but of that portion of it which is most corrupt being made the foundation of national tastes and opinions. Publications, therefore, which, it is to be supposed, are under the superintendance of men not subject to the influence of vulgar prejudices, nor liable to be deceived by false pretensions, are calculated, by the very principles of their construction, to be useful in the preservation of a pure taste in literature and correct notions on the higher subjects of morality and philosophy. We know how easily an inexperienced reader may be deceived by a glaring title-page, a sounding preface, or reiterated advertisements; how difficult it is for any one in ordinary circumstances to discover the merits of the works which are daily appearing from common report, and how utterly impossible it is for one reader out of ten to determine whether a new work on science or history be worth purchasing, or likely to afford him correctly the information he is desirous to obtain. But a Review, if deserving of the title, is a safe and ready guide, both in matters of taste and science, affords information on points which would escape the attention of the mere general reader, and enables a person mistrustful of his own judgment, and yet desirous of enjoying the literary novelties of the day, to satisfy his wish with ease and safety. It deserves, also, to be mentioned, that, when a Review is conducted by men of integrity and eminence, the opinions which they pass upon a work are an additional testimony to the truths it contains, or are themselves an exemplification of the principles which its pages have failed to illustrate. From these considerations it may be fairly concluded, that the system of reviewing is productive of many and important benefits to that large class of readers who are both desirous and able to possess themselves of the most interesting and useful works that the press sends forth, but who are either unwilling to take the chance of a promiscuous purchase, or who, by doing so, corrupt their taste and fill their minds with a mass of false notions and unsubstantiated facts.

The last object of reviewing is the furnishing such abstracts of works, or such specimens of their contents, as may, in some measure, supply their place to those readers who have either not sufficient wealth to purchase even a small proportion of those which are daily attracting public attention, or who have not leisure to make themselves acquainted with the contents of publications, which, in their original form, are too extended and full of detail for the mere general reader. I need not say how frequently it happens that the really valuable portions of a very voluminous work may be compressed into a compass incomparably smaller than that of the original; or that it often occurs, that what is really new in a volume occupies so comparatively small a number of pages, that they may be extracted with ease into any Periodical of moderate extent. It is according to this principle that so many of the most celebrated scholars, both in our own and ancient times, have accustomed themselves to extract largely from whatever works they read, and according to which the ancient author whom we have already mentioned, made that famous collection of extracts and notes which were said to afford the original notion of a Review. Had there therefore been no other use in this species of periodical publications than that embraced by copious and well-selected extracts, they would have been deserving of extensive public encouragement; for, besides the knowledge they are intended to afford of new works, they are treasuries in which much of what is most valuable in contemporary literature is deposited, and in which the bullion is divided into coin fit for the common and immediate uses of society. It is not often, for example, that the general reader would derive any serious advantage from the perusal of a long and laboured treatise on a subject not immediately under his inquiry; but, if there be that connection between every branch of human knowledge which is said to exist, it is of no little consequence to him to possess an opportunity of seeing, in a close and concise ab-

stract, the arguments, or new ideas, on which the inventor of a science, or the defender of a system, may seek to establish his proposition. In the same manner, it is comparatively but a few men who take interest enough in the discussion of an abstract political question to pursue it to any extent; but there is not, perhaps, one who is not glad to find the principal points of debate, and the arguments employed upon them, in such a form that he may, with the expense of a little time and trouble, be furnished with grounds for thinking reasonably and clearly on the subject for himself. We might make the same observation on a great many other topics of a similar kind, which are too far removed from the general literary pursuits of ordinary readers, but are yet of sufficient importance to make a knowledge of their main and most striking points desirable. But, independent of the information to be obtained by this system of reviewing, most readers will think its purpose well answered by the ever-varying, ever-replenished source of amusement and novelty which it furnishes. Whether the extracts be of a lighter or more serious nature, whether they are made from a work on philosophy, or the last new novel, they are leaves taken from the great chronicle of the literary world; are impressed with the life and freshness of present feeling and sentiment; are specimens of the intellectual power to which the world is at the time bowing, and are fitted to teach a man in retirement with what success the work of mental improvement, or moral amelioration, is proceeding.

ROMAN EMPIRE.

The Roman Empire under Constantine the Great. By Matthew Bridges. 8vo. pp. 467. J. and C. Rivington. London, 1828.

The circumstances in which the Roman Empire existed under the Emperor Constantine were of the most singular character. The overgrown dominions, which, till lately, were subject to a divided power, had been gradually falling under the sway of this victorious monarch. With the warlike talents of the most renowned of his predecessors, and with a more than ordinary share of public virtue, he lived in a time when they were tempted by every object that could corrupt them, and when they were rendered comparatively useless by the situation of every order in the state. The patriotism which was the true tutelary deity of Rome, the real palladium or *ancilla* of her freedom, was departed; the pride of citizenship had given way to the desire of wealth in the higher classes, and to rapine, sloth, and the grossest vices in the lower; and the Eternal City itself was the weakest point in the tottering empire, and that in which an observing eye might most clearly observe the elements of approaching ruin. Civil discord, corruption of manners, tyranny and luxury, had done their utmost; and, to increase the confusion, paganism, if we may so speak, had itself become tenfold more corrupt, by the depravation of public sentiment. But, amid all this, there appeared to be a chance of re-establishing the strength of the empire, or, at least, of retarding its dissolution; and the means were, in a great measure, presented to Constantine, by the circumstances which, in another point of view, were destroying his dominions. With the strong good sense, and the talents for governing, which distinguished that Monarch, he had delivered himself from some of the most embarrassing situations in which he could have been placed, and he at length saw himself near the summit of his highest ambition. It was evident, however, to him, that his throne, when unattacked by rival candidates for sovereignty, would be so shaken to its foundation, by other enemies to its security, that, till some change was effected, his Government could produce no good to the people or glory to himself. He accordingly examined the condition of the empire, both in the east and the west; he found it agitated by tumults which no political sagacity could quiet; he found its subjects connected together by no common tie, and that even the people of the same province, and those who had been united by the bonds of custom and relationship, were at daily war with each other. Not merely state against state, but house against house, and family against family, were waging contest, and the whole social fabric seemed broken up. He could not continue an observation of this kind without being driven to acknowledge the influence which the despised and obscure religion of Christianity had been gradually acquiring, and he was consequently induced, we may suppose, to subdue his heathen prejudices, either by his ambition, or by the honester means of inquiring into the causes of the changes that had taken place. The result was such as might be expected, and the reign of Constantine presented the curious spectacle of Paganism descending, and Christianity mounting, the throne of the world. The consequences which followed, and the state of society at the time, form a subject of deep and lively interest. The other changes also which took place, on the removal of the seat of Government from Rome to the newly-founded Constantinople, are equally worthy of observation in political respects. The author of the work before us has described the two cities with great ability. We extract his account:

'As the commencement of the project, a strong double rampart was to be carried from the western end of the haven, to the opposite shore of the Propontis, about fifteen furlongs from the former walls of Byzantium. The ground embraced within this circumference, was distinguished by five undulations, which were soon covered with buildings; and, before the middle of the fifth century, two adjacent hills were included; so that at least eleven or twelve miles may be computed for the circuit of Constantinople. The outer barrier on the Thracian side had six entrances, of which the Golden Gate was the most celebrated; and sixteen others might be numbered by innumerable traders from the Mediterranean, as they conveyed the abundance of Egypt, or the wealth of Syria, into the new emporium of the East. The western walls were defended with impassable ditches, were crowned with five hundred towers, and were supplied with every military engine, which that day could produce. United by covered communications, they sheltered the capital for ages against the attacks, whether of barbarian or civilised invaders. Upon a less magnificent scale, the fortifications were continued along the harbour, about fifty paces from the shore; but, towards the Bosphorus, as well as the Propontis, they rose abruptly from the waves. The north-eastern angle of a promontory, called Chrysoceras or the Golden Horn, narrowed by its fortunate projection the entrance into the port, across which chains might be drawn to baffle the attempts of any hostile navy. The haven itself was six or seven miles long, and about half a league wide; the water was always sufficiently deep to bring up larger vessels to the very verge of the quays; and the river Lycus, falling into the upper end, not only cleansed the bottom, but afforded both sailors and citizens an abundance of the first necessary of life. Sixty thousand pounds' weight of gold, or two millions four hundred thousand pounds sterling of our money, were expended by Constantine, on the walls, the porticoes, and the aqueducts of his metropolis. His own palace, seated on the most conspicuous elevation, was roofed externally with gilded plates of brass, which, when illuminated by the sun, had the appearance of a city on fire. It was surrounded by spacious gardens, comprising the wonders of art, and exhibiting the beauties of nature. The splendours of oriental luxury, interspersed with groves, fountains, and temples, on all sides opened to the gaze of the astonished spectator: while the busy scenes of Constantinople, the prospects of Asia, and the ocean, the mingled associations of poetry, history, and antiquity, combined to adorn an imperial residence, which, for costliness, situation, and grandeur, could be exceeded by none in the world. Vast arsenals and edifices were added to what had been lately Byzantium: the houses, as well as the public baths, were more ostentatiously than substantially built: and so great was the influx of inhabitants, allured thither from motives of business, pleasure, or curiosity, that the narrow lanes became perilous to passengers, from the increasing density of the population. Piles were driven into the bed of the sea, on which new erections were reared, with too little regard to health or convenience. Constantine had invited the higher ranks of society to the spot, by distributing among his favourites the choicest mansions, with lands throughout Thrace, Pontus, and Asia, which were held as hereditary estates, under the easy tenure of maintaining an establishment in the capital. The lower classes assembled, from various parts of the empire, to share in the bountiful largesses, and municipal regulations, so grateful to idleness or ambition. Within the lapse of three or four generations, Constantinople contained thirteen palaces, fourteen churches, eight public and one hundred and fifty-three private baths, two basilicas, four forums, two senate-houses, five enormous granaries, an amphitheatre, a circus maximus, with four other places of entertainment, four quays, the same number of reservoirs for rain water, as many aqueducts, three hundred and twenty-two streets, four thousand three hundred and eighty-eight very large houses, fifty-two porticoes, twenty public mills, and one hundred and twenty private ones, one hundred and seventeen tribunals for the distribution of donatives, five immense markets, three flights of costly stairs descending from the hills to the sea, a mint, a capitol, barracks for the imperial guards, and several literary institutions. The shrines of mythology surrendered their treasures to illustrate the triumphs of the first Christian potentate; and the immortal productions of ancient artists found their appropriate level, as objects for the admiration, rather than the idolatry, of mankind. To aim at an enumeration of all these, would be as tedious to the reader, as it is unbecoming the design of history. yet we may just mention the brazen bull of Perillus, the muses from the fountain of Helicon, the tripod from the oracle at Delphos, and the colossal statue of Apollo, by Phidias, upon its magnificent column of porphyry, in the centre of the principal forum.

'The streets were divided into fourteen regions, ten of which were within the walls of Constantine, the other four being added at a subsequent period. The founder nominated three prætors, to whom he intrusted the supreme government of his city; but, under ensuing reigns, the administration of Constantinople was more entirely assimilated to that of the western metropolis, and one prætorian prefect became invested with almost sovereign power. This officer at Rome took cognizance of all civil and criminal causes within his jurisdiction, and, throughout a circuit of one hundred miles in extent, there lay an appeal to his tribunal. The prætorian prefect, at Constantinople, received from Constantius very similar prerogatives; and both these municipal viceroys had under them their subordinate prætors, who, assisted by proper persons, presided over the halls of justice, arranged the various spectacles exhibited for public amusement, managed the markets, distributed the imperial largesses, and superintended the police of the capital. Bands of watchmen, under the strictest discipline, had their stations, both daily and nocturnal, in different quarters; they were enlisted from the companies of incorporated artificers; and most praiseworthy attention was paid to the preserving every street of Constantinople from accidents through fire or violence. Nine hundred and fifty individuals had the care of burying the dead among the poorer classes: the public works were committed to the inspection of an honourable magistrate: and at least three rhetoricians, ten grammarians, five sophists, one philosopher, and two professors of civil law, were maintained by the treasury, for the diffusion of useful knowledge. Constantinople, within five or ten years, having been prepared for the reception of the emperor, was solemnly consecrated to the virgin Mary, or to the God of martyrs. It was called after the name of its benefactor, and heralds proclaimed it the head of the eastern, as Rome was that of the western world. An edict, to the same effect, was engraven on a pillar of marble; a senate, with many suitable honours, was appointed; which, though less noble than the model after which it was formed, survived, as the phantom of liberty, till the age of Leo, in the middle of the ninth century.'—Pp. 232—329.

With equal felicity Mr. Bridges has described the condition of the mighty metropolis of the world, at the time when its glory was departing, and when it was on the point of being left gradually to sink into ruin and obscurity, till it should become the palace of another, and almost more universal, sovereignty. The pictures of the two rival cities present a striking contrast, when thus viewed together:

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'However, the ancient seat of the Cæsars was not as yet surpassed by the growing magnificence of its rival. Allusion has already been made, in the first chapter, to the monuments of Roman glory produced under the earlier emperors. Many of these still excited the wonder of beholders; and, before the close of the fourth century, Rome is described as comprising, within her walls, two large and twenty-nine smaller libraries, six large and forty-two smaller obelisks, eight bridges, seventeen forums, eleven basilicas, twelve public and nine hundred and thirty or a thousand private baths, twenty beautiful fountains, two capitols, four amphitheatres, eight or nine edifices for dramatic entertainments, five naumachia, eleven aqueducts, thirty-six marble or triumphal arches, two colossal and from one to two hundred equestrian statues, the columns of Trajan and Aurelius, two vast markets, with upwards of two hundred and fifty mills set apart for the gratuitous use of the people. The fourteen regions were subdivided into three hundred streets, containing from seventeen to eighteen hundred respectable residences, and from forty-four to forty-seven thousand *insulæ*, or lodging-houses, each of which might be occupied by several families. Eight open squares, from eleven to fourteen hundred handsome cisterns of fresh water, and an appropriate number of sewers, contributed to the health of the inhabitants. Immense granaries supplied a lazy mobility with the means of subsistence, and even with some luxuries of life: three hundred shrines or altars, besides many most superb temples, kept alive and employed the superstition of the multitude: while ten prætorian cohorts, four companies of city militia, and some other slight military forces preserved the peace of Rome. A prætorian prefect, with two prætors under his immediate control, twenty-eight inferior magistrates, and six hundred and seventy-two subordinate officers, answering perhaps to the head-constables of our modern corporations, had the charge of the police, and superintended the various departments connected with their municipal jurisdiction.'—Pp. 240—241.

Mr. Bridges has composed a work of great usefulness and merit. He has presented us with an excellent view of the period he undertook to describe; and we hope to see him prosecuting his design of inquiring into the state of the literature of the same age with equal skill and industry. His style is clear and correct, his original observations full of good sense, and his knowledge of his subject full and extensive. We have seldom seen a single volume of history containing more information, or information given in a better manner.

RELATIONS OF SICILY WITH ENGLAND.

De la Sicile et de ses Rapports avec l'Angleterre à l'epoque de la Constitution de 1812; *ou, Mémoires Historiques sur les principaux Evénemens de ce tems; avec la Refutation de l'Histoire d'Italie par Botta, pour les parties qui ont rapport à ces mêmes événemens. Par un Membre des differens Parlemens de Sicile.* 8vo. Paris, 1828.

The political changes which, in 1812, led the people of Sicily to indulge in the hope of an improved condition, and, in 1816, again involved them in the greatest misery, were well known to all Europe; although the silence which the weaker party is always compelled by the stronger to maintain, has caused them to be now almost totally buried in oblivion. But the historian Botta, in his late work on the events with which Italy has, for the space of nearly forty years, been overwhelmed, is, in many instances, extremely incorrect, both in the relation of facts, and the expression of opinions, as far, at least, as regards Sicily. This is not a matter of surprise, it being the system of this subtle writer artfully to withhold, and falsely to represent, historical facts, in order to make them subservient to the strange opinions entertained by him of the distinguishing character of that century. And, although it is impossible to repress the clamour of those who, destitute of every flattering hope for the future, indulge only in miserable forebodings, a Sicilian citizen, full of intelligence and personal experience, has dared to raise his voice in the defence of truth, and thereby to enable well-informed men to judge more accurately of the circumstances relating to his country. Hence the publication of the book which forms the subject of the present article.

The author prefaces his work with a hasty sketch of the civil history of Sicily, from the commencement of the monarchy established by the Normans, down to the epoch of 1812. We say *civil history* because it is principally a compendium of the relation between the people and the Government, in order to show, by means of authentic documents, that this island acquired its political liberty at an epoch almost contemporary with that of the establishment of British independence; that it had always a national representative respected and guaranteed with solemn oaths, by the different monarchs who reigned there; that the despotic tendency of Charles the Fifth, and Philip the Second, might have diminished its prerogative, but did not entirely destroy it; that the actually reigning dynasty has always acknowledged its legitimacy, especially as it regards the valuable right of concurring in the establishment of taxes; and, lastly, that the new Constitution of 1812 was in reality nothing more than a pure and simple re-organisation of the former Constitution, with the addition only of those reforms which the improvement of the age and a variety of other circumstances loudly demanded. From which we may infer that, sooner or later, this pretended new Constitution would naturally have come of itself, since all laws require with the accession of time re-organisation and reform.

It may be observed, that, although the Constitution of England is the least imperfect of all those which exist in Europe, still not a single session passes, in which the friends of the public good do not urge the absolute necessity of a Parliamentary reform. But the force of imperious vicissitudes accelerated this political crisis in Sicily. Buonaparte, menacing every throne with ruin, extended his iron arm over the whole of Europe. The adverse coalition, after fruitless attempts to deprive it of its power, conceived a design equally useful and generous: it no longer sought to oppose it with armies, but with people; and, in order to excite these latter to second its efforts, it promised political liberty to all mankind. Where is the mind, possessing any noble feelings, that would not be roused by this cheering prospect? A European revolution was speedily organised: with the certainty of adding to this desirable association, the people of Prussia and of Germany arose in one mass, and arrested the victorious progress of the French eagles. At the same moment, an exterminating war was raging in Spain, and the Emperor of Russia, sending back to their country the Spanish regiments which were in his service, presented himself before them with the Constitution of Cadiz in his hand, and made all swear either to support it or die in its defence. Battalions of English landed in different parts of Italy, bearing on their banners the following inscription '*Italian Liberty and Independence:*' promises and incitements issued, as from the depths of the Faro of Messina, to inflame Calabria on one side, and Sicily on the other.

Particular circumstances, however, relating to this island, rendered the English solicitous to preserve it. It was an important point, for the secure maintenance of the dominion of the Mediterranean. The inhabitants, oppressed by taxes, and rendered desperate by the persecutions of the Government, threatened to depart with the French; and it is no longer a mystery, that Buonaparte secretly endeavoured to form a negociation with Caroline of Austria, for the purpose of detaching her from this alliance. In order to avoid irreparable evils, the English Cabinet sent out Lord William Bentinck, like another Messiah, to be the bearer of a political gospel to the Sicilians.

At this unexpected event, the impulse of the public mind burst forth from all parties. The former Sicilian Parliament was convoked, but the new Constitution was nothing more than an idea without any reality. No written design was presented to this assembly that might serve as the basis of its decisions; and this not from neglect or supineness, but from the insidious machinations of that Court, which, knowing that numbers are most able to discuss, but ineffective to concert, sought to render every thing vague and undetermined, to gain time. Lord Bentinck did not penetrate this criminal design, and confusion introduced itself where it had been sought to establish order. The birth of party dissensions, and of contrary tendencies of opinions, was the natural consequence of this equivocal state of things; and these very disorders, far from being signs of a slight attachment of the people to liberty, were undoubted proofs of new life, certain indications of a passage from one state of society to another. All agreed in the principles, but no mode could be found to make them unanimous in the means; because the Court used every intrigue to keep their minds abstracted. It is on this particular subject, that the historian Botta advances untrue statements, falsely interprets truths, and calumniates intentions: we will limit ourselves to the citation of two examples only. The Parliament, at the demand of Government, augmented the taxes. Botta appears to think, that this measure was adopted from the necessity of maintaining the English troops in that island. This is false; since not only were the English troops there supported at the expense of England, but England paid a subsidy of four hundred thousand pounds a year to remove the embarrassment of the Sicilian Government. The Parliament increased the taxes, in order to show the Government that the nation was ready to make every possible sacrifice, in order to obtain its liberty.

It is, undoubtedly, unfortunate for any people to find itself under the dominion of a foreign power, but it ought not, therefore, to be loaded with imaginary evils. Who does not know, besides, that liberty costs dearer than slavery? The first elections were tumultuous and bad. Botta attributes this misfortune to foreign influence; since Lord Bentinck, as he believes, entertaining little solicitude for the public good, proposed only his own spies and his own creatures. But why without reason attempt to blacken the character of this Minister? Certainly, no upright man would like to have performed his part in this disastrous play; since he permitted himself to be deceived and made the dupe of Castlereagh, whose deceitfulness he was not able to penetrate. But the first elections were turbulent and bad, because there as yet existed no laws by which to regulate their form and nature; because the national opinion on the merit of individuals was not yet clear and determined; because benefits must follow a Constitutional system, and cannot possibly precede it. Neither were these elections entirely bad, since many honourable names were comprised in them, of the truth of which we need only peruse the list to be assured. Besides, had Lord William Bentinck been careless with regard to the public good, he would certainly have possessed the favour of the Court, and not that of the people, whilst it is notorious to all Europe, that that Court entertained the deepest hatred towards him.

The new Constitution of 1812 was, to the shame of the Sicilian Government, abolished at the end of four years, by the influence, and at the instance, of Austria, and with the express approbation of the English Government, which had been the first promoter of it. Was even the old Constitution permitted to stand? No, both were destroyed with one blow, so that posterity cannot but reflect, that the epoch of the English dominion in Sicily dates the era of the complete servitude and degradation of its inhabitants. The mask thus fallen, Lord Bentinck discovered too late, that he had been made the dupe of a most atrocious plot, and, in the House of Commons, warmly called on Lord Castlereagh, to account for such dishonourable conduct. The Minister endeavoured to defend himself with a thousand

tortured reasons, alleging above all, that, in consenting to the establishment of this Constitution, England had never explicitly promised or guaranteed its continuance.

The author of the work we are now reviewing, examines this part of the subject with powerful and victorious reasoning. He first exposes all the contradictions into which the Minister suffers himself to be betrayed, in endeavouring to defend a cause so flagrantly disgraceful. He then assumes a principle of the highest political importance, since, abandoning to diplomatists the privilege of always expressing themselves in obscure and equivocal terms, from which afterwards to interpret their own predictions, according to the feelings and interests of the moment, he strenuously maintains, that between the people and the Government there is a sacred bond of moral obligation, resulting, not from the sophisms and subtleties of expression, but from the very essence of the acts and successive operations which impose unlimited duties on the honour and good faith of a Government, from which it has in vain sought by an artful vagueness of speech to withdraw itself. This discussion is, in all its forms, profoundly and admirably treated by the author; and no man who retains any feeling of shame, can fail to be moved and convinced by it. The English Cabinet was perfectly sensible of the blind faith with which the Sicilians depended on its promises, and the indignation they manifested at the first attempts which were made to effect their servitude and ruin. Even the Sicilian Government itself, when meditating the blow, felt that the dignity of the English Cabinet might be compromised by it, and therefore did not dare to take any steps without having first obtained its open and solemn consent. Neither was Castlereagh surprised at such a demand; he, on the contrary, expected it, and replied to it, consulting, not the dignity and honour which are essential characteristics of the British nation, but his own despotic passions, and that insuperable hatred which he nourished against every kind of liberty and political independence.

LAST WORK OF DR. CHALMERS.

On the Use and Abuse of Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. Glasgow.

We are rather surprised that this little work, the latest production of its distinguished author, has not yet attracted the notice of any of our critical tribunals. The argument which it develops, is one, to be sure, which the learned Doctor has already, we believe, advanced incidentally in a previous publication; but it addresses itself to us, on the present occasion, clothed, at least, in much novelty of illustration, and with the advantage of being brought into more direct application, than heretofore, to the actual circumstances of the times.

It is a fundamental principle of our modern political economy, that the supply of a commodity is, in all cases, best regulated by the demand for it; and that nothing, in fact, but mischief is done, when an attempt is made, by communities or governments, to interfere with the natural action of this mechanism of cause and effect. And nothing can be more unquestionable, or more obvious, than the soundness of this maxim, when applied to any thing, men's wish for which forms a true measure of their want of it. It is very evidently, however, the existence of this coincidence alone, which makes the rule, in any case, a reasonable or a safe one.

Political speculators have, in general, assumed the existence of this coincidence, in regard to every ingredient of human accommodation, and have hence announced the principle in question, as of universal application in human affairs. Dr. Chalmers, however, contends, that there are, at least, two cases in which it does not hold. In regard to neither moral nor intellectual instruction, according to him, are the desires of men equal to their necessities.

In so far, therefore, as these two *commodities* are concerned, he would have the supply regulated by another influence altogether than the natural operation of the demand. In regard to them, the Government must proceed upon a *forcing* system, in order to secure the requisite rate of production. They must be offered to the people even when they are not sought, and given to them when they are not paid for. In other words, institutions for their diffusion must be established and supported, in a great measure, at the expense of the state, churches, and universities; and schools must be built and endowed from the public funds, unless the nation is to be without, or nearly without, either Science or Literature, Morality or Religion.

Nor will this necessity, the Doctor argues, cease to exist even in that advanced state of society, when the institutions in question have excited among all ranks of the people an infinitely keener taste or appetite for all descriptions of mental nourishment than was felt at the era of their original establishment. They have only now to perform a higher office than that with which they were originally charged—to devote themselves to the dissemination of a loftier and more refined species of instruction—and thus still to offer to the community, something superior in point of quality to that which, without their assistance, the natural demand for intellectual cultivation could have procured. They have it still as much in their power as ever to scatter blessings around them, by outrunning that natural demand.

We have done Dr. Chalmers but little justice, we fear, by this exhibition of the mere skeleton of his argument. Even the view we have given of it, however, may perhaps induce some of our readers to look into the work itself, in which they will find it expounded in all its bearings, with exceeding ingenuity and a rich display of that power of felicitous and impressive illustration which distinguishes all the productions of this eloquent writer.

The question of the expediency of literary and ecclesiastical establishments, we cannot here attempt to discuss. Our author's defence of the theory of such institutions, is certainly plausible and imposing; but, in his eager pursuit of one view of the subject, he does not advert, we think, so attentively as he ought to other considerations of equal relevancy and importance. No doubt, established churches would be very good and praise-worthy contrivances, if their sole end and tendency were to diffuse among the people a knowledge of and taste for pure religion; but to hxpect any thing of this kind, is to look, we fear, only to the *beau ideal* of the matter. The attempt to realise the fair imagination, has generally turned out a lamentable enough failure, it must be confessed.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

Conversations on the English Constitution.—8vo. pp. 389. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

If we may form an opinion from the number of excellent compendiums of 'Useful Knowledge,' that have lately appeared, we shall be led to agree with Mr. Brougham, that the best public instructor is a good newspaper, and an itinerant schoolmaster, one of the best preservatives against arbitrary power. To make knowledge, and, more than all, political knowledge, cheap and popular, is the best 'guarantee' we can desire, for the people becoming sufficiently enlightened to engage them in supporting a liberal policy of government. For this purpose, we can assure our leading men generally, that they cannot be too strenuous in proclaiming and disseminating, like Mr. Brougham, as many popular principles, and as many useful and popular productions, as they have it in their power to do. The public principles now avowed, and the measures now in progress, we may term, contrasted with much of our former history, eminently constitutional measures; and they have this best of all guarantees, that, even if it were so wished, publications like the one before us would no longer permit them to be abandoned. With so many public instructors at their back, all armed with 'rods,' though not with the addition of 'axes,' like the Romans, all ready too to be applied in their rear, we should say that the rising generation would be afraid to hazard such a retrograde step, and would rather prefer to face the enemies of emancipation in front, than to trust their backs to the mercy of Mr. Brougham's itinerant schoolmasters.

Seriously, however, we are pleased to see the stream of our national prejudices and public instruction at length directed into salutary and beneficent channels, in place of being left wholly to the guidance of clerical tutors and colleges as heretofore, or being warped, like the public education of Austria and Italy, into the most crooked and mystifying paths, to effect the worst purposes of power, by the degradation and demoralisation of the people. England, at least, has passed through this ordeal of political ignorance, and reformed the articles of her political creed. France is following pretty closely in her footsteps, and Portugal has already submitted to place herself under the new schoolmaster's rule. And, we trust, this same itinerant personage will strongly inculcate upon his children, the doctrines contained in the history and examples of the English Constitution—such as we find them, impartially but liberally expounded in the able little work now before us. It consists of a series of political sketches, tracing the origin, character, and progress of, with all the most remarkable changes and improvements in, the English Constitution, on a plan calculated to develope and fix in the mind its most characteristic rights and immunities, the whole thrown into a conversational and not unattractive form.

The character of our popular schoolmaster is here maintained by a father, one of the ancient and noble house of Elliot; the pupils are his two sons, and the scene of their conversations, we are told, was a spacious and well-furnished library, in the ancient mansion of Elliot, the residence of one of the oldest knightly families in ——shire. Before the windows of this delightful apartment, a magnificent terrace extended, leading by a flight of steps into a garden, which Evelyn might have planned, and Cowley have celebrated. Broad green walks conducted the wanderer through avenues of well-trimmed trees, and past fountains of the purest water, over which innumerable leaden deities presided. Beyond the 'antique maze' of this rich and curious garden, the eye wandered over a noble domain, where wood, and water, and waving corn, combined to form a truly English prospect. Nor was the eye less gratified with the interior of the apartment, which, to a lover of letters, presented a most captivating picture. A long richly-ornamented Gothic bookcase, the fair volumes extended in fair array, while couches, and desks, and tables, in every form of luxury and convenience, were stretched before them for the accommodation of the students. The library had been selected with equal diligence and taste, and exhibited, at once, the science and the literature of the collection.

Under these multifarious temptations and attractions, both from within and without, (not the most favourable, we should opine, to close legal study,) it may be consolatory to the young student to learn that Sir Ralph Elliot and his sons do not seem to have allowed their attention to wander into the 'broad green walks,' either of literature or of nature, from the more important pursuit before them. On the other hand, the good old knight, who, having been a younger brother, was originally bred to the bar, is care-

ful in giving his lectures in rather a singular and lawyer-like manner, and preserving his marginal dates and authorities from a very large and varied body of digests, and the best constitutional histories and other documents, wherewithal to illustrate his subject. In short, though couched in simple and unpretending language, and put into an easy and engaging form, well adapted to the comprehension of young persons, the work has, perhaps, too much of what we might term '*l'esprit des lois constitutionelles*,' to keep the subject to the level of mere youthful capacities. This will more strongly apply, if we regard such a publication, as we could wish, as an object of popular interest and utility, calculated to give general but correct ideas; and an enlarged estimate of the policy and bearings of the Constitution under which we have the happiness to live. It is, however, too evident that the author has sometimes contented himself with referring to certain acts and changes in the history of our political privileges, as if he supposed them to be sufficiently familiar and understood, without farther expounding, to meet the popular apprehension. Of course, they were sufficiently familiar to the mind of the author, or, perhaps, even to Sir Ralph and his sons; but, like an imperfect dramatist, less enamoured with nature than with his own art, he omits to bring out the scene and circumstances, so as to strike the public eye. Thus, in the struggles between King John and the Barons, in the two great Revolutions under Charles and James, and in some of the more eventful epochs of our constitutional perils and embarrassments, enough is not done to satisfy the expectations and impress the minds of the young and unlearned, although it be quite just and correct, according to the views of the more initiated. An elementary work on the English Constitution ought to go farther than to supply information to young lawyers and members of Parliament, or to confine its scope to the more privileged classes. It may be objected, indeed, that the two objects would be incompatible;—that a book written for the higher classes of students must be comparatively useless to the mass of the more uninformed, and to the people. But we cannot coincide with this doctrine; there is more equality in the human intellect, and the intellect of different classes in society, than many persons would like to admit. All that we would ask for, to render the same work useful and interesting to general as well as to select readers, is, that the author should more fully develope, and more forcibly depict, so as to present and impress the same objects, familiar only to a few, upon popular comprehension, without any fear of illustrating great truths too freely to suit the superior acuteness of the more privileged students. That a popular work on the English Constitution ought to be the 'Book of the People,' and to effect incalculable good, there can be no question; but that we find our ideas of such a work wholly disappointed in the one before us, we can by no means fairly assert. The error, as it appears to us, has been in the author's attempting to comprehend 'too great and pregnant matter,' within the limits in which he has here included his subject. Had he more largely illustrated the materials here compressed into one, throughout two or even three volumes, regarding the former rather as the Constitutional basis, or '*l'esprit des loix*,' from which to elaborate, as from a nucleus, a more full and popular system of our Constitutional laws, the obligations conferred in the present state of public instruction, and the progress of scientific and mechanic knowledge, with the admitted want of all sound political information, as to the Government under which they live,—the obligations, we say, so conferred upon the electors, and the great body of unrepresented people of this country, would have been fourfold.

On its present restricted plan, the work will doubtless not be without its use, in particular for those more educated classes, legal students and young Members of Parliament, to whom it seems specially and technically adapted. It may at least serve to spare them the pain, if not the disgrace, of shocking Constitutional law so often as they are accustomed to do, more especially of young lawyers on first getting into the House.

What further convinces us how very chary the author was bound to be of his illustrations and expositions, even of the more important features of his subject, is the fact of his not having carried his conversations on the respective reigns beyond that of James II., when he enters on historical sketches of the several branches of the Government. These are clearly and judiciously treated: the method observed throughout is excellent, and the whole of the conversations fall in easily and naturally with the subject. As far as it goes, we approve the plan and objects of the work; but we must remind the author, that it may be advantageously enlarged and followed up, in order fully to insure its most beneficial purposes, as regards the political instruction and sound views of the rising community.

In many portions, we meet with curious and interesting observations from our old legal writers, showing the popular sense entertained of English liberty at the earliest periods of history, and the number of its martyrs and defenders before the days of the Hampdens and the Russells.

The famous Bracton, for instance, thus speaks of the 'kingly office' in the reign of Henry III., proving that the people fully knew the value of the great Charter, obtained under their barons:

'The king ought not to be under man, but under God, and *under the law, for the law makes the king*. Therefore, let the king attribute to the law that which the law attributes to him, viz. dominion and power; for there is no king where the will and not the law bears dominion. And, in another place, the same writer tells us, that the king has no authority which he does not derive from the law.* In defence of this doctrine, the people, in the worst times, seem to have yielded only with reluctance to supplying their monarchs, by arbitrary exactions, often stoutly resisted before the days of Charles I. We have seen,' says the author, 'that, in the early part of this reign, (Henry VIII.,) the attempt to enforce a compulsory supply from the people had failed, through the strong popular opposition with which the measure was met; but Henry, as he grew older, grew also more arbitrary; and, towards the close of his reign, again resorted to the same illegal proceeding. "In effect," says Lord Herbert,† "this Benevolence passed with much grudging." An attempt was made to resist it by some spirited citizens of London; but the Court was not to be thus foiled, and Roach, an alderman of London, who had refused to contribute, was committed to prison for three months, on a charge of seditious words; while Reid, another alderman, for similar contumacy, was sent to serve in the army against the Scots, and, being taken prisoner, was compelled to pay a heavy ransom.'‡

Pp. 98, 99.

Some really amusing, as well as important, facts, from old English legal and historical authorities, will be found in this very clever and useful little volume. In these times, it was, in fact, a desideratum in young legal and political circles, no less than for other ranks and professions, in order to impress them, at least, with sound general views of what that constitution is really composed,—how it has been, and ought to be maintained,—under which they have the comparative happiness to live.

LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH.

The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith. Written by Himself. 12mo. Blackwood. Edinburgh, 1828.

This admirable little novel is full of those close and lively sketches of Scottish life which have distinguished many others of the same school. The dry humour, the bold and happy touches in describing character, and the occasional mixture of a deep and affecting pathos displayed in its different chapters, render it one of the most charming volumes that can be read to pass away an idle hour. Mansie Wauch, tailor of Dalkeith, is the very beau ideal of such a character, and is described with all its particularities of humble eccentricity and original humour. The other personages are equally well depicted. One of the early scenes, describing a feast given to the hero's uncle and the Town Council, is so amusing, that we shall give it as a specimen:

'Well, ye see, some great lord,—I forget his name, but no matter,—that had made a most tremendous sum of money, either by foul or fair means, among the blacks in the East Indies, had returned, before he died, to lay his bones at home, as yellow as a Limerick glove, and as rich as Dives in the New Testament. He kept flunkies with plush small clothes, and sky blue coats with scarlet-velvet cuffs and collars,—lived like a princie,—and settled, as I said before, in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh.

'The body, though as brown as a toad's back, was as prideful and full of power as auld King Nebushadneisher; and how to exhibit all his purple and fine linen, he aye thought and better thought, till at last, the happy determination came over his mind like a flash of lightning, to invite the bailies, deacons, and town-council, all in a body, to come and dine with him.

Save us! what a brushing of coats, such a switching of stoury trowsers, and bleaching of white cotton stockings, as took place before the catastrophe of the feast, never before happened since Jeddert was a burgh. Some of them that were forward, and geyan bold in the spirit, crawed aloud for joy, at being able to boast that they had received an invitation letter to dine with a great lord; while others, as proud as peacocks of the honour, yet not very sure as to their being up to the trade of behaving themselves at the tables of the great, were mostly dung stupid with not kenning what to think. A council meeting or two took place in the gloamings, to take such a serious business into consideration; some expressing their fears and inward doun-sinking, while others cheered them up with a fillip of pleasant consolation. Scarcely a word of the matter for which they were summoned together by the town offisher—and which was about the mending of the old bell-rope—was discussed by any of them. So after a sowd of toddy was swallowed, with the hopes of making them brave men, and good soldiers of the magistracy, they all plucked up a proud spirit, and, do or die, determined to march in a body up to the gate, and forward to the table of his lordship.

'My uncle, who had been one of the ringleaders of the chicken-hearted, crap away up among the rest, with his new blue coat on, shining fresh from the ironing of the goose, but keeping well among the thick, to be as little kenspeckle as possible; for all the folk of the town were at their doors and windows to witness the great occasion of the town-council, going away up like gentlemen of rank to take their dinner with his lordship. That it was a terrible trial to all cannot be for a moment denied; yet some of them behaved themselves decently; and, if we confess that others trembled in the knees, as if they were marching to a field of battle, it was all in the course of human nature.

'Yet ye would wonder how they came on by degrees; and, to cut a long tale short, at length found themselves in a great big room, like a palace in a fairy tale, full of grand pictures with gold frames, and looking-glasses like the side of a house, where they could see down to their very shoes. For a while they were like men in a dream, perfectly dazzled, and dumbfoundered; and it was five minutes before they could either see a seat, or think of sitting down. With the reflection of the looking-glasses, one of the bailies was so possessed within himself, that he tried to chair himself where chair was none, and landed, not very softly, on the carpet; while another of the deacons, a fat and dumpy man, as he was trying to make a bow, and throw out his leg behind him, stramped on a favourite Newfoundland dog's tail, that, wakening out of its slumber with a yell that made the roof ring, played drive against my uncle, who was standing abaft, and wheeled him like a butterflee, side foremost, against, a table with a heap o' flowers on't, where, in trying to kep himself, he drove his head, like a battering-ram, through a looking-glass, and bleached back on his hands and feet on the carpet.

'Seeing what had happened, they were all frightened; but his lordship, after laughing heartily, was

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* Bracton, p. 107.
† Kennet, vol. ii. p. 249.
‡ Kennet, vol. ii. p. 249.

politer, and kent better about manners than all that; so, bidding the flunkies hurry away with the fragments of the china jugs and jars, they found themselves, sweating with terror and vexation, ranged along silk settees, cracking about the weather and other wonderfuls.

'Such a dinner! the fume of it went round about about their hearts like myrrh and frankincense. The landlord took the head of the table, the bailies the right and left of him; the deacons and councillors were ranged along the sides, like files of sodgers; and the chaplain, at the foot, said grace. It is entirely out of the power of man to set doun on paper all that they got to eat and drink; and such was the effect of French cookery, that they did not ken fish from flesh. However, for all that, they laid lugs in every thing that lay before them, and what they could not eat with forks they supped with spoons; so it was all to one purpose.

'When the dishes were removing, each had a large blue glass bowl full of water, and a clean calendered damask towel, put down by a smart flunky before him; and many of them that had not helped themselves well to the wine, while they were eating their steaks and French frigassees, were now vexed to death on that score, imagining that nothing remained for them, but to dight their nebs and flee up.

'Ignorant folk should not judge rashly, and the worthy town-council were here in error; for their surmises, however feasible, did the landlord wrong. In a minute they had fresh wine decanters ranged down before them, filled with liquors of all variety of colours, red, green, and blue; and the table was covered with dishes full of jargonelles and pippins, raisins and almonds, shell-walnuts, and plumdamases, and nut-crackers, and every thing they could think of eating; so that after drinking "The King, and long life to him," and "The constitution of the country at home and abroad," and "Success to trade," and "A good harvest," and "May ne'er waur be among us," and "Botheration to the French," and "Corny toes and short shoes to the foes of old Scotland," and so on, their tongues began, at length, not to be so tacked; and the weight of their own dignity, that had taken flight before his lordship, came back and rested on their shoulders.

'In the course of the evening, his lordship whispered to one of the flunkies to bring in some things—they could not hear what—as the company might like them. The wise ones thought within themselves that the best aye comes hindmost; so in brushed a powdered valet, with three dishes on his arm of twisted black things, just like sticks of Gibraltar-rock, but different in the colour.

'Bailie Bowie helped himself to a jargonelle, and Deacon Purvis to a wheen raisins; and my uncle, to show that he was not frighted, and kent what he was about, helped himself to one of the long black things, which, without much ceremony, he shoved into his mouth, and began to. Two or three more, seeing that my uncle was up to trap, followed his example, and chewed away like nine-year olds.

'Instead of the curious-looking black thing being sweet as honey, for so they expected, they soon found they had catched a Tartar; for it had a confounded bitter tobacco-taste. Manners, however, forbade them laying them down again, more especially as his lordship, like a man dumfoundered, was aye keeping his eye on them. So away they chewed, and better chewed, and whammelled them round in their mouths, first in one cheek, and then in the other, taking now and then a mouthful of drink to wash the trash down, then chewing away again, and syne another whammel from one cheek to the other, and syne another mouthful, while the whole time their een were staring in their heads like mad, and the faces they made may be imagined, but cannot be described. His lordship gave his eyes a rub, and thought he was dreaming; but no—there they were bodily, chewing, and whammelling, and making faces; so no wonder that, in keeping in his laugh, he sprung a button from his waistcoat, and was like to drop down from his chair, through the floor, in an ecstacy of astonishment, seeing they were all growing sea-sick, and pale as stucco-images.

'Frightened out of his wits at last, that he would be the death of the whole council, and that more of them would pushion themselves, he took up one of the segars—every one knows segars now, for they are fashionable among the very sweeps—which he lighted at the candle, and commenced puffing like a tobacco-pipe.

'My uncle and the rest, if they were ill before, were worse now; so when they got to the open air, instead of growing better they grew sicker and sicker, till they were waggling from side to side, like ships in a storm; and, no kenning whether their heels or heads were uppermost, went spinning round about like pieries.

'"A little spark may make muckle wark." It is perfectly wonderful what great events spring out of trifles, or what seem to common eyes but trifles. I do not allude to the nine days' deadly sickness, that was the legacy of every one that ate his segar, but to the awful truth, that, at the next election of councillors, my poor uncle Jamie was completely blackballed—a general spite having been taken to him in the town-hall, on account of having led the magistracy wrong, by doing what he ought to have let alone, thereby making himself and the rest a topic of amusement to the world at large, for many and many a month.

'Others, to be sure, it becomes me to make mention, have another version of the story, and impute the cause of his having been turned out to the implacable wrath of old Bailie Bogie, whose best black coat, square in the tails, that he had worn only on the Sundays for nine years, was totally spoiled, on their way home in the dark from his lordships, by a tremendous blash, that my unfortunate uncle happened, in the course of nature, to let flee in the frenzy of a deadly upthrowing.'

ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

Voyage en Sardaigne, de 1812 *à* 1825, *ou Description Statistique, Physique, et Politique de cette Ile. Par le Chevalier Albert de la Marmora.*

A publication under the above title has recently appeared in Paris; and, though it is announced as merely the precursor of a more extensive work, it nevertheless contains more information concerning Sardinia and its inhabitants, than is to be found in the accounts of any previous writer, not excepting Azuni. It is curious that the English, whose spirit of enterprise, and love of scientific investigation have led them to explore the most remote regions of the earth, should hitherto have directed but little attention to an island, which is so much within the reach of their observation, and which, owing to its many profitable sources of trade, peculiarly claims the attention of mercantile nations.

Marmora, whose work proves him to be an acute and attentive observer, gives the most satisfactory information respecting the production of Sardinia, and its export and import trade. The chief articles imported by the Sardinians are, arms, steel wares, tin, woollen and cotton cloths, coffee and sugar. The island contains some rich lead-mines, the working of which might be rendered exceedingly productive; but they are unavailable, through the want of roads and machines. These deficiencies also render profitless the forests with which the western part of the island is covered. The Sardinians have no glass manufacture, though the island produces abundance of fine sand, quartz, and pot-ash. The salt-trade might be increased at least three-fold beyond what it now is. Rope, cord, &c., are imported in great quantities, for the use of the fisheries, though the island itself produces abundance of hemp. The cotton plant also thrives in Sardinia, and yet the inhabitants import all their cotton and linen cloths. There is not a single paper-mill on the island. Soap is made only for domestic use, though the country affords plentiful supplies of oil, tallow, and soda. The Sardinians export all their wines in bottles; but they do not make corks themselves, though the cork-tree grows on the island. They neglect rearing the silk-worm, notwithstanding that their climate is peculiarly favourable to that object. In short, neither the Government nor individuals have heretofore availed themselves of the advantages which nature had had bountifully placed within their reach. The chief articles of the export trade of Sardinia are cattle, oil, wine, skins, fish, salt, tobacco, and cheese. The export of corn is subject to great restrictions by the Government; and, in consequence, a great portion of the abundant crops, which might be turned to the most profitable account, are absolutely wasted. The population of Sardinia amounts to 412,000 souls, which is considerably less than it was in the year 1775. Marmora attributes this decrease to the numerous murders which are committed in Sardinia; for, when the life of any individual is sacrificed in this way, his murderer, and several of the relatives of both parties, are sure to become the victims of revenge. Another cause of the diminished population is, he conceives, the want of physicians,—a supposition, the correctness of which many will, perhaps, be inclined to dispute. The decreasing population of Sardinia, may, probably, with more justice, be ascribed to the oppression which has been exercised over the people by the privileged classes, since the death of Charles Emanuel, in 1775, and also to the wars occasioned by the French Revolution.

The Sardinians are a ferocious and revengeful people:—hence the frequency of the crime of murder among them. The nobility and the clergy are as ignorant as they are numerous; every fiftieth man in Sardinia being either a noble or a priest. The dress of the common people is still as rude as it was in very remote ages, frequently consisting merely of goat-skins, stitched together. The houses are not less uncouth than the costume of their inhabitants, being often wholly devoid of comfort or convenience. Eating, drinking, and dancing, are the highest enjoyments of the Sardinians. They are also fond of hunting, shooting, horse-racing, &c.

The marriage customs of these people are also exceedingly curious. The bridegroom visits the parents of the bride, and says: 'I have come to request a beautiful white cow which you possess, and which, if you give it me, will be the ornament of my herd, and the comfort of my old age.' In this curious strain, a dialogue is maintained between the parties, until the bargain about the white cow is concluded. When the bridegroom fetches his bride from her father's house, a remnant of ancient customs diffuses an interest over the scene. The bridegroom goes accompanied by his friends, who are called *paralymphæ*, a corruption of the ancient designation of *paranymphæ*. He knocks at the door, and exclaims, 'Honour and Virtue!' upon which he is immediately admitted. The bride throws herself at her mother's feet, and implores the maternal blessing. Amidst the sound of music and bell-ringing, they proceed to church, and from thence back again to the bride's house. The bride is then placed on horseback and conducted in triumph to the residence of the bridegroom, whose nearest relations present to her the *Grazia*, that is a dish filled with salt, corn, and pastry, some portion of which she hands to her husband. The festivities conclude with feasting and dancing.

The funeral ceremonies of the Sardinians resemble the *nœnia* of the Romans, the *myrialogy* of the modern Greeks, and the customs which prevailed about half a century ago in Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland. The body is laid down in the middle of a room, the face being uncovered and turned towards the door. The relations and friends of the deceased, or, as is frequently the case, women hired for the purpose, enter the room; and, with expressions of dismay and astonishment, affect to know nothing of the death of the person. After violent weeping, groaning, and howling, their demonstrations of sorrow cease for a while; when one of the women, suddenly starting up, delivers, with the wildest gesticulations, an extempore address over the dead body. This address is divided into regular pauses; at the conclusion of each of which, the speaker utters three times the exclamation, 'Ahi!' in which she is joined by the whole party of mourners in full chorus. The address, and the tone in which it is delivered, vary according to different circumstances. Over the body of a young girl, the speaker delivers her oration in a tone of tranquil melancholy. The death of a woman of mature years gives rise to a more vehement strain of lamentation; and, if the object deplored be a man of rank, the most violent demonstrations of

grief are evinced. When a man falls by the hand of a murderer, expressions of sorrow are mingled with the bitterest imprecations, and his friends are implored to avenge his death. The widow, in particular, cries loudly for revenge. She revives the recollection of old animosities and half-forgotten offences, and entreats those who respect the memory of the deceased to go forth and murder his enemy.

Sardinia is governed by a Vice-King, and the laws are administered by 13 Judges, who are subordinate to two Presidents. They are but scantily paid, and, in consequence, they are seldom proof against the temptation of bribery. The revenues of the island amount to 500,000 dollars. The two high schools in Cagliari have lately, through want of support, been reduced to one, and there are but few village schools. Agriculture is only in its infancy in Sardinia, and in the implements of husbandry no improvement appears to have been made for ages past. Forests are often cut down, and sometimes even destroyed by fire, in order to make room for cattle. But cattle of all kinds are declining more and more every year. Goats alone seem to thrive. The rearing of bees, too, which used to be a favourite object with the Sardinians, is now neglected.

The Pains of Memory.

[A very close connection exists between the *pleasures* and the *pains* of memory. In fact, they so frequently approximate to each other, that it is next to an impossibility, at all times, to draw the true line of distinction. The principle of memory is also greatly influenced in its operations and effects by talent, temper, disposition, education, and a thousand other peculiar circumstances. The human mind varies so immensely, from moral, intellectual, and physical causes, that recollections, which might afford some a sort of melancholy *pleasure*, would, as to others, be but productive of sensations of pain the most exquisite and unqualified. But, without entering into the metaphysical discussion of this topic, it may be sufficient to premise, that this sketch merely alludes to instances in which the memory of past occurrences must, as to all minds, operate painfully. The existence of retrospections of this nature can be denied by none, although their limits may well be made the subject of dispute.]

The Pains of Memory.—A Sketch.

Hail, Memory, hail! man dreads, inspired by thee,
The path which leads to immortality.
Genius, and taste, and eloquence, are thine,
With all the music of the impassioned line;
And when the bosom of the poet glows;
When through his soul Castalia's fountain flows,
Thou, potent spirit, bendest o'er his lyre,
Feeding the lamp of inspiration's fire.
Hail, Memory, hail! thou art the theme I choose;
Assist the wanderings of my doubtful muse,
Though thee I sing, not when thou 'rt robed in light,
And Grief's pale features gladden at thy sight,
But when thou comest an unwelcome guest,
The horrid darkness of remorse thy vest,
And calmly listenest to the soul's deep burst
Of many a wretch whom Fate hath doubly cursed.

The Slave.

Lo! the poor galley-slave! how Memory's dart
Assails, and deeply rankles in his heart.
So well assured that he must never more
Taste of wild freedom on his Congo's shore,
Or rush with transport to the fond embrace
Of a loved consort, and a helpless race;
Sad he remembers his forsaken home,
Far distant now beyond the billow's foam,
And cruel Fancy pains him with a view
Of his low cottage, and his light canoe.
Then comes the dreadful contrast—once possessed
Of savage liberty, his life was blest—
Once the gay wanderer of the desert's sand,
But now—a captive in the *stranger's* land!
His brain nigh maddens, for beyond the tomb
All is to him impenetrable gloom.
Within him dwells not meek religion's hope,
Which teaches man with misery to cope;
Nor has he friends to bid him raise his eyes,
To seek for home and comfort in the skies.
Desperate he struggles, but, alas, in vain!
To free his limbs, and burst the galling chain:
Quickly exhausted, mid the iron links,
In a deep agony of soul he sinks.

The Victim of Seduction.

And thou, poor victim of deceiving man!
Thine eyes are lustreless, thy cheek is wan;
For memory wrings thee, once how happy thou—
Virtue sat smiling on thine open brow;
O'er thy calm sky no clouds of darkness gloomed,
Around thy path an Eden ever bloomed;
And joy unfolded like a gaudy flower,
Wooing thee with its fragrance of an hour.
Alas, how chang'd thy state! ev'n he who won
Thy steps from virtue, seeks thy face to shun.
Loved friends and sisters thee have rashly hurled
Into the tide of an unpitying world;
Thou art abandoned, nor can'st hope for peace,
Till death comes kindly to thy soul's release.
I pity thee, young sufferer by the wiles
Of treacherous love, when I behold the smiles
Thy lips assume, as, circled by a throng,
Thou hear'st the voice of gaiety and song;
And my wild fancy frequent follows thee
Into thy chamber's silent privacy,
Where bitterly thou mourn'st o'er pleasures fled,
And friends tho' living, yet to thee as dead.
Ev'n now I see thee. With her head reclined,
While Memory tortures her unsettled mind,
With thoughts of innocent hours—there sits the form
Of beauty yielding to affliction's storm!
There sits the wretch whose eyes can rarely weep,
But soon must close in everlasting sleep.
Maiden, I pity thee! may Heaven bestow
That mercy vainly thou wilt seek below.

The Recluse.

Enter the dark and solitary cell,
Where the cowl'd Monk is ever doom'd to dwell;
To drag thro' years unmark'd the lengthening chain
Of Life's existence, and repent in vain.
Far from his reach domestic joys are placed,
How oft he wishes his first step retraced;
How oft he gazes thro' the latticed wires,
Till on his vision the same prospect tires.
Dreamings of Heaven not always fill his mind,
He broods o'er hopes in early youth resign'd.
Sad thoughts oppress him, and his eyes are wet
With tears of bitterness, and vain regret.
To such heart-rending Memories as his,
Unconscious apathy itself were bliss.

The Tyrant.

Next view the Tyrant on his golden bed,
About to mingle with the vulgar dead.
From him earth's grandeur is receding fast;
See, how he fears the Memory of the past.
Each scene of darkness which disgraced his life,
Each city ruined by his thirst for strife,
Rises to view; while spectre-forms flit by,
Of those who fell beneath his cruelty.
Ghastly he looks, for o'er his pillow hangs
Remorse, that, torturing with relentless pangs,
E'en before death unveils those black retreats,
Where the proud Tyrant retribution meets.

The Faithless Lover.

Nor can the Faithless Lover always flee
Thy searching glance, revengeful Memory!
When urged by gold, or loud ambition's voice,
He leaves the object of his early choice
To hopeless grief, and seeks some distant clime,
Oblivion drowns not his ungrateful crime.
In eve's tranquillity he stalks along
The lone sea-shore, repenting of his wrong;
He views the mighty billows which, between
Him and his love, now darkly intervene.
Memory is stirring, and the peaceful spot,
Where he has met her oft, is not forgot.
Observe the anguish in that youthful brow,
Nor violate for gold a sacred vow.

The Murderer.

When Memory wakes, convulsed the Murderer stands,
And wildly clenches his polluted hands,
Though lost to feelings which adorn the mind,
Pursuit he fears in every gust of wind.
Objects of ghastly terror round him swell,
And his dark bosom is itself a hell.

The Exile.

Doom'd until death by dark Siberian mines,
To waste his life, the lonely Exile pines.
Oft to behold the dismal scenes around,
Abrupt he rises from the flinty ground.
Here spread interminable tracts of snow,
Which not one sign of living verdure show;
There frown dark forests, here a waste of sands,
Dark and unbounded, gloomily expands.
What lovely forms before him Memory brings,
He strives to flee them as from serpent-stings.
Hope has abandoned him, and he must die,
Full well he knows, beneath this savage sky,
Circled by forms and visages uncouth,
Severed from all who solaced him in youth.

The Seducer.

Next unto him who murderous blood hath spilt,
Woman's *Seducer* well may rank in guilt;
And, if his conscience be not seared by time,
Or by a dark chain of continuous crime,
What gloomy thoughts across his bosom roll,
What sad reflections harrow up his soul!
Well he remembers even the day—the hour,
When first he felt, and owned her beauty's power;
And restless Fancy gives him to behold
Her form, long since in death's embraces cold;
Again he sees her on her dying bed,
Kisses that cheek from which the rose has fled;
While, on his spirit, with redoubled force,
Fasten the clutches of the Fiend Remorse.

Adam and Eve leaving Paradise.

When, for a fatal breach of God's command,
Our world's first parents fled the flaming brand,
And took a last farewell of Eden's groves,
Scene of their happiness and early loves,
What o'er their minds a cloud of darkness cast,
What, but the Memory of the blissful past?

The Death of a Beloved Object.

Lo! here is one who hath for ever closed
The eyes of her in whom his hopes reposed;
Who hath just lost, by Fate's severe decree,
The object of his soul's idolatry.
Wan is his cheek, no smiles his lips illume,
Nature to him appears a general tomb;
Wrapt in his gloomy thoughts, he sits apart,
And yields to anguish his rebellious heart.
For mercy's sake, that mourner's bosom flee,
His pangs increase not, gentle Memory!
Depart, depart—and, oh! prolong thy stay
Till many a weary year hath roll'd away;
Nor come thou then to give the past to view,
Unless thy sister, radiant Hope, come too,
Brightening his sorrow with her angel-eye,
Whispering of Love's renewal in the sky!

Conclusion.

Hail, Memory, hail! to thee the Lord hath given
Power, not on earth alone, but even in Heaven.
Thou, haply, art the Minister through whom
Vengeance descends into the realms of gloom;
Visiting angels, who, of old, possess'd
Unspotted seats among the faithful blest,
Or making Hell more dark, for souls who ran,
Mocking the Almighty, thro' their earthly span.
Hail, Memory, hail! tho' I have felt thy dart,
Piercing, at intervals, this wayward heart,
Thee I revere, for thou my friend hast been;
When unto pleasure nought on earth could win,
Oft hast thou cheer'd me with thy wand of light,
Amidst the hours of sickness and of night,
Calling up forms that Fancy might create,
Dreams of a future and celestial state;
And I have sung thee, tho' to thee belong,
A far more noble bard and more exalted song!

Le Barde des Vosges, Recueil de Poesies; par M. Pellet d'Epinal. Paris, 1828.

There are, in this collection of poems, some charming pieces. We are not aware that this author ever appeared before the public until the present moment; but it is quite certain, that, if he continue to write such poetry as the following verses, which we quote from one of his 'Hellenides,' his name will soon become known in the literary world.

'O Grec, achève ton ouvrage!
Sois ton espoir, ton salut, ton soutien.
Aigle régénéré de l'empire Chrétien,
Garde-toi d'appeler, pour venger ton outrage,
Les peuples avilis, dont le pâle courage
Enerverait le tien.
Eh! ne crois pas que cet aveu les blesse!
Eux te venger! te secourir!
L'homme dans l'esclavage a-t-il quelque noblesse?
Timide à vaincre, ardent à discourir,
A tes banquets de mort, il craindroit d'accourir;
Et l'exemple de sa faiblesse
Te désapprendrait à mourir.

Philip Augustus.

The high interest attached to the events that occurred towards the close of the twelfth and the commencement of the thirteenth century, is likely to be gratified by the publication of 'The Reign of Philip Augustus,' early in April, at Paris; of which, those admitted into the secrets of the French Murray speak in terms of praise.

HISTORY OF HENRIETTA SONTAG.

Henriette, die schöne Sängerinn. 12mo., p. 174. Leipsig, 1827; Black, Young, and Young. London, 1828.

The engrossing topic of conversation among the higher circles, the news, nay, the wonder of the day, is the arrival of Mademoiselle Sontag, who is this evening to make her appearance at the King's Theatre. Will the lovely Henrietta, in London, as in Paris and Berlin, captivate every heart by her irresistible smiles, and obtain universal suffrage by the flexibility and sweetness of her voice? Less susceptible, however, than our continental neighbours, should we escape the fascination of a voice, which is always delightful, though sometimes wanting in clearness, and extremely brilliant, though deficient in style; yet shall we not yield to the charms of bright and playful eyes, of lips that rival the rose-bud, an angel's countenance, and a figure modelled after the Graces'; in fine, of all the seductive attractions which are attributed to this lovely and youthful actress, who has indeed scarcely completed her twentieth year? Will our admiration of the *Rosina* of the 'Barbiere,' make us forget *Medea?* And will the public opinion, partaking of the general enthusiasm, lavish its encomiums on this beautiful and amiable singer?

Without waiting the event of this evening's performance, may not the little work now before us answer some of these questions and enlighten us on this interesting subject? It opens with a scene at the Opera House in Berlin. Here Mademoiselle Sontag appears to have just performed the part of *Rosina*, in 'Il Barbiere,' with more archness than expression, with more liveliness than feeling; she has personated the character exactly as Rossini rendered it. Her lively and playful style, however, and her sweet melodious voice, drew from the audience bursts of applause, as enthusiastic as they were unanimous. A thousand hands were in motion, a thousand voices vociferated their admiration of the resplendent talents of the lovely Henrietta, and loudly called for her to receive a repetition of their approbation. The curtain is accordingly slowly drawn up, and the youthful actress advances, radiant with all the attractions which had already so fascinated the audience. Unable to speak from emotion, she testified her thanks by a deep curtsey, and the liquid lustre of her eye evinced the pleasure she experienced at such unequivocal testimonials of approbation.

Such was the powerful effect, amounting to an ecstacy of delight, which pervaded the whole audience, that a quarter of an hour elapsed after the curtain had dropped, before a soul thought of leaving the theatre; and twice it became requisite to remind them that the performance had concluded, before they attempted to withdraw. The spectators then dispersed, but slowly, and with apparent reluctance, while many of the most zealous admirers of Mademoiselle Sontag repaired to a neighbouring place of refreshment.

The oysters and champagne with which they here regaled themselves, were certainly not at all calculated to allay the feeling of excitement with which our illustrious dilettanti were impressed. As may be easily imagined, the Opera, Mademoiselle Sontag's beauty, and her superior talents, formed the principal topics of the conversation. 'What a bewitching grace and elegance of manner seems united in her person!' said one; 'How light and fairy-like is her acting!' said another; 'I admire,' said a third, 'her person; even her numerous gesticulations, which some absurd critics chose to find fault with as too frequently repeated.'

All were unanimous in the opinion, that Mademoiselle Sontag recalled to memory both the voice and physiognomy of Madame Fodor. 'One might almost take her for the daughter of that celebrated singer,' said they; 'what a rare combination of sweetness and brilliancy are the tones of her voice!' and 'With what ease she appears to overcome the greatest difficulties!' exclaimed others; while all agreed that her vocal powers were of the first order, and that she displayed as much taste as elegance in the management of them. 'To be sure,' resumed the first speaker, 'her method is not perfectly good: but what of that? her style is bold and free, and she knows when to introduce the most delightful embellishment and the most graceful *fioriture*.' 'My dear friend,' said the Counsellor W—— addressing his colleague H——, 'what is life destitute of love? I am now fully sensible of that feeling, such as poets have so often described it.' 'Good Heavens!' exclaimed an English Nobleman, 'how beautiful she is!' 'Waiter, a bottle of champagne, and here's to the health of the fair Henrietta!' 'She is really admirable,' said the manager of the Opera, who, having joined them, was beset with questions respecting our heroine. 'She is certainly endowed with irresistible charms,' said a young man, who had not hitherto ventured to speak; 'her voice is melodious and full of feeling; but the more extensive her powers, the more indignant I feel that they should be exerted for mere sordid gain.' 'You are right,' said the Englishman, 'I hate every thing sordid; I delight in all that is noble. Here, waiter, another dozen of oysters.'

Some one attempted to account for Mademoiselle Sontag's choice of the stage, by relating her history. 'Born of parents, who themselves had held a distinguished rank among the dramatic performers of their day, the fair Henrietta seemed predestined for the stage, as well by birth as education. At the early age of five years, she appeared on the boards at Frankfort, in the old opera of "The Nymph of the Danube," in which she played with considerable effect the part of a fairy. At nine years old she lost her father, and soon after, quitting the provinces of the Rhine, she accompanied her mother in a journey through Germany, and wherever she performed, success crowned her exertions. Her voice had by this time attained considerable extent, and she could with ease compass two octaves. The constant habit of exercising herself on the most difficult music, rendered the most scientific of Mozart's compositions comparatively easy to her, and being admitted a pupil at the "Conservatoire," at Prague, the instructions she there received soon completed the musical education of a pupil who only required to be shown the path towards excellence. At twelve, she made her first appearance at the theatre of that city, and was even more successful than her friends had ventured to anticipate. Shortly afterwards, she went to Vienna, where her fame had already preceded her, and she found herself the object of still greater admiration: she soon obtained an engagement for the German Opera, from which she was, in a short time, removed to the Italian. Madame Fodor was at that time the ornament of that theatre, and Mademoiselle Sontag selected this accomplished singer as her model. She again made the tour of Germany in the autumn of 1824. Leipsic engaged the possession of her talents for a time, and wished to detain her; Berlin is about to be favoured also with her presence.' . . . The young stranger, who had listened to this recital in silence, now rose and left them with the same taciturnity.

The next morning the drawing-room of our heroine was crowded by a brilliant assembly of rank and fashion. Among her numerous admirers, the young man of whom we have just spoken introduced himself, under the modest name of Werner. Unknown to most of the personages, who courted the good graces, or laid snares for the innocence of the fair songstress, he was equally unknown to her. In the following extract, however, we have one or two of these characters placed before us in a scene which takes place at her house:

"'Go on, Monsieur le Directeur Bruckbaner, I am all attention to your story; for I must go to his Highness, and I always try to find some novelty to divert him with at dinner.' Regenbogen was in this the interpreter of the wishes of the whole party, and Bruckbaner began his story:

"'Never was a manager at the same time so overjoyed and so terrified as I have been. I was in the box-office with my treasurer, and asked him how the tickets went off for to-morrow night's representation, in which you, dearest Henrietta, are to appear, for the first time, in the character of Amanda; I received the delightful answer, that only one single ticket remained. At this moment, enter two officers, Lieutenant Spitzdegen, a noted dancer and fencer, and Lieutenant Maulbeere, his bosom friend; both ask, in one voice, if they can have tickets to see Amanda. The treasurer, with a shrug, holds up the single ticket; both fly at it, as the harpies of old on the royal feast, and a quarrel ensues. We tried to interfere, but in vain; the swords of both were out in an instant; in vain we tried to throw ourselves between them; the blows fell as quick as lightning, and thick as hail, and, before many minutes had elapsed, Maulbeere lay bleeding on the floor, pierced with a dreadful wound; and Spitzdegen, wounded himself, brandished, in triumph, the ticket on the point of his sword, and walked off with his dearly bought prize.'

"'But the wounded man?' asked Henrietta, trembling, and almost in tears.—'He will soon be carried to the barracks,' answered the Director.

"'By God,' cried the Englishman, 'the affair is worthy of having taken place in London.' 'Yes, in Bedlam,' rejoined Werner, in a severe tone. 'A most delicious bit of news,' cried Count Regenbogen, and he seemed quite consoled for the loss of his *toupet*. The Englishman was in evident uneasiness at not having an answer ready for Werner, but he would at any rate soon have been able to come to the charge with a piece of rudeness, if another accident had not roused them all from their astonishment. The fair singer, to hide her agitation, had retired to the window; they heard her ejaculate 'Merciful Heaven!' and she fell back fainting.

"All flew to her help; even the Englishman tried to show his activity after a rough sort of manner, and cried out to loosen her dress; but Werner pushed him back rather roughly, and carried her, with the help of her maid, to the adjoining apartment. In a few minutes he returned to the company: 'Henrietta,' said he, 'is under the care of her attendant and her nurse. A physician has been sent for; your kindness, gentlemen, will therefore be no further necessary. Henrietta thanks you for your attention; but, as rest is what she most requires, I trust that you will follow my example, and leave the house.' With these words, he took his hat and went away. 'Who is this impudent man,' said the Englishman to Count Regenbogen, 'who acts as if he were master of the house?' 'Who can know all the *mauvais sujets* that are to be met with?' answered the Count; 'but, come, my dear fellow, we dine together, I presume, at the Prince's.' '*Cela s'entend*,' said the Englishman. They left the house with the rest of the company, and at the door they saw the cause of Henrietta's illness. They were carrying the wounded officer, bathed in blood, through the street, and Werner accompanied the litter."

In the evening, Henrietta, somewhat recovered from her indisposition, was reading in her boudoir, by the soft and subdued light of a lamp, when Werner was announced. 'I fear I have broken in upon your solitude.' 'Come in,' said Henrietta, 'I am delighted to see you. This is the first evening, since my arrival in this city, that I have had at my own disposal.' Werner seated himself near to her, and inquired what book she was reading. 'Do you not recognise it?' said Henrietta. 'To you am I indebted for it, or, rather, to it do I owe your friendship.' 'Schiller!' exclaimed the young man. 'Yes; and, believe me, I esteem the book not only for its intrinsic merit, but perhaps still more from the circumstances under which I first read it. That day will never be erased from my memory, when, having alighted from my carriage to proceed down the hill on foot, and admiring the beautiful valley and landscape extended before me, I saw this volume on the ground; and, with a natural curiosity, picked it up, under the conviction that it had been left there by some traveller. What was my surprise, when, on turning round, I beheld you at my side!—what must you have thought of me!' and she endeavoured, by averting her face, to conceal her confusion. 'I

was delighted,' said Werner, 'that my favourite author should please you. It was the happiest day of my life; it afforded me an opportunity of escorting you to the neighbouring village, and we were by that time perfectly known to each other.'

The conversation was thus insensibly prolonged; the time and place induced mutual confidence; and Werner ventured to address a few observations to Henrietta, as to the danger of the profession which she had adopted. Her reply was, that, having to provide for her brothers and sisters, she was compelled to sacrifice her own comfort to their well-being. Struck with this noble answer, Werner paced up and down the room for some time; then suddenly stopping before her: 'You must be extricated from this situation, Henrietta; will you become my wife?' She made no reply, but burst into tears, and her fair head fell reclining on her lover's arm; and, from that time, she constantly in their *tête-à-têtes* made use of the familiar and endearing expressions which are commonly used by persons betrothed.

Werner's eloquence soon prevailed over the force of Mademoiselle Sontag's habits, and she decided upon quitting the stage. He writes to his father to obtain his consent to his marriage with the accomplished Henrietta; the father refuses, and disinherits his son. Werner still persists, however, in his intention; he proposes endeavouring to obtain the situation of Professor of Music at the University of Berlin; and Henrietta, on her part, is to give a farewell concert, as the remaining means of existence for herself and family.

The Concert is announced, and tickets are taken by every body. Among the rest, an Ambassador, who had arrived the previous evening at Berlin, and had not been able to procure one, addresses himself, as a last resource, to Henrietta, where he is equally unsuccessful. 'Must I then,' said the Count K., renounce all hope of listening to a prodigy, of whom I have heard so much?' 'I know but one way,' said Henrietta, smiling, 'to repair so great an evil, which is, to allow me the pleasure of singing before you now.' She sang; the Count was delighted, and, pressing her hand as he departed, he placed on her finger a magnificent ring, and left her.

The Concert takes place, and is thus described:

'The evening came, and the Concert was full and brilliant. A celebrated artist who was present, addressed Henrietta from the orchestra, and poured forth, with true feeling, his regret that this ornament of the arts would henceforth shine but for a small circle. At every piece that she sang, the room rang with applause; and, when at last she took leave, roses and myrtles were showered on her path from the boxes, an intimation that the cause of her quitting the stage was understood. There was, in this last mark of interest, something that spoke deeply to her heart: with tears in her eyes, she returned her thanks for such a reception, while a feeling of sadness crossed her mind, at the thought that she was now, as it were, for ever abandoning the temple of the arts, of which she had become a worthy priestess; and, whatever might be the happiness a peaceful home promised to her, still it must be bought by this sacrifice.'

'Werner conducted her to her carriage, and drove home with her; as soon as they entered, they threw themselves into each other's arms. "Now," exclaimed Henrietta, "now I am at last thine." After a time Werner spoke in a voice of deep emotion, "Henrietta, whom think you I saw at the concert?" and he continued, as she looked at him with an inquiring glance, "My father; I will see him to-morrow morning early, and then tell you what effect my persuasions and your looks have had upon him." The lovers separated with high hopes, for they could not look upon it as a bad sign, that Werner's father should have been present at the concert.

'Early next morning, a clergyman named Walter was announced to Henrietta; a venerable old man, with silvery locks, entered; he addressed her with an open confidence: "My request," said he, "is quickly spoken, and as quickly granted or rejected; yesterday you reaped a rich harvest, your looks speak of benevolence and kindness, and, perhaps, happiness has softened your heart—I come to ask your succour for a wretched family. A mother, whose youth has seen wealth and happiness, and who has been nursed in brighter prospects, languishes in misery, with three children. Her husband was, but the other day, cast into prison, for debts which misfortune has brought on him; a few hundred dollars would restore him to his family, but they are difficult to be procured, and, in the mean time, want and misery hang over the heads of the father, the wife, and their children. Would you desire to perform a good action, and shorten the days of suffering of this family? It is even for this I have come to you, and trust to your generosity." Henrietta was deeply moved by the simple narrative of the worthy old man; she asked with an agitated voice, "What is the amount of his debt?" "Two hundred dollars; and, it may be, another hundred to satisfy the pressing wants of the family, and put the father in a condition to support them by his own exertions, of which he will not be sparing." "My God," cried Henrietta, "had then this man so few friends, that for so paltry a sum he must endure such misery?" With these words, she flew to her desk, and, taking out three hundred dollars, she gave them to the clergyman with these words: "Take them, father, heaven has bestowed on me such abundance, that, even after giving away this trifle, I shall be richer than I had ever hoped. I entreat of you, take the money and fly to their assistance." The old man seized her hand, and pressed it fervently to his lips: "God will reward you for this," he said, with glistening eyes; "believe me, my child, God will reward you." There was a prophetic tone in his voice, that struck Henrietta; she accompanied him to the door, and returned with a light heart to her apartment.'

A few minutes after, the Count K. entered; he came in the name of the Duke, his master, to propose a private marriage, which Henrietta refused. 'The Grand Duke expected such an answer,' said the Ambassador; 'but, if his occupation of the throne is an obstacle to his union with Henrietta, he will resign the government of his state to his brother, become a simple citizen, and then sue for a happiness which the sceptre prevents his obtaining.' One word from Henrietta would have exalted her to the rank of Duchess. 'Had you a throne itself to offer me,' she replied to the Ambassador, 'I should decline your proposal; I am engaged to a young man, who, like myself, is an artist; we love each other, and no other man shall ever become my husband.' 'Noble and generous woman!' said the Count, receiving her in his arms, 'you shall be my daughter.' At that moment the door was suddenly thrown open, and Werner threw himself at his father's feet.

According to the German edition of this little novel, Henrietta and her lover were, that same evening, united in the Count's private chapel, by the same divine who, in the morning, had obtained from her the relief which he implored for a distressed family. But, according to a postscriptum, appended to the translation of this work, lately published at Paris, Mlle. Sontag was doomed to experience a more severe disappointment than any she had hitherto suffered. It appears that the Count, desirous of ascertaining whether the attachment of the young couple was likely to prove constant, stipulated that Henrietta should absent herself for some time previous to their marriage. She accordingly proceeded to Paris, and it is probably to this circumstance that we are indebted for the pleasure of seeing her in England.

These memoirs of Mademoiselle Sontag, for the authenticity of which, however, we will not vouch, have obtained, both in France and Germany, the most flattering reception; and, although they possess little elegance of style to recommend them, though the characters are described rather as caricatures than portraits, and though there is some unnecessary ridicule thrown on a member of our peerage, we entertain but little doubt that the English translation, which, we understand, is preparing for the press, will be read with lively interest by the inquisitive, as well as the fashionable classes, of the three kingdoms. It will, at least, enable them to form some opinion of the personal attractions and talents of this lovely actress, whom we have endeavoured to pourtray, from the descriptions contained in this small volume, as well as from our own recollections, assisted by some information contained in memoirs ascribed to Rossini, and published in the last number of 'Le Furet de Londres.'

SECRET THOUGHTS OF KINGS.

[From an unpublished Manuscript bequeathed by Frederick the Great, of Prussia, to his Royal Nephew, Frederick William the Third.]

Introduction.

When Anthony of Cryna counselled Charles the Fifth gradually to rid himself of the petty Italian sovereigns, and monopolise their domains, the prince made answer, that 'his conscience stood in the way.' 'Pshaw! give your conscience to the winds,' replied the politician; 'if your Majesty have a conscience, it is idle for your Majesty to dream of being Emperor.'

Charles gave many a proof, in after life, of the diligence with which he took this advice to heart, and eradicated the noxious and encumbering word, 'Conscience,' from the catalogue of his motives. Much of the efficacy of counsel, however, will always depend upon the terms in which it is conveyed; though it would be foreign to our present purpose to stop and discuss the results which might have followed upon the hint, had the scruples of the young monarch been alarmed by the plainer and sterner language, which would have told him, that glory is too commonly the grave of honour, and honour rarely the road to fame.

It would prove a curious task to inquire by what rare chance it happened, that the education of this prince had left him any moral scruples whatever to deal with. Judging by the redundant exploits of his fellow-potentates, from Jezebel's consort down to the present Autocrat of the North, even the uninitiated might be warranted in concluding, that nations were made for princes, and not princes for nations! Yet stand they not without excuse; for, if, to the natural infirmity of human nature, we add the melancholy temptations which beset the stripling heirs of thrones,—the vitiating voice of sycophancy, the ready means which offer themselves for the gratification of their desires, the foul enticements laid in their way by those who aspire to rule over the debilitated mind of their manhood, and the base and artful misguidance of companions, versed in all the wiles and effrontery of courts,—it is truly wonderful, not that the race of kings should afford us so many lessons of exalted depravity, but that it should present us with the example of so many individuals undeserving of the blame or execration of after ages.

It is happy for nations, as well as individuals, that good should so constantly be elicited from evil. Our own country, probably, owes no small portion of the blessings of its Protestant independence to the gloomy prejudices, imbibed in her early years, by the bigoted daughter of Catherine of Arragon. The lessons of Vives, and the wily Linares, implanted in her breast that obstinate devotion to the See of Rome, out of which arose her sanction of the atrocities perpetrated on men, who were idolised by the nation for their virtues and talents,—atrocities, so soul-stirring, sanguinary, and disgustful, as to have eminently conduced to prevent a relapse into the errors of Papism, whilst they whetted the age of men's newly-adopted opinions on the steel of religious persecution.

Holland also stands mainly indebted for the achievements of her independence, both political and ecclesiastical, to the lessons in worldly wisdom, which the youthful Prince of Orange derived from confidential intercourse with the talented Charles the Fifth. Little could that despot have anticipated the practical appliance of those lessons to the establishment of a power, formed, in an essential degree by the aptitude of his scho-

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lar, out of the ruins of the richest portion of Philip's imperial inheritance. Yet history has been deficient in revealing the source whence flowed the generous patriotism and self-denying magnanimity of a prince, whose mind had so long been exposed to the influence of the most ambitious court in Christendom.

It would be vain to expect that 'the divine right of kings,' that noxious bane of princely virtue, should ever be suffered to sink into abeyance. So long as monarchy exists, it will ever form an instrument grateful in its sound to the ears of kings, and, therefore, capable of being applied, with sinister efficacy, to the steerage of their caprices, by perfidious and designing counsellors. Nor is this right otherwise than a regal offspring of the 'privilege of the strongest.' The Florentine prince of politicians may have illustrated the thousand modes of reducing this right to practice with elaborate and deplorable sagacity; but its nature and tendency had been developed long before his times in the neglected 'Republic of Plato.'

Before we approach the repast afforded by the 'Royal Mornings' of the Prussian Machiavel, we shall derive additional relish for it by amusing ourselves awhile with the reveries of the Academic, who makes Thrasymach, the sophist, boldly assert, 'that what the world deems "right," is nothing more nor less than the "pre-eminence of the stronger."' 'Laws,' says he, 'are every where concocted according to the will of the party in power; in democracies, they favour the people; in aristocracies, the nobility; and in monarchies, the prince. In every country, legislators chastise disobedience to their wills, as an infringement of the rule of right; hence they esteem that alone as right, which turns to their profit. Dost thou seriously conceive, that the shepherd who takes the trouble of driving his flock to the pasture, and exposes himself to every inclemency of the seasons, does it for the *sheep's* good? No! no! my friend; he does it for the sake of the *wool*. It is the same with rulers. When the weaker sacrifices himself for the stronger, and the stronger treads the weaker under foot, both of them act under compulsion. Contemplate, for instance, a tyrant, a despot, firmly seated on his throne; he feels no hesitation in employing force, as well as artifice, in order to attain his end. He robs others of their property,—spares neither what is sacred nor what is profane, and is equally regardless as to whether the plunder belongs to the state or the individual. Every thing depends upon his being *fortunate* enough to conceal his crimes from the world's eye, or *strong* enough to set its opinion at defiance; *bold* enough to stick at nothing, and *prudent* enough to do nought by halves. It must be remembered, however, that, where these supports are wanting, he will be spit upon as a pickpocket or highwayman, and, at last, come to the gallows. But if he have bravely subdued a mighty state, conquered kingdoms, and brought whole nations under his dominion, then, friend Socrates, those odious epithets sink into oblivion, and are metamorphosed into high-sounding and honourable titles, whilst the whole world, wrapt in admiration, applauds his splendid transgressions.'

Every succeeding age has lent its attestation to the fidelity of this melancholy picture: the prince and the usurper, the conqueror and the conquered, the monarchist and the republican, have each continued to swim with the tide of earthly circumstances, and to bow their necks before the shrine of those, who

> ——————' must be titled Gods,
> Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
> Worshipt with temple, priest and sacrifice;
> One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
> Till conqu'ror Death discover them scarce men,
> Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd.'

Before we throw open the royal page, it behoves us to produce some warrant of its authenticity: and the reader must not, therefore, find fault with us, if, in so wise and sceptical an age, when it is become more than ever necessary for the journalist to 'look before he leaps,' we add a tail to the preface contained in our preceding columns.

The world cannot have forgotten the existence of a certain pseudo-hermaphrodite, yclept the 'Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont.' To what class or species this singular being appertained, there would be less difficulty in determining, than to what sex of the human genus its body-corporate assigned it: suffice it for our present purpose to observe, that it was an individual of our kind, so rich in mind, experience, and worldly attainments, that its society was as much courted by valued friends of ours, as was that of the shaggy Mephistofeles by the wondering Faust. It had chosen for itself, at a more advanced period of life, the exclusive use of female attire; which, in former years, was doffed to reassume the habiliments of the nobler sex, whenever the occasion permitted it.

To drop, however, the tone of mystery, it is well known that no petticoat dangled from the waist of Auguste-André-Timothée d'Eon, when, as an urchin of six years, he was comfortably housed under his aunt's roof at Paris: as a boy of fourteen, he quietly prosecuted his studies at the College Mazarin; and, as a full-grown youth, he rapidly passed from the Doctorship of Civil, to that of Canon Laws, and thence to the dignity of 'Avocat du Parlement.' The first occasion of his slide from the shelf of *man*-hood, dates from the circumstance of his being employed, through the influence of his patron, the prince de Conti, as a spy upon the suspected malpractices of the then French ambassador at St. Petersburgh; whence he returned to France, and appeared again in 'all the dignity of man's estate.'

The address and talent he had displayed on this delicate mission proved so acceptable and advantageous to the views of Louis the Fifteenth's Ministry, that he was similarly employed in secret embassies to the Courts of Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburgh, and London, in which last capital he contrived so effectually to ingratiate himself with the British Monarch, that he was sent by him to Paris, in 1762, with the ratification of the treaty of peace between England and France. When the Duke de Nivernois quitted London, where he had discharged the functions of Ambassador-Extraordinary, the Chevalier replaced him in the character of Minister-Plenipotentiary, and some months afterwards resigned his post to the Comte de Grierchy. With this nobleman he had subsequently so serious a misunderstanding, that he was impelled to publish a volume, containing all the letters, circumstances, and secret negociations, which had occurred during his mission, and seriously implicating the Dukes de Choiseul and de Praslin, and Madame de Pompadour, the French King's mistress, as well as the depositary of his power and influence. His return to France was now rendered impossible; but he had the good fortune to find, in the French Sovereign himself, a secret friend, who well knew him to be one of the most dexterous and successful agents his 'Secret Police' had ever employed, and settled upon him a pension of 12,000 livres:—'In consequence,' wrote Louis under his own hand, 'of the services which the Sieur d'Eon has rendered me both in Russia and with my armies, as also in consideration of other commissions I have intrusted to him.' This pension the Chevalier continued to enjoy until the breaking out of the French Revolution.

It will naturally be asked, What all this can have to do with the 'Royal Mornings?' and we reply, 'Nothing more nor less, gentle reader, than, in the first place, to account to thee for the means by which we became possessed of pages never designed to meet the public eye; and, in the second, for the opportunity which the Chevalier enjoyed of obtaining this and many another curious document, from the Department of Secret Police at Paris.'

But we have done both with the person and the sex, on which, by the way, his living executor is capable of throwing unequivocal light, and now proceed to open the pages of the 'Matinées Royales,' which Frederick the Great bequeathed and dedicated to the edification of his ignoble nephew, Frederic William the Third.

'Of Religion.

'Religion is absolutely necessary to a state. This is an axiom which we should be fools to dispute. The sovereign, who allows his subjects to abuse religion, is a mere dolt; and, if he possess any himself, is no better. Listen well to what I say, my dear nephew; there is no greater tyrant over the mind and heart than religion, for she does not harmonise with our passions, nor with the enlarged views of policy which a sovereign ought to entertain. The only true religion a prince can know, is his own interest and glory. His position ought to dispense with his following any other. He may, however, be permitted to maintain its appearance on occasion, by way of amusing those who observe and surround him.

If he fear God, or, more properly speaking, the language of priests and women,—if he fear the devil, like Louis the XIVth., in his old age, he becomes feeble and puerile; he is worthy of the Capuchin's cowl. Is it an object to take advantage of a favourable opportunity and seize upon a neighbour's territory? An army of devils start up before you to prevent your purpose: we are weak enough to believe that we should be guilty of injustice, and take measure with our own hands of the punishment consequent upon our transgression. Still I do not mean to say, that we should make a display of impiety and atheism; though it is necessary we should think in accordance with the rank we hold. All the popes, who possessed common sense, cherished those religious principles which squared with their aggrandisement. It would be the acmé of folly, were a prince to give way to petty miseries, which are only designed for the common herd.

'Of Justice.

'We as much owe justice to our subjects, as they owe respect to us. By this I mean, my dear nephew, that we must administer justice to mankind, and especially to our subjects, so long as it does not injure our rights, or prejudice our authority; for no comparison must be allowed between the rights of the sovereign, and those of the subject or slave. Be just and firm, whenever you are called upon to judge and determine any contest between one of your subjects and another. This is the only conduct by which you can acquire their adoration. But take especial care that such justice do not unthrone you. Figure to yourself Charles I., who was brought to the scaffold by that very measure of justice which the public voice is constantly bellowing after. * * * * I have often reflected on the benefits which may accrue to a state, from the institution of a legislative body, whereby the whole nation is represented, and wherein the laws enjoy a depositary. I am even disposed to believe, that a King is safer in his seat when he originates or preserves such an institution; but he must be a man of a benevolent character, and replete with good principles, if he be liable to have his actions sifted every day. But the Prince who is endowed with ambition, must renounce any such an establishment; I should have done nothing, had my hands been tied. It is possible I may pass with posterity for being a just king; but I shall be denied the appellation of a hero. A constitutional sovereign is more commonly exposed to the vicissitudes of fortune than a despot; but then, a despot is required to be active, enlightened, and firm. More virtues are necessary to confer splendour on the despotic than on the monarchical state. The courtier flatters the latter, caresses his vices, and deceives him; the slave throws himself at the

despot's feet, humbles himself to degradation, and enlightens him. For these reasons, it is more advantageous to a great mind to reign despotically, but more prejudicial to a nation to live under despotic sway.

Of Politics.

As it is agreed, by common consent, that it is ignominious and villainous to cheat one's neighbour, men have sought out a term which might soften down the thing, and have pitched upon the word 'politics' as most apt for the occasion. Be this as it may, I will tell you what are my own ideas of politics. According to my apprehension, my dear nephew, this word 'politics' implies that we must be constantly on the look-out to dupe our fellow-creatures; this is the means of getting the advantage of them, or, at least, of being upon an equal footing with the rest of mankind. For, you may rest assured, that every state in the world runs along the some beat, and that this is the hidden motive which sways the whole human race, whether great or small. Starting upon this principle, you need not blush to contract alliances, and appropriate the whole benefit of them to your own emolument. Be wary not to commit the unpardonable mistake of not abandoning them, whenever your interest dictates; and most especially, you should vigorously follow up the maxim that 'to plunder your neighbours is to deprive them of the means of injuring you.' * * * * * We may divide this subject into 'State Politics' and 'Private Politics.' The first has a reference to none but the great interests of the kingdom; the latter, to the private interests of the sovereign.

EIGHT DAYS AT BRIGHTON—BY A FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION.

[Concluded.]

In the tea-room contiguous to the ball-room, (described in my last,) I found almost all my acquaintance, and was introduced to new ones, which contributed greatly to enchance the pleasure the evening afforded me.

To enjoy a ball, in any country, one should dance, and, in England, it is indispensable to do so. Here no gentleman must presume to speak a word to a lady, to whom he has not been introduced, and it is only a waltz or a quadrille, that gives one any chance of entering into conversation with the young ladies. I readily availed myself of this medium of introduction; for dancing now-a-days is merely graceful walking, and nothing like the violent exercise it once was. Several young ladies were successively introduced to me as partners, and among the number was the accomplished Miss S——th: I soon discovered that Mrs. Concannon had not over-rated her merits. Her conversation is marked by all the intelligence and animation expressed in her pretty face, where beauty is heightened by the charm of unvarying sweetness of temper. We spoke of France, where she had been educated, and of several of her young friends, whom I also knew. This sympathy of recollection soon made us acquainted. When the quadrille was ended, I conducted her to her aunt, to whom she introduced me. Years have made but little change in the fine features of Mrs. F—b—rt, whose countenance is the mirror of that elevated mind, which has been so forcibly developed in some passages of her life. We talked of Brighton, a place to which she is much attached, and which I praised in all the sincerity of my gratitude for the pleasure I had enjoyed in it. Beside her were seated Colonel D——on and his lady; the latter is, I believe, a relation of Mrs. F—b—rt. They informed me, that they intended in a few days to leave Brighton for France, and the flattering encomiums they were pleased to bestow upon my country were not a little gratifying to me.

Happiness and pleasure are a temporary renewal of youth. I danced till two in the morning, and I have seldom known time to slip so rapidly away. In the course of the evening, I was introduced to Miss Wy——m. Her mother, who is a native of Poland, was long ago acquainted with my friend M. Wolicki, who has often spoken to me of his interesting countrywoman. Every thing connected with Poland revives in my mind so many delightful associations, that I could not refrain from requesting Miss Wy——am to obtain her mother's permission that I might call upon her next day. The young lady assured me that her mother would be exceedingly glad to see me.

Mr. Charles Th——on, with whom I had renewed acquaintance, introduced me to a lady, (Mrs. W——er,) whose husband possesses a fine estate at some distance from Brighton. Mrs. W——er requested that I would accompany Mr. Th—on, who had promised to sup with her. This was an invitation which could not easily be resisted, and especially as Sir Robert and most of my friends had already left the ball. I therefore gladly acceded to the proposition, and we proceeded to the Steyne Hotel, where Mrs. W——er lodged. The supper was no less agreeable than the ball, and it formed a very appropriate conclusion to the evening's entertainments. Mrs. W—er gave us an invitation to spend a few days at her residence. 'We sometimes act plays,' said she, 'a sort of amusement which is becoming fashionable in England; for we now enter perfectly into the spirit of that which you call in France, *la vie de château.*' We then made a comparative estimate of the pleasures of rural retirement in different countries; and I promised to give Mrs. W—er my sincere opinion of fashionable rustication in England, of which her kind invitation would afford me a favourable opportunity of judging.

During my short residence at Brighton, the many happy accidents which fate contrived for me, multiplied, in an incalculable degree, the pleasure which I had reason to anticipate. One of these lucky chances was my introduction to Miss Wy—am. On the morning after the ball, I lost no time in paying a visit to her mother. On entering, I observed on the table some of my works on Poland, which might have afforded me an introduction similar to that which Sterne obtained at Versailles; but prepossessed by all the kindness I had experienced in the native-land of Mrs. Wy—am, and with the confidence naturally inspired by the recollection of benefits received, I sent in my name without hesitation, and was immediately introduced to the lady.

There are few pleasures greater than that which is derived from seeing persons or things whose presence revives recollections of past happiness. I spent the morning of my life in the native country of Mrs. Wy——am, which is endeared to me by all the ties of early friendship and love. But to my strong prepossession in favour of every thing connected with Poland, I must by no means attribute the gratification I enjoyed in the agreeable conversation of Mrs. Wy——am. She introduced me to Mr. W. Wy——am, brother to Lord Eg——ont, whose various diplomatic missions to foreign Courts have rendered him almost a citizen of the world; and our conversation was animated by his interesting recollections. Of the charming Miss Wy——am, I may observe that the form and features she has inherited from her father and mother present a combination of Polish and English beauty, approximating closely to the *beau ideal.* We spoke of our mutual friend, M. Wolicki, whose life has been devoted to his country's welfare. This naturally drew forth eulogiums on him, and reflections on the present state of Poland. Whenever the Poles speak of the independence of their country, they become animated by the most enthusiastic feeling of patriotism, and they seem to be gifted by a sort of national eloquence; but, alas! the Poles have a birth-place, but no country.

Gratifying as was my visit to Mrs. Wy——am, other engagements prevented me from prolonging it. I, therefore, took leave of the lady, requesting, that, as her countryman, I might take the liberty of calling upon her again. 'I thought, Sir,' said she, 'that you were a Frenchman.' 'True, Madam,' I replied, 'I am a native of France. One's birth-place is a matter of accident; but, when we make choice of a country as a place of residence, it is a proof that we know how to appreciate its advantages. To the attachment I have always expressed for Poland, both verbally and in my writings, I am, no doubt, indebted for the act of naturalisation with which your senate honoured me.' 'That was rather an unusual thing, Sir,' 'And it is a distinction, Madam, of which I shall be the more proud, if it be the means of procuring for me the favour of repeating my visit here.'

Mrs. Wy——am possesses all the good-natured politeness for which her countrywomen are distinguished; and with the assurance that I should henceforth be received as the friend of M. Wolicki, I took leave of the family, after having enjoyed all that pleasurable feeling which arises from the sympathy of recollections and impressions.

I had now enjoyed the invigorating air of Brighton for more than a week, during which I had been most agreeably occupied. Free from the cares of business, and wholly devoted to pleasure, I enjoyed, in all its plenitude, that happy state of mind which arises from the union of idleness and meditation, recollection and forgetfulness, which gives to days the rapidity of moments, and to moments the value of ages. Letters which I received from London, however, reminded me of the object of my journey, and of the necessity of repairing to town as speedily as possible. I, therefore, prepared to take leave of all my new and interesting acquaintances. I had nothing but thanks to offer, and these I rendered personally to most of the kind friends from whom I had received so much attention during my stay at Brighton. And to those whom I could not see I wrote notes, expressing my gratitude, and the hope of seeing them soon in London.

On my return to the hotel, Sir Charles ——, on hearing that I had ordered a post-chaise for my journey to town, said, 'If you are not in a very great hurry, you would do well to postpone your departure until to-morrow, when you may go by the stage, which starts every morning for London; and, as I know you are an observing traveller, you will have an opportunity of judging of the superiority of our public conveyances compared with those of the continent.' I thanked him for his suggestion, and I immediately sent to take a place in the *Tally-ho* coach, which was to start next morning at ten o'clock, and was to perform the journey to town, (fifty-two miles,) in less than six hours.

On the following morning, having breakfasted like a traveller, taken leave of Sir Charles, and thanked Mrs. Brierly, the landlady of the Gloucester Hotel, for all the attention I had received from her, I got into the stage, whose lightness, elegance, and, above all, the four fine horses by which it was drawn, would have rendered it a splendid state-carriage for a German Margrave.

As the coach rolled along the smooth roads of the county of Sussex, I thought on the eight agreeable days which I had spent at Brighton, and which seemed to have passed away like a dream. I opened my travelling album, which contained some sketches of Brighton, and remarks on the persons whom I had met there; and, full of grateful recollection, I began to trace, in the form of a farewell, those feelings of regret which I could not suppress on my departure, when my only companion in the coach, a gentleman of prepossessing appearance and manners, addressing me in French, inquired how I liked Brighton. 'So well, Sir,' I replied, 'that I shall never forget it;' and, yielding to the communicative disposition of my countrymen, which, unfortunately,

is not always controlled by prudence, I entered into some details on persons, places, and things, adding, that, to preserve the recollection of what I had seen, I intended to carry home with me my written observations, and some sketches, which I showed him in my album. 'I presume, then, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'that you intend publishing your manuscript in London, where it will, no doubt, be read with considerable interest.'—'There are several obstacles to such a design, Sir,' I replied. 'In the first place, I am not able to write English.' 'Oh! that objection might be easily removed,' said he, 'for publications are now constantly translated from the one language to the other. We seem to be convinced of the truth of Madame de Staël's observation, that genius of any kind whatever is so rare a phenomenon, that, if every modern nation were reduced to its own treasures, it would be but poor.' 'I am not vain enough to suppose, Sir, that any production of mine can add to the treasures of your country. Besides, I have a still more solid objection. I can speak only in terms of admiration of all that I have seen in England, and the repetition of praise, however varied in its form, becomes, at last, tedious and monotonous. However, I acknowledge that I love to praise when I can do so with sincerity.' 'Let not that consideration have any weight, Sir; very few of your countrymen who have travelled in England have given us any reason to complain of their extravagant compliments. Your remarks will, therefore, have the recommendation of an agreeable contrast to those which had preceded them. Your celebrated critic says—

'Tous les genres sont bons hors le genre ennuyeux.'

Besides, if among your anecdotes and observations you here and there introduce a striking portrait, though it should be somewhat flattered, the originals will not be inclined to find fault with the high colouring, or the favourable light, in which it is shown off. But is it possible, that, in all the pages you have written, there is not a single satirical stroke, nor a sprinkling of attic salt, to afford the reader a relish?' 'There is not, I assure you, Sir. I am certainly aware, that the writer who steeps his pen in the gall of satire and ridicule will always be read with avidity. Malignant insinuations are sure to be readily listened to and believed, and in such matters the world is ever willing to adopt probability as certainty. However, I have described only the sincere impression of my feelings. I found the air of Brighton pure and invigorating, the baths and springs salubrious, the situation of the town picturesque, its buildings elegant, its public establishments excellently conducted; in short, every thing I saw, even the Gloucester Hotel, at which I put up, is deserving of praise.' 'But what do you say of the English ladies?' 'Of most of them I have said, that only the chisel of Chantrey, the pencil of Lawrence, or the lyric genius of Moore or Campbell, can do justice to their charms.' 'Perhaps, Sir, those who always praise them, do not know them well; those who always dispraise them, do not know them at all. But you will doubtless describe the seats, the monuments,' &c. 'Very little of that, Sir; for I have observed that such descriptions pass off very well on the spot, because the momentary impression gives value to every thing that is said; but that which is good to hear, is not always good to repeat. For instance, how absurd would it be, were I to repeat the judicious observations lately made to me by my learned friend Mr. Wilkinson, at Brighton; were I to incorporate in my sketches erudite dissertations on the ancient name of Brighthelmstone, which usage has abbreviated, and the origin of which is referred to Brighthelm, a Saxon Bishop, who founded the town, in the first ages of Christianity in this country,—on the ruins of a Castle built in 1593, in the reign of Henry VIII.,—on the fortifications erected by order of Elizabeth,—on the Earl of Kent, Lord of Brighton, who was killed in the battle of Hastings;—or, going still farther back, on the occupation of the Romans, rendered evident by the traces of their camp, and by medals occasionally dug up. Most assuredly I should be told that this display of research and antiquarian lore was very much out of place, and I should be called upon for details of a more modern character, and better suited to the taste of the present generation—of such persons as fly from London to Brighton to escape from the cares of business or other anxieties. People wish to be informed of things belonging to the world in which they live; as, when the coaches arrive and depart; what time the journey occupies; when the military band collects, on the Steine, all the beauty of Brighton, from the Duchess to the dress-maker; when the races take place; what new song Miss Corri sings in Tuppens's Library. The epicure will desire to know how and where he can find what most gratifies his palate; the fashionable belle when she ought to promenade on the Cliff; the sportsman, when and where the hounds are turned out. These, as I have already observed, are the particulars which would give most satisfaction to those who are attracted to Brighton by the pursuit of pleasure, or the wish of a few days' relaxation.'

'But you might at least highly gratify curiosity, by describing domestic scenes, by painting the interior of families.' 'To do that, Sir, it would be necessary to enter domestic circles at all hours and without any restraint; but, in this country, politeness does not carry you the length of that heroic submission to *ennui*, which, in France, induces us to endure the visits of persons who are quite uncongenial to our tastes. However, I know well that this reserve is far from being founded in egotism, and that conviction makes me always speak with gratitude of friends who have, on my account, diverted from their general rules.' 'Then, to give life to your pictures, you may introduce some historical episode; for that would perfectly accord with the public taste.' 'But how could I venture on such a course in England? That is a field which your Scottish Bard has reaped so well, that he has left no gleanings. Besides, who shall pretend to imitate that warmth of style, that dramatic truth, with which he depicts places and persons, and makes his readers always present in the scenes he describes. Vain, I repeat, would be the attempt. What confidence, too, must not one possess to encounter the criticism of your Reviews, which bestow their approbation only on real talent, and which never fail to expose ignorance and self-conceit. You see, then, that, all things considered, it will be a wiser plan for me to keep my scraps from the light than to incur the risk of a result which might render very applicable Seneca's maxim:

'Cæca est temeritas quæ petit casum ducem.'

'Allow me, Sir, to judge less severely than you do of yourself, and even to differ in opinion, so much that I declare I shall take pleasure in publishing your manuscript, if you will entrust me with it. I am a London bookseller, and the publisher of a great number of works; and I should like to include yours in the catalogue of my novelties for the present year, under the title of "Eight Days in Brighton."'

'It would certainly, Sir, be difficult for an author to refuse his assent to a proposition at once so gratifying to his taste and his self-love. I shall, therefore, accept your offer, under the condition that you do not publish the manuscript until I have left England, because eulogy ought to come from a distance to stamp it with all the truth of the sentiment which has dictated it;—and, finally, that you give, as a motto to the whole, the happily expressed sentiment of the Chevalier de Boufflers:

"Tout ce qui vient du cœur n'est pas de la flatterie;—les flatteurs n'en ont pas."

I had just uttered these words, when the coach stopped at the inn, where we were to dine.—'I approve of your conditions,' said my fellow-traveller. 'and I hope you will consent to take a glass over our bargain.' 'With all my heart,' said I, entertering the Inn. We dined, drank a bottle of Bucellas, and paid our reckoning in less time than it would take a Westphalian postilion to alight from his horse, light his pipe, and replace himself in his saddle.

On returning to the coach, I found the opportunity so favourable for conversing on English literature, and acquiring information respecting the true rank of literary reputations in this country, that I constantly interrogated, and my obliging companion always readily answered. He discoursed most judiciously and impartially on subjects with which experience and practice had rendered him familiar. He praised without flattery, and censured without severity. He made many pointed remarks, and introduced many lively traits, in drawing the portraits of modern writers; many of whom he had discovered and fostered, and whose merit he was always ready to encourage. In this way, before the end of our journey, I was made acquainted with the numerical value of the talent of the greater part of English writers, from the Scotts and the Byrons to the compilers of pamphlets; but, as every thing here assumes the character of extensive speculation, I perceived that, even in literature, nothing was done on a low or contracted scale; at least, if I might judge from the character of my fellow-traveller, who looked at great literary enterprises as Rothschild does at loans.

While conversing, we arrived at the Elephant and Castle, whence hundreds of coaches daily depart for different parts of England. 'This inn,' said my obliging companion, might, in the bookselling language, be called the preface to the great book, which it precedes. Here all the coaches stop, before they take their respective directions to the different parts of the town; here the passengers also separate, and take one of the roads, leading to the principal chapters of this magnificent folio. That one leads to the City, the Chapter of Receipts; this, to the West-end, which is the Chapter of Expenditure. May I ask you, Sir, which way you are going?' 'To Jauny's hotel in Leicester Square,' I replied. 'In that case I must leave you; for, though I live in that part of the town, business now calls me to the City, whither one of those coaches will convey me. But here is my address, and I shall be much gratified if you will bring me your work as soon as possible.'

FINE ARTS.

Designs for Public and Private Buildings. By John Soane, Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy, &c. F.R.S., R.A., F.S.A. Fol. Priestley and Weale. London, 1828.

GENIUS, under whatever circumstances it shows itself, must command admiration. Associated though it be with a thousand eccentricities, the moment it displays itself, every feeling of ridicule, of compassion, or disgust at the extravagances which accompany it, gives place to the respect it extorts. We feel an interest in its career, we own its superiority, and bow to its power, whenever it bursts forth from the clouds that obscure it. Of this remark we have, in the person of Mr. Soane, a living illustration, attested by the work before us. It holds him forth to us, although at an advanced age, still fired with passion for his art, burning with all the ardour of youth in its cause, asserting its excellence over all others, munificently patronising it, enriching it with a thousand new inventions, boldly standing up against the censures, just or unjust, (and he has been subject to both,) which have been passed upon his works, and to which he has shown himself more than ordinarily alive, and struggling against the presumptuous interference of those whom worldly influence and power raise to pretensions which should be the peculiar prerogatives of knowledge and taste.

The talents of Mr. Soane have placed him deservedly in the highest rank of his profession; but he has, moreover, carried his perseverance in the study of it farther than any other architect of his day, and to this

he is indebted for his decided pre-eminence. He had the advantage of being initiated by a really-talented architect and a true artist—Mr. Dance. He afterwards studied in Italy; and, on his return to England, met with extensive patronage. His early works evince genius, and have the advantage of not being remarkable for any particular manner or extravagant character; and it was some years before he indulged in those extraordinary flights, which all his later works exhibit. He afterwards struck out into a style peculiarly his own; and, faulty and ridiculous as that style undoubtedly deserves to be considered, it still displays so many pleasing inventions, such playfulness of fancy, and so many real master-strokes of genius, that wonder and admiration almost disarm criticism of its just severity. Still we cannot blind ourselves to the excessive mannerism, to the affectation and quackery (or faults very like them), which pervade all the works of Mr. Soane, and are equally recognisable in his designs, his details, his drawings, his lectures, and his letter-press in its every line, to a degree of offensiveness which, if it may be palliated, cannot be excused, by the earnestness and real love for his profession which appear in connexion with them. With these preliminary observations, we proceed to notice Mr. Soane's designs.

The two first plates furnish us with ideas for entrances to the metropolis and parks. These designs are full of merit, and have a most triumphal effect. We regret that they were not executed: the erections that have been raised on the site for which they were intended, are far inferior; although the design of these seems to have been borrowed, in some measure, from that of Mr. Soane. It is, indeed, curious to observe, how completely the motive of some part of these new ornaments of the metropolis, (we allude more particularly to the entrance to Hyde Park, with its screen of columns,) resembles that of the designs now before us. We lament that the plates are so badly executed. Mr. Soane seems to have mistaken slovenliness for a sketchy and artist-like manner; for surely it smacks little of artistical freedom, to represent Achilles rather as a sweep than a hero.

The design for the palace is truly magnificent. It is sufficient alone to wipe out all the architectural sins of Mr. Soane, however heavy the account may be. It bespeaks a master-mind; and, when we think of the vile collection of frippery and deformity into which Buckingham Palace has been converted,* to the disgrace equally of the Court and of the country, we feel for the national degradation, as we lament the want of judgment of those who direct the application of the public funds to works of art, and who could prefer such paltry designs as those which have been permitted to be executed, to others much nobler and really splendid.

The Waterloo Monument we pass by, as equally unworthy of the event it professed to celebrate, and of the architect who made the design which precedes it.

Plates VII., VIII., IX., and X., present us with the designs of the Board of Trade, and accompanying buildings.* The interior of the Privy Council Chamber is one of the most exuberant, and not the least extravagant, of Mr. Soane's efforts.

Next to the New Offices at Whitehall, come the unfortunate Courts of Law. Allowing for all the difficulties with which Mr. Soane had to contend, his mistake in attaching the devoted Italian façade to Westminster Hall, remains inexcusable. Equally unpardonable is the folly of the ornaments lavished in the interior of the Courts. Mr. Soane, it seems, never dreams of that essential requisite in good architecture, the adaptation of the style of the building to the character of the purposes for which it is to serve. Hence his tribunals, in which consistency required sobriety and severity, dazzle us with the elaborate minuteness and intricacy of their ornaments, and have more the air of fairy halls than of seats of justice.

The *Scala Regia* we have seen before in 'The Buildings of London,' by Mr. Pugin. The impression before us appears taken from the plate belonging to that work. There is no other plate in Mr. Soane's 'Designs' nearly so well executed. The subject of it also is more in Mr. Soane's way than the designs we have just noticed; it is one in which he is peculiarly happy, and in which he approves himself a better regal than legal architect.

If we cannot excuse the Roman appendages to the Norman Hall of William Rufus, neither can we laud the style of the Gothic designs for the House of Lords.

The design for a Senate House made in Rome in 1779, bespeaks, indeed, 'the gay morning of youthful fancy, amid all the wild imagination of an enthusiastic mind, animated by the contemplation of the majestic ruins of the sublime works of Imperial Rome.' It shows that our architect, like all artists who have breathed the air of the Eternal City, felt its inspiring influence, and might exclaim with Angelica Kauffman and Canova, 'To succeed, we must design in Rome.'

In presenting his designs for churches, Mr. Soane makes the old complaint, of being crippled in the matter of expense. Notwithstanding this formidable difficulty, he has succeeded in producing, in St. Peter's church, at Walworth, and Trinity Church, Marylebone, (near the Regent's Park,) two very pleasing and graceful works, saving and excepting always, out of this our commendation, the turmerick brick angles of the latter.

Of the designs for Villas, that for Mr. Swinnerton is the best. It is in sound taste, and simple—free from all those irrelevant extravagancies which disfigure the Bank, and the National Debt Office.

The additional building to Norwich Castle, is to us an additional proof that Mr. Soane cannot, or will not, enter into the true feeling and spirit of Gothic architecture.

Dulwich College is a pretty plaything, and the Bank of England is the *capo d'opera* of Mr. Soane's ingenuity, talent, invention, and of his whims and oddities; it abounds in architectural *jeux d'esprit*. The circular end towards Lothbury, redeems him, and, were he an utter Borromini in the rest of his works, for the sake of this one little bit, we would forgive him all his monstrosities.

To maintain our indulgent tone throughout our article, we must be silent on Chelsea Hospital, and, in doing so, will borrow Mr. Soane's own quotation,—

'On sçaura pourquoi je me tais.'

The 'temporary residence,' the 'probationary domicile,' in Lincoln's Inn-Fields, introduces us to the very sanctum of our worthy architect. Here he has collected his rich stores of art and antiquity,—here he revels in architectural glory, dwelling, magician-like, among fairie chambers of his own creating. In its kind it is perfect,—the ichnography of the very mind of the architect—every where difficulties surmounted—ingenuity triumphant—pictures, statues, models, and the most precious relics of antiquity, all provided for,—and then such a study! a charming banqueting-room too! a glorious wine-cellar! We heartily wish our worthy professor may live long to enjoy these elegant delights, and that years may elapse, ere he retire to the *horrid* DOMUS ÆTERNA, the tail-piece of his work, and the resting-place of our remarks.

* In an early Number of 'The Athenæum' we promised some remarks on this edifice, as a sequel to our animadversions on the New Post Office and Council Chamber. Other pressing occupations, the disowning of the design, and the promised demolition, have hitherto prevented us. A recent walk in the regions of Pimlico has invited us to return to our original purpose, which we propose to execute in the course of a few Numbers. To this we are the more encouraged, by perceiving that our criticisms are not without their effect: we observe that the objections we made to the attic over the wings of the New Post Office have not passed unheeded.

* The exterior of these offices, as executed, formed the subject of an article in the 5th Number of 'The Athenæum,' to which we beg to refer our readers.

A CONCERTO WHISTLER—EXTEMPORE COMPOSER—AND MUSICAL PROTEUS.

To the Editor of the Athenæum

SIR,—The fashionable world are, at this moment, living in delightful anticipation of hearing the far-famed Sontag, the Comic Queen of Song, as Pasta is the Tragic. Nicholson's enchanting flute, Voght's sweet oboe, Lindley's bewitching violoncello, and Mori's brilliant violin; these, however, are *instruments*, the handiwork of man, uttering, by his agency, delicious sounds; but, Sir, will you believe me, when I affirm that, at a party, the other night, in Grosvenor-place, assembled to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the dutiful and pretty daughter of a much-valued friend of mine, a gentleman present WHISTLED A CONCERTO, in which he introduced the beautiful air of 'Hope told a flattering tale,' and did it exquisitely? I assure you, Sir, this is *a fact;* and I, as well as every one present, was so much astonished and gratified, that I cannot refrain from requesting your permission to make this novelty public. When the good host announced that a 'Mr. M—— would kindly whistle an air, to please the ladies,' I was at a loss to think how *whistling* could be tolerated, especially after the delightful manner in which several ladies present had performed on the piano-forte; but Mr. M. immediately seated himself in a corner, and performed a 'Voluntary,' as I have described. I asked him, whose composition it was? He answered, it was *extempore*, as was his custom, merely introducing some air, for contrast and relief. His execution was brilliant; his tones alternately soft and powerful; he ran up the chromatic scale, and from the highest note descended again to the lowest with ease, and, as he said, 'without exertion!' Really, never having heard any one *whistle* in a scientific manner, like this, I was astonished; grateful am I indeed to my friend for the opportunity afforded me of hearing an 'Amateur' on so *uncommon* an instrument. The talent of this concerto whistler did not, however, end here. No sooner was a bumper drank to the 'prosperity and happiness of Miss B———,' the daughter of our host, than Mr. M. sang four congratulatory verses which he had composed for the occasion. This, being *unexpected*, was highly relished; and when mama requested 'to be favoured with a copy,' he pulled out of his pocket a letter addressed to her; and one to Miss B——, containing copies all 'cut and dry,' as the phrase is. The devil's in this fellow, thought I, what next? He sent below for his flute; (a handsome ivory one it is;) he then performed a sort of fantasia, introducing 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'Home, sweet Home!' and concluded, by imitating the *bagpipe!* Roars of laughter followed this; and all concluded that Mr. M. must be in correspondence with some supernatural agency!

During a subsequent part of the evening, the same whistling gentleman got up, and, with the greatest ease imaginable, induced us all to believe, that we had been transplanted to the Italian Opera. He imitated Velluti to the life in 'Popol d'Egitto,' and an extempore effusion, in which he gave the Signor's peculiarity of voice, manner, attitude, and expression. All were surprised at its fidelity. Then followed Curioni, in that clever singer's exact manner. Then Porto's deep tones, so contrasted with Velluti's shrill ones, that it appeared ludicrous in the extreme. Even Madame Pasta seemed not beyond his power of imitation; and he concluded with a very clever one of Braham, in 'My heart with love is beating.' This was so exact, that, even while conscious of the deception, it was difficult to doubt the reality.

St. James's. ANACREON.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

WE have long witnessed with feelings of regret the progress of a contest between this society and certain of its members, whom we know to be distinguished as much for their talents and acquirements, as their zeal in the defence of its best and, indeed, vital interests. The reasoning by which we are to come at the truth in the controversy between the two parties, is plain and simple. A society like that of the Antiquaries, is not instituted for private purposes; it has public duties to fulfil, and an account to render of the manner in which it performs its office. Objections now are made to the management of its concerns. Accusations are brought forward of its utter neglect of the legitimate purposes of its institution, and a demand is made that its members in general, and the public, may be satisfied on the points in question. Nothing can be more reasonable than this, and it will do honour to the parties who have made it, if they repeat it, till a satisfactory answer be given to the complaints, or the reform that is sought for be effected. On Thursday, we understand, a general meeting will take place for the purpose of choosing the officers and council of the society, when we hope to find the cause of truth prevailing, and such alterations taking place as shall make this learned body more active and jealous in the discharge of its duties to the public. We refer our readers for a full explanation of the subject in debate, to an excellent article in the last number of 'The Retrospective Review.'

'LES DESTINEES FUTURES DE L'EUROPE.'

THIS work, published recently at Paris, and now republished at Brussels, has made an extraordinary sensation in the country, of which the latter is the capital; but would scarcely be presumed, beyond the Low Countries, to justify the unqualified praises it has received there. As a specimen of the correctness of knowledge of the anonymous author, we extract what accidentally met our sight on perusing a brief portion of the work: 'Les deux Royaumes les plus libres, et les plus généreusement gouvernés, l'Angleterre et les Pays Bas, ont eu et *ont* pour Rois des Princes de la Maison d'Orange.' This is news for the Heralds' Office.

M. A. DUVAL.

'CHARLES II.; ou, Le Labyrinthe de Woodstock,' in three acts, and in prose, taken from 'The Woodstock' of Sir Walter Scott, has just been produced at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, and has met with complete success.

THE LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW.

[Concluded.]

NOTHING is more certain than that, in any given controversy or dispute, the party conscious of being in the wrong will be the first to depart from the real question at issue; his only hope of escape being in drawing off the attention of his judges from misstatements in fact, or errors in argument, and flying from positions which he finds untenable, to some new track, in which he may hope to entangle their judgments or elude their pursuit.

This has been so peculiarly the case in the conduct of the Editor of 'The London Weekly Review' towards ourselves, that we might from that alone infer his certain defeat. The criminatory accusations which that Editor offered in lieu of arguments, were no answer whatever to the charges that preceded them, and might, therefore, have been taken as a complete abandonment of the question in dispute; but the charges were so personal and so serious, that it was determined to rebut them; and the refutations offered in our last, from a letter in Mr. St. John's own hand-writing, were so strong, as to reduce our adversary to this inevitable dilemma; namely, either to support his recent accusations as true, by admitting that his former professions were false, and therefore branding himself as a hypocrite: or, not to deny either the existence or sincerity of his former professions, and therefore tacitly to admit, that his recent accusations could not possibly be true.

Mr. St. John chose the last of the courses described; that is, he did not deny either the existence or the sincerity of the letter of February 28, from which the quotation was made: he did not even advert to the obvious inconsistency of revering a man for four years as worthy the first place in his affections and esteem, and then recapitulating the history of that very period, in order to prove the same man a monster and a fool,—though this was the only point to which public attention would be directed; but, without even alluding to, much less answering or removing, the difficulty, he goes into fresh recriminations, as entirely new as they are utterly foreign from the subject matter in dispute. Into these, also, we shall follow him, as it is his last retreat; for, after he is beaten from these, we shall have no occasion, ever again, to revert to the subject.

The first new accusation made is, that Mr. Buckingham has been *always* engaged in quarrels, and that his friends almost always become his enemies. The proofs cited, are *two* instances, out of a life of some length and variety: the first, the dispute with Mr. Burckhardt and Mr. Bankes, and those whom they had induced to believe in their calumnies; the second, a dispute with Mr. Arnot, who had no associate in his claims.

The second new accusation is, that Mr. Buckingham, so far from having made any pecuniary advances to Mr. St. John, beyond his just demands, actually owed him, at the period of his leaving 'The Oriental Herald,' a sum of 1050*l.*, for certain shares of profits due to him on that work, stating Mr. Arnot's readiness to testify the justness of this claim on oath.

The third charge is, that of having expressed a wish to have the three letters, including all our recent Correspondence, burnt; and the fourth, that of having represented an arrangement to have been made with Messrs. Longman and Co. which was never concluded. These two being of the least importance, shall be answered first.

The desire to have the Correspondence destroyed, was with a view to prevent the very controversy which has since unhappily arisen: that desire was, however, expressed in the body of the last letter itself, and not, after it was written, from any wish to avoid disclosures: to disprove or confirm which, Mr. St. John is now publicly invited, nay, requested, to publish these three letters, with any comment he chooses to append to them, in 'The London Weekly Review.'

The arrangement said to be made with Messrs. Longman and Co., was discussed with and agreed to by one of the partners, Mr. Orme, though not reduced to writing, or *concluded* in a formal manner, by the firm; because the 'Oriental Herald' soon afterwards passed from their superintendance, as publishers, and that arrangement, which was dependant on this work continuing with them, was null before any orders had reached England to be executed on the terms reciprocally agreed to. These two minor points are adverted to, merely to show, that there is nothing which cannot be satisfactorily answered. We pass now to the two heavier charges.

As to the quarrel with Mr. Bankes and his supporters, all the literary world, at least, knows the merits and the issue of this: but it should be added, that the friend, who, on the trial of Mr. Bankes, sat beside Mr. Buckingham during the protracted proceedings of that day, who remained with him from the opening to the close of the Court, and who was the loudest and most fervent in his expressions of joy at the triumph of innocence over such an iniquitous combination of jealousy, artifice, and crime, was Mr. St. John himself! as the Counsel and Solicitor, on whom he was a frequent attendant during the progress of the cause, can bear testimony.

Of the quarrel with Mr. Arnot, the following is a brief account: this individual did undoubtedly set up a claim to the participation of profits to which Mr. St. John adverts; and, after some discussion, it was submitted to the arbitration of Dr. Gilchrist and the Honourable Leicester Stanhope, who both decided, that there was no foundation whatever for such claim. The most remarkable part of this affair, however, is, that the main evidence upon which the arbitrators rejected this claim was, that of the very individual who now, for the first time, revives it on his own behalf,—namely, Mr. St. John himself! It was he who first endeavoured to persuade Mr. Arnot of his error, and who, failing in this, satisfied the parties referred to that the claim was wholly groundless; subsequently, moreover, expressing not merely his wonder, but his horror and disgust at the ungrateful conduct of Mr. Arnot, as he had before done at that of Messrs. Burckhardt and Bankes, with whom he is now so proud to associate himself!!

Some dissatisfaction being expressed, however, by Mr. Arnot, with the decision of the first referees, and it being discovered that he had been writing out to India the grossest misrepresentations, the whole matter was again submitted, in written evidence, to two other arbitrators,—the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird and Mr. John Hunt of 'The Examiner.' The issue was still the same, as is proved by a letter written by the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird to a friend at Calcutta, enclosing copies of the documents adverted to, (the originals being still in his possession), with a view to remove, as speedily as possible, the injurious impressions created by Mr. Arnot's misrepresentations, of which letter we think it sufficient to give merely the commencement and close:

'*Pall Mall East, May* 1, 1827.

'MY DEAR ——,—I am ashamed to take up my pen at this twelfth hour, and then only to write to you on a matter of public concern. What an unfortunate man is Mr. Buckingham! Upon learning the calumnies of Mr. Arnot, he, immediately, by my advice, drew up a statement of his intercourse with that person, for the information of those who had advocated the cause in which he has been so long a suffering victim. This was due to *them*, not less than to the *cause*. This statement he placed forthwith in the hands of myself, and Mr. John Hunt, of 'The Examiner.' We agreed, after reading it, to place it in the hands of Mr. Arnot, and to require his reply to it. This has been delivered to us. I know not how to give you an adequate idea of its contents. The perusal of it can alone give you some idea of the mind of the man who could have written it; and who, two days afterwards, has confessed that he has no ground whatever of complaint against Mr. Buckingham, and that he has been acting all along under a delusion of mind; that he cannot account for his own conduct, and that all he desires is, that he may make any reparation in his power.

* * * * *

'You are at liberty to make what use of this letter you please. I have watched Mr. Buckingham *jealously*, ever since I took up the cause of the press, as it was attacked in his person and interest; and I am ready to bear witness that I know no reason why I should wish any part of his conduct had been different from what it has been. He has had a severe struggle, and I have never found him either a sordid calculator of his own interest, when it might appear to be opposed to the interest of a public cause, nor, on the other hand, wildly adventuring beyond his means. He has been sorely tried, and has, I verily believe, not been found wanting. He is entitled to this open testimony of a jealous observer of his conduct, which I profess myself to have been; and I regret only it has not been in my power to be more instrumental in assisting his efforts. Believe me, my dear ——, yours very truly and faithfully,

'DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.'

We have never before publicly adverted to this matter, great as has been the injury we have sustained from this forbearance; nor should we indeed now have ventured to mention it, but for the purpose of defending ourselves from public imputations, and of showing the utter worthlessness of Mr. St. John's assertions, when he can cling to the name of Mr. Arnot as that of a fellow-sufferer, and endeavour to excite sympathy, by naming him as one of the friendly and virtuous persons with whom Mr. Buckingham has captiously and unjustly quarrelled! What will the reader say, when we add that all these facts were known to, and all these letters and papers named were seen, and read, and commented on, by Mr. St. John himself! It was *he* who waited first on Mr. Hunt, and next on Mr. Kinnaird, to elucidate points in the written statements referred to, with which he was familiar; it was he who joined them most fervently in his expressions of indignation at such unparalleled and inexplicable conduct; even *he*, who now adds Mr. Arnot's name to those of Messrs. Bankes and Burckhardt, as parties similarly injured, and similarly right in their cause of quarrel with himself!!

The last charge of all, and that certainly not the lightest, is this: that Mr. Buckingham is a man so devoured by the base passion of avarice, that the grasping of money is his chief delight; and that, so far from Mr. St. John having been, as is represented, under the smallest obligation to him for pecuniary advances, Mr. Buckingham owed Mr. St. John, at the period of his quitting his service, 1,050*l.* sterling, of which he was deceitfully defrauded.

We can only say, that, if Mr. Buckingham's whole life be not a complete answer to the *general* charge of his loving money beyond all other earthly things, then no answer would suffice. But for the *particular* charge of Mr. St. John,—that Mr. Buckingham has grossly wronged him, and is still his debtor to the extent described,—let the following note, of which we have the original, written by his own hand, on the very day when the first number of 'The London Weekly Review' appeared, on the 9th of June, 1827, speak to every candid mind:

'76, *Upper Seymour Street.*

'MY DEAR SIR,—I have been very busy and very unwell for some days past, or I should have called to know your opinion of our First Number. It cost a great deal of exertion to bring it out, but it seems to give satisfaction. I write this morning, however, to say, that, if you can conveniently oblige me to-day with a cheque for last month's salary, I should esteem it a particular favour, as, what with removing to this house, and getting a few things to put in it, I have been sadly embarrassed.

'Had it not been for these things, I intended to request that you would put that *small amount to liquidate* PART of the sum *I owe you*. I am ashamed to bore so kind a friend as you about money matters in any way; but I ought to mention, that I think the best way for me to discharge this debt, *so long due*, and which you have been so kind as *never to mention*, will be, to pay a few pounds at a time as frequently as I can possibly spare them. I am afraid it would be long before I should be able to pay it all at once.

'I sincerely hope you will not consider my speaking of it on this occasion as indelicate, or indicative of any diminution of confidence in your *friendship* and disposition to *serve me to the utmost*. On the contrary, you may be sure, that, AS LONG AS I RETAIN ANY TRACES OF VIRTUE IN MY OWN MIND, SO LONG SHALL I HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOUR HEART AND AFFECTION.

'Yours most affectionately,

'J. A. ST. JOHN.'

If this letter, coupled with the one written eight months after, in February, 1828, professing unaltered and unalterable attachment and esteem, does not prove that the calumnies, traced by the same pen, almost before the ink of the eulogies was dry, are without precedent or parallel, we shall have no faith in evidence hereafter. The epithet by which such conduct should be characterised we shall not apply—every honest heart will involuntarily utter it for us; and, if we have unwillingly been drawn into tedious length, we trust our readers will forgive it, when they remember that our reputation—dearer than a thousand lives—is at stake. If we had failed to refute, to the very bottom, the imputations now cast upon our veracity and honour, we should have been unworthy of their support for a single hour. But if, even at the expense of wearying their attention for once, we have established our claim to their future confidence and esteem, we are satisfied, and shall not need either to try their patience, or to tarnish our own victory, by recurring, even for a moment, to so ungrateful a theme.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 11.—The Rev. T. Pope has been elected one of the Conducts of Eton, by the Rev. Dr. Godall, the Provost.

OXFORD, APRIL 11.—Walter John Tromer, B.A., and George Dennisoo, B.A., of Christ Church, and Charles Neate, B.A., of Lincoln Coll., were elected Fellows of Oriel College.

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NOTICE.

Notwithstanding the generally favourable reception of the plan of issuing two Numbers of 'THE ATHENÆUM' *in the week, as proved by the great majority of its original Subscribers continuing to receive it, since the duplication of its issues,—we have learnt that there is still a large portion of the reading community, to whom this double Publication is less agreeable than a single one would be, chiefly from want of leisure to follow up the rapid succession of so much matter; and that there is still another and not an inconsiderable portion of the continually increasing number of readers among the less wealthy classes, by whom the double Publication is not, from its expense, attainable.*

Having an earnest desire to administer to the gratification of all these, as far as may be practicable, and conceiving that a return to the original plan of issuing One Number of 'THE ATHENÆUM' *only, during the week, and a consequent diminution of expense to its Subscribers, will not be injurious to any class, and highly acceptable to many, we have resolved to effect this general accommodation without delay.*

The same reasons which were originally assigned for issuing it in the middle of the week, WHEN NO OTHER LITERARY PAPER APPEARS, *remaining in full force, it will be published, as at first, on Wednesday mornings, and at its original price.*

This arrangement will take place after the close of the present week; and, by removing all obstacles to its general accessibility, will, we trust, soon place 'THE ATHENÆUM' *in the hands of every literary person in the Kingdom.*

Those who desire to complete their Series, by procuring the back Numbers issued since the single publication was first changed, are requested to do so without delay, as many of these Numbers are already getting scarce, and will soon be difficult to be procured.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

An English Translation of Manzoni's celebrated Romance, 'The Betrothed Lovers,' is printing at Milan. It will contain an interesting Letter from Manzoni to the Translator.

In the press, the second edition of the Rev. E. Burton's Description of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Rome, made during a Visit to Italy in 1818-19, with numerous Illustrations of Ancient and Modern Writers. In 2 vols., post 8vo.

The Rev. E. B. Pusey will shortly publish an Historical Inquiry into the Rationalist Character, lately predominant in the Theology of Germany. In 8vo.

Preparing for publication, an Abridgement of the Rev. H. Soames's History of the Reformation of the Church of England. In 12mo.

In the press, Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England. In 1 vol., post 8vo.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Omnipresence of the Deity, third edition, 12mo., 7*s.* 6*d.*
Gordon's Examinations on the Practice of Surgery, 12mo., 7*s.*
Thornton's Fruits of the Spirit, fourth edition, 18mo., 4*s.*
Christian Experience, or a Guide to the Perplexed, by R. Philip, 18mo., 3*s.*
Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures, 4 vols., 8vo., sixth edition, 3*l.* 3*s.*
The Life of Mansie Wauch, 12mo., 7*s.*
Dunlop on the Scotch Poor Laws, second edition, 8vo., 6*s.* 6*d.*
Cruden's Concordance, 4to., ninth edition, 21*s.*
Tales of a Grandfather, by Sir Walter Scott, second edition, 3 vols., 18mo., 10*s.* 6*d.*
Chronicles of the Canongate, second edition, 2 vols., 8vo., 1*l.* 1*s.*
Hyatt's Sermons, second edition, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Salathiel, a Story of the Present, Past, and Future, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Red Rover, second edition, 3 vols., post 8vo., 28*s.* 6*d.*
Flirtation, third edition, 3 vols., post 8vo., 31*s.* 6*d.*
Memoirs of the First Forty-five Years of the Life of James Larkington, (Auto-Biography, vol. 18,) 18mo., 3*s.* 6*d.*
Selection from Italian Prose Writers, with a Double Translation on the Hamiltonian System, 8vo., 14*s.*
Sir John Sinclair on the Culture and Use of Potatoes, 4*s.*
Christ's Appearance the Second Time for the Salvation of Believers, 2*s.*
Foreign Review and Continental Miscellany, No. 2, 6*s.*

THE SPHYNX LONDON NEWS GAZETTE No. 26, Saturday Evening, April 12, 1828, contains, among other interesting articles,—Parliamentary Portraits, No 20; Mr. Edward Burtenshaw Sugden, M.P. for Weymouth—Legal Reforms; Sinecure Offices, and Claims for Compensation—Progress of Mechanical Power in Great Britain—On the Law of Libel—The Westminster Review, No. 17—Comments on the Politics of the Week—Correspondence with the Editor—Leading Articles from the Daily Papers—Notes of the Week—Foreign and Domestic Intelligence—Courts of Law—Gazette—Naval and Shipping Intelligence.

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MADDOX STREET GALLERY.—NINE GRAND PAINTINGS, in Fresco, by PAUL VERONESE, are now in View at this Gallery.

Some Capital Pictures, by TITIAN and CLAUDE, with a few Fine Pictures of the DUTCH SCHOOL, will be added to the Collection at this Gallery, on the 21st instant, to supply the place of those which have been sold. Admittance, 1*s.*

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'The author appears to have felt, that he stood in the presence of HIM whose greatness he was celebrating; to HIM he has prayed for inspiration, and from HIM he has received it. He describes, with felicitous effect, the presence of the Deity in all times and places—in the glare of day, and in the darkness of night; in the storms of winter, in the mild breath of spring, in the gorgeous glory of summer, and in the fruition of Autumn. The all-seeing eye is never closed; it penetrates our most secret thoughts; it views our most covert designs; it is fixed on us when we are born,—it marks us during youth, manhood, and old age,—and, when the death-bed scene arrives, it is still fixed on us. The author has inculcated this principle with a force and vigour worthy of the theme; he calls on his fellow-men, eloquently and affectionetely, never to let the fact escape from their memory, that the Deity is ever present; and he argues, that, where such a feeling exists, it must check the growth of evil, counteract the tendency of human nature to vice, and extend the empire of virtue. A purer body of ethics we have never read; and he who could peruse it without emotion, clothed, as it is, in the graceful garb of poetry, must have a very cold and insensible heart.

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THE ATHENÆUM.

London Literary and Critical Journal.

No. 25. LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1828. Price 7*d*.

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DR. PHILIP'S RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Researches in South Africa; illustrating the Civil, Moral, and Religious Condition of the Native Tribes: including Journals of the Author's Travels in the Interior; together with Detailed Accounts of the Progress of the Christian Missions, exhibiting the Influence of Christianity in Promoting Civilisation. By the Rev. John Philip, D.D., Superintendant of the Missions of the London Missionary Society at the Cape of Good Hope, 2 vols. 8vo. Duncan. London, 1828.

THESE interesting volumes are valuable on two accounts. In the first place, they contain the narrative of a most intelligent traveller, among a people of whose real character and dispositions we at present know very little; and, in the next, and perhaps the most important, they furnish us with abundant materials for judging of the pretensions and labours of a set of men, whose character has been delineated, by one party, as a compound of folly and gross hypocrisy, and, by another, as a bright and glorious exemplification of the most perfect self-denying virtues. We shall hardly be suspected of bigotry, we imagine, when we express our pleasure at having before us materials, which, as far as they go, will help us in forming a better and safer judgment on the subject than could be easily done, either from documents filled with a heterogeneous mixture of facts and sectarian correspondences such as Missionary Registers, or from works which have a decidedly hostile and prejudiced tone in their every mention of these wandering preachers of Christianity. That many persons, however, of this kind have been excellent and simple-hearted men,—that several of them have dared dangers to promote the cause they laboured in, from which they would have shrunk had they not possessed the spirits of martyrs,—and that more than one of their number have borne the pain and misery of languishing disease, without a murmur or hope of reward;—that this has been the case, we have too many testimonies from unprejudiced witnesses to admit of its being controverted. That, on the other hand, they have been influential in the production of much solid good to many of the people they have been sent to,—that they have laboured in the cause of universal truth and charity, and borne oppression of the heaviest kind for its sake, we need but mention to prove it, the account which Mr. Pringle has given us in some of the notes to his beautiful little volume of poems.

It would, it is true, argue but an imperfect knowledge of human nature, to imagine that every pretender to peculiar sanctity is possessed of the virtues he would have us believe belong to his character; but it would argue still less, we apprehend, to suppose that men, equally alive to suffering as ourselves, filled with the same love of life, and bound by the same charities, would voluntarily expose themselves to every hardship, and cut themselves off from all the pleasures and endearments of human life, to gratify no other wish than that of successfully playing the hypocrite; or, which is just as conceivable, that of dying of a fever at Sierra Leone. Dr. Philip's work, we trust, will do much to remove several of the mistakes on this subject. It is written by a man of good sense and learning; and one who, by the bold, manly, and honest tone of independence which characterises its pages, deserves the attention and respect of every unprejudiced reader.

This enlightened traveller and fervent friend of humanity has taken up the cause of an oppressed and unprotected people, to whom he was originally sent as a preacher of Christianity; and in whose interests he appears to have exerted all his faculties and resources. The tale which he tells is so plain and unaffected, and so clearly demonstrates both the good intentions of the class of men to which he belongs, and the deplorable violation of every principle of charity by those who opposed them, that we shall let Doctor Philip speak for himself. The exposure which he has been driven to make, is such, as to rouse the indignation of every thinking man, and we trust that the bold, but temperate, remonstance, which he has made in these volumes of his travels, will have the effect of turning the attention of Government to the subject in a more serious manner than has hitherto been done. The author thus accounts for the deep interest he has now for some time past taken in the affairs of the despised South-Africans:

'My object in the composition of these pages has not been to expose men, but measures; and, in preparing them for the press, I have studied, as much as possible, to divest myself of all personal feelings. My motto, in all my labours in this cause, has uniformly been, I shall "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." The necessity of bringing forward the names of so many individuals in connexion with the disclosures made in these volumes, has been to me the most painful part of the task imposed upon me in the present undertaking. "Surely, to every good and peaceable man, it must, in nature, needs be a hateful thing to be a displeaser and molester of thousands; much rather would it like him, doubtless, to be the messenger of gladness and contentment, which is his chief intended business to all mankind; but that they resist and oppose their own happiness."*

'We shall, perhaps, be told, that such evils should be left to be corrected by the progress of society; but long and painful experience has taught us, that the liberties we ask for an oppressed people do not fall into their lap like fruit from a tree when it is ripe, and never can be obtained from the privileged classes, except by the interference of a stronger power than that employed to keep them in a state of subjugation. Present gain is always preferred to that which is remote and contingent only, and the voice of humanity has little chance of being heard amidst the clamour of passion and selfishness.

'The present Lieutenant-Governor of the Cape has displayed a liberal spirit towards the missions; but, while things remain in their present state, no permanent relief is to be hoped for, in opposition to the tide of prejudice and interest which the highest authority in the colony will have to oppose in endeavouring to defend the natives. The Governor of such a colony as the Cape of Good Hope, must always be dependent, for the information he receives respecting the Aborigines, upon those in official situations, and immediately about his person; and his informers being interested persons, or connected with such, it is extremely difficult for him to get at the truth of their situation, or to resist the tendency of the conversation of their enemies, to prejudice his mind against them, and against all plans proposed for their improvement. The greatest humanity and even talents in a Governor, are not always proof against unjust insinuations, caricatures, and calumnies invented to disparage the natives. While he remains in Cape Town, he has no means of obtaining correct information respecting them; and, if he travels over the country himself, the liability he is under to be imposed upon, is not lessened. In the first instance, he is deceived by the representations of others only; in the second, he becomes himself a party in the deceit.

* Milton.

'A Governor leaves Cape Town to visit the interior. Preparations are made for weeks previous to his journey. His intentions are announced in the Gazette; notices are sent to the local magistrates to have relays of horses ready on different parts of the road for his service; he spends a day or two at the seats of the chief magistrates of the districts through which he passes; he sees the local authorities and the farmers, converses with them, receives their petitions, and hears their complaints. The opgaaf, (taxes,) and the want of labourers, form the largest items in the list of grievances. The landdrosts, and clerks, and farmers, have all the same views respecting the Hottentots and other Aborigines; they consider them as the absolute property of the colonists, and as much made for their use as their cattle and sheep. Thus, while the Governor hears nothing but what is prejudicial to the Aborigines, and to every scheme devised for their benefit, he enters into all the measures recommended to him the more readily, because, ignorant of the arts which have been practised upon him, he does it under the false impression that he has seen every thing with his own eyes, and heard every thing with his own ears.

'The subject of the present volumes, renders it necessary that something should be said in this place of the circumstances in which they originated, and of the object proposed by their publication. The sufferings of the natives under the Dutch Government, have been fully depicted by Mr. Barrow; but it did not begin to be suspected in England, till lately, how little their condition has been improved by the change of masters they experienced when the English took possession of the Cape. It seems to have been too easily taken for granted, that, because we could declaim against Dutch inhumanity, and because the natives, in the first instance, viewed own conquest of the colony as a deliverance, that all their early expectations had been realized, and that their oppressions had passed away with the power of their former masters. Such were the impressions, at least, under which I arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in 1819, and such were the feelings I endeavoured to cherish, till I could no longer retain them.

'During my first journey into the interior of the country, in 1819, many facts came under my observation at variance with the favourable opinion I had formed of the condition of the natives; but the explanations I received from the local authorities of the districts, where inquiries were made, led me to suppose that they arose out of the old habits of the people which our Government had not been able to correct; but that, nevertheless, the work of amelioration was going forward, and that in a few more years there would be no grounds for further complaint.

'When I had occasion to submit the grievances of the people to our institutions, the colonial Government, the facts were denied by the local authorities, against whom the complaints were made. I was presented with Government proclamations, declaring the Hottentots to be a free people, and declaring at the same time that their improvement and happiness had always been a favourite object with the colonial Government. And there was so much address displayed in the management of the whole system, that it might have continued to operate for an unlimited time, had it not been for the collision occasioned by its coming in contact with our missionary institutions, and for the obstinacy which refused to lessen the friction till the sparks burst into flames.

'To account for the manner in which the oppressions of the natives have been increased of late years, it will be necessary to take into consideration the change which has taken place in their relative value as labourers, by the abolition of the slave-trade in 1807. While slaves could be got for a trifle, by the vessels engaged in this trade touching at the Cape, the natives were not of much importance to the colonists, and many of them in those districts in which slaves were numerous, were allowed to live after their ancient manner. In the more remote and thinly-inhabited districts of the colony, in which there were few slaves, and in

which the restraints of law and government were scarcely felt, the natives were more dreaded, and, therefore, more hated and oppressed. Unable longer to endure their sufferings, they at last took up arms against their oppressors, and drove them before them till they were met by the English troops in the district of George.

'The natives looking upon the English as their friends, and the colonists in those districts being then very much disaffected to the new Government, this much-injured race obtained some share of favour and protection. It was among the people that had been engaged in this insurrection against the farmers, that Dr. Vanderkemp began his labours; and the other missionary stations of the London Missionary Society within the colony, sprang out of Bethelsdorp, or were composed of the small remnants of the Hottentots who had been still left in their native state.

'The missions were never popular among the colonists in general; but, while the colonists could obtain a sufficient supply of labourers at a low price, the missionaries were allowed to proceed in their efforts to improve the people. If the missionaries were scowled upon by many of the white population, and they were called "Hottentot predicants" (ministers), by way of contempt, and if some of the local authorities oppressed them, others afforded them countenance, and they had some favour, shown them by the colonial Government. But as the scarcity of servants began gradually to be more felt, and the local authorities of the districts began to feel the importance of the patronage which the power they had assumed over the labour of the natives afforded them, the people collected and improved at our missionary stations began to be regarded with a rapacious eye; and the final destruction of these institutions became a favourite object with an influential part of the community. Colonel Collins, who visited the interior of the colony, and the native tribes on its frontiers, as a civil commissioner, in the report he drew up for the use of the Government, in 1809, recommended to the Government, at the suggestion of certain individuals, to abolish Bethelsdorp, and to disperse the people among the farmers. The Earl of Caledon and Sir John Cradock (now Lord Howden) had too much integrity of character, and too much benevolence, to allow them to listen to such a proposition; but the design was not to be abandoned, and the defeat of its abettors, without producing any alteration in their purpose, only led them to change the method by which they endeavoured to gain their object.

'Some of the worst abuses which had obtained in the colony before it came under the English dominion, and which were merely connived at by the old Government, were now confirmed by Government proclamations, accompanied with all the authority and the sanction of colonial law; and, while the privileges of the missions within the colony were gradually curtailed, the missions beyond its limits were not left undisturbed.

'Two of our missionary stations among the Bushmen were put down, and the missionaries recalled. Our missionary station at Griqua Town, beyond the Orange river, was subjected to a colonial interference, which threatened its destruction. Zuurbrak (or Caledon institution) was alienated from us, and the people oppressed and dispersed among the farmers. A plan was formed to deprive us of Pacaltsdorp, and to dispose of the people among the neighbouring colonists: and so oppressive had the conduct of the landdrosts of Albany and Uitenhage become to the missionary institutions of Bethelsdorp and Theopolis, that they must have been speedily ruined, but for the measures which were adopted to save them. So late as the years 1820, 1821, and 1822, the people were unable longer to sustain the oppressions imposed upon them by the local authorities of the districts; and such was the system of annoyance carried on at the same time against the missionaries, that nothing but the hope of succeeding by a last effort could reconcile them to remain in their situations.'

The attempts which Dr. Philip made to obtain redress of the Government at home were all unsuccessful. In vain he applied to Earl Bathurst; in vain the Society to which he belonged seconded his urgent appeals; they were all either rejected or unattended to, and the only resource which has been left him, is an address to the general sense of charity and justice among mankind, to which almost every page in the volume before us speaks in a most powerful and affecting manner.

'No question can be more simple and less incumbered with difficulties than the one before us. We ask for nothing unreasonable, nothing illegal, nothing new. We have nothing to say to politics. The question under discussion is a mere question of civil rights. We have advanced no suggestions about the new charter of justice. We are the advocates of no particular form of civil government for the colony. We have offered no particular directions about the machinery of government desirable in such a country. We have recommended no checks but such as are necessary to prevent one class of British subjects from oppressing and destroying another. In what we propose we suspend no weight upon the wheels of government. We ask nothing for the poor natives more than this, that they should have the protection the law affords to the colonists. There is nothing surely in these claims, against which a shadow of objection can be urged.

'Independent of printed statutes, there are certain rights which human beings possess, and of which they cannot be deprived but by manifest injustice. The wanderer in the desert has a right to his life, to his liberty, his wife, his children, and his property. The Hottentot has a right to a fair price for his labour; to an exemption from cruelty and oppression; to choose the place of his abode, and to enjoy the society of his children; and no one can deprive him of those rights without violating the laws of nature and of nations. If the perpetration of such outrages against the laws of nature and of nations is a crime, that crime is greatly aggravated when it is committed against the *lex loci*, against the written law of the land. The Hottentots, in addition to the unalienable rights conferred upon them by their Creator, have prescriptive rights in their favour; they are regarded by the British Government as a free people; and the Colonial law says, that they are to be treated, in their persons, in their properties, and in their possessions, the same as other free people.

'We have shown in the following pages, that the natives of South Africa have been deprived of these rights, and we now come forward with the law in our hand—which acknowledges them a free people, and grants to them the rights which have been specified—and we ask the British Government, and the British public, whether the system of cruelty and injustice which is now brought to light, is to have their sanction? or, whether the people who have been so long oppressed by its operations, are to have the enjoyment of those rights restored to them?'—Vol. ii. pp. xxv.—xxvii.

We have merely introduced this work to our readers on the present occasion, as we intend, in a following Number, to avail ourselves of its very amusing as well as important contents, to make some interesting extracts. It is a publication which, on many accounts, will deserve considerable attention; and, as we have now stated Dr. Philip's views, and made our readers acquainted with the main object of the work, we shall, in our next notice, consider it principally as a book of travels, most heartily wishing its author success in the great and noble enterprise he has undertaken.

SALATHIEL.

Salathiel: A Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

(Concluded from page 354.)

Our readers will, in a great measure, have anticipated our judgment on this talented and remarkable production. The extracts we gave, in the last Number but one of 'The Athenæum,' were from among the most splendid passages in the work, and were strongly marked with all the peculiarities of the author's manner. Before, however, making any remarks on the style in which it is written, it may be necessary to say a few words on the story itself. Salathiel, the hero, is a Jewish Priest, and a man of considerable eminence among his countrymen. At the condemnation of our Saviour, he was among the foremost who hastened the judgment, and who demanded his crucifixion. Standing before Pilate, he threatened, with his associates in the priesthood, to denounce him as the enemy of Cæsar, if he refused to pass the sentence: the demand was granted; but, as the victim was led away to sacrifice, Salathiel heard a voice indescribably awful exclaim, 'Tarry thou, till I come.' From that moment, his spirit became bowed under a load of withering, fearful misery,—the anticipated woe of an almost interminable futurity—the dead weight of an existence, from which hope and love would be departed long before its termination. He fled Jerusalem in horror. His wife and daughters accompanied him in his flight; and, through many subsequent years, his mysterious sufferings were only relieved by the active part he took in the fearful contests that ensued between the Romans and his degraded countrymen. During these, he became one of the most celebrated of the Jewish leaders, obtained successes over the enemy, that promised the most glorious results, and underwent sufferings in which he seemed supported only that the doom of perpetual existence might be fulfilled. These incidents are related by the author with great power, and the most striking descriptions succeed each other with an astonishing rapidity. One of Salathiel's adventures, during this period, is so interesting that we shall extract the account. Having made a daring attempt during a siege, he was beat down by one of the enemy, and thrown into a dungeon, where he lay two years, and his escape from which is thus related:

'From one of those miserable slumbers I was aroused by a voice pronouncing my name. I at first confounded it with the wanderings of sleep. But a chilling touch upon my forehead, completely aroused me. It was night, yet my eyes, accustomed to the darkness, gradually discovered the first intruder who ever stood within my living grave; nothing human could look more like the dead. A breathing skeleton stood before me. The skin clung to his bones, misery was in every feature, the voice was scarcely above a whisper.

'"Rise," said this wretched being, "prince of Naphthali, you are free; follow me."

'Strange thoughts were in the words. Was this indeed the universal summoner? the being whom the prosperous dread, but the wretched love? Had the King of terrors stood before me, I could not have gazed on him with more wonder. "Rise," said the voice impatiently; "we have but an hour till day-break, and you must escape now, or never." The sound of freedom scattered my apathy. The world opened upon my heart; country, friends, children, were in the word, and I started up with the feeling of one to whom life is given on the scaffold.

'My guide hurried forward through the winding way to the door. He stopped—I heard him utter a groan, strike fiercely against the bars, and fall. I found him lying at the threshold without speech or motion; carried him back; and, by the help of the cruse of water left to moisten my solitary meal, restored him to his senses.

'"The wind," said he, "must have closed the door, and we are destined to die together. So be it; with neither of us can the struggle be long.—Farewell!" He flung himself upon his face in a corner, and seemed to sleep. A noise of some heavy instrument roused us both. He listened, and said, "There is hope still. The slave who let me in, is forcing the door." We rushed to assist him, and tugged and tore at the massive stones in which the hinges were fixed; but found our utmost strength ineffectual as an infant's. The slave now cried out, that he must give up the attempt; that day was breaking, and the guard were at hand. We implored him to try once more. By a violent effort, he drove his crow-bar through one of the pannels, the gleam of light gave us courage, and with our united strength we heaved at the joints, which were evidently loosening.

'In the midst of our work, the slave fled; and I heard a plunge into the pool beneath. "He has perished," said my companion. "The door is on the face of a precipice. He has fallen in the attempt to escape, and we are now finally undone."

'The guard, disturbed by the noise, arrived, and in the depths of our cell we heard the day spent in making the impassable barrier firmer than ever.'—Vol. ii. pp. 216—219.

'I left Jubal where he lay, lingered at the door till all external sounds ceased, and then made my desperate attempt. I was wasted by confinement; but the mind is force. I laboured with furious effort at the mass of bolt and bar, and at length felt it begin to give way. I saw a star, the first for two long years, twinkling through the fracture. A quarter of an hour's labour more unfixed the huge hinge, and I felt the night air cool and fragrant on my cheek. I now grasped the last bar, and was in the act of forcing it

from the wall, when the thought of Jubal struck me. There was a struggle of a moment in my mind. To linger now, might be to give the guard time to intercept me. I was ravening for liberty. It was to me now, what water in the desert is to the dying caravan. It was the sole assuaging of a frantic thirst, of a fiery and consuming fever of the soul. If every grain of dust under my feet were diamonds, I would have given them to feel myself treading the dewy grass that lay waving on the hill-side before me.

'A tall shadow passed along, and compelled me to pause. It was that of a mountain shepherd, spear in hand, guarding his flock from the depredations of the wolves. He stopped at a short distance from the dungeon, and, gazing on the moon, broke out with a rude, but not unsweet, voice into song. The melody was wild, a lamentation over the fallen glories of Judea; "whose sun was set, and whose remaining light, sad and holy as the beauty of the moon, must soon decay." The word freedom mingled in the strain, and every note of that solemn strain vibrated to my heart: The shepherd passed along.

'I tore down the bar, and gazed upon the glorious face of heaven. My feet were upon the free ground. I returned hastily to the cell, and told Jubal the glad tidings; but he heard me not. To abandon him there was to give him up to inevitable death, either by the rage of the guard, or by the less merciful infliction of famine. I carried him on my shoulders to the entrance.

'A roar of wrath, mixed with ridicule, broke on me, as I touched the threshold. The guard stood drawn up in front of the dilapidated door; and the sight of the prisoner entrapped in the very crisis of escape, was the true food for ruffian mirth. Staggering under my burden, I yet burst forward, but I was received in a circle of levelled spears. Resistance was desperate; yet, even when sunk upon the ground under my burden, I attempted to resist, or gather their points in my bosom and perish. But my feeble efforts only raised new scoffing. I was unworthy of Roman steel; and the guard, after amusing themselves with my impotent rage, dragged me within the passage, placed Jubal, who neither spoke nor moved, beside me, blocked up the door, and wished me "better success the next time."

'I spent the remainder of that night in fierce agitation. The apathy, the protecting scorn of external things that I had nurtured, as other men would nurture happiness, was gone. The glimpse of the sky haunted me; a hundred times in the course of the night I thought I was treading on the grass, that I felt its refreshing moisture; that the air was breathing balm on my cheek; that the shepherd's song was still echoing in my ears, and that I saw him pointing to a new way of escape from my inextricable dungeon. In one of my ramblings I fell over Jubal. Exasperated at the stern reality round me, I flung the crow-bar from my hand. A sound followed, like the fall of large stones into water. The sound continued. Still stranger echoes followed, which my bewildered fancy turned into all similitudes of earth and ocean; the march of troops, the distant roar of thunder, the dashing of billows, the clamour of battle, the boisterous mirth of Bacchanalians; the groaning and heaving of masts and rigging tossed by storm.

'The dungeon was dark as death, and I felt my way towards the sound. To my surprise, the accidental blow of the bar had loosened a part of the wall; and made an orifice large enough to admit the human body. The pale light of morning showed a cavern beyond, narrow and rugged; but into which I was resolved to penetrate. It branched into a variety of passages, some of them fit for nothing but the fox's burrow. Two were wider. I returned to the lair of my unhappy companion, and prevailed on him to follow, only by the declaration, that, if he refused, I must perish by his side. My scanty provisions were gathered up. I led the way; and, determined never to return to the place of my misery, we set forward, to tempt in utter darkness the last chances of famine—pilgrims of the tomb.

'We wandered through a fearful labyrinth for a period which utterly exhausted us. Of night or day we had no knowledge; but hunger keenly told us that it was long. I was sinking; when a low groan struck my ear. I listened pantingly: it came again. It was evidently from some object close beside me. I put forth my hand, and pulled away a projecting stone: a flash of light illumined the passage. Another step would have plunged us into a pool a thousand feet below.

'The cavern thus opened to us was large, and seemed to be the magazine of some place of trade. It was crowded with chests and bales heaped together in disorder. But life and liberty were before us.'—Vol. ii. pp. 224—230.

After this escape, Salathiel becomes successively engaged in the various attacks on the Roman forces; but, as the history of his career consists of scenes, connected together rather by the order of their occurrence than by any particular plot in the fable, an analysis would be useless. Through all his adventures, he bore a charmed life; and it is to show this mystery of his hero's being, that the author has constructed the magnificent machinery of his story. The sword, the dungeon, the wildest fury of fire and tempest, the insidious snares of unseen enemies, even the dreadful power of demons, surround this fate-protected man, and in vain assault him. However deadly the slaughter of his besieged countrymen, he stood safe; and when the predicted day of wrath came, and the glorious temple, the pride of the whole earth, fell in blazing ruins on the grave of a lost nation, the flames that destroyed every other living being within the consecrated circle, left him alive to hear again the words, 'Tarry thou, till I come.'

We give the following as a specimen of the author's style in dialogue: it describes an interesting

Interview between Salathiel and Titus.

'Doubt was now at an end, and I advanced. My step roused the party, and they started up, drawing their swords. But the quick eye of Titus recognised me; and, satisfying his companions by a gesture, I heard him pronounce to them: "My antagonist, the prince of Naphtali." There was no time for ceremony; and I addressed him at once.

'"Son of Vespasian, you are a soldier, and know what is due to the brave: I come to solicit your mercy; it is the first time that I ever stooped to solicit man. My brother, a chieftain of Israel, is in your hands, condemned to the horrid death of the cross; he is virtuous, brave, and noble; save him, and you will do an act of justice more honourable to your name than the bloodiest victory."

'Titus looked at me in silence, and evidently perplexed; then returned to his chair, and, having consulted with his companions, hesitatingly pronounced: "Prince, you know not what you have asked. I am bound, like others, by the Emperor's commands; and they strictly are, that none of your countrymen, taken after the offer of peace, must live."

'"Hear this, God of Israel," I cried, "King of vengeance, hear and remember."

'"You are rash, prince," said Titus, gravely: "yet I can forgive your national temper. With others, even your venturing here might bring you into hazard. But the perfidy of your people makes truce and treaty impossible. They leave me no alternative. I lament the necessity. It is the desire of the illustrious Vespasian to reign in peace. But this is now at an end."

'He paused, and advancing towards me offered his hand, with the words, "I know that there are brave and high-minded men among your nation. I have been astonished at the valour, nay, I will call it, the daring and heroic contempt of suffering and death, that this siege has already shown. I have been witness too," and he smiled, "of the prince of Naphtali's prowess in the field, and I would most willingly have such among my friends."—I waited for the conclusion. "Why not come among us," said he; "give up a resistance that must end in ruin; abandon a cause that all the world sees to be desperate; save yourself from popular caprice, the violence of your rancorous factions, and the final fall of your city?—Be Cæsar's friend; and name what life, possession, or employ, you will."

'The thought of deserting the cause of Jerusalem was profanation. I drew back, and looked at the majestic Roman, as if I saw the original tempter at my side.

'"Son of Vespasian, I am at this hour a poor man, as I may in the next be an exile or a slave; I have ties to life as strong as ever were bound round the heart of man; I stand here a suppliant for the life of one whose loss would embitter mine! Yet, not for wealth unlimited, for the safety of my family, for the life of the noble victim that is now standing at the place of torture, dare I abandon, dare I think the impious thought of abandoning the cause of the City of Holiness."

'The picture of her ruin rose before my eyes, and tears forced their way; my strength was dissolved; my voice was choked. The Romans fixed their looks on the ground, affected by the sincerity of a soldier's sorrow. I took the hand that was again offered.

'"Titus! in the name of that Being, to whom the wisdom of the earth is folly, I adjure you to beware. Jerusalem is sacred. Her crimes have often wrought her misery—often has she been trampled by the armies of the stranger. But she is still the City of the Omnipotent; and never was blow inflicted on her by man, that was not terribly repaid.

'"The Assyrian came, the mightiest power of the world; he plundered her temple, and led her people into captivity. How long was it before his empire was a dream, his dynasty extinguished in blood, and an enemy on his throne? The Persian came; from her protector, he turned into her oppressor; and his empire was swept away like the dust of the desert! The Syrian smote her: the smiter died in agonies of remorse; and where is his kingdom now? The Egyptian smote her; and who now sits on the throne of the Ptolemies? Pompey came; the invincible, the conqueror of a thousand cities; the light of Rome; the lord of Asia, riding on the very wings of victory. But he profaned her Temple: and from that hour he went down—down, like a mill-stone plunged into the ocean! Blind counsel, rash ambition, womanish fears, were upon the great statesman and warrior of Rome. Where does he sleep? What sands were coloured with his blood? The universal conqueror died a slave, by the hands of a slave! Crassus came at the head of the legions; he plundered the sacred vessels of the sanctuary. Vengeance followed him, and he was cursed by the curse of God. Where are the bones of the robber and his host? Go, tear them from the jaws of the lion and the wolf of Parthia,—their fitting tomb!

'"You, too, son of Vespasian, may be commissioned for the punishment of a stiff-necked and rebellious people. You may scourge our naked vice by the force of arms; and then you may return to your own land exulting in the conquest of the fiercest enemy of Rome. But shall you escape the common fate of the instrument of evil?—shall you see a peaceful old age?—shall a son of yours ever sit upon the throne?—shall not rather some monster of your blood efface the memory of your virtues, and make Rome, in bitterness of soul, curse the Flavian name?"

'Titus grew pale; and shuddering, covered his eyes with his mantle, as he sat. His companions stood gazing on me with the awed aspect of men gazing on the messenger of fate. "Spare Eleazar," was all that I could utter. Titus made a sign to the page; who flew to bear, if not too late, the orders of mercy.'—Vol. i., pp. 261—266.

With the destruction of the temple, the account of Salathiel's immediate misfortunes ends; and he thus concludes his narrative:

Conclusion.

'Here I pause.—I had undergone that portion of my career which was to be passed among my people. My life as a father, husband, citizen, was at an end. Thenceforth I was to be a solitary man. My fate had yet scarcely fallen upon me; but I was now to feel it, in the disruption of every gentler tie that held me to life. I was to make my couch with the savage, the outcast, and the slave. I was to see the ruin of the mighty, and the overthrow of empires. Yet, in the tumult that changed the face of the world, I was still to live, and be unchanged. Every sterner passion that disturbs our nature was to reign in successive tyranny over my soul. And fearfully was the decree fulfilled.

'In revenge for the fall of Jerusalem, I traversed the globe to seek out an enemy of Rome. I found in the northern snows a man of blood: I stirred up the soul of Alaric, and led him to the sack of Rome. In revenge for the insults heaped upon the Jew by the dotards and dastards of the city of Constantine, I sought out an instrument of compendious ruin: I found him in the Arabian sands, and poured ambition into the soul of the enthusiast of Mecca. In revenge for the pollution of the ruins of the Temple, I roused the iron tribes of the west, and at the head of the crusaders expelled the Saracens. I fed full on revenge, and I felt the misery of revenge!

'A passion for the mysteries of nature seized me. I toiled with the alchemist; I wore away years in the perplexities of the schoolmen; and I felt the guilt and emptiness of unlawful knowledge!

'A passion for human fame seized me. I drew my sword in the Italian wars; triumphed; was a monarch; and learned to curse the hour when I first dreamed of fame!

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'A passion for gold seized me. I felt the gnawing of avarice—the last infirmity of the fallen mind Wealth came to my wish, and to my torment. In the midst of royal treasures, I was poorer than the poorest. Days and nights of misery were the gift of avarice. I felt within me—the undying worm. In my passion, I longed for regions where the hand of man had never rifled the mine. I found a bold Genoese, and led him to the discovery of a new world. With its metals I inundated the old; and to my own misery, added the misery of two hemispheres!

'But the circle of the passions, a circle of fire, was not to surround my fated steps for ever. Calmer and nobler aspirations were to rise in my melancholy heart. I saw the birth of true science, true liberty, and true wisdom. I lived with Petrarch, among his glorious relics of the genius of Greece and Rome. I stood enraptured beside the easel of Angelo and Raphael. I conversed with the merchant kings of the Mediterranean. I stood at Mentz, beside the wonder-working machine that makes knowledge imperishable, and sends it with winged speed through the earth. At the pulpit of the mighty man of Wirtemberg, I knelt;—Israelite as I was, and am—I did involuntary homage to the mind of Luther!

'But I must close these thoughts, as wandering as the steps of my pilgrimage. I have more to tell;—strange, magnificent, and sad.

'But I must await the impulse of my heart. Or, can the happy and the high-born, treading upon roses, have an ear for the story of the Exile, whose path has for a thousand years been in the brier and the thorn!' —Vol. iii., pp. 414—417.

This singular production, which is as remarkable for the splendor of its diction as the solemn grandeur of its narrative, is said to be the work of the Rev. G. Croly; an author, distinguished by a most successful employment of a style, which, when adopted by a writer of inferior ability, becomes a mere tissue of affectation and bombast. Mr. Croly's poetry has long been regarded as possessing a character perfectly original, but original only by the bright and concentrated glow of thought with which his genius has impressed every stanza. The attempt has been often made to astonish readers by a heaping together of all the wild and brilliant forms of nature, the ruined pillars and gorgeous ornaments of palaces; but they were but gathered together: we saw only the fragments of an intended pile; there was no magician, with his mysterious power, clothing them with a bright and fearful mantle of flame, and we have smiled at such a violation of truth and nature. But the author of 'Salathiel' has made us admire,—what none, perhaps, but himself, could have rendered fit for admiration—a style, which when closely examined, is certainly very contrary to the purity and ease of every other writer of celebrity, and a colouring given to every object he presents, which scarcely ever permits us to look at nature otherwise than under the red glare of a torrid sun or an angry thunder-cloud; yet, such is the power of the writer, that we have laid down 'Salathiel,' which is more strongly embued with these peculiarities of his style than any of his former works, with the feeling that it is one of the most splendid productions among works of fiction that the age has brought forth.

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

An Historical Account of the Origin of the Commission appointed to inquire concerning Charities in England and Wales; and an Illustration of several old Customs and Words which occur in the Reports. By Nicholas Carlisle, F.R.S., M.R.I.A., Assistant Librarian to his Majesty, and Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London. 8vo. pp. 330.

The doubt with which we have been occasionally struck, whether the publishers and compilers of such books as this one before us, might not be indicted under the Statute of Frauds, and handed over from the critical tribunal to the care of those gentlemen who watch attempts to extort money from the pockets of his Majesty's liege subjects under false pretences, has recurred to our minds with increased force, while wading through the useless trash which Mr. Nicholas Carlisle, Fellow and Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London, F.R.S., M.R.I.A., and Assistant Librarian to his Majesty, has thought proper to put before the public. In addition to these titles, that *learned* gentleman might, we believe, have added, that he holds another sinecure, worth several hundreds per annum under the Commission, from whose Reports, or the Parliamentary Debates, he has cut out at least nine-tenths of the three hundred and thirty pages, for which he has the conscience to demand twenty shillings. If, when we have concluded this notice of his labours, we do not prove that his volume would be dear at three-pence, we will be content to undergo the penalty, and a heavier punishment our bitterest enemies could not wish us, of reading all which Mr. Nicholas Carlisle may print for the next ten years.

The work, he tells us, originated in the following cause:

'Having lately made a General Index to the first Fourteen Reports of the Commissioners who are appointed to inquire concerning Charities in England and Wales, many subjects presented themselves in the perusal of those authentic documents which, I have been induced to think, might not be uninteresting to the public, if they were brought together in a concise form.'—P. 1.

The next paragraph is worthy of attention, as it brings to light a new fact in literary history.

'The *bare sight* of a number of volumes, often deters *readers* from examining *literary works*, a patient investigation of which, might have repaid them with useful knowledge.'

We are then informed that

'The *contemplation* of the *general benevolence!* of the kingdom, during a succession of centuries, can scarcely however, be thought by any person, to be devoid of interest; and even the statesman may be disposed to *reflect* on the *dispositions* and *apprehensions of men*, when he sees that an annual surplus of a charity, so late as the year 1810, is directed to be set apart to accumulate, as a provision for the event of a national reduction of interest.'—P. 2.

Here, a common mind would have proceeded to allude to the Commissions of which the book professes to give 'An Historical Account,' but the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries is, perhaps, bound to notice, *en limine*, the earliest national record extant. Accordingly, the third paragraph begins thus:

'When William the Conqueror *had leisure*, he began and finished, &c., Doomsday book.'

Anticipating that this digression may astonish ordinary people, the author explains his reasons for it:

'The reports to which reference is now made, display such benevolence, in a great nation, as is unparalleled in history; and, as humanity is proudly the Englishman's birth-right, I am free to think, that those who have laid human nature under the strongest obligations of gratitude, are at least as deserving of praise, as the man who only paved the way for servitude and taxation. Doomsday Book is indisputably entitled to the highest commendation, but the present reports yield to no other in their beneficial consequences and importance.'—P. 3.

The logic discussed in this passage is sufficient to establish the writer's claims to be a Member of the Royal *Irish* Academy. William the First, it seems, about 750 years ago, commanded a general survey of the lands of the kingdom; his descendant in 1817 or 1818 orders a Commission to issue to inquire into the state of Public Charities. Now, what resemblance the Reports of that Commission bear to Doomsday-book it is out of our power to describe. Mr. Nicholas Carlisle's transcendant talents, however, may enable him to perceive things which are totally concealed from others; and, if Dr. Johnson is correct in saying that 'it is the province of wit to draw resemblances—of judgment to distinguish differences,' no one will deny that Mr. Carlisle has proved himself to be 'a very *witty* man,' whatever may be thought of his *judgment*.

The next chapter is entitled 'Suppression of Monasteries,' which consists of nine pages taken from Hume, Henry, and Blackstone: then follow 'Concealed Lands,' 'Superstitious Uses,' 'Statute of Mortmain,' and 'Ancient Establishments,' under which head we are informed of the existence of the Hospital of St. John the Baptist in Ripon, and of the Hospital of St. Mary in Exeter, and some other places; that the leprosy does not now prevail in England; that it was 'a disorder of the most malignant and disgusting nature,' and are treated with several pages on that very interesting subject. This is succeeded by a history of the Three Kings of Cologne; and at page 46 we at length arrive at something connected with the professed objects of the work; for the compiler then speaks of the various legislative enactments relative to Charities, and he has accordingly reprinted copious extracts from reports, speeches in Parliament, the names of the Commissioners, and which brings us to page 90. Thence follow a variety of chapters containing various extracts from the reports, but containing not above three or four trifling facts, which were not known to every person in any degree acquainted with antiquarian literature. To the ignorant all things are new; since, in the progress of Mr. Carlisle's Index, whenever he found that a glove or a ring was bequeathed in a will, money given for marriage portions, for candles, for ringing bells, or any other common purpose, he instantly selected it as the subject of a chapter, in which he introduces some equally common-place remarks, but which become interesting from their being expressed in Mr. C.'s peculiarly eloquent phraseology, of which we shall give some specimens, since it forms the only *original* part of his book. But, though the Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of London might have been previously ignorant of some of the facts he *has brought to light*, it might be supposed that he knew that *bread* was no modern invention; yet we have a chapter dedicated to an 'early notice of bread,' in which he has really cited no less than three instances of bread being given to the poor, from the 12th to the 15th century. But we are tired of exposing the incredible folly which this volume displays, namely, of a gentleman who, not satisfied with the admiration of his contemporaries, has, in one of his works, actually invoked the shades of his parents to contemplate 'the literary productions, and present situation, (a subject of astonishment not to them *only*,) of their beloved child,'* and who, it may be therefore presumed, piques himself upon his literary reputation, stringing together a mass of well-known facts, extracts from reports, debates, and the tritest of books, and charging for the concoction the sum of 20*s*. That the Reports of the Commission contain a few curious items, is probable; and, if they had been judiciously extracted, they would, perhaps, have formed six or seven useful, if not interesting pages, and might have been printed in 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' or in 'The Archæologia;' but, to make them the peg on which to hang such a farrago of nonsense as that before us, deserves the ridicule with which it is every where treated. This allusion to 'The Archæologia' reminds us, that Mr. Nicholas Carlisle is 'Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of London;' and we are therefore disposed to view his volume with greater complacency, since it may be considered as a sort of sample of what is manufactured by a body of men, of whom, we presume from his situation, he is the *magnus Apollo*; and it may, like a lanthorn suspended before certain houses, warn innocent people to 'beware' of them and their works. With some specimens of Mr. Carlisle's discoveries, his English, and of the bathos, we shall take leave of him and his book, we hope, for ever.

DISCOVERIES.

'The origin of alms is of very early date, as the kindness of man must always have induced him to compassionate the distress of his species,—though the

* 'History of the Family of Carlisle.'

times immediately succeeding the reformation, were peculiarly adapted to encourage those honourable feelings.'—P. 13.

What feelings? And why?

'The first public libraries of which we are informed, were in Egypt!'—P. 125.

'The boys at Kirkby Kendal do not very frequently refer to the early editions of the Fathers.'—P. 127.

'Good water, *which is such an indispensable requisite in life*, appears to have *gained* the attention of the benevolent at an early period.'—P. 166.

'Charity, like other virtues, may be improperly and unseasonably exerted.'—P. 206.

'Few who are desirous of investigating the popular notions and vulgar ceremonies of our own nation, can fail of deducing them, *in their first direction*, from the times when Popery was our established religion.'—P. 227.

Of the said Popery, Mr. Nicholas Carlisle has the most pious abhorrence, and which so terrifies him, that, whenever he speaks of it, he writes greater nonsense, if possible, than usual. This may have caused him to forget, that, if 'Popery was our established religion' in early times, popular notions and vulgar ceremonies in ancient, must be deduced from the period in question.

Of the Compiler's STYLE, the following are rich specimens: speaking of men in jail for debt, he says,

'Who, under heavy afflictions of poverty and want, are without the cheering hope of friends to undertake their release, except such [what? hopes or friends?] as spring from those [which?] humane and spontaneous acts of pure benevolence.'—P. 215.

'And one nobleman, with a large and enlightened *discernment*, has *added* his *benefaction* to *meritorious criminals*.'—P. 216.

'The abstract seems to have *slumbered* in manuscript for twenty-eight years.'—P. 50.

We are not told, however, who awoke Mr. or Mrs. Abstract out of his or her short nap.

'Schools upon which exhibitions are settled, the very expectation of the reward draws [Boys? No, but] *resort*, and excites an emulation [in whom, Mr. Resort?] in learning and good deportment.'—P. 120.

But our limits are exhausted, and, for the bathos, we must refer to the work itself, *passim*.

THE MAY QUEEN.

Sylvia; or, The May Queen. A Lyrical Drama. By George Darnley. 12mo. pp. 217. Taylor. London, 1828.

THE songs of fairy-land, we were afraid, had long ceased; and we suspected there was scarcely a bard in all England, who, out of pure love for verse and simple melody, would sit down to meditate a strain, that he could only expect would be admired by such summer-loving beings as himself. We do not see, however, why this should be the case. Fairies may be disavowed when met on the high-ways, or claiming acquaintanceship by the chimney-corner; but it is playing the traitor with our own memory and happy fancies, to forget them on the moon-shiny nights of spring, or when strolling among violet-copses, or over balmy meadows. It is with something, therefore, of more than our usual pleasure at the sight of a volume of poems, we have drawn the 'May-Queen' from our accumulated stores; and we proceed to show our readers, by a few passages from its contents, why it has met with such attention at our hands.

ACT II.—*Scene* 1.

'The homestead of a thrifty peasant,
Quiet, secure, well-built, and pleasant;
Its eaves are moist and green with age,
Its windows wattled like a cage:
From out the tell-tale chimney curl
Blue wreaths of smoke with easy whirl;
A huge domestic elder tree
Shades the dear cot maternally;
While the sweet woodbine on its walls
Sits weaving her fine coronals,
Dropping betimes a careless gem
From some loose-twisted diadem,
And looking down as she would stoop
To pick her fallen jewels up.
In front a narrow garden blows,
With formal flowers set out in rows,
With gravel'd walks, smooth as the sands
Laid down by Triton's webbed hands;
Neater, I ween, though not much ampler,
Than wee miss works upon her sampler,
And looking like a cit's parterre
Amid the mountain grandeur there;
For some, bred in the wilderness,
By contrast love wild Nature less
Than those who gasp within the town
To range the hill, and roam the down,
Loving wild loveliness alone.
'The cottage-back, if you must hear,
Shuts out a liquid murmurer,
(But you may catch his sullen roar
More loud when opes the thorough-door,
And see him far a-field betray
With shining scales his serpent way.)
Ev'n in that Isle by Vesper fann'd,
Which all the world call "Snug-man's Land,"
The land of heart-felt, homely bliss,
There's not a snugger cot than this.
One side leans oldly 'gainst the hill,
And t'other props a crony mill
That aye keeps clacking, clacking still;
As if it never would have done
Its tale to its companion.
Two smiling lasses (fair Roselle,
And Stephanie, a village belle)
Are seated at an oaken table
That scarce to bear the weight is able
Of fruits, and roots, and cates, and pies:
A flagon of portentous size
Stands, like the urn of ancient Po,
From whence his sea-bound surges go,
Bellying, the table foot beside;
From which a wrinkle-smoothing tide
Pours the burnt traveller you see
Into his cup right frequently.'—Pp. 31-33.

The same character of easy versification, and unaffected gracefulness of description, belongs also to the following little sketch. It carries our thoughts pleasantly to the cool springs, and the calm and silent shades of sylvan solitudes:

ACT IV.—*Scene* 2.

'Deep in a wild sequester'd nook,
Where Phœbus casts no scorching look.,
But Earth's soft carpet, moist and green,
Freckled with golden spots is seen;
Where with the wind that swayeth him
The pine spins slowly round his stem;
The willow weeps as in despair
Amid her green dishevelled hair;
And long-arm'd elms, and beeches hoar,
Spread a huge vault of umbrage o'er:
Yet not so thick but yellow day
Makes through the leaves his splendid way;
And though in solemness of shade,
The place is silent, but not sad:
Here as the Naiad of the spring
Tunes her deep-sounding liquid string,
And o'er the streamlet steals her song,
Leading its sleepy waves along,—
How rich to lay your limbs at ease
Under the humming trellises,
Bow'd down with clustering blooms and bees!
And leaning o'er some antique root
Murmur as old a ditty out,
To suit the low incessant roar,
The echo of some distant shore,
Where the sweet-bubbling waters run
To spread their foamy tippets on:
Or mid the dim green forest aisles
Still haughtier than cathedral piles,
Enwrapt in a fine horror stand
Musing upon the darkness grand.
Now looking sideways through the glooms
At ivied trunks shap'd into tombs;
Now up the pillaring larches bare
Arching their Gothic boughs in air:
Perchance you wander on, in pain
To catch green glimpses of the plain,
Half glad to see the light again!
And wading through the seeded grass
Out to a sultry knoll you pass;
There with cross'd arms, in moral mood,
Dreadless admire the cloister'd wood
Returning your enhanced frown,
Darker than night, stiller than stone.
'But now the Sun with dubious eye
Measures the downfal of the sky,
And pauses, trembling, on thy brow,
Olympus, ere he plunge below
Where ever-thundering Ocean lies
Spread out in blue immensities.
No stir the forest dames among,
No aspen wags a leafy tongue,
Absorb'd in meditation stands
The cypress with her swathed hands,
And even the restless Turin-tree
Seems lost in a like reverie;
Zephyr hath shut his scented mouth,
And not a cloud moves from the south;
The hoary thistle keeps his beard,
Chin-deep amid the sea-green sward,
And sleeps unbrushed by any wing
Save of that gaudy flickering thing
Too light to wake the blue-hair'd king;
Alone of the bright-coated crowd
This vanity is seen abroad
Sunning his ashy pinions still
On flowery bank or ferny hill:
Now not a sole wood-note is heard,
The wild reed breathes no trumpet-word,
Ev'n the home-happy cushat quells
Her note of comfort in the dells;—
'Tis Noon!—and in the shadows warm
You only hear the gray-flies swarm,
You gaze between the earth and sky,
With wide, unconscious, dizzy eye,
And like the listless willow seem
Dropping yourself into a dream.
'But look!—who rides before you now,
Light cavalier! upon a bough!—
Awake, and hear the merry elf
Say what he comes about himself.'—Pp. 114-117.

We close our selection with a passage of a different kind; a fit finale to such descriptions as the above of rural nature. It presents us with the hero and heroine, who experience as many troubles as Una and her faithful knight; but who are at length rewarded with success and happiness:

ROMANZO AND SYLVIA.

'*Romanzo.* After the Night how lovely springs the Morn!
After the shower how freshly blooms the green!
After the clouds and tempest of our fate,
How sweetly breaks the beauty of the sky,
And hangs its rainbow ev'n amid our tears!—
How Mercy joins us in her circling arms,
And, like a beauteous mother, wishes us
All joy that can betide!—Is not her blessing
Already come upon us? Is not this
Perfect beatitude?
Sylvia. O, but I fear
It will not last for ever!—'Tis too sweet.
Romanzo. What should Heaven find in either of us two
That should provoke its shaft?—No! we will live,
Bosom to bosom thus, like harmless doves,
And so be spared for our great innocence!
Look up, and smile!
Sylvia. Nay, I am of thy mind—
Ecstacy is too deeply-soul'd to smile.
I am more near to weep; but such fond tears
As flow'rets, ill-intreated of the night,
Shed, when the morn-winds sing i' the Eastern gate
That father Sun doth rise.
Romanzo. Is not this love
A happy thing? a fountain of new life,
Another urn of blood within the heart
That floods the ebbing veins; and teems new life
Through all those ruby channels?—O it is
Warmest of bosom-friends!—Joy'st not to feel
This downy bird rustle within thy arms,
Choosing his fragrant bed; as fond as he,
The nectar-bibbing fly, who doth disturb,
With most uxorious care, yon rose, the while
He settles in her breast?
Sylvia. Is Love a bird?
Romanzo. A boy!—with curls of crisped gold, like thine:
Lips like the fresh sea-coral: in his cheek
The sleepless Laughter cradles; and above
Perpetual Sport rides in his humorous eye.
This guest of man hath to his use beside
A quiver, and light arrows, and a bow;
With which he stings his votaries' willing hearts,
Aiming from beauty's hills, or vantage-ground,
Where he can light: then flies (for pinions he
Fleeces the wand'ring gossamer) to tend
The wounds his bolt hath made; and often there,
Like a good surgeon, pillows till they heal,

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Or sweetly cruel makes them bleed again.
This is Love's picture; and his page of life
Writ in Time's chronicle.
Sylvia. Sure it must be
A marvellous child!
Romanzo. O, 'tis a winsome boy!
And tells such pleasant tales, and sings such songs,
With harp gay-tinkling like a Troubadour,
That icy nuns through charitable grates
Thrust forth their lovely arms to pamper him;
And so he often wounds them, while they leave
Their bosoms undefended.
Sylvia. I would hear
Some of his minstrelsy.
Romanzo. Why, so thou hast:
He speaks through various lips; even now through mine.
Sylvia. Ah! thou deceiv'st me: thou art he! but clothed
In shape more godlike.
Romanzo. No! his deputy,
Teaching thee his pure doctrine, and sweet truths.
How wilt thou e'er repay me? O, will all
Thy heart be half enough, for making thee
So wise a scholar in this book of joy?'
Pp. 160—163.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

Public Characters: Biographical and Characteristic Sketches with Portraits of the most distinguished Personages of the present age. Vol. I. 12mo. Knight and Lacey. London, 1828.

We have read this volume with considerable pleasure, and we hope not without profit. It is indeed, in the language of the preface, 'a work combining superior execution with the utmost possible cheapness,' and deserves that encouragement and support which we have no doubt it will meet with. The little volume contains twenty-seven public characters of the most celebrated men of our day, comprised in the space of 324 duodecimo pages. These characters are for the most part well drawn, and the writing in the book, (one great merit in so hackneyed a subject) is all original. The style, indeed, is far above the average of the ephemeral works of the day; and, having carefully examined the work as a whole, we are prepared to say, that the facts are in general authentic, and the numerous details, with respect to private history, age, &c., such as may be relied on. It is gratifying to observe, too, that a spirit of liberality runs through the whole, and in this latter particular the little volume may be very advantageously contrasted with a work called 'Public Characters of 1828,' published at double the price and putting forth much higher pretensions. This latter work abounds with errors of fact and style, and is written in the most vicious spirit of ultra Toryism. As we mean, at no distant period, to review this last-named volume of 'Public Characters' in a separate notice, and to point out some of its more glaring errors, we shall content ourselves with giving the sketch of Sir Richard Birnie, from the smaller volume, first, however, premising that we select Sir Richard, rather from his having lately come more under the notice of the public than many other names in the title page, than as thinking his portrait the best drawn, or most faithfully sketched in the book.

'Sir Richard is a native of the royal borough of Banff, and was born about Christmas, 1765. He very early imbibed the lesson, so perpetually taught in his country, and so generally imbibed and acted upon by his countrymen, that "the road to preferment and wealth lay southward;" and, having reduced the maxim to experiment and practice, he has never evinced any eagerness

"To measure back his footsteps northward."

'Consult an Englishman where you will from home, and you always find him, without enthusiastically praising his country, ardently wishing to return to it. On the contrary, Scotchmen, in every part of the world, and especially in England, are incessantly stunning us with the superlative excellencies of *their* native land; but not one wish do they ever breathe to revisit it, still more to abandon their new prospects, and return to abide where they were born.

'Sir Richard Birnie left Scotland very early, and, after some preliminary undertakings and gains, settled in the Haymarket as an army saddler. There we must award him the praise of integrity and industry, and these prime qualities were combined with a full share of the minor requisites to a tradesman's success. That success was unprecedentedly rapid; for though, on retiring from business, within seven years of commencing it, he could not be considered opulent, during that short period he had gathered a respectable competency, and was able to assume the style of an independent gentleman, which both his talents and manners qualified him to support.

'His business had given him frequent access to many of the Members of both Houses, and also to some of the Cabinet Ministers; by whom his acuteness in matters "above and beyond his craft" had frequently been noticed. Whether his early retirement from business was the *effect* or the *cause* of some promise of an official appointment—whether it was suggested by some higher power as likely to lead to office, or that office was afterwards sought by himself for the sake of occupation as well as honour and profit—we have not heard, nor are we anxious to know. He had not, however, long been a man of leisure before he was summoned to Union Hall; not for employing his leisure to any bad purpose, but that he might employ it in the administration of justice, in that centre of the most dense and depraved population of the British metropolis.

'It was soon found that Mr. Birnie had not received credit for talents of which he was not possessed, and that he had not been chosen for a station he was not qualified to fill. The most honourable and useful years of his life were those which he passed in dispensing justice at Union Hall. To him the inhabitants of that district were indebted, in no slight degree, for the security of their property at that period. His predecessors, his colleagues, and those who have succeeded him in that important police establishment, may all of them be entitled to praise; but we had the best opportunities of knowing that Mr. Birnie's attention and assiduity were successful in no common degree in arresting the march of crime, and following up its commission by prompt, and merited, and salutary punishment.

'It is usual for a magistrate to pass through most of the other police offices in London and Westminster, before he arrives in Bow-street, the central and principal office of the metropolitan police. And when he arrives there, it is not common for him directly to occupy the chief seat in that "synagogue of Satan." But it was Mr. Birnie's distinguished lot to pass from Union Hall, his first place of authority, at once to Bow-street; and not to a subordinate rank below the other magistrates of the place, but to the chair of the chief magistrate, the presidency of the bench. This took place in the year 1824, on the retirement of Sir Robert Baker; and, as the former chief justices of Bow-street were also knights, the royal sword touched the shoulder of Mr. Birnie as he knelt before the King, and he rose up Sir Richard.

'It would gratify us to behold as decided and efficient an improvement in Bow-street under Sir Richard Birnie, as Union Hall exhibited when the same individual, unknighted, sat upon that bench. Truth, however, compels us to acknowledge the disappointment we have felt ever since the promotion took place. That the magistracy of Bow-street have an arduous task to perform, we are willing to admit; but we have yet to learn that the public dissatisfaction, never so great as at this moment, with the general character and many of the proceedings of that office, arises out of any peculiar difficulty by which its justices are beset, or any cause which it is not in their power to remove. Of the defective nature of the London police generally, there can be no doubt; but the practical evils of the system, it is to be feared, hold their chief seat at the chief office, and thence, as from a corrupt and common centre, proceed to the extremities of the capital, and in a certain degree diffuse themselves all over the kingdom.

'It has been the fashion of late years to praise the French police at the expense of our own: and, certainly, the detection of crime, and the arrest and conviction of criminals among the lower classes, are there much more easy and certain than they are in England. But over against these advantages we have much to place—the military character of the agents, and the martial law, or something very like it, of the system—the want of discrimination, and integrity, and impartiality, which it frequently betrays: moreover, the despotic power which it commits to the hands of the chief minister, at whose mercy, in fact, the liberty of the French is in a great measure placed. We often regret that our police has so little influence in suppressing brothels and gaming-houses, and in restraining the dreadful evils which spring from them, and which we fear are increased by protection, rather than diminished by prohibition and suppression. But should we like a minister of police acting as the avowed and official protector of these dens of vice and crime? Should we be willing to commit into the hands of such a servant of the crown, and master of the country, a power to control the public press—to keep whatever facts he thought fit from the public eye—and to levy hundreds of thousands to support the system according to his own will?

'While we are on the subject, we may remark, that the French police is abused to worse purposes than our own; and, with all its boasted excellence, it is not found so efficient, and sometimes has no efficiency at all, when circumstances of high importance most require it. In proof of the first of these charges, we may refer again to the powerful head of the French system—the minister of police. Chateaubriand assures us that "if one of the agents happen to be involved in a criminal affair, as having been a voluntary accomplice with the intent of being an informer and a witness, and the counsel for the prisoner plead this to weaken his testimony, the circumstances are forbidden to be published." Now, who does not see the vast superiority of our system.* Let us take an instance, some years old, but still fresh in the recollection of our readers. If the London press could have been bribed or awed to silence about the conduct of the policet officer, Vanghan, the wretch and his associates mighhave escaped with impunity, and the victims of their villany would have suffered the punishment of the law.

'Whether our system, were it properly administered, and never abused by its immediate agents, would be found sufficient for all desirable purposes, will admit of some doubt. The system itself appears good so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. By some extension of its powers, and addition to its agents, we are persuaded that fidelity in the latter is alone required to break up every gang of thieves within the bills of mortality.

'It has lately been asserted in the public journals, that Sir Richard Birnie has what he calls a black book, in which are inserted the names and abodes of several known receivers of stolen property. If this be the case, how is it that we never hear of an individual of the clan being brought forward? How are we to account for the ease with which stolen property is *bought* back, and yet the receivers, whose "local habitation and name" are well known at Bow-street, remain concealed and secure? There's something rotten in the office.

'Amidst these circumstances of astonishment and alarm, increasing every day, the trifling portion of the public are amused, and the sober-minded and reflecting are disgusted, with some of the most ridiculous farces, under the name of police examinations. Occasionally, these will occur in other offices; but in Bow-street they are so frequent, that reporters and spectators are daily anticipating them, and are seldom disappointed. We refer not to the caricatures of ordinary examinations, published in a morning journal, once the advocate of Sir Richard Birnie, but now assuming a different tone. Our allusion is to the well-known exhibitions of the pathetic or the humourous in the office itself, which have now become so frequent as, not only to retard the proper business, but to induce a suspicion that the managers get the pieces up on purpose to divert the public attention from the degenerate manner in which that business is transacted.

'Sometimes the magistrates, Sir Richard Birnie and Mr. Halls† themselves, will condescend to perform a petit piece alone, by way of prelude to some broader farce or deeper tragedy. Then the aid of an officer or two will be called in, and a smart dialogue will ensue

* 'A striking proof of the value of our system of police is given by Lord Valentia, in describing some incidents attending our taking possession of Furruckabad's country. As soon as the English arrived there, about a hundred Patars waited on his Lordship to know whether he intended to establish a police? He assured them most seriously that he did. Upon this, they told him that it would not suit them, and all immediately departed to the Mahratta country. "Seven persons," his lordship adds, "were in prison to be tried for murder at the next circuit, but not one crime of that description has been committed since the police was established."

† 'Disposed or obliged as this gentleman sometimes is to play second fiddle to his knightly superior, he is by far the more respectable of the two, and not only conducts himself in a more becoming manner, but possesses and exercises far more legal knowledge and magisterial acuteness than Sir Richard Birnie.'

between Sir Richard and his old and favourite stewards. To create further variety, a reporter is occasionally engaged to perform some second part, Sir Richard continuing to take the lead, and acting as the hero or the *tyrant* of the piece. Last of all, the performance comprehends a prisoner or two, and their accusers and attorneys, together with a few raw supernumaries who happen to be on the spot.

'But to be more serious—we regret that these exhibitions, wretchedly out of character as they are, form not "the head and front" of Sir Richard Birnie's "offending." We have exempted him from any *general* abuse of his country magisterial brethren, reserving to ourselves the opportunity of reprobating such *particular* instances of this unhandsome conduct as have fallen under the public notice. One of these, the only one we shall detail, occurred about a year ago; and we distinctly mention it, because we had the opportunity on the spot of ascertaining the real merits of the case. In an examination of persons suspected of the murder of Morgan, a seaman of the preventive service at Dover, Sir Richard rashly declared that "he could seldom get his warrants against smugglers backed by the magistrates of the Cinque Ports, *because the greater part of the magistrates themselves were smugglers.*" He farther said, that, "five years ago, the gaol at Dover was broken open at mid-day by the smugglers," and that "thirteen of their companions were rescued in triumph, *the magistrates looking on at the time.*" We have called these assertions rash; we may add, they are utterly untrue and cruelly unjust. So sweeping a censure on a body of country magistrates of the highest respectability, among whom were Sir William Curtis and Baron Garrow, could proceed from no upright and honourable attachment to the ends of justice; but must have sprung, either from prejudices unworthy of a man of Sir Richard's authority and pretensions, or from mere rumour and misapprehension, which it was disgraceful to convert without inquiry into facts, and then ostentatiously to announce in a proceeding which required no allusion whatever to the subject.

'Recent circumstances prove that Sir Richard Birnie can treat parish constables, of known respectability, and of his own neighbourhood, with rudeness and injustice. Mr. Thomas, a bookseller in York-street, Covent Garden, is constable of the parish in which the two great theatres, and we believe Bow-street office, stand; and he recently, much to his honour, avowed his determination, if possible, to suppress the intolerable nuisance, and restrain the glaring vice, which prevailed nightly around the theatres. At first, he was promised by Sir Richard Birnie the assistance of the office and officers in his laudable undertaking; but, instead of assistance, he has met with insult and violence. The officers actually arrested him, and took him before their knight commander, on the plea of an officious intrusion into their duties! And how did Sir Richard Birnie meet the case? He has not dared, as we fear he wished, to hold Mr. Thomas to bail; nor has he ventured absolutely to forbid his further efforts to suppress the vice of the neighbourhood: but his shameful conduct has produced the latter effect. He affected to treat the affair as a squabble between police officers and a parish constable, to which a magistrate ought not to listen! The consequence has been the retirement of Mr. Thomas from personal services, in which, properly aided by the magistrate, he might have been incalculably useful. Indignant at being restrained by the power which ought to have encouraged him, and which actually promised him assistance, Mr. Thomas has addressed a letter to the principal journals, stating the necessity of employing a substitute in his office.

'Is it possible to look at such a proceeding, and believe that either the Bow-street officers, or their commander-in-chief, honestly wish to diminish the evils of that abominable neighbourhood? Can it be doubted that the officers find their gain in connivance or supineness, and that Sir Richard Birnie finds, at least, his ease in upholding them? We hear that Mr. Thomas is preparing a statement to be laid before those at whose pleasure Sir Richard holds his office, and we shall rejoice to find such shameful partiality and perversion meeting their due reward, in either remonstrance or removal.*

'It is some relief to turn to another affair, in which Sir Richard and his men appear to be able to establish their innocence of a heavier charge. We allude to the recovery of the Warwick notes, and of some other property, which was said to have passed back to their owners through the hands of police officers. Still the question recurs, and an awakened and indignant public will resolve to have an answer—Why are the restorers of such property suffered to make their bargains and take their bribes with impunity? If these restorers were neither the robbers nor the receivers of the property, a connection must exist between them sufficiently close and tangible for men much less expert than Bow-street officers to detect the first offenders; and very few such detections would demolish the nefarious system; at least, they would place both the Magistrates and officers of Bow-street, and of other police establishments, in far higher reputation with the public than they at present possess.'—Pp. 183—192.

* 'Since the above was written we perceive that Sir Richard, in examining another "squabble between the officers and constables," has uttered a sort of apology for his behaviour to Mr. Thomas—remarking, that he thought him wrong in interfering with the officers, because he was out of the bounds of his own parish! When we read this paltry excuse, we involuntarily exclaimed, with a vigorous writer of the last century, "Spirit of reformation! thou art careful about many things; when wilt thou proceed into the department of JUSTICING, which at present appears the one thing needful?"

RETZSCH'S OUTLINES TO SHAKSPEARE.

Outlines to Shakspeare. Designed and Engraved by Moritz Retzsch. 1st. Series, Hamlet. Fleischer, Leipzig. Treuttel and Würtz. London, 1828.

In this work the celebrated and spirited illustrator of Schiller and Göthe spreads his wings for a new and loftier flight, aspiring to express, in graphic representations, the ideas of the Bard of Avon. The task is a fearful one—to be executed with complete success, it requires a genius inferior only to Shakspeare himself. To the difficulty of following the soarings of a mind such as that of the English dramatist, is to be superadded the disadvantage that the labours of the artist, who engages in an undertaking like that before us, are anticipated, not only by the images with which the mind of every reader of Shakspeare is fully preoccupied,—an evil common to every illustrator of popular works,—but by the theatrical representations, which, where the power of conception has been wanting, have supplied the deficiency, and have impressed, on the most unimaginative minds, pictures which it will be impossible to surpass and difficult to rival.

Retzsch, however, has before established his claim to be considered a man of decided genius; and the announcement of a Shakspeare Gallery by him, has raised, of course, the highest expectations. The specimen now put forth in this first series, which contains his Illustrations of the Tragedy of 'Hamlet,' is exactly such as must have been looked for from the hand of him who traced the outlines of 'Faust,' of 'Fridolin,' and of 'The Strife with the Dragon,' by those who duly felt and appreciated the character and merits of those works. The present designs display great invention; they abound in mind, feeling, propriety, and grace, and in easy and spirited delineation. They grow upon approbation by being dwelt on; the more they are observed, the more fully do they satisfy the mind. It cannot be denied, however, that, in one respect, and that the most material of all, the artist has failed. We look in vain in the principal personage for the high intellectual character of the Prince of Denmark. The Hamlet of Retzsch is not the Hamlet we have been accustomed to from our youth; the noble and princely Hamlet, melancholy, dignified, philosophic, grand, and intellectual, such as the imagination of every Englishman has traced the character, after the original pictures of the immortal bard; and such as John Kemble has represented him to our corporeal senses, and as the President of the Royal Academy has preserved him for posterity, in the portrait of that great tragedian. The want of a high and noble style in Hamlet himself, and the too strongly marked savouring of the German school, and of the peculiar talent for diablerie of the artist himself, are the only exceptions to be raised against the able work before us; and, having disposed of them, we proceed in the more pleasing duty of describing its contents, and of drawing attention to its characteristic beauties.

The Illustrations of Hamlet consist of seventeen plates, in thirteen of which, scenes of the play itself are represented. The remaining four are offered as a Cover, Frontispiece, Prologue, and Epilogue. For the cover, we have the Tomb of Hamlet, in which the spirit, simplicity, and feeling of repose, of the Gothic tombs of our ancestors, are most happily preserved; while the history of the personage it incloses is ingeniously told by the accessories to the general design.

The Apotheosis of Shakspeare forms the frontispiece. It is a design abounding in beauty and feeling, in the manner and worthy of the illustrator, of Homer, Æschylus and Dante,—our own Flaxman. Would the author desire higher praise? The plate given by way of prologue, represents the murder of the former King of Denmark, Hamlet's father, while sleeping in the garden. It is remarkable for the simplicity and force with which the story is narrated. The stern figure of Justice is in a very grand style of art. The adjunct of a spider darting from its web on a fly, regaling beneath on a leaf, is an example of the poetic feeling, mind, and ingenuity with which the author has enriched his pictures in the most trifling parts. The thirteen scenes from the play which succeed this plate, are selected with great judgment. They are the following:—1. The appearance of the ghost to Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus. 2. The oath on the sword of Hamlet. 3. The soliloquy. 4. The players acting before the 'uncle-king and aunt-mother.' 5. The dialogue between Hamlet and Guilderstein:

'Will you play upon this pipe?' &c.

6. Hamlet discovering the King at his prayers. 7. The slaying of Polonius through the arras. 8. The appearance of the Ghost to Hamlet during his interview with the Queen. 9. The madness of Ophelia. 10. The Grave—Yorick's skull. 11. The obsequies of Ophelia—the contention of Hamlet and Laertes in her grave. 12. The combat between Hamlet and Laertes. 13. The King slain by Hamlet.

Of these, the Soliloquy is the only scene in which Hamlet is invested with his true grand and dignified character. The Ophelia has all that simplicity and beauty in which Retzsch's delineations of female form are so peculiarly happy, and which are so admirable in his ever-charming Margaret.* In loveliness and grace, the figure we are contemplating is scarcely inferior to the Madonnas of Raphael's early style. The scene of Ophelia's madness is full of poetry and effect. Her figure is noble and elegant; her air of wildness, and her occupation in strewing flowers, are highly touching. The form of Laertes is bold, majestic, and soldier-like. The grandeur and simplicity of these plates, composed of a few figures only, are more to our taste than those which display greater elaborateness in the composition, and a multiplicity of figures: other persons may probably be of a different opinion, and prefer the latter. Of these, all of which abound in merit of various kinds, one of the best is the last, intended as an epilogue to the whole,—the Trauerbühne, or Lying in State, which, as a composition, has few equals. The majesty of the figures, the grouping, the drawing, the splendid pageantry of the heraldic accompaniments combine in forming a glorious picture.

To this mere glance at the merits of those plates which have struck us as most beautiful, it is but justice to add, that, throughout the work, the freedom of design, the correctness of drawing, and the clearness and beauty of outline, are equally preserved. Proofs of, a fertile and inventive mind abound in the accessories or to use a term, theatrical and therefore not inappropriate, the bye-play, of every plate. We have already mentioned one instance in the scene in the garden, and we cannot omit noticing another in the management of the ghost, whose shadowy transparency is signified by a dotted continuation through its figure of the lines of buildings and other objects; an extraordinary idea at which genius alone would venture.

We cannot quit this work without paying our tribute of praise to the fine style and elegant taste in which it is got up. The type is most beautiful. The dedication page to His Majesty must be excepted, as quite at variance with the rest of the work, as worthy only of a guager, or, at best, a village-schoolmaster.

VIEWS OF THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

Twelve Views of the Battle of Navarino, taken on the spot, from one of the Ships engaged in the Action. By George Philip Reinagle. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.

We took an early opportunity of mentioning this Series of Views as being in progress, and we are now glad to announce their completion. The young artist, it appears, being on a voyage of pleasure in the Mediterranean, with a naval friend, was most unexpectedly called into scenes which were rather more picturesque than he had anticipated; but, profiting by the peculiarity of his situation, he brought away with him the most copious, as well as accurate and spirited, details of all the several scenes and events which characterised this memorable conflict. Having seen the originals, we can speak with confidence as to the great talent they evince, and, above all, to the extreme accuracy of all the marine technicalities. The ships are drawn with a masterly hand; and, in all the evolutions and positions delineated, the same faithful adherence to reality is apparent.

* In Faust.

The first Engraving in the series is a plan of the action, which was drawn by Mr. Reinagle, from information gathered from the several ships of the combined fleet, with which he had the advantage of communicating immediately after the action. It has been since compared with the plan taken by Captain Sir T. Fellowes, when he entered the harbour to negociate with Ibrahim Pasha, previous to the action; the outline of the harbour is taken from the Admiralty chart.

Plate 2, gives a fine view of the *Scipion* 74, which, on entering the harbour, ran aboard one of the *brulots*, and entangled her bowsprit with the rigging of her fore and main masts. She is represented as just having anchored by the stern; the flames of the fire brig ran in at the bow-ports, and exploded the cartridges in the men's hands. The *Dartmouth* is anchored in such a position, as to rake the Turkish line; her fore and mizen top-gallant sails were burnt, and she narrowly escaped catching fire from a *brulot*, that drifted on her starboard quarter, near enough to be boomed off. The *Dartmouth* sunk some small vessels close to the town early in the action.

Plate 3, represents the *Sirène*, which bore the flag of Admiral de Rigny, engaging the first double-banked Turkish frigate on the right of the harbour, almost muzzle to muzzle; she narrowly escaped being burnt when the frigate blew up. The violence of the explosion carried away the mizen-mast of the *Sirène* by the board. The *Trident*, Captain Maurice, is seen supporting the *Sirène* by a well-directed fire on the frigates which had attacked her on the quarter.

Plate 4.—The time chosen for this subject is about an hour after the commencement of the action, when the Egyptian Admiral opened his fire on the *Asia*. By this time the Turkish Admiral's ship was reduced to a mere wreck: the carnage on board was so immense from the well-directed fire of the *Asia*, that there were no less than 650 Turks killed—the *Asia* lost 19 killed, and 57 wounded. The *Hind*, tender to the *Asia*, the mast only of which is seen, unfortunately entangled her main boom in one of the stern ports of Mocharem Bey's ship. The Turks made strenuous efforts to board without success.

Plate 5, exhibits the *Genoa*, (Commodore Bathurst,) anchored close alongside the second Turkish line of battle ship, where she soon shot away her springs, by which means she was enabled to rake the Turkish ship for more than an hour, and killed 450 men: the Turkish ship caught fire in the gun-room, but it was extinguished. The Capitana Bey's ship, whose cables were shot away, drifted against this ship, and suffered considerably from the raking fire of the *Genoa*: they both drifted past the *Albion* at about four o'clock, and re-anchored close astern of her: the *Genoa* and *Albion's* guns sunk a double-banked frigate which is represented as foundering.

Plate 6 represents the *Albion*, Captain Ommanney, anchored within pistol shot of the third Turkish line of battle ship, and a double-banked frigate. On casting anchor, she swung aboard a large frigate of 56 guns, which she boarded and carried. The Turks ran below, and fired up the hatches, and wounded some of the men in the feet; they afterwards set fire to the ship, and her cables were scarcely disengaged when she blew up, with great part of her crew on board. The *Albion's* fire was so destructive, that in half an hour she entirely disabled the Turkish liner, whose crew cut her cables and deserted her in boats; after drifting past the *Azoff*, this ship ran on shore with her fore top-mast stay-sail set, and was burnt and blown up.

Plate 7.—The *Azoff* (bearing the flag of Rear Admiral Count Heiden) engaging a double-banked frigate, bearing the flag of Tahir Pasha: she is represented firing her starboard guns on the Turkish line of battle ship that had engaged the *Albion*. The *Azoff* had her main cap and cross tree shot away. Her hull was very materially damaged. The *Breslaw*, at the first broadside, sunk a large Turkish frigate of 50 guns on the starboard bow of the *Albion*.

Plate 8.—The *Hanhoute*, Capt. Avinoff, engaging Tahir Pasha, and various corvettes and brigs. The *Ezekiel* engaging a heavy frigate, and numerous small craft; and the *Alexander Newsky*, a round-sterned ship, seen taking up her station ahead of the *Ezekiel*; she was opposed to a heavy frigate (which struck to her) and two corvettes.

Plate 9.—The *Talbot*, (the Hon. Capt. Spencer,) taking up her station within pistol shot of two Turkish frigates and a corvette, the fire of which she had to withstand for upwards of twenty minutes, when she was relieved by the *Armide*, Capt. Hugon, who, in the most gallant manner, pushed in between the *Talbot* and her two powerful adversaries, and succeeded in capturing one of the frigates; the other struck to the *Talbot*.

Plate 10.—The *Mosquito*, (Capt. G. B. Martin, to whose kindness Mr. Reinagle was indebted for his trip to the Mediterranean,) anchored between four fire brigs, two of which she engaged, the *Philomel* attacked the other two, one of which she sunk. The *Mosquito* had to withstand the fire of three corvettes and the bow guns of a heavy frigate, besides being considerably within range of the forts of Navarin and the batteries on the Island of Sphacteria. Two corvettes blew up at about ten o'clock at night, within 100 yards of the *Mosquito*, so near the shore, as to set fire to the grass and bushes on the Island of Sphacteria, which were burning all night.

Plate 11, Is a correct portraiture of the entrance of Navarin harbour: the *Cambrian* is represented taking in her studding-sails and royals, and opening her fire upon the town to the right. She received thirty-six shots from the batteries before she could bring a gun to bear. The *Glasgow*, (the Honourable Capt. Maude,) was nearly a mile astern of the *Cambrian*, and was sent to communicate with Commodore Hamilton, which accounts for her entering the harbour last. She anchored close ahead of the *Mosquito*; her guns, together with the *Cambrian's*, were so admirably trained, that every shot told, and compelled the forts and batteries to surrender, and the Turks showed a light at night, as a signal that they had struck.

Plate 12.—This scene occurred at half-past twelve at night, and is introduced at the particular request of Count Heiden. The Egyptian Admiral's ship *La Guèrière* cut her cables, and drifted on shore, to the southward, with her fore top-most stay-sail set; the wind, having shifted to the eastward at night, blew her from the shore across the harbour, and she ran amidships of the *Hanhoute*. Capt. Avinoff fired a broadside into her and boarded. The Turks had set her on fire in six different places, which the Russians extinguished, and, having cut away her bowsprit, boomed her off, and she drifted on shore close to the *Talbot*. A Turkish frigate, that had drifted on Middle Isle, exploded at the same time.

Plate 13, gives a view of the town of Navarino: it stands on a promontory at the foot of Mount Temathia, extending a quarter of a league in length from east to west, but much less in width; the fortifications were built in 1572, and were never repaired until the war with the Russians in 1770. The town is surrounded by a wall without ditches, out-works, or ramparts, and the artillery consists of about forty iron guns. Navarino surrendered to the Turks, on the 23d of May, 1825.

The series of views commence at the right of the harbour, continuing in regular succession to the left, and form altogether a most interesting history in detail of this memorable battle. We learn, that the sale of this work, which, from being on a moderate scale of size and expense, is also of moderate price, already promises to be considerable; and we know of no more copious or accurate materials that could be placed in the hands of all those interested in the subject than these present.

LANDSEER'S MONKEYANA.

Monkeyana; or Men in Miniature. Designed and etched by Thomas Landseer. No. 3. Moon and Boys. London, 1828.

THAT these are ingeniously designed and cleverly executed satires on some of the follies of mankind, there is no denying; and, as works of art, they are much better than the subject needed. But we doubt whether the idea has not been already carried as far as it will bear; and, for ourselves, we confess we should be glad to see Mr. Landseer's superior talent employed on more elevated labours.

The first of the designs in the present number, is intended to exhibit a picture of human credulity. A languishing lady's-maid is reclining on the arm of a black footman, who is eagerly watching the predictions of one of that wandering race, of whom Cowper says:

> 'Great skill have they in palmistry.'

The expression of all the pieces is good, and the etching of the plate is admirable.

The second subject exhibits a parish beadle chasing some urchins from their innocent play on the pavement of cloisters:

> 'But man, proud man,
> Drest in a little brief authority,
> Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
> As make the angels weep.'

Plate 3, represents a barrister in wig and gown, in conference with a grinning client. The back-ground exhibits a den, through the iron gratings of which is seen a man with his head in the lion's mouth, a death's skull, enrolled with parchments, and a barrister holding an uneven scale, and eating the contents, while two cats appear to be quarrelling for what the barrister is himself devouring:—the allusions are all tolerably clear.

The fourth represents a pugilistic contest, on a raised stage—the combatants stripped to the buff, but using the gloves; the spectators all enjoying the treat, and the poet exclaiming,

> 'Lay on, Macduff,
> And d—d be he that first cries "Hold! enough!"'

There is genuine humour, characteristic fidelity, and great powers of art exhibited in each of these; but, as before observed, we think the limits of the subject have been reached, and shall be glad to see so much power displayed in a higher walk.

SCENERY OF CLIFTON.

Views of the Scenery of Clifton and the Hot Wells. Drawn on Stone by W. Westall, A.R.A., and W. Guaci, from Original Sketches, by the Rev. J. Bulmer. Engelmann and Co. London, 1828.

THE first Number of this work, which has just appeared, contains four views, all well chosen and skilfully executed. The first is St. Vincent's Rocks and the Hot Wells, from the Ashton Fields, in which the rising terraces, perpendicular cliffs, and full-foliaged trees are particularly effective. The second is the Sea Walls, Leigh Wood, &c., looking down the Avon, which has great boldness and beauty. The third is Bristol from Clifton Hill, where the city and adjoining country are seen in a bird's-eye view. The fourth is Dundry Tower, Leigh Wood, Hotwell House, &c., from the Zigzag, Clifton, which is quite as beautiful as any of the preceding. If the future Numbers are executed with the same taste and skill as the first, it will form a most acceptable collection.

PORTUGUESE SCENERY.

Three Views of Cintra, in Portugal. Drawn on Stone, by F. Nicholson, from Sketches recently taken by the Rev. J. Bulmer. Colnaghi. London, 1828.

THE scenery of Cintra has long been proverbial for its beauty, and some of its features (though, we must admit, not the most striking) are preserved in the Views before us. The first gives a very faithful idea of the buildings, walls, and vineyards of the place. The second—which is too faint, judging from the impression sent us,—gives a view of Montserrat, a former residence of Mr. Beckford's, and the Hills above Colares; and the fourth represents the Palace, the Convent of N. S. Da Penha, and the Town of Cintra, from below the Penha Venda. This last scene is beautifully picturesque in itself, but it is not made the most of in the execution.

We have a Series of Views in Madeira, from Sketches by the same gentleman, but much more effectually managed by the artist; which we shall notice in our next.

MADEMOISELLE SONTAG.

Portrait of Mademoiselle Sontag. Painted and drawn on stone by J. Brocker. Ackermann. London, 1828.

THIS lithographic print presents a good likeness of this celebrated singer, as far as the outline of features can convey an idea of her person. It should be added, however, that the great charm of Mademoiselle Sontag's beauty lies in the brilliance of her complexion, and the union of lightness and playfulness, which is produced by her fine blue eyes, Saxon hair, and delightful smile; peculiarities which no engraving can faithfully represent, and which even the most exquisitely coloured painting could but imperfectly convey.

Jardin des Tuilleries—Le Pont Neuf—Le Butin—Les Paysans Russes. Adam Friedel. London, 1828.

THESE are four lithographic prints, descriptive of the several subjects named. The two first are recognised, by those best acquainted with the scenes described, to be faithful without caricature, and the two last have all the appearance of versimilitude.

THE FRENCH STAGE AND MR. CROKER OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

All the productions of the mind come within the jurisdiction of criticism; which, though free from bitterness and personalities, may sometimes violate both reason and good taste with impunity. But when a satire, already overflowing with ignorance and spleen, involves, besides, a gratuitous torrent of abuse against a whole nation; when, by designedly confounding the interests of letters with those of malice, a writer makes havoc at once of men and things, he unavoidably exposes himself to the accusation of perfect and unblushing ignorance. This is a reproach which the French have frequently cast upon the 'Aristarchus' of 'The Quarterly Review:' they very willingly forgive him for calumniating the Greeks and the Romans, whom he knows not; and for judging of Racine and Voltaire, whom he has not studied; but they cannot pardon his contempt of all decency, in mingling the grossest insults with a dissertation, the sole object of which should have been, to ascertain the merit of their theatrical productions.

That we may give a just account of these mutual accusations, we have perused, with much attention, what the French call *les pièces du procès*. The first act of aggression that we meet with, is an article entitled, 'The French Tragedy,' which came, as every body knows, from the politico-literary pen of the Admiralty Secretary. This production, (not to call it an abortion,) bears on two points perfectly distinct,—the private virtues of the French, and the extent of their dramatic talents. Our readers will soon see, that the official critic was as sparing of ability and erudition in discussing the literary question, as he was prodigal of sarcasm and invective in meddling with the subject of morals. He sets out with attacking a respectable family, who never did him harm,—by uttering the most horrible slanders on the memory of a man who cannot reply from the silence of the tomb:

'A late critic,' says he, 'whose dreadful fame as a legislator is more likely to give him immortality than his renown as a man of letters, M. J. Chenier, *the judicial murderer of his brother*, asserts, that comedy and tragedy have been richer in genius than all the other walks of French poetry taken together,' &c.

The question is no longer about poetry, but only about poor Chenier, whom, in the face of the world, the critic of 'The Quarterly' deliberately denounces as 'the judicial murderer of his brother.' The charge is positive; but what will our readers say when they are informed, that, so far from its being supported by the slightest proof, or even the semblance of truth, it is acknowledged, on the contrary, that Chenier was not only an enchanting poet, an amiable philosopher, and a profound statesman, but also the most respectful of sons, and the tenderest friend of his unfortunate brother, who ceased not, to the latest moment of his life, to make him the confidant of his pains, his pleasures, and his hopes. We should offer insult to the memory of M. J. Chenier, by a refutation of the base calumny intended to blacken it; but, as this country contains a great number of respectable persons, who, being unacquainted with the history of the French Revolution, have allowed themselves to be imposed upon by the tone of assurance in which the critic of 'The Quarterly' plays on their credulity, it may be well, in this place, to produce a testimony which shall carry conviction to the mind of a fanatic with the coldest bosom and the falsest heart. M. de Chateaubriand, who never was partial either to the person or the opinions of M. J. Chenier, expresses himself in the following manner, in his inaugural speech, on being received into the French Academy:—'Chenier, as well as I, knew what it was to lose a *tenderly-beloved* brother, and would be sensible to the honour which I pay to his relative; for he was *by nature generous*.' If this trait should not be sufficient to convince Mr. Croker, we might adduce another, which, though not understood by the critic, would surely be so by every mother. The poetess who, for fourteen years, bewailed the death of her son, assassinated by the revolutionary Hydra, spent the whole of that sorrowful period with M. J. Chenier, and he received her last sigh!

As for the literary portion of the article before us, we shall only take notice of its principal faults, persuaded that it would be useless to stumble at errors of an inferior description, (such as anachronisms of time and place, misappropriation of names, &c. &c. where so many glaring instances of this sort are to be discovered. We shall also allow Mr. Croker to borrow when he likes from 'The Dictionary of the French Theatre,' (3 vols. 8vo.,) and the historical collection of the same, for the purpose of taking from thence the titles of plays and the names of the authors, of which he gives a pompous catalogue to his readers; but we will take the liberty of observing to him, that, out of gratitude for these compilations, he ought not to have made them speak absurdities which belong exclusively to himself. They cannot have told him, for example, that Ducis made a literal translation of 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Lear,' and 'Othello;' for it is well known that his design, (and he has acted accordingly,) was only to furnish a few and very few imitations of Shakspeare's plays: nor that the tragedy of 'Joseph,' by Baour Lormian, is one of the productions of the revolution, to the spirit of which it was indebted for the success it obtained. 'Joseph' was published during the Empire, and not during the Republic. Besides, could Mr. Croker point out to us a single act, scene, or verse in 'Joseph' which contains one idea of liberty; as many ideas as there are in that heroic pastoral? However, amid the confused heap of titles, names, and dates, there are some luminous ideas which belong to Mr. Croker, and to which it is but right to acknowledge the justice of his claim. In his opinion, the 'Barber of Seville' and 'Figaro' are prolix and tedious pieces. This, at least, is something new, particularly to the French, who, for nearly seventy years, have been fools enough to consider the 'Barber of Seville' as a complete masterpiece of ingenuity, criticism, spirit, philosophy, and especially of liveliness and wit. Had Mr. Croker read this play, he would have seen in it, among other soporiferous things, that, '*in the wide field of intrigue, every thing must be cultivated, even to the vanity of a fool.*' This maxim would probably have reconciled Mr. Croker to the dramatic talent of Beaumarchais.

'The drama,' says Mr. Croker, 'is the species of literature which best accords with the French character: *natio commoda est.*'

And here is the reason:

'The French have a peculiar talent for playing any part they please. They can assume any humours, and counterfeit any manners. They are never themselves; every boudoir, every saloon is a theatre, where every individual is at once an actor and a spectator; and society is a vast stage where every man and every woman ceases to be natural, unless, indeed, personation be nature. The province of every Frenchman, when produced before the world, is to differ from himself; and his politeness consists in simulation and dissimulation.'

This is what may be called a vigorously sketched picture. The character of it is new, and particularly polished. It is impossible to make criticism more amiable, or to possess a more exquisite feeling of the usages of society and literature. Verily, it is a pity that the reviewer has not followed his inspiration right through, and made a plump declaration, that *quisque in Galliam prodierit infamis est.* The French have made no reply to this *gentlemanly conduct;* doubtless, because a nation, which has any self-respect, will give no answer to people whom it despises. But, as it is perfectly competent for us to amuse ourselves with some fooleries, without any evil consequence, we will take the liberty of asking the critic, what sort of French drawing-rooms they are which he has so spiritedly sketched. They cannot be the saloons of good society of which he speaks, but those of the Palais Royal, and what he says of them is perfectly just. As to boudoirs, it is clear that Mr. Croker speaks of them as Moses spoke of the Promised Land,—without ever having been there.

After having disinterred the names and surnames of a dozen French writers, with whom his readers would probably have preferred becoming acquainted through their works, the reviewer comes down to Fabre d'Eglantine, the author of several excellent comedies, of which he makes no mention, but a contributor to 'The Republican Calendar,' of which he talks a great deal, and yet says nothing.

'About the same time appeared Fabre d'Eglantine, (who, by the by, was the composer of another work, not less coarse, "The Republican Calendar,") which substituted cabbages, parsnips, turnips, and other succulent plants, in the room of the saints which formerly presided over the days of the year.'

We are sorry for the turnips, cabbages, and parsnips, which might be very good with a little (Attic) salt; but we are under the necessity of saying, that the learned critic of 'The Quarterly' is not so skilful in astronomy as in French literature. 'The Republican Calendar' (in which, by way of parenthesis, not a word is said about cabbages or turnips, but when the months of the year simply took the physical attributes assigned them by nature, such as *floréal, fructidor, &c.*) has been considered a masterpiece by all philosophers who have studied the system of the universe; and, if Mr. Croker had lived under Cæsar or Mohammed, one of whom remodelled the calendar of the Romans, and the other that of the Arabians, he would certainly have made but a poor business of it with those persons, who, possessing knowledge and genius, would have found great difficulty in discovering any thing comic in the herbaceous jokes of 'The Quarterly Review.'

'With a timid respect for the general practice of the Athenians, the French have not ventured to enlarge upon them, and the most material difference they have introduced, and which is but a negative improvement, relating merely to the form, is the abolition of the chorus.'

We acquiesce in the opinion that the French poets have too long and too servilely followed the steps of the Greeks; and we shall always applaud the efforts of every impartial critic, who may contribute to eradicate from our neighbours that mania for imitation which clogs the efforts of national genius. But to say that the suppression of the chorus is the most material variation that the French dramatists have made from the plan of the Greeks, is certainly to advance a groundless absurdity, and one which argues the profoundest ignorance of the two theatres. In short, in which of the French tragic writers has the critic discovered those *epodes*, those antistrophes, accompanied with a dull chant, which are necessarily attached to the Greek dramas? Have the French imitated the invariable custom of the Greeks of introducing their actors mounted on a kind of stilts and covering their faces with a mask, expressive on one side of joy, and on the other of grief? Is their declamation measured like that of the Greeks, or do the French comedians conceal under their masks those brazen tubes through which the Greeks habitually used to make their voices louder and more terrible? It is not on the French stage that Mr. Croker should have sought for the most marked remains of the manner of the Greeks. With a little more information on the subject, he would have known, that the Italians have deviated from the primitive forms of the Athenian theatre much less than the French. The celebrated Metastasio, for example, in his lyrical tragedies, has rigorously observed the unity of action and of place; the chorus which he adds to them, and which are drawn from the heart of his subject, are precisely the choruses

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of the ancients; and his recitative measured and sustained by *piano*, is no other than the Merope of the Greeks.

But, without dwelling any longer on the extraneous matters which have escaped from the writer in 'The Quarterly,' we will proceed to point out some of the great moral differences which distinguish the extremes of that immense interval that separates the Greek and French theatres; differences with respect to which the dramatic lawgiver of 'The Quarterly Review,' applies himself to a chain of reasonings that evinces on his part a total ignorance alike of the ancient and the modern stage.

'The Greek stage was, itself, an infant production of the vast dramatic art. It rose at a time when the human soul scarcely knew itself, or had discovered the faculties which it possessed.'

What an assertion is this? What correspondence is there between the infant stammerings of the dramatic art, and the Greek plays, from which, in some sort, the French dramatists have drawn their poetry? Could 'The sacrifice of Iphigenia,' 'Electra,' or 'Œdipus,' by any chance, be imitated from that of the goat which Icarius offered to the Vintage God, in gratitude for his having taught him how to cultivate the vine? Would Mr. Croker insinuate that the magnificent scenes of 'Phædra' and 'Andromache' are but a tardy imitation of the Hymn of Bacchus, afterwards called 'Tragedy, or the Song of the Goat,' and which was, indeed, the first germ of that majestic tree that has since overshadowed the Universe? If not, why need he refer to a period so uncertain, when nothing could in any case be known of tragedy except the name, instead of candidly adducing the true era of dramatic art, the age of Æschylus? It is true that, after having hazarded a very false induction, the critic disguises it in some sort, by reverting to the time of Sophocles; but he is again deceived in what he says respecting that period:

'Surely, none will assert, that, since the days of Sophocles, the whole state of men and society has not been progressive.'

Most assuredly society has not remained stationary since the days of Sophocles. As well might one deny the gravitation of our planet towards the sun, as dispute the perfectibility of the human mind. But it is not our present object to inquire whether the moderns are governed by different natural laws, or have a philosophy and sciences different from those of the Greeks. That would be a strange departure from the question, which is only to determine in what degree the Athenians possessed those traditions, beliefs, and necessities, and that profound knowledge of mankind which constitute the essential and independent, fixed and unalterable excellence that has an equal power of pleasing in China as in France, in barbarous as in polished nations—that supreme excellence, in short, with which the Greek Drama abounds, and which the French poets have taken as their model, in all that concerns the human heart, which depends neither on taste, nor on the freaks of fashion.

To make ourselves better understood, let us examine into the peculiar spirit of Tragedy. What idea does the word convey to us? It has been said, that tragedy may be personified by the representation of a weeping queen, accompanied by terror and fear, preceded by despair, and followed by sorrow and grief. And what is the food by which she is nourished? Ambition, terror, malice, pity, and, sometimes love. What is required to inspire these sentiments? Revolutions, changes in fortune, recognitions, and intrigues which bring every passion into play. Now, we ask if there be a mine more fruitful in events of this description than the mythology and history of the Greeks? But this is not all: simplicity, truth, and propriety are necessary to give the appearance of nature and probability to the transports of the soul, and the accidents of different situations. Again, we ask if it be not among the Greeks that we must look for the development of the most numerous and finest examples of those noble, simple and undisguised characters, which find a ready passage to the heart, and take complete possession of the feelings, as in Œdipus, Philoctetes, Iphigenia, and Hippolytus, compositions which, for their accurate discernment of manners and customs, will, if we may be allowed the expression, always be considered as divine productions.

After having established the rules of Tragedy, it remained to give it a tendency to the public good. This the Greeks attempted in two respects, by encouraging fortitude in adversity and abhorrence of tyranny. Both of these ends were accomplished: for Socrates and Phocion died heroically, and tyranny was overthrown.

It should therefore seem, that, independently of these elementary beauties, the Greek Tragedy exerts a moral influence, which scarcely proves that this nation was so *green* in the knowledge of man, of society and its appendages, as the critic of 'The Quarterly Review' arrogantly pretends.

We have said that Greece possessed, in her mythology, and in the works of Homer, an inexhaustible source of tragic subjects. We will go further, and affirm that, in the time of Sophocles, the tragic scene had no need of either of those resources to assist it in raising an imperishable monument to Melpomene; for, at that time, the history of Greece was as replete with tragical events, with subjects for study and comparison, and with hopes and recollections, as the history of any people that has since appeared on the stage of the world; although Mr. Croker affirms, with wonderful assurance, that

'The Greeks had not positive antiquity, and but a limited ancestry. They had no traditions which may be relied upon, and no history but fables. No recollections furnished them with pictures of real men bound together or separated in such various interests and passions as now prevail; and they could learn the mysteries of the heart from no report and no school but the observation of the moment.'

It is possible enough for a man sometimes to be lost amid the darkness of antiquity; but it is not to be tolerated, that one who aspires to appear in print should blunder thus grossly on a period which lies open to the inspection of history. What! in the time of Sophocles and Euripides, or, in other words, in the most brilliant age of Athens, the age of grandeur, of magnificence, of riches, of monuments and noble spectacles, the age of poets and philosophers, of orators and historians, of heroes and great men of every kind,—Athens, says Mr. Croker, had neither traditions nor recollections which might furnish subjects for the pencil of her tragic poets! So, then, the learned Mr. Croker is ignorant that Athens did not attain to that age of glory, but by proceeding from revolutions to revolutions, and resting, so to speak, on each successive step of the social scale. For Athens, be it observed, came only by degrees to that high state of civilisation evinced by the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, as well as to that form of republical government in which originated so many prodigies, and which the Romans, in aftertimes, established with so much promptitude by the expulsion of the Tarquins. Let us go back, and, without losing ourselves in the land of fables, set out from a known point. From her very origin, Athens was governed by kings, but their authority was so limited, that, in almost all the states of Greece, this monarchy was, for a long time, little more than a sort of magistracy for the preservation of the public rights. In this view, for example, must be considered the seventeen kings of Athens, from Cecrops to Codrus. After the latter prince, the very shadow of regal dignity, was lost in the thoroughly democratic institution of the Ephori, who were first chosen annually, afterwards every tenth year, and were, ultimately, made perpetual. From this point, at long intervals, succeeded those great revolutions which gave rise, in the very bosom of Greece, to all the elements of the drama, which Mr. Croker so inexorably denies to her,—a remote genealogy, traditions on which she could rely, history instead of fables, and a long line of actual men, united or divided by the operation of the most violent passions and the most important interests. After the Archons, came Draco with his sanguinary laws, the legislation of Solon, and the factions under favour of which Pisistratus usurped the supreme power, and gave the Athenians the first specimen of autocratical tyranny. Thrice was he deposed, and as often replaced on the throne, where he maintained his seat, till Athens, uniting with Sparta, brought about his final and irrecoverable fall. But his son, who had taken refuge in Persia, speedily returned at the head of the army of Darius, who intended to afflict Greece with a Restoration. Then it was that the Greeks, by a resolute and noble refusal, entered on that long career of battles and triumphs, reverses and various vicissitudes, which brought them to that age of wonders, in which tragedy issued from the brain of Æschylus, like thought from that of Jupiter, all panoplied with arms. Very soon the Drama was raised, by the pencils of Sophocles and Euripides, to that state of perfection to which the poets of France have since rendered the willing homage of imitation. Thus, it is evident that the then Greek Tragedians, who, according to Mr. Croker, 'could study the mysteries of the heart from no record and no school but the observations of the moment,' had, in the space of many well-known ages, seen unfolded a picture the most vast, the most animated, the most varied, and the most fruitful in dramatic occurrences of all kinds, that ever was afforded by the annals of any civilised people.

UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENTS.

(From the Travels of Theodore Elbert, a young Swede.)

No. I.—*A Meditation at Netley Abbey.*

The first view is not very striking; grey ornamented walls, among green wood. The interior, however, is extremely interesting, especially one long roofless hall, with a large window at each end. A high and spacious building is thrown off from one side of this, like one of the arms of a cross, and is surrounded by two ranges of tall arches one above the other. This is the most perfect and beautiful part of the edifice. Trees, that appear the growth of a century, are towering up among the ruins, and replace, with their foliage, the roof which formerly shaded the building. These green and stately plants, and the thick creepers which enwreath and robe every pointed arch and slender column, and wrap the rough grey fragments of the walls now scattered over the whole area, have taken away all the rawness and soreness of recent desolation, and that nature which manifests itself with so much glory in the heavens above, and the landscape around them, seems to press with her soft embrace, and hallow with her fresh beauty, these mouldering remains of art.

Yet the prevailing aspect of antiquity completely prevents us from thinking of the fabric, as of any thing but the relic of an elder age: and this is well, for every thing is in itself salutary which connects us with the past, and teaches us to feel that we do not stand isolated in the waste of time. It is good for us to contemplate our kind as connected through all its epochs, and knit into unity; and there is no better state of mind than that which revives and cherishes within us those generous and charitable, or serene, meditative strains of sentiment, which carry, through all the centuries of history, as it were, one golden thread, one fresh rivulet, a single beam of happy light. I would not willingly persuade myself that there is no touch of natural affection in the kindly reverence with which we survey the handiwork, or muse among the sepulchres, of preceding generations; and I have far more charity for Jew, Turk, or Pagan, than for him who would make

me an enemy to the past, by proving that it is inimical to me. The person who would really destroy our veneration for the annals and legacies of our fathers, is he who attempts to make their wisdom a warrant for our folly; and who turns our respect and sympathy for the monuments of buried ages into gall and bitterness, by forcing us to dwell, like the maniacs, in the tombs. Such men bring the ancient days from the natural distance at which mankind are willing to worship them, and mix them up with the business and interests of the present. Our ancestors thought, planned, struggled, and conquered for themselves, and with reference to the circumstances of their era; and oftentimes they did so nobly and wisely. But would that their graves would open and swallow the brawlers who make the insignia of their free and sublime spirits to be collars of iron round our necks, and chains upon our hands. We are ready to honour their trophies, but why should we bear them like burthens on our backs; or wherefore should the crowns they won be turned into foolscaps for their children?

I love a ruin wisely, but not too well. There are those who manifest the excess of their affection by measuring its area, and taking the attitude of its pinnacles. I would understand it, feel it, gaze upon it, even as I do now. The abbey, I believe, belonged to the Cistercians, and the horses of Cromwell's dragoons were afterwards stabled in its cloisters. These skeleton windows were probably once filled with gorgeous tints, with grotesque fiends, and hoary martyrs. These aisles resounded with the pealings of white-robed choirs. Here was the solemn and burly abbot, and the dark files of cowled monks; and a vassal peasantry crowded together, at awful distance from their holy superiors; and here too, perhaps, some neighbouring baron would resort, to atone, by occasional ten-fold devotion, for habitual contempt of friars, and violation of ecclesiastical canons. On some high festival, how would all these be lighted up and harmonised by a blaze of tapers, under the shadow of lofty and gloomy arches, into a rich perspective of brilliant and solemn colours, venerable forms and awful symbols; while the deep tones of spiritual exhortation, and the exulting or imploring melodies of devotion gave a purport, and meaning, and heavenward application to the whole. Then came the age when children loitered and clambered among the ruins of the monastery, and sheep fed quietly round broken images, and the defaced carved work of the sanctuary; and so generations passed. And again, with what a confident joy must the decay of this noble fabric have been surveyed by the stern soldiers of the Commonwealth, while some highly-gifted and many-scarred trooper placed himself on a mass of the ruin, and holding the Bible on one hand, while he leaned with the other on his dinted broad-sword, expounded the advantages of those mansions of the heavenly Jerusalem which the elect were destined to inherit over these earthly tabernacles of antichrist; till, warming with the beloved theme, amid the shattered buttresses and roofless aisles, he would lead the voices of the grim enthusiasts in a hymn of thanksgiving and triumph, for the fall of Babylon the Great, and the overthrow of the high places of idolatry; and, perhaps, at last, fling off cloak, belt, and cuirass, and toil at the lever and the mine to promote the work of desolation.

Scarcely a trace now remains, even to the gaze of fancy, by which we may guess at the details of those means which gradually destroyed the fabric. All is now softened and made beautiful, and inspired with one consistent character and soul, by the overgrowth of luxuriant creepers. The green foliage of many soaring trees waves its dappled shadow over the walls and the weed-matted area; and the abbey, with its broken columns and crumbled ornaments, seems to have become a portion of universal nature, a graceful feature of a glorious countenance, an original member of the landscape in which it stands; born of the same mother and by the same generation, as the ivy which crowns the trees which overshadow, and the blue bright sky and eternal sun which illuminate and smile upon it. The grey massy stones look as if they had grown up, like the hills and woods, by some internal energy, from the centre, and expanded themselves, amid the co-operating elements, into a pile of silent loveliness, a place of solemn and lonely meditation, fit for the quiet reveries of the idly active, or the high and various fancies of a poet.

This it may be to any one whose mind is capable of seeing more in a beautiful ruin than in a curious machine, or a pretty toy,—any thing more than an object to be looked at for half an hour, thought of for a minute, and talked about for a day. But, to those whose conceptions and feelings mount higher even than poetry or speculation, Netley Abbey is a still more happy retreat; one abounding in wealthier secrets, and instinct with more grateful and healthy contemplations. To him who thinks that there is a peculiar religion in temples, and that where is the carved work of the temple, there must necessarily dwell the glory of the Shechinah, Netley was long ago desecrated by the silencing of its choir, the rending of its arches, the overthrow of its altar. But, if we know and feel that there are places of worship besides the church and the closet, and other perches for meditation than the cushion of a pulpit, then we shall find, among these broken remains, a soul still living under the ribs of death, perhaps as powerful and as religious as that which once inhabited their full-blown pomp. What finer moral breathes among the discourses spoken so often to careless ears, and the prayers that so many millions of times have been uttered by mechanical lips, than those thoughts which meet and detain us, and make around us a voiceless melody, in these dim and breezy courts? What more exquisite harmony between the deeds of God and of man than those graceful and almost invisible blendings of art and nature, where the architecture, said to have been originally copied from the forest paths, is now again assimilated to them, and mingled with and raised to the fresh and living beauty of its prototype? What more just and easy gradation from man to God, than in the cemented lump of stone on which we sit, the wild-flower which springs from it, the bush by which it is clasped and shaded, and the tall ash which, rising above the columned buttresses, upswells to and waves amid the skies? These walls, methinks, are as the incomplete and perishable circuit of those peculiar forms and sectarian modes of religion which we all are placed in during childhood, and to which we commonly cling through life with a fond, and unreasoning, and, sometimes, a jealous and angry affection. The verdure, and foliage, and clinging fibres, and lofty stems, image out that universal and inward faith, which gives to these their purport and beauty, life, power, and saving spirit. Sown by no human hand, springing up by the law of their own being, watered and fostered only by the skies, they clothe and crown these dead and mouldering works of man's contrivance, surround them with all loveliness, and fill them with strength and vitality, make them a shrine, not alone for Benedictine or Cistercian, for Roman Catholic or Protestant, but for the unselfish and pious, heart of all races, ages, sects, and circumstances; and show that, let artificial fanes and marble altars remain or perish as they will, that influence of the creative son, that energy of the Logos, which made, and moves, and blesses the universe and the soul of man, will always open in the wilderness a fountain whereat we may quench our thirst, and rear up, amid the ruins, a temple holier than that made with hands. Is is not, indeed, possible, that these relics are an emblem of that fallen nature which built the structure? May it not be, that, like it, man once was an upright and goodly being, applied only to those aims for which he was framed and consecrated, admitting to his heart no employment but the offices of prayer and praise; and yet that, when this perfection was overthrown and decayed, there remained the seeds of feeling, so pure, and aspiring, and spiritual, as may enable us to rise higher and nearer towards the source and centre of love, than the point at which we stood in the freshness of our race? The work of purification may leave the gold more precious than if it never had been debased by the worthless alloys of its ore. But,

Now dewy twilight o'er these shattered walls
Breathes from the closing eyelids of the skies,
The blessed night, with starry influence, falls
O'er carv'd remains and boughs, that heavenward rise;
The healing gentleness of evening sighs
From arch to arch, and thrills the slumbering trees;
And, like the memory of dead centuries,
The shadows stride before the lingering breeze.
The pinions of the heavens, with flechered gloom,
Infold the world, and the adoring earth
To all religion: here there is no tomb,
But holy promise of that second birth
When o'er man's ruin beauty shall return,
And perfect Love shall light his funeral urn.

LATE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

[In a Letter from Italy, communicated for the 'Athenæum.']

Naples, March 25, 1828.

This is the country for earthquakes and volcanos. Three times, during our present residence here, Naples itself has been shaken, but each shock was so slight, that I did not feel either of them; however, on each occasion, the fact of an earthquake having taken place was too well attested to be disputed, although not perceived by persons who happened at the time to be in the noise and bustle of the crowded streets of the city. Last month, however, there was an earthquake at Ischia, one of the islands in the bay of Naples, that destroyed Casamicia, the principal town. Not a house escaped being seriously damaged, and the greater part were rendered heaps of ruins. About forty persons were killed, and great numbers dangerously hurt; and the whole of the inhabitants, amounting to about 3,000, were without homes, and without employment, reduced to the greatest want and misery; for their poverty was so great, that, before the accident, 1500, half the whole number in the place, lived upon charity! The only relief obtained from the Government was a company of Sapeurs, who were sent to pull down the dangerous ruins; but a subscription was set on foot by the English, that amounted to about a hundred pounds. To make the most of so little amongst so many, three grains (about one penny) were distributed daily to each person: you will have some idea of the relief this pittance afforded, when I tell you there are thousands in Naples who manage to live upon as little.

There has been an eruption of Vesuvius! It has not been a grand one, but quite enough to give me an idea of its tremendous and destructive power; and, if it had been greater, we could not have gratified our curiosity by going at the time of the eruption to the crater, and from thence at midnight witnessing its explosions, which we were enabled to do in comparative safety, from the volcanic matter being thrown in the opposite direction to that in which we were. During the whole of Friday, the 21st, immense quantities of smoke that filled the whole mouth of the crater, which is about three miles in circumference, were sent forth without intermission, and at night the flames issued in the same manner, and were visible to a great height above the crater. The night scene was beautiful, and we placed a sofa in front of our balcony, which has a full view of the mountain; and we thus at our ease watched all its changes through the greater part of the night. At times, the clouds passing over the mountain were made perfectly transparent by the immense flames which issued from

the crater beneath them, and the reflection formed a body of light in the heavens that might be compared to the pillar of fire by which the Israelites were led at night through the wilderness.

On the morning of Saturday, the 22d, both smoke and flame had nearly subsided, until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when the smoke issued in a larger volume, and rose majestically, curling to a greater height than any at time on the previous day. In the evening we set out, that we might arrive, as night came on, at the summit. Two-thirds of the ascent can be performed on donkeys, but the cone must be ascended on foot. We reached the mouth of the crater a little after midnight. No descriptions can give you an adequate idea of the workings of the fiery gulf beneath us. During our ascent we had heard tremendous explosions, which had not taken place the night before, and we had seen, high in the air above our heads, the fragments of fire which either fell into the crater again, or on the opposite side of the mountain to that we were ascending; and we were now able to look down upon the cauldrons of fire from which the explosions proceeded. On the further side were three holes, at a short distance from each other, but connected by a canal flowing with burning lava, whilst fire continually issued from the holes, throwing up lava, cinders, and other substances. At the bottom of the crater, on the side nearest to us, was an immense hole, full of a fiery fluid, like metal in a state of fusion, and bubbling and bursting over the sides; whilst, each time that it rose above the hole, there was a crash and a noise louder than thunder, which could be heard at the distance of many miles. This was accompanied by a discharge of immense pieces of lava, scoria or hot cinders, and other volcanic substances, thrown to a great height above the crater, and falling, fortunately for us, on the other side of the mountain. The effect was truly sublime, though we were not without some degree of alarm; for the guides would not remain any longer, declaring they were not safe, and we were obliged to descend sooner than I wished to do. We had, however, witnessed the workings at the bottom of the crater, which produced, whilst we were observing it, five tremendous eruptions; and, as we were descending, the lava and burning scoria fell on our side of the mountain, to the no small terror of my two sisters, who had the courage to accompany us. Poor Bianca could scarcely keep her seat on her donkey, whilst Hannah clung trembling to the guide for protection. One piece of the scoria fell, red-hot, a short distance from me; it was too hot to touch with the hand, but I brought it away with a stick, that I might keep it as a memorial of the eruption. It weighs about three pounds.

The scene at the hermitage, about two-thirds of the way up the mountain, was exceedingly curious; all the persons who ascended the mountain, in going and returning, rested themselves there; which produced such an assemblage of donkeys and their riders and drivers, that, what with the glare of innumerable torches, the braying of the asses, and the noise of the people, who were of all nations, a confusion was caused sufficiently ludicrous, and powerful enough, at times, to draw the attention altogether from the sublime contemplation of the mountain itself. I think I am quite correct in stating, that, for every Italian who went up the mountain, there were at least two French and ten English visitors; and our fair countrywomen, in their ardour on the occasion, were not behind any; for those who could not procure side-saddles, made no scruple, under favour of the darkness of the night, to ride their donkeys on men's saddles, rather than remain behind. But I must conclude, although the mountain is still smoking, and we may, therefore, expect further and grander explosions than those we have already witnessed. Great quantities of lava and cinders have been thrown up; they have principally fallen in the direction of Ottajana, on the other side of the mountain.

ITALIAN OPERA.—MADEMOISELLE SONTAG.

King's Theatre.

ALTHOUGH the first appearance of any eminent performer is sure to produce considerable excitement in the fashionable and musical circles, by the members of which the Italian Opera is chiefly frequented; yet, on no occasion, within the memory of the oldest professor, or amateur, was that excitement so powerful and so universal, as in the instance of the expected *debut* of Mademoiselle Sontag. Almost all other great singers have either come more suddenly upon the Opera boards, or, if ample note of preparation has been given, it was still but for a comparatively shorter period before their actual appearance, and unaccompanied with those accidental or collateral causes of doubt, and alternation of hope and fear, which has characterised the advent of this last musical wonder. We had heard of her, through the foreign journals, as electrifying and enchanting the critical and even fastidious audiences of Berlin and Viennaa: drawing down from each, not merely thunders of applause, but the most romantic demonstrations of an admiration, amounting almost to the worship of idolatry,—strewing the stage with flowers,—elevating garlands,—waving of handkerchiefs,—shouts of triumph,—and every other mode which the most exuberant fancy could devise, of evincing unbounded homage to this Queen of Song. We had again heard of her at Paris, where the same effects were produced; and the desire to hear her in London became inflamed to a still higher degree, when it was known that there were almost insuperable difficulties in the way of her engagement, on the ordinary principle of men longing most eagerly for that which is most difficult to attain. The more enthusiastic of our nobility and gentry, who possessed the requisite leisure and means, proceeded to Paris, to hear her there; and, as few are willing to admit, that they have journeyed far and spent largely for nothing, they returned with reports of her beauty and her voice, which surpassed all belief, and wrought up the expectation and desire of those who could not follow her so far, to an enthusiasm bordering on frenzy. The subsequent removal of all these difficulties, and the announcement of her intended appearance in London, were, therefore, hailed as a national delivery from some untoward spell. Superannuated peers, and hunting squires, flocked to town from the country; duchesses and merchants' wives were alike in motion in town; all engagements were regulated so as to leave the night of Mademoiselle Sontag's appearance open, for nothing to intrude upon it; the free list of admissions to the Opera was suspended; the very Houses of Parliament were, by consent, to meet only for an hour on routine business. The Easter holidays, hardly closed, sent back to town, from the Wells of Cheltenham, the Pier of Brighton, and the snug fire-sides of country mansions, all who pretended to any taste for music; and the remotest extremities of this huge monster of a metropolis, were seen drawing together towards one common centre, as if a second deluge were approaching, and the Opera-House was the only ark of safety or place of refuge.

Accordingly, long before the doors were opened, the pit especially was besieged; and, when access was first practicable, the rush was as great as at any of the English theatres, on what is called a 'starred night.' The pit was literally crammed in a few minutes; and every avenue of approach to it was so full, that persons of the highest rank and fashion were compelled to retreat to the gallery, while others were altogether excluded, and obliged to return home ungratified. Owing to the inconvenience of great heat and pressure being added to intense impatience, the first hour, which passed in silence, interrupted only now and then by a murmur of dissatisfaction from those who were most incommoded, seemed an age; and many, we believe, had read their opera-books quite through, and begun them again, before the curtain actually rose. The overture even, brilliant and beautiful as it is, passed almost unheeded; and its termination was welcomed as a relief, when all eyes and ears were directed to the single point at which the wonder of the evening was expected first to appear.

The Opera chosen for her *debut*, was Rossini's master-piece, 'Il Barbiere di Seviglia,' and the part assigned to Mademoiselle Sontag, was that of *Rosina*. The first scene opened with a serenade beneath the balcony of her guardian's dwelling, in the city of Seville, where the *Count Almaviva* (Curioni) declares his passion for the lady, and breathes his vows to her in song. The second scene introduced *Figaro*, the Barber of Seville, by whose agency the whole plot of the piece is conducted, and through whose skill the lovers obtain possession of each other. This character was sustained by Pelligrini, and with excellent effect. The third scene *should* have introduced the anxiously expected *Rosina* at the balcony; and, when the moment arrived for her appearance, it was a curious sight to witness every eye lifted from the printed page, in which this was indicated, to the scene itself, in breathless silence—and then to see the countenances of the spectators droop, and each exchange looks of disappointment with his companion, while the balcony moved off, and another scene was substituted, without the promised prodigy appearing at all. This portion of the piece was altogether omitted, with a view, no doubt, to bring Mademoiselle Sontag on the stage at a more advantageous period of the story, and, also, to present her on the boards in view of the whole house, rather than at a distant and elevated balcony, in order that her face, form, figure, and voice, might present their combined charms at one and the same moment, and thus captivate all eyes and ears by their irresistible union. Accordingly, when the fourth scene opened, with a room in the house of her guardian, *Bartolo*, and Mademoiselle Sontag entered with a letter in her hand, the shout of tumultuous applause was absolutely deafening. The etiquette and the high breeding of the Opera-house visitors generally contents itself with moderate indications of satisfaction; as it is there, at least, considered vulgar to indulge that clamorous expression of delight which marks the utterer to be unaccustomed to excellence; and acting on the maxim that 'ignorance is the mother of admiration,' which is there generally received as orthodox, few of the audience are willing to subject themselves to the suspicion of the former by too loud a demonstration of the latter. On the present occasion, however, all restraint was broken through, and no popular actor, at Drury-lane or Covent-Garden, ever received a *louder* first reception than Mademoiselle Sontag at the Italian Opera.

Her first effort was the beautiful air 'Una voce poco fa qua nel cor mi risuonò,' and it was sweetly sung; evidently, however, not to the full extent of the singer's power, which was judiciously reserved for a future display. Whether, from this conviction, or from having their attention partly engrossed by an examination of Mademoiselle Sontag's person, or from the difficulty of forming a sudden judgment, or from all these causes combined, we know not,—but certain it was, that, after the burst of enthusiasm at the entering of the *debutante*, her song was received coldly. Yet nothing could be more exquisite than the manner in which the following verse was executed:

> 'Io sono docile, son rispettosa;
> Son ubbidiente, dolce, amorosa,
> Mi lascio reggere, mi fo guidar.
> Ma se mi toccano dov' è il mio debole,
> Sarò una vipera, e cento trappole,
> Prima di cedere, farò giocar.'

Towards the close of the song, the attention of the audience seemed to revive, and the applause brought a repetition of the last stanza, which was received as an *encore*.

As the opera itself is one of the most popularly known of all this popular author's compositions, and as every one who ever visits the Italian theatre will no doubt see it in its new cast, we need not occupy a moment of the reader's time, in detailing its plot, or analysing its merits. Indeed, however variously all the other parts were sustained, the entire attention of the audience was so centred in *Rosina*, that every thing else, while she was on the stage, fell dead on the general ear. We shall, therefore, confine our few remarks to Mademoiselle Sontag alone.

And first, unwilling as we should be to disturb the pleasing dream of any enthusiastic lover or admirer, for both she no doubt has already created in London, as in every other metropolis in which she has presented herself, we must say, that Mademoiselle Sontag's personal beauty appears to us to have been greatly overrated. Madame Vestris is more captivating,—Miss Chester, a finer woman,—Miss Foote, more lovely,—and Madame Ronzi di Begnis, more sweetly pleasing,—than this renowned perfection of female excellence. No one can deny, however, that Mademoiselle Sontag has a figure of great symmetry,—a fine open countenance, expressive blue eyes, perfectly regular teeth, a sweet mouth, brilliant complexion, finely formed foot, beautiful hand, and a smile of the greatest imaginable cheerfulness and good-nature; and yet, notwithstanding all these, the union produces only a pleasing and pretty woman. Her voice, and the power she possesses of displaying it, are far more remarkable than her personal attractions; and great injustice has been done to her, by reversing the order in which these should, and will ultimately, no doubt, be estimated. The absurd opinions that have already been passed on her in this

respect, by those, too, who speak with the tongues of oracles, are such as must be most offensive to her own good taste, if she ever sees them: witness the Critic of 'The Morning Herald,' who, among other equally absurd remarks, says, 'Her nose is a little inclined to turn up, *showing an intelligent mind!*' And again, 'the conclusion of one of her airs was like the warblings of the most beautiful nightingale, blackbird, and thrush, accompanied with flutes, flageolets, and other instruments,' (a sort of Apollonicon, or perfect Orchestra in itself!) 'In fact, (the Critic goes on to say,) it must have been *something* like the concourse of sweet sounds, which *Milton in the Park* heard *from the aviary, probably*, by his house in St. James's, while he composed his Allegro.' What must this lady think of the state of English criticism, if she should ever read this: no parallel to which, we think, can be produced from any Journal, continental or insular, written by any man in a state of sanity.

It is time, however, to conclude a notice, desultory enough, it is admitted, but rendered so by the very nature of the subject. We shall, therefore, add a few words by way of summing up, and reserve our further remarks and illustrations for a second representation, which we shall soon have the pleasure of attending.

The first air, already named was sung by Mademoiselle Sontag with much grace, and completely in the arch and playful spirit of the piece, varying it with bravura passages of extraordinary rapidity, and uniting to this the astonishing power of making her silvery-toned voice so clear and distinct in all its notes, as well as powerful in its extent, that it might be almost considered a *contralto* and *soprano* at the same time. That which excited, however, still greater surprise, was the facility with which she executed, with the greatest rapidity, an almost hazardous number of notes and passages, such as could hardly be performed by a skilful clarionet or violin player, few of whom, indeed, could execute *roulades* and *scales* with the bow, with so much precision and velocity as Mademoiselle Sontag with her voice. It is true, she imitated also the defects of these instruments, namely, that of repetition, as, on four different pauses, she used precisely the same cadence. This she seems to have learnt from instrumental performers. Her principal aim being to evince great rapidity, she uses the higher tones of her voice in preference to the middle or lower, performing such passages in the *soprano*, rather than in the *contralto* in which they were composed. She also sang this air a tone higher than it was originally written by Rossini. The duett which followed with Pelligrini, was given by her in its true spirit. Indeed, her whole conception of the part showed that her judgment was as accurate as her powers of execution were great.

The most striking performance of the evening was, however, the Air, with Rode's Variations, written originally for Madame Catalani, and sung by her at all the great Opera Houses of Europe. We are old enough to remember the reception of Catalani, and the impression made by her extraordinary performance of this *ne plus ultra* of vocal flexibility; and, although new wonders generally weaken impressions left by older ones, we are free to confess that we think Catalani, in her best days, not at all surpassed by Mademoiselle Sontag in her's. The latter has a sweeter voice, but it is not so rich in tone. She has, also, more distinct utterance in staccato, and more imperceptibly flowing volubility in chromatic passages; but she has not the electrifying power, which, added to inexpressible richness, and an almost perfect command of the whole range of musical sounds, gave Madame Catalani the power of a magician over the human heart. There was, besides, a fire in her eye, and majesty in her port and bearing, which Mademoiselle Sontag can never attain, and which made Catalani, as competent to tragic as to comic opera, as fitted for Semiramide or Medea, as for Susanna or Rosina. And yet, as to character, style, and compass of voice, Madame Catalani is the only singer of modern times, with whom any just comparison can be instituted. Pasta is in a totally different walk, and it would be as inconsistent to name her and this lady together as to place Madame Vestris and Mrs. Siddons (each the first in their respective lines) on a par.

Mademoiselle Sontag is unquestionably the very first singer of her class now known to fame:—her execution of the variations spoken of, is a performance, the perfection of which is unrivalled—and alone worth a journey of many miles to hear. When we add that her evidently genuine modesty, lady-like demeanour, and unobtrusive, if not almost unconscious, display of her extraordinary powers, adds fresh grace and beauty to her perfect figure and eminently pleasing face—we shall bestow on her no more than a *just* meed of praise, and this, which still places her in the first rank of the comic walk of her profession, will be such as, we believe, no subsequent representation will give us cause to alter or abate. Long may she live to enjoy the distinction which so rare a combination of excellencies deserves; and to gratify the thousands who have yet to feast their eyes and ears on her smiling countenance and sweetly melodious notes!

We should not conclude without saying, that some of the pieces in this Opera were performed much too slowly, in order, perhaps, to accommodate the indolence of the singers; others, on the contrary, and particularly the concerted pieces, were performed too rapidly, which made it difficult for the singers to keep up with the orchestra; this was especially apparent in the introduction to the serenade, at the end of which the chorus-singers were dreadfully out of time, as was also Signor Curioni, in the aria, 'Pace e gioja sia con voi.' This first cavatina he performed too *slowly*, and with his accustomed coldness and want of flexibility; neither did he execute more than half the number of notes written by the composer.

Signor Pelligrini did his utmost to give the full vivacity of the character he represented: he showed, however, that, at fifty-five, the vigour of man is less than at thirty: so that his first aria, 'Largo al factotum,' and the duet, 'Al idea di quel metallo,' were sung by him a tone lower than they are written.

Signor Porto, always vulgar in his style of singing, entirely spoiled the aria 'La Calumnia,' one of Rossini's *chefs d'œuvre*, and the only one in the whole opera, in which, in merit and originality, he has been able to equal the 'Sbadigli,' composed by Paisiello, in his opera of the same name.

D'Angeli did as much as his *mezza voce* and monotonous manner would admit of. It seems to be a false economy alone which prevented this part being given to De Begnis, who would have done it so much better.

Notwithstanding these defects—and we should not be doing justice were we not to notice them—the 'Barbiere di Siviglia' and Mademoiselle Sontag have charms enough to throw them all into the shade, and will, no doubt, draw crowded houses for months to come; for no person of the least pretensions to taste, within one hundred miles of the capital, can be excused for omitting to pay the homage of one visit, at least, to this most fascinating of all the wonders of the day.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA—JUPITER AND HIS SATELLITES.

London, April 17, 1828.

One of the most beautiful objects in the heavens, at the present season, is the noble planet Jupiter, which is to be observed during the whole of the night, as he is in that part of his orbit which is nearest the earth. He is the largest of the planets, being upwards of a thousand times larger than our globe; and is attended by a system of four satellites, which revolve around him at various periods, and at different distances from his centre. The first is 229,000 miles from him, the period of its revolution being 1 day, 18 hours, 27 minutes, and 33 seconds; the second revolves around him in 3 days, 13 hours, 13 minutes, and 42 seconds, at the distance of 364,000 miles; the period of the third is 7 days, 3 hours, 42 minutes, and 33 seconds, its distance being 580,000 miles; and the fourth is one million of miles from the centre of the planet, performing its revolution in 16 days, 16 hours, 32 minutes, and 8 seconds. Having this attendance, he is consequently a most beautiful telescope object; and, by the quick succession in which the revolutions of his moons are effected, he is rendered a very interesting object to those who wish to observe those great and important changes which take place in his system, and which are not produced in the solar system during the course of many centuries: we shall, therefore, endeavour to lay before our readers the principal phenomena of his satellites as seen from the earth.

These small bodies may generally be seen with a telescope magnifying about 40 times, and appear from our globe to have an oscillatory motion, sometimes being observed on the east, and sometimes on the west, of the planet. When they are seen at their farthest distance, either east or west of Jupiter, they are said to be at their greatest elongation; and, when they are either between us and Jupiter, or beyond the planet, they are said to be in their inferior or superior conjunction, the superior taking place beyond Jupiter. The fourth satellite being farthest from Jupiter, has the greatest elongation, which, being divided into ten equal parts, will afford a ready method of expressing the apparent distances of the satellites from the centre of Jupiter.

On April the 26th, at eleven o'clock in the evening, the appearance of the satellites, and their apparent distances from the planet, in parts of the greatest elongation of the fourth satellite, are as follows: To the east of Jupiter are seen the first, second, and fourth, the latter satellite being observed at the distance of eight parts two tenths from Jupiter, the second at 3.8, and the first at 2.4 from the primary. They are all observed to have a motion towards the planet; the two latter are at their greatest elongation, and consequently appear very nearly in conjunction as seen from Jupiter: the third is noticed two parts to the west of him, receding from him. During the whole of the night, they will be seen in this order, with the exception that those on the east are observed at every subsequent period to be nearer the planet, and the third farther from it.

On the 27th, at eleven hours, the fourth is observed 6.2 to the east approaching Jupiter, the first and second 1.8 to the west, the former satellite approaching, and the latter receding from the planet, and the third 4.9 to the west receding from the primary. The motions of the first and second satellites are very conspicuous this evening, as they are receding from each other; the first is describing the western part of its superior semicircle, and the second the western portion of its inferior one, the motion of the first being considerably the swiftest; this satellite gradually approaches Jupiter until 56 minutes 31 seconds past 3 in the morning of the 28th, when it is immersed in its shadow. At 11 in the evening of this day, the first and fourth are noticed to the East of Jupiter, both approaching him: the distance of the first is 1.7, and that of the fourth 3.7. On the west of the planet are seen the second and third, the distance of the second being 2.7, and that of the third 4.0: they are both approaching Jupiter.

The evening of the 29th presents some most interesting phenomena to the observer of Jupiter: at 25 minutes 1 second past 10, the first satellite enters the shadow of Jupiter. Should the atmosphere prove clear, this will occasion a very interesting observation, as it occurs about 10 minutes after the opposition of Jupiter to the sun, and is the last visible immersion of the first satellite this year. At 11 the second satellite only is visible, being observed to the east of the primary, at the distance of 2.8, receding from it; the third is hid by the body of the planet, and the fourth transiting its disc: a powerful telescope may probably discover the satellite and its shadow on the disc of Jupiter, the shadow being seen as a dark spot very near the satellite; this will also occasion a very interesting observation.

About 1 in the morning of the 30th, the first satellite may be noticed a little to the east of the planet, and at 25 minutes 38 seconds past 2, the third emerges from the shadow of Jupiter. At 3, the first, second, and third are observed to the east of the planet, the third being nearest it; the first is a little to the east of the third, and the second near its greatest elongation; they are all receding from Jupiter: the fourth is noticed a little to the west of him, also receding from him. On the evening of this day at 11, the second and third satellites are observed to the east of Jupiter, the second having passed its greatest elongation, is 1.7 from the planet, gradually approaching it; the third has proceeded to the distance of 3.7 and gradually approaches its greatest elongation during the night, but does not reach it. On the western side of the primary is seen the first at the distance of 0.4 gradually receding from Jupiter, and at a distance of 3.3 is noticed the fourth, which is also receding from him.

On the evening of the 1st of May, at 10 o'clock, the third satellite has arrived at its greatest eastern elongation from Jupiter, its distance being 5.4 This satellite is observed gradually to approach the planet; the first is noticed 1.3 to the east of Jupiter, receding from him. On the western side of the primary are seen the second at the distance of 2.8 and the fourth at the distance of 6.0 both receding from Jupiter. At 10 on the following evening, there are only three of the satellites visible, one to the east, and two to the west of the planet, the second being hid behind the body of Jupiter. The satellite to the east is the third, at the distance of 3.5 approaching the planet the nearest to the primary on the west is the first, which is 1.7 from the centre of Jupiter receding from him; and the farthest is the fourth, its distance being 8.7: this satellite is also receding from the planet. At 9 minutes 4 seconds past 12, the second emerges from the shadow of Jupiter, and during the remainder of the night is observed to the east of him: this satellite and the third may be noticed to approach each other.

On the 29th of April, at 10 hours 15 minutes, Jupiter is in opposition to the Sun, and may be observed at any hour of the night. His situation in the ecliptic on the 26th is 9 degrees 58 minutes of Scorpio, and on the 2d of May, 9 degrees 12 minutes of the same sign; his motion is, consequently, retrograde, through 46 minutes. His latitude on the 1st of May is 1 degree 23 minutes north, and he sets on the same day at 52 minutes past 4 in the morning. The brightest star in the constellation of the Balance, α Libræ, is noticed to the east of him about 2 degrees, 54 minutes on April 26th, and about 3 degrees 30 minutes on May 2d. Between him and α Libræ is observed a small star of the sixth magnitude, marked 5 Libræ: from this he is distant on April 26th 1 degree 21 minutes, and on May 2d 2 degrees. To the north of α and 5 Libræ is noticed μ Libræ, a star of the fifth magnitude: it forms an isosceles triangle with the above stars, 5 Libræ being the apex. The distance of Jupiter from it on the 26th of April is 1 degree 42 minutes, and on May 2d, 2 degrees 30 minutes. The planet forms a scalene triangle with α and μ Libræ during the week, and is observed nearly in a line with α and 5 Libræ.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Argyle Rooms.

On Monday last, the fourth Concert of this Society, led by Mori, and conducted by Sir George Smart, proved as great a treat to the dilettanti as any of the preceding, and was as usual elegantly attended, and excellently performed. To our infinite satisfaction, the performance commenced with Spohr's Grand Sinfonia in E flat, op. 22, which was first performed in this country, under the excellent leading of the author himself, on the 19th of June, 1820. It is of unparalleled beauty and extreme difficulty, especially for the wind instruments; and Spohr asserted, the morning after its rehearsal, that the Philharmonic Orchestra had presented the best specimen of *sight-playing*, he had ever experienced. We enjoyed, at about the same period, the singular good fortune of witnessing Spohr's excellent performance of his own quartettos, (accompanied by Watts, Challoner, and Lindley,) to the Duke of Sussex, at the Duke of Hamilton's, and also at Clarence House, to the Dukes of Clarence, Sussex, Gloucester, and several other branches of royalty; when his calm and dignified demeanour strikingly accorded with the style of his very delightful composition and performance. But, to return to his Sinfonia, after the introductory Adagio in common time, the succeeding melodious and harmonious second movement in 3-4 time, has we think never been excelled; and the subsequent Larghetto in A flat 2-4 time, commencing with a solo by the matchless Lindley, is almost unequalled in elegance and taste. The last movement in common time, was occasionally rather military in effect, and the obbligato points were beautifully led by Willman, assisted by all the other wind instruments. Spohr's enharmonic transitions in the principal movements, were effected with more quickness, clearness, and ingenuity, than in any composition we have a remembrance of; and the whole performance afforded, to every *true lover of the science* an unmixed and singular delight, although the general audience did *not* participate to the extent that might have been expected, owing probably to an absence of the *astounding clamour*, which characterises too many of the popular Sinfonias and Overtures of the day.

No. 2.—Rossini's Duetto from Tancredi, 'Ah se de mali miei,' was sung by Miss Bacon and Signor Curioni, the Signor performing a little out of tune, and much out of time; this latter fault arising (as it generally does) out of a very reprehensible and ridiculous affectation of style. Miss Bacon did better; she has a good and powerful voice, but frequently, for the purpose of exhibiting it, sings too loud to be agreeable to the auditor, or just to herself. This young lady has been *written up* too much; she peruses these writings, until she imagines herself the star described, and demeans herself accordingly. If, however, she will follow the example of a Stephens and a Caradori, she will, doubtless, like them, become an ornament to her profession.

No. 3.—Mozart's fifth Quartetto in A (dedicated to Haydn) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Messrs. F. Cramer, Griesbach, Moralt, and Lindley, was of a merciless length, and of too tame and unpretending a nature for a Concert-room:—if extraordinary and unceasing gesture be comely and pleasing in a violinist, then was this performance remarkably graceful.

No. 4, exhibited the principal novelty of the evening, in the performance of a very fine scena of Mehul's 'E fia ver,' from Arisdante, by Madame Schutz. Her commencing note of the recitativo (F natural in the first space) struck us as sepulchral, and indifferently toned; but her subsequent passages were given with considerable propriety, judgment, taste, and feeling; and, in the spirited parts, her execution was clever, and the whole excellently in tune. The Aria (Andante poco Adagio, in D, 2 4) commencing with a pleasing horn solo, was admirable; as was also the military Allegro which followed. Madame Schutz sang well *down* to G sharp, and A below the stave, and *up* to the B above it, in her animated cadenza, exhibiting a tone that elicited applause from all her experienced auditors. In the performance of this grand song, we might notice, as remarkable, the fewness of the stringed instruments (out of so clever and efficient a body) that were employed in the accompaniments, arising from a want of a sufficient number of copies of the music. It will scarcely be credited, that, out of twenty-nine violins, only five were employed; (there being fourteen firsts, and the same number of seconds; requiring, of course, seven copies on each side, independently of the leader;) out of eight tenors, only two; and a similar number of basses. In such a Concert as the Philharmonic, no singer should be allowed to perform a song without the most perfect accompaniment.

The fifth piece, concluding the Act, was Beethoven's striking and noisy Overture to Leonora, which gave the orchestra so much trouble at the trial night, March 3d last: it went off exceedingly well, and the lovers of noise were delighted.

The second part commenced with Haydn's excellent Sinfonia, No. 4, in B flat, which is too well known to require comment. But when we speak of No. 4, it might, perhaps, be necessary to inform our general readers, that Haydn, in the year 1791, came to England, (then at the age of fifty-nine,) to conduct some concerts for Salomon; and, for this occasion, he composed twelve Grand Sinfonias, which have deservedly held a high rank for nearly forty years. One of these compositions is generally performed at each Philharmonic Concert; and, although now much hackneyed, they appear to be always pleasing. At the period we refer to, when Haydn produced these pieces periodically, he was requested to write a solo for himself, as well as for all the other instruments, which, in this fourth Sinfonia, he has done, in the last movement for the piano-forte, and to which, on Monday last, Sir G. Smart did ample justice. In the same movement he also inserted some obbligato violin passages for Salomon, which Mori played with his usual good tone and manner; but as affectedly out of time as Curioni's part in the duet.

No. 7, Aria, Miss Bacon, 'Dove sono,' from Mozart's 'Le Nozze de Figaro.' This was satisfactorily performed, except in two or three instances, when an attempt was made at a new reading, which failed; and the transposition of this delightful song from C to B flat, was *highly reprehensible;* it met with but very limited applause, though, perhaps, to the full as much as it deserved.

No. 8, Moschèlles' * magnificent Concerto in E, op. 64, was admirably performed by himself, but occupied rather too long a period, full thirty-one minutes; both as a performer and writer he deserved, and received, enthusiastic applause. The Adagio, (in G common time,) commences with solos for horns and tenors, upon a passage precisely resembling the well-known air, 'Sul margine,' and was admirably performed; after which, a beautiful capriccio introduces the old English 'Grenadier's March,' as a rondo; and even a tune to which so many vulgar and common-place associations are inevitably allied, was rendered interesting by the striking and well-marked character imparted to it.

The ninth piece was Rosini's justly admired Duetto, 'Ah se puoi,' from his 'Mosé in Egitto,' sung by Madame Schutz and Signor Curioni; but the performance and composition were considerably deteriorated by transposing it from A to G; this, we must add, was solely to accommodate the lady, and contrary to the wish of Curioni and the directors. In the Philharmonic Society, it ought to be an invariable rule, a fixed order, that singers should by no means be suffered to alter the original key of any piece, for, generally, the essence and spirit evaporates in the transposition; neither should they be allowed to perform hackneyed dramatic pieces, however excellent, as in three examples out of the four vocal performances of the evening at present noticed.

* It is said, that the central syllable *chell*, did not originally form part of this gentleman's name, but was introduced under an impression that it would have appeared as singular for *Moses* to have performed a piano-forte concerto, as for *A Braham* to have sung a song,—an event which would have happened without a similar addition.

The concert concluded with Weber's Overture, which he denominated 'The Jubilee,' (because written, we believe, at the commencement of the Peace.) It finishes with 'God save the King,' thundered out by the whole orchestra at the 'top of their bent,' assisted also by cymbals, triangles, and all other martial instruments; therefore, the admirers of noise enjoyed a second treat, while the more quiet sought their servants and carriages.

Mademoiselle Sontag witnessed the Concert from one of the boxes in the highest tier, and emphatically assured Sir George Smart, between the acts, that *she* had never before heard so fine an orchestra.

CHARACTER OF MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE DURAS.

Society and Literature in France have lately experienced a great loss, in the person of Madame la Duchesse de Duras. We shall afford a melancholy pleasure to many of our readers, especially to those who have known this celebrated woman, and who have enjoyed, under her hospitable roof, the reception which it was her delight to afford to foreigners of all countries, and particularly to Englishmen, by offering them the translation of a necrological notice, which has appeared in a popular French journal, ('Le Mercure de France,') of very recent date. This article, in which the character of Madam de Duras is painted with the most perfect truth, is attributed to the pen of M. de Barante, a peer of France, and author of the 'History of the Duc de Bourgogne.'

Madame la Duchesse de Duras died at Nice, on the 16th of January, 1828, after a painful and tedious illness. Amongst women of high rank and distinguished talent, none could have excited deeper or more numerous regrets. She is only known to the public by two works, which have obtained the greatest success. 'Ourika,' and 'Edouard,' have shown to many thousands of readers, what delicacy of sentiment, what greatness of mind, what knowledge, and what pity for the sufferings of the heart, formed the distinguishing traits of the character of Madame de Duras. If she has excelled in depicting the shades of social life, and that hierarchy at once real and indefinite which reigns in the great world, it is not that she has desired to paint their follies, or even to draw a picture of manners. In the differences of situation, or of rank, she appears only to notice their effect on the dispositions of mankind. Without any bitterness against society, she has shown how cruelly its laws and its distinctions may oppress the most natural and purest emotions of the soul. She has indulged herself in representing such barriers as necessary, or such, at least, as cannot be removed at the will of those whom they oppress, as a sort of fatality by which the finer feelings of the heart are crushed.

Such is the idea that Madame de Duras has given of herself by two small volumes, which from this moment have taken their place for ever by the side of the romances of Madame La Fayette and Madame Cottin; but to the readers of her works she has only displayed a very small portion of her great merits. To her friends she has left far other recollections; to them it is a melancholy consolation to say whom they have lost, and to excite the envy of those to whom the noble being they regret was unknown. It is for them to say, how elevated was her mind, how impassioned her soul, how generous her character; that she never entertained malevolence against any human being,—that she possessed a quick and natural taste for every thing that was distinguished and animated, for every thing that excited the feelings or caused the heart to beat.

Previous to the Restoration, when she kept herself retired from the route which might have drawn her into the highest circles of the new empire, Madame de Duras possessed all that freedom of mind, and candour of expression, which generally characterise opposition to power, when it is founded on love of justice and not on wounded interest, on dignity and not on vanity. Nothing appeared above her reach in this situation; her regrets were more for oppressed France, than for the lost *ancien régime*. The Restoration filled her with enthusiasm; but no woman ever regarded it in so noble and generous a light. She saw in it the glory of her country, the union of the past with the present, the free development of mind; she adorned this so much wished-for revolution with all the dreams of her ardent imagination. Her tolerance for all opinions was complete; she always believed them to be sincere and disinterested, and liked to hear them expressed with candour. She would willingly have taken the bitterest discussions for simple misun-

derstandings, between people who, at bottom, desired the same thing. Her *salon*, in which she delighted to assemble all that was illustrious in politics, letters, science, and arts, resembled a neutral territory, in which she maintained peace. One only party was recognised there—that of talent. It was not to these enjoyments of society alone that her character of concord and tolerance confined itself. If a kindness was to be rendered, an injury to be repaired, a persecution to be arrested, the zeal of Madame de Duras became active and impassioned. It was a want of her heart; it was, also, a sort of self-love for the Restoration; she would not permit it to incur the reproach of having disowned a claim, or caused a single tear to be shed.

After having described such a character, it is very evident, that those writings which have afforded delight, those amiable feelings towards strangers and the friends of a day, were not the greatest concerns of life. The soul does not become such an active agent in secondary interests. Affections alone, and the faculty of intense feeling, could give it this exalted tone. The sentiments of Madame Duras had in them something impassioned, devoted and lasting. She has met with their just recompense. During the melancholy years in which her health gradually declined under the most intense sufferings, her daughter, Madame la Duchesse de Kauzan, tendered her the most affectionate attentions, never quitted her, followed her in her solitude and in her travels, and softened her last moments by the most tender filial pity. Madame la Comtesse de Rochejaqueline, immediately on learning that the state of her mother was alarming, lost not an instant in flying to her at Nice. She arrived only in time to receive her last adieus, and found her supporting the most intense agonies with pious resignation, in the full possession of her reason. Her long sufferings had weakened but not overcome her; and she experienced the delightful consolation of seeing herself surrounded to the last moment by the dearest objects of her affection.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

At a Meeting of this Institution, holden on Friday the 11th inst. Sir James Mac Grigor, K. C. T. S. President, in the Chair. After the usual business had been gone through, the donations received since the last meeting, were announced by Mr. Gibbs, Secretary; amongst which were a MS. Catalogue of the Herbarium of East India Plants, collected by Mr. Rottler, of Madras, wi h descriptions of several new species, and a folio drawing of that curious vegetable production, the Pitcher Plant, (*Nepenthes distillatoria*) both presented by Sir A. Johnston, a collection of seeds, from Ceylon, amongst which, were those of *Hyperanthera Moringa, Cassia Senna, Diospyros Calamander, Citrus decumana, &c.* presented by R. Morris, Esq. F. L. S. author of the Flora Conspicua; Plinii Secundi Historia Mundi, Erasmi editio (fol. Bas. 1535) by Mr. Yosy, Secretary, &c.

Mr. Yosy then read a communication, entitled 'On the specific differences existing between *Melaleuca Leucadendron*, and *M. Cajuputi*, by the late W. Roxburgh, M. D. F. R. S. E., and H. T. Colebrooke, Esq. F. R. S. Dir. R. A. S,' illustrated by two beautiful coloured drawings of these plants. It gave a full description of the two species of *Melaleuca*, which had been, until the year 1809, considered merely as varieties, as also the grounds on which the specific difference rested; which was then, for the first time, taken into consideration by the compilers of the London Pharmacopia, who derived their authority from Sir James E. Smith, whose recent loss, the botanical world has severely felt, and Dr. Maton, late President of the Medico-Botanical Society. It is the intention of the Society to publish the paper, with several others in the journal, a notice of which our columns have already given, accompanied by engravings, to be executed by Mr. Sowerby, from the above-mentioned drawings, one of which (*M. Cajuputi*) was most handsomely supplied by the East India Company, from their vast stores of Botanical treasures, and the other by Mr. Colebrooke.

The Professor of Botany, (Mr. Frost,) then delivered some observations on the recent plants presented to the Society by Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Campbell; amongst the latter were some beautiful specimens o *Acacia nigricans, Azalea indica, Var-alba, Dryandra floribunda, Sparrmania africana, Correa Speciosa, &c.* Mr. F. also gave an account of the general process used by, and the grounds upon which Mr. Bass, Chemist and Druggist, of Bond-street, rested, for his preparation of an essence of Senna. In referring to this drug, the Professor observed, that the plant which produced it was but indistinctly known, and he should beg leave to propose, that the seeds labelled *Cassia senna*, presented that evening by Mr. Morris, be given to Mr. Anderson, of the Chelsea Botanic Garden, and recommended to his particular attention.

Lieutenant M. C. Friend, R. N. F. R. S. who had the day before returned from Demerara, announced that he had made a considerable collection of specimens, in conjunction with Dr. Hancock, which he hoped would prove acceptable to the Society, and also, that the Philosophical Society of British Guiana, of which His Excellency Sir Benjamin D'Urban, K. C. B., was President, had, as a mark of their great respect for the Medico-Botanical Society of London, elected Sir James Mac Grigor, and Mr. Frost, honorary members.

The President informed the meeting, that the anniversary dinner had been postponed from the third to the tenth day of May, and adjourned over to Friday, the ninth of that month, when the Professor of Botany would deliver a Lecture on the Genus *Laurus* and its properties.

Amongst the distinguished members present, were His Grace the Duke of Somerset, Sir John E. Swinburne, Bart., Sir Alexander Johnston, Dr. William Burnett, Dr. Hancock, Dr. Lomi, &c.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday, the 15th April.—At a meeting of this Society, holden to-day, Joseph Sabine, Esq., F. R. S., F. S. A., F. S. S., F. G. S., Secretary, in the Chair, several fine varieties of tulips, narcissi, &c. were exhibited. Some seeds of vegetable marrow, haricot princesse, new early savoy, &c. were distributed amongst the members present. The second part of the 7th volume of the transactions of the Society was announced for publication; the Bishop of Winchester, and several other Gentlemen, were elected fellows, and the meeting adjourned to the first of May, when the election of officers and council will take place.

LECTURE ON FRENCH TRAGEDY.

We had an opportunity of attending, on Wednesday evening last, a very excellent Lecture on French tragedy, by Mr. Ventouillac, a candidate, we understand, for the French Professorship in the London University. Independent of the real merit of the address as a piece of general criticism, we were in no slight degree astonished with the fluency, and even elegance, with which the lecturer clothed his ideas in our language. We do not remember any where to have met a foreigner who speaks English with so much propriety; and if the capability of lecturing in our language be one of the qualifications required of a French Professor in the new University, there is little doubt, we should apprehend, of Mr. Ventouillac's meeting with success in his honourable exertions for the situation. Of the substance of this lecture we can also speak very highly. He first ran through the history of French tragedy; next made some striking remarks on Corneille, and afterwards analyzed one of Racine's tragedies. In each of which parts of his subject he succeeded in giving a great deal of useful information: and after an excellent critique on Voltaire, the accomplished Lecturer sat down amid a long round of applause from his gratified audience.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY CHARACTERS.

Lord Byron—Shelley—and Keats.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Sir,—In reading the bold and honourable 'Sketches of Contemporary Authors,' contained in your Journal, I have rarely experienced other feelings than those of such satisfaction as men are conscious of, when they find that which they have hitherto only thought, perfectly *expressed* by a master-hand. In allusion to the 'Sketches of Lord Byron,' contained in your paper of Friday last, I would beg, however, to offer a few words.

With the general tenor of what has been said concerning his Lordship, both in the Sketch alluded to, and on other occasions, I perfectly agree; my only motive in thus presuming to offer any addition to it, is from an idea, that, while the moral character and tendency of Byron's works has been amply discussed, their value *as poetry* has not been sufficiently canvassed.

Byron's poetry is the poetry of time and place, rather than of nature and eternity. He wrote from individual passion; not from the omnipotence of imagination. This, indeed, was his great deficiency: he told Medwin he could not write upon a given subject, except he stood on, (or had visited, I suppose we may grant his meaning,) the spot where the action had occurred; and twitted Moore for choosing Persian stories and scenes, never having *been in* Persia! Childe Harold is far more of a poetical tour than a romaunt. There is a great dearth of variety as well as power in his figures and descriptions, and his imagination is, in most instances, circumscribed. The universe of song was not his. His dramatic and metaphysical interest *centered* in himself; and he never gets beyond that circle for a moment without falling. Whenever he goes without the limits of his own atmosphere, his gravitation is doubled. He was a poet, and a man of intellect and genius; but not a *great* poet.

Shelley was by far his superior; and, in spite of the dicta of Reviewers, I question if Keats would not have been so also, had he lived a few years longer, for he had the germ of a splendid imagination within him, as seen in 'Hyperion,' &c. But Blackwood tells us, he was a medical apprentice. Had Mr. Shelley been a nobleman of large fortune, the Reviewers would not have found *him* all that was diabolical, while, at the *same time*, they applauded (and trembled) before Lord Byron. I honour your Journal, for having explained the error which exists as to the immoral tendency of Mr. Shelley's poetry. In a moral and intellectual point of view, no man rightly understood him without becoming a better man; and no one understood him wrongly, but such as were either wilfully blind, or incapable of sustaining a communion with the depth and intense sublimity of his thoughts and feelings.

His greatest enemy could not half so truly regret the pirated publicity of his juvenile Poem, as did Mr. Shelley himself; but, as a work of abstract power, (setting aside the principles,) if we place it beside the 'Hours of Idleness,' t ere will be no more question of the preponderance in Shelley's favour, than between a Titan and Monsieur Rochefoucault, or Prometheus and Manfred.

H.

SONNET.

Now Spring again appears, in green array,
  Prank'd in her daisy-starred robe of pride,
  Crown'd with fair lily-bells, a maiden bride,
All blooming for the arms of merry May.
Now tuneth every throstle up his lay
  Along the hawthorns of the hedgerow side;
  And the morn-soaring lark may be descried,
Upcalling shepherds to the task of day.
Why do I look upon the dancing throng
  With vacant eye, as one who seeks, nor finds
Mirth in the laugh, nor music in the song?
  Is it that I alone, amongst the hinds,
Do seek that sympathy which doth belong
  To pensive evening, and congenial minds?

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY NEELE.

'For we were nurst upon the self-same hill—
Fed the same flock by mountain, shade, and rill.'
Milton's Lycidas.

This heart, this sad heart, knew thee long,
The child of feeling and of song;
Thy breast was like a Jordan tree,
And oft it bled its balm for me.
I loved the world, and so did'st thou;
She met *thee* with a smiling brow:
Her bitter scorn 'twas *mine* to see,
And frown on her, as she on me:—
Older and happier, (why this tear?)
Yet thou art gone, and I am here!

To woo the virgin Muse we strove:
Successful suitors in our love,
We oped a bank of smiles and tears,
To draw on for our future years.
Thy life, one bright and joyous round—
Still echoing to the same glad sound,
Seemed like a lake that needs no buoy,
Or bliss that fears no bankrupt joy:
Mine—one long, stormy night, and drear:
Yet *thou* art gone, and *I* am here!

Is there a luxury in woe—
A misery that we long to know?
Is there a chain we love to wear—
A joy that binds us to despair?
Born some ignoble rank to swell,
If feelings, habits, heart, rebel,
Is there a bond can tie me, still,
Those meaner duties to fulfil
If I can 'scape!—O tell me! where?
If none, why should *I* tarry here?

J. A. G.

Google

NOTICE.

Notwithstanding the generally favourable reception of the plan of issuing two Numbers of 'THE ATHENÆUM' *in the week, as proved by the great majority of its original Subscribers continuing to receive it, since the duplication of its issues,—we have learnt that there is still a large portion of the reading community, to whom this double Publication is less agreeable than a single one would be, chiefly from want of leisure to follow up the rapid succession of so much matter; and that there is still another and not an inconsiderable portion of the continually increasing number of readers among the less wealthy classes, by whom the double Publication is not, from its expense, attainable.*

Having an earnest desire to administer to the gratification of all these, as far as may be practicable, and conceiving that a return to the original plan of issuing One Number of 'THE ATHENÆUM' *only, during the week, and a consequent diminution of expense to its Subscribers, will not be injurious to any class, and highly acceptable to many, we have resolved to effect this general accommodation without delay.*

The same reasons which were originally assigned for issuing it in the middle of the week, WHEN NO OTHER LITERARY PAPER APPEARS, *remaining in full force, it will be published, as at first, on Wednesday mornings, and at its original price.*

This arrangement will take place after the close of the present week; and, by removing all obstacles to its general accessibility, will, we trust, soon place 'THE ATHENÆUM' *in the hands of every literary person in the Kingdom.*

Those who desire to complete their Series, by procuring the back Numbers issued since the single publication was first changed, are requested to do so without delay, as many of these Numbers are already getting scarce, and will soon be difficult to be procured.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Frederick Shoberl has nearly ready for publication a duodecimo volume, which, it is presumed, will especially recommend itself to all the promoters of the diffusion of our holy religion, and its attendant blessings of civilisation and knowledge among the nations of the earth, entitled, 'The Present State of Christianity, and of the Missionary Establishments for its Propagation in all Parts of the World.'

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Bayldon on Poors' Rates, 8vo., 7*s.* 6*d.*
Views of the Social Life of England and France, 8vo., 12*s.*
Head on Early Rising and on Early Prayer, 12mo., 5*s.*
Dublin Medical Transactions, vol. 5, 8vo., 14*s.*
Noel on the Second Advent, 8vo., 9*s.*
Terrot on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 8vo., 9*s.*
Todd's Historical Tablets and Medallions, royal 4to., 1*l.* 5*s.*
Quin's Collectanea Latina, second edition, 12mo., 4*s.* 6*d.*
Bryce's Elements of Latin Prosody, third edition, 12mo., 1*s.*
Entick's English Dictionary, stereotype edition, 12mo., 2*s.* 6*d.*
Walkingame's Arithmetic, by Fraser, second edition, 12mo., 2*s.*
Marshall's Hints to Medical Officers of the Army, on the Feigned Disabilities of Soldiers, &c., 8vo., 8*s.*
A Memoir on Mutual Instruction, Applied to the Study of Medicine, from the French of Beullac, 18mo., 1*s.*
Cullen's Nosology, with Good's Classification of Diseases, and Willan's Arrangement of Diseases of the Skin, Latin and English, page for page, 32mo., 3*s.*
Napur's History of the Peninsular War, vol. 1, 8vo., 20*s.*
Vanderlinden's Institutes of the Laws of Holland, translated by J. Henry, Esq., 8vo., 1*l.* 18*s.*
Landseer's Monkeyana, third part.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	March.	Therm. A.M.	Therm. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Cloud.
	Wed. 9	47½°	47½°	28. 85	S.W.	Fair.	Cir. Cumul.
	Thur. 10	50	46½	29.	SW to W	Rain.	Nimbus Cir.
	Frid. 11	60	51	29. 35	S.W.	Fair.	Cumulus.
	Satur. 12	61	54¾	29. 30	Ditto	Ditto.	Cum. Cirr.
	Sun. 13	59	51	29. 13	Ditto	Ditto.	Ditto.
	Mon. 14	58	51	29. 38	Ditto	Showers	Ditto.
	Tues. 15	53¾	52	29. 40	Ditto	Rainy.	Cirrostratus

Nights fair, except those of Friday and Saturday. Mornings fair, except on Thursday, Sunday, and Tuesday.

Astronomical Observations.

The moon in perigee on the 9th.
Venus in perihelio on the 9th.
Mercury and the Moon in conjunction on the 11th.
Sun's place on Tuesday, 25° 29′ in Aries.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS WILL OPEN their Twenty-Fourth Annual EXHIBITION at their GALLERY, PALL-MALL EAST, on Monday next, the 21st instant. Admittance, 1*s.* Catalogues, 6*d.*
CHARLES WILD, *Secretary.*

MADEMOISELLE SONTAG.
Just published by R. Ackermann, 96, Strand,
A STRIKING LIKENESS of this celebrated Lady, Painted and Drawn on Stone by J. BECKER, during her last stay at Frankfort. This Picture is considered the best likeness of the many Mademoiselle Sontag has been sitting for on the Continent. Price, Prints, 5*s.*; Proofs, on India paper, 7*s.* 6*d.*

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London: Hurst, Chance, and Co., 65, St. Paul's Church-yard.

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For the character of the work—see the Times, Post, and Globe Newspapers; also the Literary Gazette, Literary Chronicle, Athenæum, Sphynx, Weekly Review, &c. &c. &c.
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THE ATHENÆUM.

London Literary and Critical Journal.

No. 26. LONDON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1828. Price 8*d*.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

UNPUBLISHED LECTURES ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A.

No. V.

Reviewing—Qualities of a good Review—Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews.

In my last Lecture, I endeavoured to trace the origin of reviewing, and for that purpose offered a few remarks on the nature of criticism in general. I next mentioned what particulars are known of the first Review, the 'Journal des Sçavans,' which was published in France, and stated the dates of a few others which have appeared since, and have connected the Review of M. de Sallo, with similar works of the present day; after which, I mentioned some of the uses which the system of public criticism may render to literature and literary persons, when it is properly and fairly employed.

It would not be right to pass over the subject of reviewing, without mentioning the circumstances which expose the system of periodical criticism to the danger of becoming corrupt and inefficient. These are not, however, such as are most commonly supposed to affect its fidelity or usefulness; they arise neither from prejudice, bribery, nor favouritism, but from the total incapacity of half the persons who assume the office of reviewers, to execute it fairly or properly,—the rapid succession of new works necessary to be noticed at their first appearance, and the consequent rivalry of the different journals in expeditious reviewing, and lastly, the employment of these journals, sometimes, as mere reflectors of popular opinion, and the subjection of them, at others, to the influence of popular tastes and prejudices. There results from each of these causes a numerous tribe of defects, one or the other of which may be discovered in most of our Reviews. Those most to be reprobated, are the faults and errors which arise either from the ignorance or unformed judgment of persons manifestly unqualified for the office of critics. The editor of a Review has no excuse for defects of this sort in his publication. The qualifications which every one ought to possess, who pretends to pass an opinion on a work of science or general literature, are not difficult to be ascertained; and, when the conductor of a Periodical admits among his contributors, men who, let their tact or confidence be what it will, have neither liberal knowledge, enlarged views, nor ascertained purity of taste, he needs not be surprised if his work lose its reputation, or only retain as purchasers the inexperienced and uninformed. It is too certain, that less attention is paid to this consideration than it deserves. Pretenders to critical skill are permitted to talk in Reviews of books they have not wit to understand, to offer positive opinions on subjects they have never before thought of, to attack the character of authors whose taste or genius they have not capacity to discern, and write whole paragraphs of crude senseless jargon, which the illuminati of a country town may think sound philosophy, but which any one who can doubt the infallibility of a Review must peruse with disgust.

The rivalry of different Reviews, in giving the earliest notices of new books, is another fruitful source of evil to the lighter classes of such Periodicals, and to which a very considerable share of their blots and imperfections may be traced. If there be a mysterious faculty of intuition proper to Reviewers, and by which they are able to decide upon the merits of a book from its title and table of contents, I am willing to allow, that a few hours are sufficient to write a Review of any book whatever, and that the critic may do his duty both to the author and the public without further care; but, if reviewers must proceed according to the common laws of the human understanding,—if they must read and think before they can criticise,—it is hardly a matter of doubt what will be the character of an article which has been written at an hour's notice, and which is to decide, with equal precipitancy, on the merits of a close-written history, or a serious disquisition, and on the character of a trifling poem or a fashionable novel. Something of this evil is owing to the press of new publications, and a natural wish in the conductors of Reviews to make their readers acquainted with them as soon as possible; but it is mostly to be attributed to an undue importance being given to the first notice or specimen of a new work, for which their readers have generally to pay by having to read the undigested remarks of a critique, which is *given* at hazard or is all extract. When this practice is pursued to any length, it becomes the height of folly, and is to be ranked with the ambition of stage-coach drivers, who, to get in five minutes before a rival, will risk the lives of a dozen passengers. But another danger to which reviews are exposed, and which, in whatever degree it exercises any influence, destroys their usefulness and respectability, is a temptation to become the reflectors or agents of popular sentiment, taste, or projects. Wherever this happens, and it does not unfrequently, a Review loses its authority and dignity, and does not deserve to be ranked higher than a political pamphlet or a collection of school-boy essays. It can hardly have escaped the attention of thinking people, that, when literature is in the state in which it is at present in England, the duties of the conductors of such publications, to be properly performed, require an intellect of a very high order, and a free, independent hardihood of mind, still less commonly possessed. The critical authorities of a literary nation, if they be worth recognising as such, are not to be satisfied with seeing authors write up to the standard they have fixed for themselves, when that standard is low, nor are they to be content with pointing out defects in a particular style, when the whole style itself is vicious and corrupt. It is a necessary part of their qualification for the office they undertake, to have proper notions of the worth and dignity of literature; and, in conformity with such notions, to labour after raising its character, giving a deeper tone to its sentiment, and purifying it from whatever debases or lowers its spirit. That this is not so uniformly attended to, as for the respectability of public criticism it ought, is too frequently shown, by the manner in which works of the lowest character are sometimes received by the public press, by the tame and monstrous servility (with which one Periodical after another will repeat the praise of some insignificant novel, by the vague and undetermined style of remark with which any work of a higher description is frequently noticed, and, still more evidently, by the rareness of any plain, direct, and manly attacks upon the strongholds of prejudice, popular caprice, or pampered licentiousness.

I have now mentioned several, both of the advantages of public criticism, and of the dangers to which it is liable. It is not difficult to gather, from what has been said on these points, a tolerably correct idea of the qualities which belong to a good Review, and the union of which is necessary to its usefulness and respectability. They are of two kinds, the one depending on the moral character, the other on the judgment, of the critic. Independence of mind, the admiration and comprehension of whatever is pure and noble in moral sentiment, a superiority to vulgar prejudices in all their forms and to every kind of false taste, together with that sovereign virtue in a critic, the power of viewing every thing in connection with the higher purposes of literature, or in subjection to the laws and principles of truth and good taste. These are qualities of personal character, and which are far more necessary to make a man a good critic, or, at least, one on whom, as a public writer, any just confidence can be placed, than any of those to an orator which the writers on rhetoric have considered a part of his necessary qualification. Without these, a man may be a lively railer, or a warm eulogist, but not a faithful or enlightened critic. He may have the power of strong expression, when either his passion or his prejudice is roused; but he can never be depended on, either for truth or discrimination. Every friend, therefore, to the periodical press will as anxiously watch and reprobate the smallest appearance of time-serving, or loose and vacillating sentiment in a review, as he will indications of literary incompetency or unfairness.

One of the first characteristics, accordingly, to be looked for in a publication of this kind, is a consistency of sentiment, a clear, straight-forward, and unbending defence of what is considered true or right, in either morals or literature—a freedom from levity in whatever concerns any of the important questions regarding human happiness or good, and a general tendency in its style and composition, to support principles of pure and ennobling virtue. When this is found to form part of the character of a Review, its honesty at least may be depended upon; and, without this, neither the highest talents, the most powerful connections, nor the most advantageous situation for obtaining information or support, is deserving a moment's consideration. The judgment of a Review, the fidelity or consistency of which has been once open to censure, must for ever after be received with hesitation; and its praise or condemnation of an author, will be regarded as depending on circumstances foreign to those which legitimately determine the opinions of a critic.

The literary qualities of a good Review may be determined by the uses such publications are meant to answer. They are intended to guide the judgment of their readers; and their criticisms, therefore, should be full, clear, and decided. They are intended to afford information as to the state of contemporary literature; and they should, therefore, select for notice such works as may best illustrate it in its different departments. Lastly, they are intended to supply, in some measure, the want of original works; and they should, therefore, contain as many carefully-selected extracts as possible, and, whenever it can be done, close and careful abstracts. Such are the features which a Review, when properly con-

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stituted, presents; but there are so many circumstances calculated to divert such publications from their original purpose, that very few are to be found, either in England or on the Continent, which can be regarded as very closely fulfilling their proper office with the public.

After having said thus much on the principles upon which the system of reviewing is founded, on its uses, and the qualities which ought to distinguish it, I shall endeavour to characterise, by a few short observations, the principal publications of the kind to which public attention is most generally turned. The first of these is 'The Edinburgh Review.' I have already mentioned the respect which is due to this publication for the impetus it originally gave to periodical literature. It was the first which, with any thing like a spirit of championship, came forth into the great arena of public controversy. It was the first, in fact, which manifested any trust in its own strength; which shew men of talent and vigorous intellects, determined and energetic in the defence of good taste, and what they deemed necessary to human happiness, and which acted upon the only right principle of such works, a rigid resolution to attack and hew down whatever polluted the purity of literature or stood opposed to truth. I am not, of course, taking upon me to praise every particular decision or principle of this journal. I am declaring my opinion as to its power and intellectual vigour only; and in these, at its starting, it had neither rival nor imitator. In looking over the whole series of 'The Edinburgh Review' from its commence- in 1803 to the present time, the most superficial observer can hardly fail of discovering the bold track it has followed through the wide field of general knowledge, the weight with which it has crushed the most noisome and most prolific weeds that have risen in its path, and the unsparing hand with which it has wrenched them up, when deep-rooted and of long growth. But it is not by its particular criticisms, by its reviews of a single book or author, that it has obtained the power and influence it has so long possessed. It was discovered, that merely pointing out a few verbal blunders in a book, condemning or lauding some production of the day in reference to its individual deserts only, or presenting isolated extracts of works, the substance of which it was impossible to give, would be infinitely less useful and influential than taking hold of the very subject itself to which a publication referred, giving extended and general views of the questions it involved, furnishing the reader with the rules and principles on which his decision ought to rest, and gathering into a close and compact digest, the best arguments, the soundest opinions, or the most striking illustrations, of which any matter, either of taste or reason, admits. In conformity with this idea, 'The Edinburgh Review' became the expounder of principles, the setter forth of dogmas, the proud and lofty-toned denunciator; sometimes bearing out its decisions by a keen-eyed anatomy of some contemporary work, but more frequently contenting itself with holding up the mirror of its philosophy, and leaving the reader to judge of truth and falsehood, beauty and deformity, by the lines he sees pourtrayed upon its surface. In one word, it has from time to time left authors, to attack systems; neglected to analyse a book, that it might develope a theory; lifted its lash, like a churlish pedagogue, against a poem or an essay; but stood forth in the full panoply of reason when general truth was its object. It has spoken with a somewhat insolent and untempered tone of literature in detail, but has argued nobly on the universality of its power and excellence—it has sported in the wantonness of strength with whatever it found on the surface of the field, but dug with the earnestness of a miser where it traced signs of a hidden wealth—it has mocked in determined scorn at ideas of conciliation or courtesy in criticism, but it has brought all authors to the same stern test of truth and propriety—it has neglected to satisfy curiosity on many books, but it has drawn a wide circle, by remark and investigation, which embraces almost all the subjects on which human thought can be employed. It has seemed, we may lastly add, to be composed of essays and dissertations, but has in reality contained criticisms, each of which would furnish a hundred of the particular ones in smaller reviews and magazines. Of the actual and present literary character of 'The Edinburgh Review,' it must be confessed that it is equal neither in power nor vigour to what it was a few years back. The views it takes are general, but they are often superficial too. Its political theories are founded on lengthy calculations, its literary philosophy is often borrowed from Germany, and its observation of the passing tide made to depend too much on the experiments of former years. It may be properly characterised by saying, that the deep and powerful intellect which once seemed to be concentrated in its substance, is now diffused, like a bright but unburning light, over its pages; that there is power, activity, and an occasional originality of the truest kind in its composition; but that it wants the fresh spring and motion which formerly filled it with life and spirit, and which, if it now possessed it, would give it throughout that high intellectual tone which at present is found only in a few laboured articles.

'The Quarterly Review,' which has closely followed 'The Edinburgh' in its plan of generalising its criticisms, is, it is well known, strongly opposed to it in principles. There is, however, a very different spirit animating these two great Reviews, independent of any political considerations. 'The Edinburgh' has, from the beginning, spoken as if it had certain purposes to effect, and as if it was to obtain its ends by the severe and authoritative tone of its sentiments and language. It has had a bold and business-like spirit in whatever it has undertaken, and appealed to its readers as if it were always in earnest and always determined. 'The Quarterly,' on the contrary, has generally assumed a milder tone; has argued, and argued convincingly, but with more apparent deference to the private judgment of readers. It has condemned and applauded publications in as high a degree as its rival, and with as much seeming sincerity; but it has always taken more pains to prove its judgment correct, and dared less to play the dictator. It has its particular principles and views to support, and it has supported them with a noble talent and the richest treasures of much and varied learning; but its style, in all its minutiæ, its arguments, and theories, belong to, and spring from, literature in its conventional refinement. Its strength is not employed as if it were innate; it is not at the impulse of its own will, at the bidding of a voice heard only by itself, that it puts it forth; but at the many and long-observed signals of experience and research, and after it has, as it were, acknowledged itself to be not the power which can control or legislate, but the representative of a superior one, from which its own force is derived.

The great and most valuable characteristic of 'The Quarterly,' is the elegant learning every where visible in its pages, which, without giving the least touch of pedantry to its most serious articles, adds solidity to its disquisitions on the lightest points of literary inquiry. It is seldom it displays any boldness, any deep fervour of sentiment or originality of thought; but it is almost uniformly distinguished by the same clear and lucid style, the same variety of illustration, the same power over the widest fields of human inquiry, and the same skill in treating of recondite subjects with ease and good taste. It is, in its character and construction, the fit representative of a literary aristocracy. Elegant in its style, but without the kindling fervour of original thought; judicious in its general sentiments, but taking them from the experience of the world, rather than from a lofty philosophy; decided in its judgments, but generally basing them on the proprieties of taste and learning, rather than on the free and far-looking truth of nature; calculated, by its variety of intelligence, its clear criticisms and arrangement, to afford a good idea of the state of literature from time to time, but limiting its fitness for the purpose by an occasional formality and contractedness in its manner and subjects: composed, in a word, of many elements of good—of the learning of the scholar, the elegant taste of the poet, the clear good sense of the experienced writer, and true consistency of opinions this long-established and influential periodical has the most signal merits, which it can only be the blinding prejudice of party that can lessen, on the one side, or the equally blinding prejudice of party that can refuse to acknowledge on the other.

Such is the character which we think may fairly be given to the two most influential periodicals which have ever appeared in this, or perhaps in any country. The greatest men in the literary world have, from their commencement, contributed the principal portion of their contents; and the strongest partizans of each political sect have made use of them as the organs of their opinions. Composed in this manner of materials valuable in themselves, and combined by a pervading spirit of strongly excited sentiment, both 'The Edinburgh' and 'The Quarterly' will retain their high station in the ranks of periodical literature, till some far greater change take place in every other work of the same description, than is at present to be calculated upon. There are also advantages belonging to the existence of two such publications in a literary nation, that we should be sorry to see diminished or counteracted. They have an authority ceded to them by the common consent of almost every sect and party in the literary world, and the few who pretend to dissent from the general opinion are, in almost every case, either offended authors or ignorant candidates for publicity. One good effect of the authority thus possessed by the Reviews we are speaking of, is the high tone they are able to take in their discussions, and the vigour with which every article will be written, the author of which is sure of being heard, and heard with respect, by the most thinking part of the community. This advantage, which, it cannot be denied, is possessed to a considerable extent, both by the 'Edinburgh' and the 'Quarterly,' may, it is true, be sometimes abused or neglected; but so long as they depend on the public for support, this cannot be materially the case, and there is little reason to fear that, with the exception of the occasional variations to which all works of the kind are subject, they will ever, or for a very long period indeed, lose the station which they at present occupy.

Another advantage, also belonging to them is, that from their size, and the manner in which they are composed, they give those general views of the state of literature, which it is the most useful purpose of such works to afford. When considered in this respect, their value is greater than most other periodicals; and in looking back on past eras of literature, an enquirer can hardly help feeling of what important service they will be to the literary historians of future times. We may observe, in the last place, that periodical literature itself is advantaged by the existence of these greater works. People accustomed to their pages, will not easily tolerate, for any length of time, publications of an inferior character; they will not be readily induced to patronise a work for its quackery or pretended novelty; and the consequence will be, that Reviews of every class, will, in some measure partake of the consistency, and the generalising tendency of the criticisms, that distinguish the valuable Periodicals of which we have thus spoken.

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REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

DR. PHILIP'S RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Researches in South Africa; illustrating the Civil, Moral, and Religious Condition of the Native Tribes: including Journals of the Author's Travels in the Interior; together with Detailed Accounts of the Progress of the Christian Missions, exhibiting the Influence of Christianity in Promoting Civilisation. By the Rev. John Philip, D.D., Superintendant of the Missions of the London Missionary Society at the Cape of Good Hope, 2 vols. 8vo. Duncan. London, 1828.

(Concluded from page 384.)

We have already made our readers acquainted with the principal purpose Doctor Philip has had in view, in the publication of these volumes: a purpose honourable to himself—important in its relations to the great cause of humanity—and interesting, in all its details and bearings, to the sincere friends of Christianity. The relation he has given of the gradual change in the character of the forlorn South Africans, from that of a meek, simple, and kind-hearted people, to one of a cruel and barbarous kind, is melancholy in the extreme; and the exposure he has made of the sufferings and persecutions they have undergone, from the first settlement of the Dutch among them to the present time, can be read with no other feelings than those of indignation against the perpetrators of such enormities against an innocent people, and of deep, painful commiseration with the sufferers. We could draw from the documents of Doctor Philip examples of the most detestable crimes that avarice ever induced men to commit, and of the most flagrant violations of natural justice and the common and allowed rights of every branch of the human race; but we must leave his work to speak in these respects with all the fulness of argument and proof which its pages contain; and we turn from this view of Doctor Philip's publication to the consideration of it as a book of travels, with the expression of our ardent hope that he may prevail in this cause of humanity and religion.

To the ordinary readers of voyages and travels, it will be some little disappointment, at first, to find that the work we are noticing contains much fewer direct descriptions of South African scenery, or of the manners of the natives, than might have been expected from a person so well acquainted with them both. It will, however, be found, that, though seldom employing his pen in any laboured description, the author has been very successful in his incidental notices of the objects which met his attention. His thoughts, it appears, were almost continually bent on the important purposes of his journey; but, when they happened to connect themselves with some event or object that interested him, he made his observations with the skill of an experienced traveller. But, to do Dr. Philip justice in this respect, his work must be read, as we are obliged to select for extract the few passages that contain more perfect descriptions. The following, we trust, will be found interesting:

'From the description given me of the manner in which the Bushmen, in that part of the country, kill lions, it appears that they destroy that formidable animal much more quietly and expeditiously than even the marksman of the country can dispatch him by firearms. In the contests of the Bushmen with the lions, the reader must not expect any thing like the prolonged struggle and noble daring which he may have elsewhere read of, or seen described in the first volume of this work, by the landdrost Sterreberg. After firing hundreds of shots, it is not necessary for the Bushman, in his own defence, to doff his kaross, and pierce the heart of his noble antagonist with an assagai or spear. He goes more quietly and safely to work. To account for the superior success of the Bushmen in those desperate affrays, we must begin our narrative by giving some account of the habits of the lion. The lion, which, in many points of his character, resembles the dog, differs from him in this, that his hearing is not so acute, and he is not, for that reason, easily awaked. When a lion is asleep, particularly after he has gorged himself with his prey, you may walk round about him without disturbing him; and he has this property, that, if he is awakened by any thing striking or falling upon him, he loses all presence of mind, and instantly flies off, if he is not confined, in the direction in which he happens to be lying at the time.

'The wolf and the tiger generally retire to the caverns and the ravines of the mountains, but the lion is most usually found in the open plain, and in the neighbourhood of the flocks of antelopes, which invariably seek the open country, and which manifest a kind of instinctive aversion to places in which their powerful adversary may spring upon them suddenly and unexpectedly. It has been remarked of the lion, by the Bushmen, that he generally kills and devours his prey in the morning at sunrise, or at sunset. On this account, when they intend to kill lions, they generally notice where the spring-bucks are grazing at the rising of the sun; and, by observing, at the same time, if they appear frightened and run off, they conclude that they have been attacked by the lion. Marking accurately the spot where the alarm took place, about eleven o'clock in the day, when the sun is powerful, and the enemy they seek is supposed to be fast asleep, they carefully examine the ground, and, finding him in a state of unguarded security, they lodge a poisoned arrow in his breast. The moment the lion is thus struck, he springs from his lair, and bounds off as helpless as the stricken deer. The work is done; the arrow of death has pierced his heart, without even breaking the slumbers of the lioness, which may have been lying beside him; and the Bushman knows where, in the course of a few hours, or even less time, he will find him dead, or in the agonies of death.*

'After a journey of four days from Griqua Town, we arrived, on the 10th of September, at the missionary station on the Kuruman fountain. The situation chosen for the site of the new station, and the appearance of the place, were of course the first things which attracted my attention; and I am happy to say, that, in both, my expectations were exceeded. The scarcity of rain is a great barrier to improvement in this country, as a shower to moisten the ground is a rare event. The missionaries (Messrs. Hamilton and Moffat) assured me, that they had not, for five years, seen a drop of rain running on the surface of the ground, and their sole dependence for corn and vegetables is upon irrigation.

'If cloudless skies and continual sunshine be favourable to happiness, the people of this country might be supposed to enjoy it in a high degree, for it is seldom that a single cloud is seen in the horizon. When we form our estimate of happiness, we seldom reflect how much of it arises from the power of contrast. Clouds and shades impart to a Bechuana a more lively idea of felicity, than sunshine and fine weather do to an Englishman.

'While the missionaries resided at New Lattakoo, which is not more than nine or ten miles distant from the station on the Kuruman, with considerable labour they succeeded in bringing a small stream of water to the town; but it proved insufficient, and it was still of great importance to fix upon a spot where the requisite quantity of water might be procured. The fountain of the Kuruman rises at the bottom of a small hill, which ascends between forty and fifty feet above the level of the surrounding plains. The hill, which presents a flat surface, and the diameter of which is about three-quarters of a mile, is composed of green stone and amygdaloid, intersected with veins of apparently crystallized quartz. The green stone is in large masses, embedded in lime; and, from the projections of the lower strata, it appears to rest upon a bed of coarse limestone. The Kuruman is the finest spring of water I have seen in Africa. Immediately at the source, and on a considerable declivity, it presents one stream, six feet in breadth, and nearly two feet in depth, rushing forth with considerable force. This body of water is joined by some smaller streams issuing from the same source; and, not more than a few hundred paces from the fountain, it spreads itself into a ford of considerable breadth, and about four inches in depth. The place chosen for the site of the institution was selected because the breadth of the valley, at that spot, affords the greatest quantity of land capable of irrigation, and is not more than three miles below the spring. The first object of the missionaries was to cut a channel for the water; and they have now finished a ditch two miles in length, two feet in depth, and from three to five feet in breadth. This has been a very arduous, and certainly a great work for their strength. They had no assistance from the Bechuanas, who were not sufficiently impressed with the importance of the undertaking to take any part in it. Until they saw the water running into the ditch, they deemed it impossible, and treated the attempt with ridicule. But, when they saw it completed, their surprise was as great as their former scepticism; and it was amusing to see several ditches which they had dug, without the knowledge of the missionaries, immediately below the fountain, in the hope that the water would follow their spades and pickaxes up the sides of the adjoining heights. The Bechuanas are, however, now convinced of their error; and some of them are leading out the water to make gardens and corn-fields on an inclined plane, and are very much ashamed when any one diverts himself by referring to their former attempts.

'When the missionaries first undertook this work, Mateebé, the king, or principal chief, of the tribe, promised to join them with his people; but it appears that his incredulity respecting its success, and the disturbed state of the country, have hitherto prevented him from fulfilling his promise. In the beginning of June last, he was attacked and plundered of some cattle. The alarm occasioned by this circumstance, together with reports of other meditated attacks, induced him to remove from Lattakoo nearer to the Griquas, to whom, particularly to the chief, Waterboer, he looked up for assistance and protection in danger; but Mahuri, his brother, and his people, are now at missionary station.

'With very great labour, the missionaries have succeeded in erecting a neat row of houses in the bottom of the valley; to each house is attached a large garden, enclosed with a neat fence. The gardens have been laid out, by Mr. Moffat, with much taste; and, from his knowledge of horticulture, they have been stocked with a variety of seeds and edible roots. In front of the houses, and at a distance of, perhaps, forty feet, is the canal by which the water has been led out from the river. Across this water-channel is a wooden bridge, leading to each house. Within ten feet of the house is the garden, from which it is entered by a gate; and along the whole line of the fence, the space between it and the water course is planted with willows and poplars. After the journey we had from Griqua Town, there was something very refreshing to us in the appearance of this sequestered and pleasing spot. Mr. Gleig and Captain Warren, who had visited it only a few days before, were quite delighted with the mission-families, with their labours, and with the rising beauty of the place. Should the missions continue to prosper in this place, and the same spirit of improvement which Mr. Moffat discovers continue to manifest itself, it will, in the course of a few years, when the plantation is a little further advanced, present a very pleasing object to the African traveller.'—Vol. II. pp. 110-115.

'Superstitions of the Bechuanas.'

The aspects of superstition among savage or barbarous tribes, are so various and so trifling, and the resemblance between them is so great, that on knowing the superstitions of one tribe, all is known that is worth relating. Everything in a state of ignorance, which is not known, and which is involved in mystery, is the object of superstitious veneration, where second causes are unknown, and invisible agency is substituted in their places. My only object in adverting to that subject at present, is to show the influence which the instructions of the Missionaries have had, in this particular, upon the minds of the people.

'Till lately the missionaries have not been allowed to use manure for their gardens. It was formerly universally believed, that if the manure were removed from the cattle-kraals, the cattle would die of a particular disease. This prejudice is now removed, at least with Mahuri and his people, and the missionaries have at present no trouble on the subject. The Rain-makers, as they are called among Mateebé's people, used to exercise great influence over them, but that profession is no longer in public estimation.

'Mateebé, reasoning with Mr. Moffat on this subject, remarked, "If God governs the world, (and I am now disposed to admit that opinion,) he must be the father of rain."

'In the fountains in this country, there is a species of large water-snake. The Bechuanas consider these

* 'One of the keepers at Exeter 'Change was lately killed by a lion, from his ignorance of this peculiarity. On going into the cage of the lion, and awakening him, the animal, not seeing any way of escape, instantly killed the man, whom, probably, under other circumstances, he would have caressed.'

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creatures *sacred*, and believe, that if one of them is killed, the fountain will be dried up. An immensely large one was seen basking among the reeds near the Kuruman fountain; from the description given of it, the missionaries believed it to belong to an unknown species, and wished to procure it. When it became known that they were watching for it, an alarm was excited among the people. To quiet this alarm, Mahuri collected his people, and pointed them to the ditch the missionaries had dug for leading out the water, the buildings they had erected, and the gardens they had enclosed, and then, remarking on the superior skill of the missionaries, asked them, "If the trouble and expense they had been at was not sufficient security that they would do nothing to injure the fountain." From the confidence the people had in the missionaries, and the progress which rational ideas had made among them, this mode of reasoning was effective.

'Formerly, it was against their practice to deviate from the customs of their ancestors. When urged to plant corn, &c., they used to reply, that their fathers were wiser than themselves, and yet were content to do as they did: they also regarded every innovation as an insult to the memory of their ancestors. On this visit to the Kuruman, I had the satisfaction to see Mahuri, with his people, and other Bechuanas, applying to the missionaries for seed-corn to sow on the lands then under irrigation. In reference also to a promise of the missionaries to plough some land, and train a span of bullocks for him, he manifested considerable pleasure. Mahuri has also adopted the European dress.

'The Bechuanas, and all the Caffer tribes, have no idea of any man dying except from hunger, violence, or witchcraft. If a man die, even at the age of ninety, if he do not die of hunger or by violence, his death is imputed to sorcery or to witchcraft, and blood is required to expiate or avenge it. This sometimes gives rise to indescribable scenes of slaughter and misery. Where the person who dies a natural death has no one to avenge it, or if the person supposed to have occasioned his death is powerful, the feeling, of course, is smothered; but, on the deaths of chiefs or great men, those at variance with them are generally suspected, and a natural death is followed by many murders.

'Peclu, the heir of Mateebé, who visited Cape Town in company with Mr. Moffat, was rather an interesting young man, of an affectionate disposition, a favourite with his parents, the people, and the missionaries. On his return to Lattakoo, he became enamoured of a young woman who was engaged to a son of one of his father's chiefs. The missionaries did what they could to dissuade him from his purpose, but in vain; and the former connexion was easily dissolved when the young chief became a suitor. A marriage followed, and Peclu died, about eight months after that event, by what is called in that country the bloody sickness. His death was the cause of great lamentation to all the people, but his parents were inconsolable. The death of Peclu was imputed to sorcery, employed by the family of the chief whose son had been formerly betrothed to the young wife of Peclu. No investigation was instituted. To be suspected and found guilty amounts, under such circumstances, to the same thing; the family was to be exterminated. Mateebé consented; and Mahuri was called upon, as next brother to Mateebé, and uncle to the deceased, to become the avenger of blood. When the secret was confined to Mahuri, he expostulated with Mateebé on the cruelty and injustice of the measure; he asked him if this was all he had gained by having the missionaries so long with him. Mateebé became ashamed, and endeavoured to oppose the queen's purpose, but she was inexorable. Mateebé, therefore, still sided with her against his own convictions. Mahuri, seeing he could neither persuade his brother to resist the opportunity of the queen, nor himself decline office, apprised the family of their danger, and they fled to a tribe of Barolongs. He followed them with his warriors, and returned and told his brother, and the people in general, that the chief and his family had found protection; that he was not in a condition to attack them; and that, if they persisted in pursuing the matter further, they must go to war with several tribes more powerful than themselves.

Mahuri was, till lately, considered as not favourably disposed towards the missionaries, and we cannot say that he is yet converted to Christianity; but the circumstances related respecting him show a very pleasing change, and afford reason to believe that the labours of the missionaries have not been altogether in vain, and that still greater results may yet be expected from them.'—Vol. ii. pp. 116—120.

'The following description was given us by the people of the Kuruman, of an expedition which some of them made, in their younger days, across the desert north of Lattakoo, over which I had so recently looked in vain for a single object on which the eye might repose. They stated that they travelled two months, over sandy plains, without meeting a human being;—that, in all that journey they did not see one spring of water;—that, when they had left the springs behind them, they found an abundance of water-melons;—that they found the juice of the melons a good substitute for water;—that, after travelling two moons, they came to a great water;—that this water was so great they could not see any thing beyond it;—that there were people living by it;—and that, on their approach, the people swam, with their cattle, to a small island, at a short distance from the shore. The whole relation was so minute in its details, and there was so much keeping in the accounts given by different individuals, as to give the whole an air of probability; yet, I confess I should not liked to have undertaken a similar journey on the faith of the narrators.

'That this desert is without inhabitants, is a fact that is known. Human beings being found in Africa wherever springs of water have been discovered, is a fact that renders it probable that it is without water; and that such a people should be tempted to venture into the desert, with the hope of obtaining plunder, is a circumstance not at all improbable. The only part of the story which appears at all doubtful, is that which relates to the water-melons being scattered in such abundance over that immense tract.

'Travelling in Africa, we often meet with singular instances of the bountiful and varied provision made by Providence, evidently intended for the support of animal life under circumstances of great privation; but the following circumstance leaves some doubt on my mind as to the truth of this part of the statement. The missionary Schmelin, who has, perhaps, travelled as far along the western coast of Africa, never found any such provisions in the deserts traversed by him; and, on one occasion, on the borders of the Damara country, his oxen were five days without water, and he does not speak of having found any such substitute, when the supply he had in his waggon, for his own use, was exhausted.*

'Having finished my business at the Kuruman, I took leave of Mr. Hamilton, Mrs. Moffat, and her children, and, in company with Mr. Moffat, set out in quest of Mateebé, and the people who were with him.

'After a journey of two days, over an arid plain, at sunset we came in sight of Mateebé's camp. As we approached it, the whole scene presented to us a novel appearance. It stood upon an extensive plain, and was formed of a large circle, enclosing a number of smaller ones, at a considerable distance from each other. Between each family there was a considerable space of ground, and they were placed at equal distances from each other. The plain had been covered with bushes of the laurel tribe, which were from eight to twelve feet in height. Each family had a bush, or rather a circle of bushes, instead of a house. The bushes which formerly occupied the ground, excepting those that were used in the manner we have described, had been cut down, and the people were using them for fire-wood. In the evening, after the cattle are collected together, the people light their fires and cook their coarse meals. It being at this hour that we approached the encampment, the blazing fires, reflected by the glossy leaves of the laurel bushes, presented, in the midst of this desert, an extremely picturesque scene.

'The manner in which these circles were formed, which appeared to us, at first sight, so whimsical, we afterwards found was contrived for safety. The cattle, the only property possessed by savage tribes, and the only inducement that others could have to attack them, being lodged, during the night, in the inner circle, the enemy could not approach them on any side unobserved, and without affording the people time to fall back upon them to defend them. The outer circle forms so many points of observation, to give alarm in case of danger. When an alarm is given, the circles contract, and when they fall back to the centre, every man keeps the same relative place he occupied at the commencement of the attack. The women and children are placed beside the cattle.'—Vol. ii. pp. 123—5.

* Since writing the above remarks, I find it stated by my friend Mr. Pringle, in the notes to a very interesting volume of poems, which he has just published, (many of them descriptive of the peculiar scenery and native tribes of South Africa,) that he had met with some of these wild melons in the Great Karroo; and he also mentions having received information, from authentic sources, of the existence of this fruit in great abundance in the Kalleghanny desert.

NEW NOVEL OF PENELOPE.

Penelope, or Love's Labour Lost; A Novel. 3 vols. post 8vo. Hunt and Clarke. London, 1828.

It is seldom we find a novel presenting the two great excellencies of a good fable and a lively delineation of human character. It is, however, by the presence or absence of the latter, that the talents of the author can be best determined. A mind of very inferior cast may manage plots and incidents, so as to engage the close attention of a reader to the end of the work; he may excite his sympathy and his curiosity, by the simplest contrivances of his art, and, after once making him take an interest in some of the mysterious transactions that compose the substance of the narrative, may be pretty sure, in nine instances out of ten, of not being brought to task, either for insipidity in the characters, or an occasional affectation in the language. It hence occurs that a very large majority of the novels which compose a circulating library, are really far from bad, so far as respects their story or fable. If they were, they would never obtain so many anxious and admiring readers; for every one is a judge of what is amusing, or of what interests the imagination, though few possess sufficient skill in the knowledge of character to understand the merit of its varied delineation.

The novel before us is among the very best that have appeared within the last few years; but it is for the acuteness, the clear and felicitous style, displayed in the portraits of the persons introduced, that it is chiefly to be admired. In its story, though by no means bad, it sometimes fails in keeping up the curiosity of the reader, and at others, makes us doubtful as to the general probability of the incidents. Penelope is the daughter of a gentleman, who, having left England to repair his ruined fortunes in the East Indies, is obliged to trust the care of his child to her uncle, the venerable rector of Smatterton. While resident with her relative, she becomes engaged to the son of a neighbouring clergyman, who also has an official situation in the East Indies. During his absence, however, some mishaps occurring in the correspondence of the lovers, poor Penelope is induced to determine on becoming a professional singer, to support herself in independence, and free herself from the unkindness of an ill-natured and capricious aunt. To favour this intention, a fashionable countess, residing in the neighbourhood, determines on introducing her as under her patronage; and Penelope's uncle dying soon after, the arrangements are at once completed. But it so happens that the young lady's father returns at this time, and the project is put an end to. Not so, however, the troubles of our heroine; for she is annoyed, on the one hand, by the addresses of the Countess's profligate son, and, on the other, by the remembrance of her lost lover. But the anxiety and trouble of the different parties are at length overcome, and it is discovered that all the confusion and distress they had suffered, resulted from the base conduct of the young nobleman, in purloining the letters of Penelope's lover. It was not judicious in the author to rest his story on grounds like these; but he has written a book full of interesting sketches, and it is from these we shall take our specimen of his style. And first, the character of

'A Companion.

'This cottage was almost secluded from the sight of the world, but was yet within reach of life's gaieties and luxuries. Its secludedness was owing partly to the immensely thick plantations by which it was hidden from the road, and partly to the narrow and almost imperceptible lane which led to it. The external appearance of the plantation was rugged and uncultivated and neglected; and this appearance was, on the part of the owner and occupier of the place, cunningly intentional. He was a man who loved seclusion, but who loved the world; but the world which he loved was not the miscellaneous world of promiscuous humanity; it was only the world of select and superfastidious fashion, of graceful gaiety and refined voluptuousness. He

loved society not as society, but as the means of more intense and effective sensual gratification. Our readers, we trust, will excuse and accompany us if we describe with very particular minuteness this very singular character. He belonged not to any class, or tribe, or general description of men; for if he had, a few words of outline would suffice to state the class to which he belonged, and imagination or observation might supply the rest. But he was a perfect unique.

'His personal appearance was striking, though not marked by any decided or obvious singularity. He was tall and well formed, finely proportioned, and of graceful carriage. The top of his head was entirely and shiningly bald; his complexion was fair, and there was for the most part a look of good humour and easy gaiety in his countenance; but an attentive observer might occasionally perceive a transient cloudiness that looked like disappointment, and there were also visible traces of slight asperity and symptoms of sneer and contemptuousness. In his dress he was fastidiously accurate and expensively splendid. He regarded fashion no farther than that it gave him an opportunity of exhibiting himself to the greatest possible advantage.

'Of the qualities of his mind it is difficult to speak intelligibly. He was intellectual, though sensual; his reading was remarkably limited, and his knowledge as remarkably extensive. He had received the rudiments of his education at Westminster, and had finished his studies at Cambridge, at which place he had become acquainted with Lord Spoonbill. But, notwithstanding all the opportunities which had been afforded him, he had not made what is called progress in literature. He was perfect in no species of knowledge or science which is derivable from books. He had learned Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German, but he was familiar with none of them. He had slightly attended to the exact sciences, but he had forgotten of them every thing but their existence. He had read ancient and modern history; his recollection of them was little, but clear; and when he had any occasion to speak of any of their facts or their philosophies, he generally spoke with accuracy, and thereby acquired a reputation, which he had no wish or ambition to acquire, of being a well-read man. Few people speak Greek or Latin; and therefore our gentleman, not being examined, passed for a scholar. Every body who pretends to any degree of refinement or fashion, interslops his own native language with an ungrammatical nasal blattering, called quoting French; and our gentleman had picked up enough of that affected trumpery to pass well in the society which he occasionally frequented. With how small a portion of real literature and actual knowledge a man may pass muster in society, is only known to those who love the reputation of scholarship better than its toils.

'The gentleman of whom we are speaking was too politic to trouble himself about politics. His politics, if the theory of such an indolent one may be called by that name, were Ascendancy politics. Those are the best subjects who never trouble their heads about politics. If we were King, we should always encourage and patronise such people. The tame negroes in the West India islands do not trouble their heads about politics, nor do the subjects of the Emperor of Morocco, or the King of Persia; for, if they did, their heads would soon cease to trouble them. The people of the United States do trouble their heads, but the time may come when there may be in that part of the world a great multitude who will not trouble their heads about politics; it will then be a much pleasanter thing to be King of America than it would now. But while we say that our gentleman was indifferent to politics, and therefore a good subject, we by no means wish it to be understood that he was a Tory, for Tories do trouble their heads about politics, and trouble other people's heads too.

'This person eschewed partisanship, because it would give him trouble to belong to a party. His principle was, to possess and enjoy animally every luxury within his reach; but, at the same time, to avoid those excesses which are palpably and obviously ruinous to the constitution. He had made the experiment for very few years, but he began to find thus early that the experiment was not likely to succeed. For want of exertion and activity, the keenness of his relish had already begun to abate; and, by carefully extracting the bitter ingredients from life's cup and casting them away, he found that its sweets were sickening and saturating. Whatever was annoying to mind or body, he endeavoured, and in most cases successfully, to avoid. But there was gradually and surely coming upon him the bitterest of all annoyances; that kind of mental suffering which is only describable in the language of paradox, and which we will set down for the purpose of giving the purblind puppies of criticism something to yelp at. He was then beginning to feel the bitterness of sweetness, the darkness of light, the discord of harmony, the solitude of society, the weariness of rest, the deformity of beauty; but he knew not how and from whence this annoyance was coming upon him. He had felt that sensibility was painful, and he had suppressed or neutralised it; he avoided the sight or thought of suffering, for he felt that sympathy with pain was painful. He had not exercised the powers of his mind, lest that exercise should interfere with that system of luxurious enjoyment which he had adopted. He had despised and derided the moral feeling, and had studiously guarded himself against all reproofs which conscience might administer to him. But, with all this care, he experienced feelings far more oppressive than those against which he guarded.

'Now the Right Honourable Lord Spoonbill was also a man of no mental exertion, but he was a man of no mental power; he also was sensual, but his was not a deliberate and studied sensuality; it was purely animal and instinctive He was an Epicurean, but not an Epicurean philosopher. At Cambridge, he had been acquainted with this Mr. Erpingham, and he had admired the dextrous sophistry by which this gentleman had proved the worse to be the better cause. Mr. Erpingham had also been proud of the acquaintance with nobility, though Lord Spoonbill was a younger man than he.'—Vol. i. pp. 6—13.

Portrait of the Heroine.

'Fourteen years had Penelope spent under the roof of the worthy and benevolent rector of Smatterton. To her uncle she had ever looked up as to a father. Of her own father she knew but little; and in all the thoughts she entertained concerning him, there was mingled a feeling of pity. It was highly creditable to Dr. Greendale, that his manner of speaking of Mr. Primrose should have produced this impression on his daughter's mind. There certainly was in the conduct of Penelope's father, enough of the blameable to justify the doctor in declaiming against him as a profligate and thoughtless man, who had brought ruin upon himsel and family. But censoriousness was not by any means the doctor's forte. He was rather a moral physician than a moral quack, and he had found in his own parish, thatthe gentleness of fatherly admonition was more effectual than the indignant eloquence of angry rebuke.

'Penelope naturally possessed high and buoyant spirits; and had her situation been any other than that of dependence, it is probable that this vivacity might have degenerated into pertness. It was, however, softened, though not subdued, by the thought of her father in voluntary exile, and the language in which Dr. Greendale was accustomed to speak of his "poor brother Primrose." Her spirit also was humbled, though not broken, by the stepmother-like behaviour of Mrs. Greendale. Penelope could never do or say any thing to please her aunt. When she was cheerful, she was reproved for her pertness; when serious, she was rebuked for being sulky. At her books, she was proud of her learning; at her piano-forte, she was puffed up with useless accomplishments. Out of the kitchen she was too proud for domestic occupation, in it her assistance was not wanted. In her dishabelle she was slovenly, when dressed she was a fine lady. By long experience she grew accustomed to this studied annoyance, and it ceased to have a very powerful effect upon her mind; and it might, perhaps, be the means of doing her good, though its intention was anything but kindness.

'As the mind and feelings of Penelope Primrose were impelled in different directions by her natural constitution, and by her accidental situation, a greater degree of interest was thus attached to her character. There is in our nature a feeling, from whatever source arising, which loves not monotony, but delights in contrast. The tear which is always flowing moves not our sympathy so strongly as that which struggles through a smile; and the sun never shines so sweetly as when it gleams through the drops of an April shower.

'To introduce a female character without some description of person, is almost unprecedented, though it might not be injudicious; seeing that then the imagination of the reader might fill the vacant niche with whatever outward visible form might be best calculated to rouse his attention, to fix his sympathies, and to please his recollections. But we are not of sufficient authority to make precedents. Let it be explicitly said, that Penelope Primrose exceeded the middle stature, that her dark blue eyes were shaded by a deep and graceful fringe, that her complexion was somewhat too pale for beauty, but that its paleness was not perceptible as a defect whenever a smile illumined her countenance, and developed the dimples that lurked in her cheek and under-lip. Her features were regular, her gait exceedingly graceful, and her voice musical in the highest degree. Seldom, indeed, would she indulge in the pleasure of vocal music, but when she did, as was sometimes the case to please the Countess of Smatterton, her ladyship, who was a most excellent judge, used invariably to pronounce Miss Primrose as the finest and purest singer that she had ever heard More than once indeed, the Countess had recommended Penelope to adopt the musical profession as a sure and ready means of acquiring independence; but the young lady had scruples, and so had her uncle.'—Vol. i. pp. 18.—22.

Lord Spoonbill.

'At the time of which we are writing, this promising youth (Lord Spoonbill) had just finished his education at the university of Cambridge, or more properly speaking at the joint universities of Cambridge and Newmarket; for the latter is a kind of essential appendix, or chapel of ease, to the former. It is indeed a great piece of neglect, and grievously impeaching the wisdom of our ancestors, that Cambridge only of the two universities is blessed by the vicinity of a race-course; seeing that our hereditary legislators are in many cases more fond of applying the knowledge which they acquire at Newmarket, than that which they gain, if it be any at all, at the university of Cambridge: and if there be any truth in the observation, that the best kind of education is that which is applicable to the purposes and pursuits of after-life, then indeed Newmarket may be called the better half of Cambridge. Lord Spoonbill was not one of those careless young men who lose at the university what they have gained at school; one reason was, that he had little or nothing to lose; nor was his lordship one of those foolish people who go to a university and study hard to acquire languages which they never use, and sciences which they never apply in after-life. His lordship had sense enough to conclude that, as the nobility do not talk Greek, he had no occasion to learn it; and as hereditary legislators have nothing to do with the exact sciences, it would be a piece of idle impertinence in him to study mathematics. But his lordship had heard that hereditary legislators did occasionally indulge in other pursuits, and for those pursuits, he took especial care to qualify himself. In his lordship's cranium, the organ of exclusiveness was strongly developed. We do not mean that his head was so constructed internally, as to exclude all useful furniture, but that he had a strong sense of the grandeur of nobility, and the inseparable dignity which attaches itself to the privileged orders. The only instances in which he condescended to persons in inferior rank, were when he was engaged at the race-course at Newmarket, or when he found that condescension might enable him to fleece some play-loving plebian, or when affairs of gallantry were concerned. In these matters no one could be more condescending than Lord Spoonbill. We should leave but an imperfect impression on the minds of our readers if we should omit to speak of his lordship's outward and visible form. This was an essential part of himself which he never neglected or forgot; and it should not be neglected or forgotten by his historian. He was tall and slender, his face was long, pale and thin, his forehead was narrow, his eyes large and dull, his nose aquiline, his mouth wide, his teeth beautifully white and well formed, and displayed far more liberally than many exhibitions in the metropolis which are only "open from ten till dusk." His lips were thin, but his whiskers were tremendously thick. Of his person he was naturally and justly proud.'—Vol. i. pp. 43—45.

A learned Country Gentleman.

'There was one, however, of Mrs. Greendale's party against whom no charge of indifference to literature or science could be justly brought. It was Peter Kipperson, Esq. This gentleman, though in middle life, had not abated aught of his zeal for learning. He was a man of very great intellectual ambition. His views were not confined to any one branch of literature, or directed exclusively to any one science. As an agriculturist he certainly took the lead in his county; and being, as it was currently reported, "a capital scholar," he was the composer or compiler of all resolutions and petitions touching the interest of corn-growers. His opinion was asked, and his expressions quoted as authority, on all matters connected with land, or stock, or grain. If any ingenious mechanic had constructed or invented any new machine, the invention was worth nothing till it had the sanction and patronage of Mr. Kipperson. But he was not a mere farmer: he was also a man of letters. He had one of the largest libraries in the neighbourhood; besides which,

he was a subscriber to a public library in the metropolis, from whence he had all the new publications as soon as they came out. He had read far more than Mr. Darnley or Dr. Greendale; the former of whom he called a high priest, and the latter a mere pedant. On the great men of two villages, Lord Smatterton of Smatterton, and Sir George Aimwell of Neveden, he looked down with great contempt as very ignorant men; and though Lord Spoonbill had been at Cambridge, Mr. Kipperson was quite sure, from the obsolete constitution of the universities, that nothing could be taught there that was worth knowing. He therefore thought Lord Spoonbill a very superficial and ignorant man. To the pursuits of literature, Peter Kipperson added a profound love of sciences. The plain farmers, when they called upon this genius, were astonished at the very knowing aspect which his library wore; seeing, that besides the numerous volumes of elegantly bound books, which were ranged on shelves surmounted with busts of Milton, Shakspeare, Cicero, &c. &c., there were globes, maps, electrical machines, telescopes, air-pumps, casts of skulls, chemical apparatus, and countless models of machines of every description, from steam engines down to mole-traps. The glories of Peter are yet untold. Wearied as our readers may be without the monotony of panegyric, they must, if they continue to be our readers, undergo yet more, and be told that Mr. Kipperson was a great judge of music. He could play on the flute and on the piano-forte; but he thought nothing of his performance compared with his judgment. He had once at the opera witnessed the performance of Don Giovanni, and from that moment became a critic. Futhermore, Peter was a perfect gentleman, and to crown all, a man of patriotic principles;—though it has been whispered that his politics were conveniently adapted to those of the Earl of Smatterton and Sir George Aimwell. It does sometimes happen, as some of our readers may know, that, in some parts of Great Britain, the little gentry copy the politics of the great gentry or nobility of their neighbourhood. Mr. Kipperson, with all these amiable and estimable qualities, was a single man. He consoled himself with the reflection that Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton were unmarried.—Vol. i. pp. 51—55.

The other characters in the work are equally well drawn. The portraits of Penelope's uncle, of Mr. Darnley, the Rector of Neverden, of Colonel Crop, and Sir George Aimwell, a sporting baronet and poacher-killing Magistrate, have not been excelled even by the pencil of Fielding. There are also several scenes and dialogues of great merit, displaying the good taste of the author, as well as his knowledge of the world. We have no doubt that this very admirable novel will obtain considerable popularity; and a popularity of the best kind, as it will be derived from the lasting pleasure with which works of fiction are read, when they present close drawn pictures of human life and character, but such as we may look on without disgust.

SOLITARY WALKS THROUGH MANY LANDS.

Solitary Walks through many Lands. By Derwent Conway, author of Tales of Ardennes, &c. &c. &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. Hurst and Chance. London, 1828.

Since the publication of Mathews' 'Diary of an Invalid,' we have met with no book of travelling sketches with which we have been more pleased, than the one before us. It combines all the raciness of that justly popular author, with a quiet gentleness of taste, which his work is in a great degree deficient in. There are no highly wrought scenes, no epigrammatic querulousness throughout its pages; but it is all pleasing and always interesting. The author evidently writes, not for display to others, but for self-satisfaction; and, in every line we find ample evidence of his consciousness of his own powers, and his confidence in the abundance of his matter and resources. He has at once the eye of a quick observer, and the pen of a ready writer; and the graphic character of his sketches is only equalled by their diversity of scenery, and the richness of incident which he introduces. His travels extend over almost every quarter of Europe, with the exception of its extreme eastern and western boundaries; and Hungary and England, France, Italy, and Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, and the Mediterranean, have in turn supplied materials for his prolific pencil. Our first extract shall be a tale from the first of these, descriptive of a race not yet introduced to the English reader, namely, the jewel-hunters of the Carpathian Alps.

'*Life and Adventures of a Jewel-hunter.*

'I was about fourteen years old, when my father carried me to the great fair of Cracow, whither he went to purchase tools for his business, which was that of a lapidary, and which he carried on at Michlinitz. The size of the town, the magnificence of the buildings, the crowds that thronged the streets, and the novelty and beauty of the wares, surprised and delighted me; but nothing enchanted me so much as the model of the citadel in salt, which, according to the usual custom, was placed in the great square, upon a pedestal of marble.

'As we walked along one side of the square, looking for the shop of a merchant from whom my father wished to purchase some stones, we saw a great crowd collected before a door at some little distance; and, as we came nearer, it proved to be the shop of the identical merchant whom my father sought. So great was the crowd, that we were unable to approach nearer than within twenty yards of the door; and, as my father pushed forward, anxious to despatch his business, "What now?" said a fellow in the throng, "softly, if you please; do you think nobody wants to see the opal but yourself?" "What opal is it," said my father, addressing a man who stood beside him, "that excites so much curiosity?" "Have you not heard," replied the man, "of that wonderful opal, that Schmidt the jewel-hunter found in the mountains, and which has just been bought for the king, at the price of 100,000 florins?" My father was now as anxious to see the opal as any body else; and, when he had succeeded in reaching the shop, the merchant took my father and myself into a back room, carrying the opal along with him, that the business upon which we came might be transacted more quietly; telling the crowd that besieged the door, that the opal was not to be seen any more that day.

'My father and the merchant immediately began to make their bargains, leaving the examination of the opal until their business should be concluded, while I all the while kept the precious stone in my hand, looking at it, and admiring it, and thinking of its extraordinary value. I was entirely ignorant of the worth of jewels, and, although my father was a lapidary, scarcely could distinguish between one stone and another; for my mother having resolved that I should follow the profession of the law, I had been put to school at an early age, and was, therefore, more an adept at my books, than a judge of precious stones. I knew, however, that the stone I held in my hand had been purchased by the king for 100,000 florins,—and, as one florin even seemed to me an inexhaustible sum, 100,000 florins might well baffle my utmost powers of conception. At length the merchant and my father, having finished their business, turned their attention to the opal, and discoursed in the most extravagant terms of its extraordinary beauty and value, and of the wonderful good fortune of the finder,—all of which made a deep impression upon me. As we passed from the merchant's house through the square, I importuned my father to show me the exhibition of an Armenian juggler; but he refused me, saying it would cost half a florin. Half a florin, thought I—only half a florin; and this jewel-hunter has found a gem worth 100,000! All the way from Cracow to Michlinitz, I was occupied with these thoughts, and every minute was turning my head to look at the mountains, almost expecting to see the colours of the opal reflected from some sun-gilt cliff.

'A few days after my father returned home, he fell sick; and, notwithstanding the advantage of an excellent constitution, and all the care of my mother, and the medicines of the physician, he sunk under the disease, and died at the end of eight days, leaving his family but slenderly provided, and me, his only son, with his wits for patrimony, and the world, the sphere in which they were to be exercised.

'It was now out of the question to think of breeding me for the law; I must be apprenticed to some trade; and, my head being still full of the opal, I petitioned to be placed under the care of a lapidary. My mother consented,—and I accordingly took up my abode in a garret, in which there were abundance of precious stones to feast my eyes upon, and preserve the recollection of the opal and the 100,000 florins was. I anxious to learn my trade, and yet I worked but little at it. An indistinct dream of kingly wealth, and embryo projects of acquiring it, floated in my brain. The window of my garret looked into the country, the long chain of the Carpathian mountains bounding the prospect; and, in place of polishing stones and learning my business, I used to spend at least every alternate half-hour standing at my window, thinking of Schmidt and his opal, and his 100,000 florins; and, as I took my seat again, saying to myself, aloud, "I see no reason why I, as well as Schmidt, may not find an opal."

'During all this time, I never communicated my thoughts to my mother; I told her, indeed, at times, that one day or other I should make the fortune of the family,—by which she understood, that I intended to become an expert lapidary, and so acquire independence.

'About three years passed away, thus; and, at the end of that time, I requested leave from my master to go and see an uncle, who lived at Dunavitz, and who was a breeder of cattle. My uncle, however, was but a secondary consideration in my mind; I determined to make this journey subservient to my first trial of fortune; and, accordingly, provided myself secretly with a hammer, and with such other tools as I thought might be useful. My uncle received me with great kindness, as did also my aunt and cousins; and, when I told them I had been apprenticed three years to a lapidary, and had already acquired considerable skill in stones, and that my master had sent me for a few days to practice my knowledge among the mountains, (which falsehoods, God, I trust, will forgive me,) I was liberally supplied with every thing requisite; a sack was filled with eatables, and I was furnished with tinder, and a knife to cut krumholz, and many other little necessaries and comforts; and with the good wishes of all the family, and injunctions to return in four days, I slung my sack over my shoulder, and marched away, to begin my career as a *jewel-hunter*.

'Nothing could be more buoyant than my spirits were, as I began to ascend the inclined plane, that led to the foot of the mountains. I felt as if all the riches they contained, were one day or other to be my own. This was the very peak I had seen so often from my garret window; this was the very chain among which Schmidt had found the opal; and who could tell, if he had found a jewel worth 100,000 florins, that there might not be other jewels in the mountains, worth ten times as much. With these pleasant fancies, I at length reached the mouth of a narrow valley, that seemed to me the entrance to the abodes of Plutus. I soon fell to work, making the valley re-echo with the blows with which I belaboured the rocks, and continued my exertions without finding any thing that in the least resembled a jewel, until I was obliged to stop from mere exhaustion. This was rather disheartening; but I consoled myself by coming to the conclusion, that I had not yet penetrated far enough into the mountain. It was not so pleasant to sleep upon the mountain-side as even in my garret; but this was an inconvenience that I knew must be submitted to, and I felt persuaded that next day my labours would turn to more account.

'I awoke at least two hours before day-break, and longed for the light with as much impatience as if I needed light only, to show me the path to exhaustless treasures. Long before the highest mountain peaks were tipped with the sunbeams, I was making my way over rocks and torrents, hastening to a more distant ravine, not a bit daunted by the unsuccessful labours of the day before, but, on the contrary, with the fullest expectations, if not of an opal as good as Schmidt's, of at least something sufficient to verify my predictions of good fortune. This day I half filled my sack; not, indeed, with opals, but with stones and ores, which I promised myself were a handsome reward for my labour. Schmidt, thought I, did not find his opal the first time he went among the mountains; I must not be too hasty in my ambition. The next morning I began to retrace my steps, filling my sack as I went along, and arrived, at the close of the third in place of the fourth day, at my uncle's house. Great congratulations followed the display of my riches. "This," said I, "is garnet, this is lapis lazuli, this is gold ore; but I have found no opal yet." "All in good time," said my uncle, "and how much is all this worth?" "Certainly, not less," said I, "than three hundred florins?" My uncle looked somewhat incredulous; my aunt said something about the small profits of cattle-breeding, when money was to be picked up in this way by children; and my cousins, who were all females, and some years younger than myself, looked upon me as the most wonderful youth in Galicia.

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'Next day I took my leave, carrying my treasures, of course, along with me; but, knowing very well that more than one-half of them were worthless, and that I had exaggerated their value to my uncle, I stopped on the bank of a little stream, and, after a rigid examination of the contents of my sack, threw more than half into the water, making myself sure that what I had reserved was worth a hundred and fifty florins, at least. I went to my master's house, before presenting myself at home, and found him at work. "I have brought something with me," said I, emptying the sack upon the ground, and laying a handful upon the table at which he was working; he took up one, and then another, without saying any thing, for he was a man of few words, and slightly glancing at them, threw them into a corner, which he made the receptacle for rubbish. One handful after another I laid upon the table, and each specimen was in its turn consigned to the corner; the last handful was produced, and in it there was one specimen, upon which my hopes were chiefly grounded, and upon which I had made some marks, when I displayed my riches to my uncle. He looked more narrowly at this specimen than he had at the others, but ended by throwing it where he had thrown the rest, and saying, "All rubbish, my boy, so get to your business." My hopes, then, were at an end; and the three hours that intervened between and bed-time, were the most unhappy hours of my life.

'As I lay in bed, sleepless, ruminating upon the failure of all my brilliant expectations, it suddenly occurred to me, that possibly my master might be mistaken, and that the jewel which I had marked, might be judged differently of by some other lapidary; and getting up, I crept softly down stairs into my master's workshop, and lighted a small lamp at the expiring embers of a fire, which he had been using in some of his operations. I then began to search among the rubbish for the stone which was marked, but I could no where find it; one after another, I held them to the lamp, and repeated over and over again the same toilsome examination, till at length, weary of my unsuccessful labour, I sat down upon the chair before my master's table, which was strewed with the instruments he had used in polishing a beautiful jacinth, that lay with the polished side towards me. I took it up; it was the very stone I had been seeking for. My plan was speedily arranged: I seized upon the stone, stole back to my chamber, dressed myself as quickly as I could, and, although it was not much after midnight, took the road to Cracow; leaving a line for my master, informing him, that, having discovered him to be a thief, I had left his service, and had taken with me my own jewel, which my uncle could prove to be mine, by a mark which I had made upon it. I found no difficulty in disposing of my jewel; the same merchant whom I had visited along with my father, gave me a hundred florins for it, and congratulated me upon having begun my career so favourably; and next day I returned home with a present for each member of the family, and with more than eighty florins in my pocket.

'There was now no question as to my future trade; my first attempt had met with more success than any one, excepting myself, anticipated; and although I had not yet found an opal, I had no great cause to be dissatisfied, and looked upon the acquisition of riches, as the easiest thing imaginable.

'The money that my jacinth fetched, served to equip me for my next expedition. I left forty florins at home, and set out for Kostalesko, on my nineteenth birth-day, with the blessings of a mother and the good wishes of three sisters; all of whom I promised to portion handsomely, as soon as I had found an opal worth but 20,000 florins. All three looked upon their portions as already secured, and, as I walked out of Michlinitz, I did not forget to cast my eye upon the fields on either side, in the view of making up my mind as to the most eligible site for building a house upon, with the produce of my labours.

'The first day on which I set out upon my travels, and when just entering the mountains, I overtook two men, well advanced in years, whose tattered garments, and squalid faces, denoted the extremest poverty and wretchedness. I fell into conversation with them, and learned that they were gold-hunters. "Why," said I, "do you not rather follow the trade of jewel-hunting?" secretly pleased, however, that I had not found rivals in my own occupation. They only smiled at me, and I, in my turn, pitied the delusion that had kept them poor all their lives, instead of buying a castle and rearing horses, as Schmidt had done.

'Almost every day during a year, I spent less or more of it among the mountains; sometimes my labours were rewarded, but oftener I found nothing worth so much as a few groshen; yet never during all this time did my hopes diminish, nor did my continued toil become in the smallest degree irksome. Every morning, I sprang from my bed full of eager anticipation, and every night, longed for the morning, that I might recommence my search; days of unrewarded toil, I looked upon only as procrastinations of my good fortune; each rising sun brought new expectation along with it, and if one blow of the hammer did not loose an opal from the rock, I thought a second might.

'At length, one day, at the expiration of nearly a year from the day I left home, a stone dropt into my hand, that had all the distinguishing marks of a valuable opal. I eagerly proceeded to polish a part, and the varied hues of the opal flashed upon my delighted eye. Now then, said I to myself, the day of my reward has arrived. The stone I had found was little inferior in size to that which I had held in my hand in the merchant's back-shop at Cracow,—the look of which I yet remembered so distinctly; and I felt assured it could not be worth less than 50,000 florins.

As I bent my steps homewards, I employed myself in that most agreeable of all occupations, planning, the distribution and assortment of riches, which I felt assured were on the eve of being mine. The close of the third day brought me to the threshhold of my own door; and I was welcomed with those true greetings, which a son, after long absence, may expect to find from a mother's love. My countenance soon told the extent and importance of my secret; and the opal was drawn from its hiding place with exulting looks, and presented to the wondering eyes of the family circle. I determined to lose little time in realising my expectations. The next week the great Cracow fair would take place, and thither I of course determined to go.

It was soon settled what was to be done with the 50,000 florins. I had promised to portion my sisters; each of them, accordingly, should have two thousand, which would make them the richest heiresses in Michlinitz; I would give four thousand to my mother: and "as for the remaining 40,000," said I, "my little cousin Ronza, at Dunavitz, will make me a good wife, and I will purchase a barony somewhere in the Palatinate."

'These things being all determined upon, I left home for the capital*, early on the morning of the day of the great fair, with my opal in a leathern bag, which was suspended round my neck by a copper chain. I overtook, and passed a great many persons on the road; for I was mounted upon a good horse, which I had bought with the remnant of the hundred florins I had made by my jacinth; "but which among them all," said I to myself, "carries to the fair an opal worth 50,000 florins!"

'Before mid-day, I arrived at the capital, and, having put up my horse at an inn in the outskirts, walked towards the great square, by the same streets I had traversed with my father five years ago. What changes had taken place since then; and to what extraordinary results had the impressions which were made upon my mind at that time led! Happy fortune, thought I, that carried my father to Cracow; had he never gone thither, I should never have seen the wonderful opal, or even so much as heard of a jewel-hunter, and never should have been walking, as now, to the great fair, with a jewel in my possession worth 50,000 florins!

'I had no reason to doubt the integrity of the merchant with whom I had formerly dealt; but, before finally disposing of my treasure, I wished to enjoy the triumph of possessing it: I was anxious, in short, that as great a noise should be made about my opal as about that which Schmidt sold to the king. I walked accordingly through the great square, seeking an opportunity of making my good fortune known, and of buzzing about the rarity and value of my possession.

'As I went onward, looking to the right hand and to the left, my attention was fixed by the extraordinary richness and variety of a display of wares which were exhibited upon a long row of tables, placed beneath an awning, behind which an Eastern merchant sat smoking. Every species of costly and rare merchandise lay upon the tables. The richest stuffs, brocades, silks, and gold tissues from Persia,—the most valuable spices and perfumes from India and Arabia,—Damascus' sabres, the hilts inlaid with gold and ivory, and studded with precious stones,—the rarest gums of Africa and of Guyana,—temples and pagodas, curiously carved in ivory, and the most precious woods,—the most excellent specimens of Mosaic,—cameos and intaglios, of the most valuable materials and the most exquisite workmanship,—all swelled the riches of the Eastern merchant's bazaar. But rich and valuable as were these commodities, the contents of one other table eclipsed them all: it was covered with all kinds of precious stones, ranged in rows, circles, and pyramids; diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, topaz, of all sizes, and of the finest colours, glittered in the sunshine, and dazzled and delighted the eye. But among them I saw no opal. "Friend," said I to the merchant, "you reign here the emperor of the fair; upon your tables are concentrated the riches of all the cities of the East; every country in the world has laid its tribute before you; and yet," added I, "there seems one thing a-wanting." "What," said he, without taking his pipe from his mouth, "would you desire to see added?" "I see," replied I, "this beautiful pyramid, composed of precious stones, two rows of topaz, two of ruby, two of sapphire, two of emerald, and one of diamond, with this fine pearl surmounting the whole; but for the pearl I would substitute an opal." "I could soon make that change," said the merchant, taking the pipe out of his mouth, "but to my mind the pearl brings the pyramid to a better point; there is not a jewel, young man, that ever came out of the bowels of the earth, that I have not in my possession: and I will venture the worth of this pyramid, that I can show a better stone of every kind than any other merchant now in Cracow:—ay! in Poland, ay! in Europe," added he, glancing triumphantly at his tables, and then resuming his pipe. I thought within myself, "he has no opal, he is too proud of his jewels to submit to the suspicion of not having one, were it in his power to prevent it;" and I immediately replied, "I have not the value of the pyramid to stake, but I will venture the value of a jewel, which I will produce to you, that you will not match it." "Name its value," said the merchant, as unconcernedly as before, "and I will take your word for it; select its worth among these jewels, and lay them on one side, and then place your own opposite to them, and whoever gains, shall take up both stakes; you yourself shall decide, whether or not I produce a jewel more valuable of its kind than yours." This I thought was extremely fair, or rather more than fair; for it put it in my power to stake against my jewel something double its value. I did not, however, profit by this advantage, but selected a diamond which I judged to be worth about 50,000 florins, and laid it upon one side. There was now collected around the table a considerable number of persons, attracted at first by the wares, and now interested in the conversation they had overheard, and all anxiously waiting the result of so considerable a wager. I had thus obtained precisely what I desired—an opportunity of displaying my riches, and enjoying the vanity of possessing so rare a gem; to say nothing of the diamond that glittered on the table, and which I already considered as my own. I now pulled the chain over my head, and, opening the leathern purse, drew forth my opal, and laid it upon the table, opposite to the diamond. "A fine opal, indeed," said the merchant, laying down his pipe, and examining it, "and worth more than the diamond you selected, and precisely the thing for the top of the pyramid. My own, you see, is too large," added he, opening the lid of an ebony box, and laying upon the table the very opal Schmidt had sold to the king, the appearance of which I remembered so well. Gracious God! what were my feelings at that moment?—the object of my toil, and hopes, and promises, gone from me in an instant, and by my own accursed folly and vanity. The merchant deliberately returned the pipe into his mouth; took up my opal, and, displacing the pearl, crowned the pyramid with the opal. "Now," said he, "you will admit, that the pyramid is faultless." He then returned his own opal into the box, and calmly began to arrange some of his wares.

'I turned away in the deepest dejection; but the expressions of pity from the bystanders, so different from those with which I had expected to be greeted, wounded me more even than the loss of my wealth. I repaired to the shop of the merchant whom I knew, but without communicating to him what had happened. The circumstance, however, soon got wind; it was soon buzzed about every where, that an ignorant youth had allowed himself to be juggled out of a valuable jewel by the great Bassora merchant, Haranzabad; and I had the mortification of seeing myself pointed at as this ignorant youth. "How could you be so mad," said the merchant, my friend, "as to stake any opal against Haranzabad's?—had you come to me first, you would have learnt what every body knows, that the king

* This was in the year 1750, when Poland was a kingdom, and Cracow its capital.

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pledged his opal to that merchant for a loan, upon condition that he should not exhibit it openly at the fair."

'I had now neither business nor inclination to detain me at the fair. I sold my horse, and, in place of turning homeward with 50,000 florins in my purse, I had but 200, partly the price of my horse, and partly the balance of a debt, which the lapidary was owing to my father. How different were my feelings on my road homeward, from what they would have been, had I been returning to the realisation of my projects! My sisters' portions, my mother's provision, my cousin Ronza, and my expected barony, all came to my mind, only to reproach me for my vanity and folly. I was still a jewel-hunter, and had still my fortune to make; yet, wonderful as it may appear, at this very moment, when my hopes were newly crushed, they began to rise again; new dreams of riches, and even projects of their appropriation, occupied my mind, and almost excluded the recollection of my misfortune; and the very hour that witnessed the destruction of all my expectations, and the futility of my toils, saw also born within me, a steadier determination than ever to renew them, and as firm a persuasion, that they would yet be rewarded.

'Providence, however, has not yet thought fit to crown my hopes; but I have lived happily notwithstanding. Never has my hammer laid open the lustre of another opal, but I have always been cheered on by expectation; my toil has never been rewarded by independence, but it has brought me food and raiment, and left me something to wish for; I have never entered Cracow again, with the exulting thought that I was about to possess myself of 50,000 florins, but neither have I ever quitted it with the painful reflection, that I have lost the fruit of a year's labour, and of many years' hope; I have had no portions to bestow upon my sisters, but they have married, and have been happy without them; no provision to settle upon my mother, but she is long ago beyond the need of it; no barony to offer Ronza, but she has never appeared to wish for more than she possesses. Old age steals fast upon me, and so would it, if I had possessed riches; death has no greater terrors for the poor than for the rich man, nor has he so much to disturb the serenity of his meditations. My children regret that I should leave them, and their regrets are sincere, because, when I am gone, they expect no equivalent; yet had I even now youth and vigour, I would still pursue the occupation, which I trust my children will never desert, for one day or other their labours will be rewarded. Schmidt has not found the first opal, nor myself the last; and riches may be enjoyed by him who knows how to use them. Go on, then, my children; do not shrink from toils which your father has borne, nor despair of the success which he once achieved, and of which the inexperience of youth only robbed him of the reward.'—Vol. I. pp. 27—47.

This little tale is at once attractive and characteristic, and we regret that our limits will not permit us to extract another such from the many which abound in the work; but the following scene, in a different strain, is equally good. The author arrives in St. Hubert, a town of the Netherlands, on the borders of France, not much frequented; here his sudden appearance creates no ordinary sensation, and his interview with the local authorities we give in his own words.

'*Speculations of the good People of St. Hubert: and a Dialogue between the Author and the King's Attorney-General.*

'Were I to tell truly all the wonderment which my arrival at St. Hubert occasioned there, and not there only, but throughout all the province, my veracity would certainly be doubted. I am convinced that the arrival of the king of Tombuctoo and all his court in London, would not create half the sensation that mine did at St. Hubert. "Who is he?" "What is he?" "Is he an *Anglais?*" "Is he a true, genuine, *veritable Anglais!*" "Is he an *Ecossais?*" "He is not an *Ecossais*, for he wears breeches." There was evidently a stagnation in all the ordinary employments; the shop-keepers leant upon their counters, and conversed in whispers with their customers; the letters were an hour later in being delivered than usual; for Madame the post-mistress, immediately upon learning the intelligence, put on her cloak and bonnet, and went to take tea with Madame the wife of the lieutenant of police. At each of the three inns, more Moselle and brandy were drunk than had been known since the keeper of the head inn ran off with the burgomestre's wife; the judges broke up the court earlier than usual, and adjourned, together with the principal law officers, to the Wheat Sheaf, where they drank, each man, his bottle and a half of Burgundy,—and in the evening, the burgomestre saw a select party of the municipal and law authorities, where the affair was fully discussed, and it was determined, in consequence, that the *Procureur du Roi* (the Attorney-general of Luxembourgh) should send for the stranger to interrogate him. An express, too, was sent to the Governor of Luxembourgh, to apprise him of the event. All this is not, however, so extraordinary; for, certain it is, that no one at St. Hubert had ever seen an Englishman. I was standing in the inn, the third day after my arrival, while the girl was laying the cloth for dinner—she suddenly stopped her work, and addressing me, said, "*Mais, Monsieur, etes vous vraiment un Anglais?*" and upon my assuring her that I was, she continued to look at me for some moments as I sould look at an inhabitant of *Terra del Fuègo*. The result of the consultation at the house of the burgomestre was, that the *Procureur du Roi* should send for me; and accordingly, the intelligence that this great man desired to see me, was communicated to me next morning by the hotel-keeper, who could not conceal his alarm at having harboured in his house one who had attracted the notice of the law authorities. I, of course, obeyed the summons, and found the King's advocate in a small room, full of papers and books. A police officer in uniform was in the passage, and the gentleman himself was seated in a large arm-chair, when I was ushered in. He rose, and bowed, and sat down; I bowed and sat down also. "Pray, sir," said he, "what is your object in visiting St. Hubert?" "Curiosity; a desire to see it," I replied. "Are you not in commerce?" demanded he. "No." "Nothing else than curiosity brings you here?" "Nothing else." "You don't meddle in politics?" "No, unless having my opinions, as all my countrymen have, be called meddling in politics." "Your opinions, such as they are, are favourable to the Government, I suppose?" "So long," I replied, "as my actions are those of a peaceable citizen, no one has a right to interrogate me as to my opinions." "It is strange," said he, "that you should come to a place so much out of the way (*hors du monde*), as St. Hubert; you must have an object." "I have already told you, my object is curiosity." "You have a *passeport*, of course?" "If I had had a *passeport*," said I, "I should not have submitted to be questioned so inquisitorially." "What," said he, "no *passeport?*" "None," said I. "Where is it?" demanded he; "you must have had one on leaving your own country." "In my own country," said I, "no one requires a *passeport*, either to travel within it, or to go out of it; we have a good Government, and therefore it fears neither traitors nor spies." "But had you not a *passeport* from France?" said he. "Yes," said I, "but I came from Paris with a friend; both names were contained in the same *passeport*; he has remained at Luxembourgh, and is going back to Paris, and, therefore, requires a *passeport*,—and I have here a certificate from the commissary of police, by which you will see, that I had a *passeport* from Paris, and that I have conducted myself unexceptionably (*comme bon citoyen*) since coming into your country.—I thought," added I, "that this strictness had been confined to the Governments of the Holy Alliance, and to France; and of all the people in the world, the English, I think, ought to meet with countenance and protection in your country, for reasons which I need not inform you of."

'I now got up, saying, that I supposed I was not further wanted,—but my gentleman was irritated. "I have no power," said he, "to countenance any stranger without a *passeport;* I must report the circumstance." "The fault, Sir," said I, "lies in the regulations of your own Government: your ambassador at Paris signed my *passeport* in which were two names, thus giving us leave to travel into the Netherlands; at Luxembourgh, your commissary would not divide the *passeport*, giving me one to proceed, and my friend another to go back; so that by your regulations, if two persons set out upon a journey, they must never separate, until they return to where they departed from." To this he replied nothing; but took out of his desk a sheet of paper officially marked, upon which he wrote certain heads, and then gave it to me to fill up. The following are its contents, as nearly as I can recollect.

'*Query.* Name?
'*Answer.* So and so.
'*Q.* Profession?
'*A.* None.
'*Q.* Means of living?
'*A.* *Mon argent et mon esprit.*
'*Q.* Political opinions?
'*A.* Attached to every Government that merits respect.
'*Q.* Object in visiting Ardennes?
'*A.* Curiosity.
'*Q.* Time of your departure?
'*A.* When curiosity is satisfied.
'*Q.* Your destination when you leave it?
'*A.* Uncertain.
'*Q.* Occupation while here?
'*A.* Walking—writing—reading—observing—eating—drinking—hunting.
'*Q.* Persons in the Netherlands who know you?
'*A.* Nobody.

'"And this," said he, "is your account of yourself?" "This," said I, "is my reply to your questions." "When I receive an answer," said he, "I shall send for you again." "*Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter bien bon jour.*" "*Monsieur,*" said he, and bowed,—and I walked out.

'All this absurd proceeding, I attributed at the time to the ignorance and littleness of those concerned in it. I have since found, however, that the Government of the Netherlands differs from those of the *league*, only in the less power which it possesses.'—Vol. ii. pp. 56—62.

This is really rich and rare, and we can safely assure our readers, that they will find many such throughout the work.

For our own part, we have read it with infinite pleasure, and have only to regret that the author has been so very sparing of his delineations. There are few of his scenes which might not have been made much more of than has been done; and we feel, throughout the entire perusal of his 'Solitary Walks,' that he might have given us a ten times greater number of reminiscences, had he chosen to take the trouble.

Synoptical Tables of German Grammar. By W. K. Klattovsky. Two Tables, 5*s.* Treuttel and Wurtz. London, 1828.

Of the utility of Synoptical tables of grammatical elements, there can be no doubt. In the first place they give, in a short compass and at one view, that which is generally spread over a great number of pages; and, in the next, they are admirably adapted, by being fixed to the walls of a study, to save many an odd quarter of an hour, for which no regular occupation, perhaps, could be found. The tables which are now presented to the public by Mr. Klattovsky, appear to contain all that a tyro in the German language can require for his first studies; they are, moreover, very neatly executed, and cannot fail of being generally useful.

Cameleon Sketches. By the Author of a Picturesque Promenade round Dorking. pp. 251. 7*s.* Printed for the Author. London, 1828.

This is an interesting little volume. The lucubrations of a sentimentalist are only tiresome when mixed with affectation and false feeling, and of these there is little or none in the 'Cameleon Sketches.' The solitary thoughts of a thinking and amiable man, either amid the laughing scenes of a country landscape, or in the streets of a metropolis, are worth tracing. They take their rise in the universal sympathies of humanity, and, in clothing themselves with the bright or sombre shadows of the hour, become familiarised as a part of our own remembrances. We can recommend 'Cameleon Sketches' to the attention of our readers, as affording some exceedingly pleasant reading of the kind we have mentioned, and we hope to see it obtain the notice it deserves.

Stories from the History of Scotland. By the Rev Alexander Stewart. pp. 189. 2*s.* 6*d.* Oliver and Boyd. London, 1828.

This is a very amusing and instructive little book for a juvenile present. The stories in it are well chosen, and abridged with care. It deserves to be preferred to scores of other works intended to awaken a love of reading in the young scholar, and furnish him with materials for thinking. We recommend it to persons engaged in tuition, as a very useful little volume.

M. M. Saint George et Simonin.

'Le Grand Dinér' is the production of these gentlemen, and has just been produced at the Théâtre du Vaudeville with complete success. The plot consists of a dinner given by a poor devil of a clerk in a public office, to his superior, with as little of beneficial result to himself as Wilmot Horton's 'Report on Emigration' to his country; but it, (the Vaudeville,) exhibits some talent, and was well received.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, in August last. By J. Auldjo, Esq. 4*to.* Longman and Co. London, 1828.—(*Unpublished.*)

We have had the good fortune to receive a portion of the forthcoming work of Mr. Auldjo, containing a part of his description of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc; and we present it to our readers, as an interesting specimen of the intended publication.

'At last we attained the Grand Plateau, the largest of the plains of ice on the mountain, having the base of Mont Blanc on the further side, the Dôme du Goûté on the right, a precipice of ice and snow, with the Rochers Rouges, and the Mont Blanc du Tacul, on the left. The view from this situation is very fine: these mountains, all rising directly from the plain, have a most striking appearance: some large crevices intersect it, and others extend immediately under Mont Blanc, where the guides were lost in 1820. There is also a great accumulation of broken ice and snow from avalanches, on the part close to Mont Blanc and the Dôme.

'The sun was shining on some parts of the plateau, but far from us. As we felt the cold bitterly, we agreed to stop at the commencement of the plain, in a crevice of from fifteen to twenty feet in width. In it we found a bridge, which, on examination, was considered strong enough to bear the whole party at once, and, beign down in the chasm, it would shelter us from the north wind, which had blown strongly the whole morning, and now cut us most acutely on our elevated situation. We therefore chose this bridge to breakfast upon. It was past seven, and we had been walking for more than four hours and a half, without any rest but the wearying and tedious halting which I have described. It was with pleasure that I found all anxious to stop in this comfortable crevice; comfortable, compared with our previous exposure to the wind, but still very cold.

'While breakfast was preparing, I could not resist the temptation of wandering along the edge of the crevice, on the Plateau side. The depth of it was immense, its great breadth affording me an opportunity of making, in the literal sense of the phrase, a more *profound* examination than before. The deep blueish-green layers of ice, now varying into others more or less so, and sometimes nearly white, were shown to great advantage, with thousands of long clear icicles hanging from all the little breaks in the strata. Immediately to the right of our bridge, I found that the opposite side of the crevice formed an obtuse angle, from which a wall of ice passed along the side of the hill which we had last ascended. The side I was standing on joined an immense wall, or precipice, which crossed the remainder of the space between the angle thus formed and the Mont Blanc du Tacul, forming a barrier to that part of the Plateau. Under our bridge I could see, and the manner in which it hung suspended, with all the guides sitting on it, was a beautiful and curious sight. It thrilled through my body. My blood curdled at the thought, that, in one moment, without a chance of escape, they might be all precipitated into eternity. Yet no such idea ever entered the imagination of the thoughtless but brave guides, who sat singing, laughing, and eating as hearty a meal as if each was safely at home by his own fireside, either unconscious or regardless of the danger of their present situation.

'The cold, as I have said, was excessive. I placed my thermometer against a baton, about two feet from the snow on the bridge, and the point at which the mercury rested was 18¼ degrees Fahrenheit, or 6—0 Reaumur, at twenty minutes after seven, A.M. The rarity of the air had not affected any of us, for the chickens which were produced for breakfast, though frozen, were soon disposed of, as well as some cheese*, which was particularly relished. The negus made by Coutet the night before was pronounced to be real nectar. Besides, it had the advantage of being iced, crystals passing through it in a variety of directions while it was in the bottle, but on being poured out a film formed instantly upon it. The time allotted for our repast was very agreeably passed, not one of the party regretting his having engaged in this expedition, and all desirous of proceeding; therefore the meal was no sooner finished than we prepared to depart, leaving most of the provisions and all the knapsacks which we had brought there but one: this contained bottles of negus, a mixture of vinegar, wine, and water, boiled with spices and a great deal of sugar, (a capital beverage for such an expedition,) lemonade, and *one* chicken, in case any of us should feel disposed to eat when on the summit.

'We traversed the Plateau, winding towards the left, or Mont Blanc du Tacul, leaving the old route, which led right across the plain, and ascended the steep masses of snow and ice which hang on this side of the Mont Blanc, so delicately and dangerously poised, that the slightest noise, or concussion of the air, even that proceeding from speaking, moves them from their situation, and they fall, rushing down the declivities with overwhelming velocity, widening as they proceed, till at last they extend from one side of the mountain to the other, and cover the plain below with *debris*. It was one of those avalanches, or slips of snow, which, in this very spot, involved and buried under its mass, in the deep crevice, the three unfortunate men who were lost in the expedition formed by Dr. Hamel.

'At last the sun shone forth with animating heat, and welcome was it to us, for our pace was too steady and slow to give us an opportunity of keeping ourselves warm by exercise. Cold and shivering as we were, we could hardly bear the fatigue we had now to encounter, or undertake to pass the dangerous point which we found in the direction of our march, and which must be got over, though it was some consolation that it was known to be the last trial we were to undergo, after it there being only two enemies to contend with—the rarified air, or the fatigue arising from climbing the almost perpendicular ascent which leads directly to the summit.

'The approach to this last danger was from the Plateau, descending into a broken crevice, and thence ascending a cliff of snow, exceedingly steep, which brought us to a wall of ice some feet in height, having scaled which, we found a declivity of snow, inclining towards a precipice at an angle of 70°. Along the edge of this precipice we had to walk for some minutes, and then in zig-zag to ascend the hill until we came to a plain. This was a difficult thing to accomplish, and to keep a footing in the awkward position in which we were obliged to move, supporting ourselves with the right hand buried in the snow, which was beginning to soften, to keep our bodies up; then the steps being cut, and soon worn by those who trod in them first, made it a hazardous enterprise to move forward, and to retreat was impossible. No accident did occur, and I thought it quite miraculous.

'Our success now was quite certain, and we congratulated each other on this happy circumstance, which inspired each member of the party with fresh animation and spirit.

'While engaged in passing this last difficulty, our attention was arrested by a loud noise, or hissing sound, which the guides knew to proceed from some vast body of ice and snow falling in avalanche. It lasted some moments, and finished by a report which must have been caused by the precipitation of some immense mass upon a rock or plain. In an instant the stilness which had been disturbed resumed its reign. A great avalanche had fallen. The guides decided that it was upon the Italian side of the mountain, but were mistaken, as was afterwards discovered.

'A plain of snow which presented no difficulty allowed us to proceed with great comfort, and to quicken our pace. For some minutes we passed along the base of the rocks called Rochers Rouges, and came to an ascent of snow leading to their summit. It was here that I first felt any effect from the rarity of the air; for soon after I began to ascend there was an oppression on the chest, a difficulty of breathing; a quickness of pulsation soon followed, with a great inclination to thirst, and a fulness in the veins of the head; but still I experienced no headache, nor was there the slightest symptom of hæmorrhage. Most of the guides were affected in the same way.

'At nine o'clock we were on the last point of the Rochers Rouges, and came again into the old line of ascent, which we had quitted on the Grand Plateau, the first deviation from which had been made by Messrs. Hawes and Fellows, on the 25th July last. These gentlemen pursued the route which I followed.

'I felt a little exhausted, and was greatly disappointed on finding that the lemonade, the best thing that could be used for refreshing our weakened powers, had been lost by the breaking of the bottles. I was obliged to proceed without relief, being afraid to attack the negus, for the guides must have shared it, and we might find the want of it when we had got higher up, and where the increase of fatigue, and the rarity of air, would render it much more necessary to us than at present, every few paces that we ascended the oppression and suffering becoming greater.

'We crossed a plain of snow which rose gently from the Rochers Rouges; at the end of it was the only crevice we had met for some time: it was deep and wide. One bridge was tried, but it gave way; a little further another was found, over which we managed to pass by placing the batons on it, and being drawn over on our backs. Two or three managed to cross on another, using great care, and joined us; but, when we had proceeded up the acclivity before us some little distance, we were surprised by a shrill scream, and on turning beheld Jean Marie Coutet up to his neck in the snow covering the crevice. He had wandered from the party, and, coming to the crack, sought and found the place where the guides had walked across, and attempted to follow their course, but not taking the proper care to choose their footsteps, had got about eighteen inches on one side of them, and the consequence was, that when in the centre he sunk up to his shoulders, saving himself from inevitable destruction only by stretching out his arms, his baton, by mere chance, coming obliquely on the bridge, otherwise he would have slipped through, and all attempts to have saved or raised him out of the crevice would have been impossible. The perilous situation he was in was appalling; all ran down to him, and he was drawn out, but had nearly lost his presence of mind, so greatly had he been terrified. However, he soon recovered, and acknowledged his want of precaution, which had very nearly destroyed the pleasure of the undertaking, when we were so near its happy conclusion.' Pp.33—40.

* 'M. De Saussure states, that at the Rochers Rouges the bread and provisions were completely frozen. However, the thermometer had not been below three degrees under the freezing point, and these provisions, shut up and covered in a basket, and carried on a man's back, ought to have been preserved from cold by the heat of his body. "I am persuaded," he continues, "that in the plain, at the same temperature, these aliments would not have been frozen, and very likely the thermometer enclosed in the basket would not have descended to zero; but, in this rarified and constantly-renewed air, bodies impregnated with water experience a very great and rapid evaporation, and thus become cold much sooner than the dry bulb of a thermometer."

MACREADY'S MACBETH IN PARIS.

Among the good effects of the active literary intercourse which now seems established between Great Britain and the Continent, we hope may be reckoned its tendency to counteract that disposition to depreciate foreign merit, which unfortunately prevails, more or less, in all countries, and certainly not in the least degree in our own. The drama is the branch of literature with respect to which this disposition has most decidedly, and, we think, most unreasonably, displayed itself; more particularly in the questions raised between ourselves and our nearest neighbours across the Channel. They accuse us of disregarding all rules, though the early drama of other countries is equally irregular; and we prefer against them the charge of a slavish imitation of ancient models,—though a people a little more remote from us, namely, the Italians, have been still more remarkable for instances of a strict adherence to the forms of Greek tragedy. Vicinage seems, therefore, to have exasperated the disputants, as if it were thought patriotic to contemn the understanding as well as the prowess of one's rivals.

We wish we could say that this spirit had been confined to the vulgar panders to national hostility; but, unfortunately, it must be confessed, that it has insinuated itself into some superior minds, and has made genius and learning its instruments. Flippant observations and rash judgments, on the drama of each country, disfigure the literature of both. Perhaps, in this contest, we have not been the least culpable; for, though Voltaire is much complained of on our side, yet Voltaire was not so ignorant of English literature as some of our Aristarchuses have shown themselves to be of French. Besides, if Voltaire censured inconsiderately at one part of his life, he compensated by sounder criticism at another, when increased knowledge, and more mature judgment, give weight to his opinion. Thirty years after he had called Shakspeare *un saltimbanque* and *un sauvage pris de vin*, he acknowledged him to be *un génie sublime,—le peintre de la nature et de la verité.*

Precipitate opinions on foreign literature, as well as on other matters, are much more common than the subsequent correction of error, on better information. With respect to the drama, though the subject has been treated by men of profound learning, we venture to say, that one essential means of judging has generally been wanting. Setting aside the question of the unities, it is obvious that it must be extremely difficult, (perhaps it would not be too much to say impossible,)

for a person who possesses only a literary knowledge of a language, to feel the text of a dramatic composition in the same manner as a native of the country in which that language is indigenous. Sentiments and ideas which delight us, when happily expressed in the ever-pleasing accents of a mother-tongue, will often appear degraded by a perfectly correct translation into another language. But if English literature has sometimes suffered from the undignified or imperfect dress in which foreigners have clothed it, we have not been much behind them in similar travesties. We recollect an instance wherein an eminent English critic has represented Racine, as making Ulysses say, in reference to the sacrifice of Iphigenia, 'I am ready to cry.' Now this, through a strictly correct translation of the original words, 'Je suis prêt de pleurer,' is by no means a air one in a tragic sense. But substitute, 'I almost weep,' or, 'I can scarce refrain from tears,' and that which strikes us as low and ridiculous in the critic's version disappears.

We are glad, however, to find that the interchange of dramatic representations of French in London, and English in Paris, seems to be equally encouraged in both countries. Nothing could be better calculated to improve the spirit of criticism, to teach the two nations to appreciate each other justly, and to diminish, if not entirely remove, many prejudices which ignorance has fostered on both sides. That this has, in some degree, already been effected, appears from some candid criticism which we have, within these few days, observed in the Paris journals, on the appearance of Macready on the stage of the *Salle Favart*, and which has led to these observations.

A writer in the *Journal des Debats* thus describes Macready, and comments on his first appearance. 'Macready is, take him all in all, a fine actor. He is of tall stature, and his strongly marked muscles indicate that degree of physical strength which is suitable to a tragedian, and above all to a representative of Shakspeare's characters. His countenance, though not regularly handsome, possesses great power of expression. His voice, though not of that character best suited to the expression of tragical sentiments, is nevertheless clear and distinct; and Macready frequently contrives, by broken—by half-articulated words, uttered in an under tone, to produce the most overpowering effect on the feelings of his audience. It cannot be denied that this actor possesses both intelligence and energy; but so difficult is the character of *Macbeth*, that he does not fulfil the idea formed of it by an impartial reader of Shakspeare. The character presents a multitude of delicate shades which seemed to escape the actor, who, in the presence of a French audience, probably felt himself sometimes under restraint, and sometimes at liberty to use freedoms, upon which he would not otherwise have ventured.'

In spite of the extravagant praises which our gallant neighbours have hitherto lavished on Miss Smithson, they are compelled to acknowledge, that the character of Lady Macbeth, which has been assigned to her, is somewhat *au dessus de sa force*.

The French, who are always reluctant to admit of the appearance of ghosts in tragedy, complain, that, in the representation of 'Macbeth,' few pains were taken to reconcile them to what they style the *Phantasmagorie Britannique*. One critic, who seems to have expected, even in a stage ghost, something like the shadowy effect which Retsch has given to the buried Majesty of Denmark, complains, that the figure of Banquo, instead of rising spectre-like from the earth, advances from the side scenes, *tout aussi bien portant, aussi gras et aussi proprement habillé*, as ever he was in his life time,—and the ghost was, moreover, so very *artistement coiffée*, that the question

'Why dost thou shake thy gory locks at me?'

was perfectly unintelligible.

In conclusion, it may be observed, that though the writers in the French Journals fall into mistakes respecting our literature, which are pardonable in foreigners, yet their criticism is candid, and proves that a certain knowledge of the English drama is more common in France than it has hitherto been supposed to be.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF LONDON.

Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London, with historical and descriptive accounts of each edifice. By J. Britton, F. S. A., &c., and A. Pugin, architect. 2 vols. 8vo., 143 plates. London, 1828.

Such a work as the present, had long been a desideratum, both as illustrative of the edifices of the British metropolis, and as one affording, in a convenient form, and at a very moderate price, a series of architectural designs in various styles, and for various purposes. Mere views, however well executed, are seldom to be trusted as to accuracy, either of proportion or detail; or even, should they be correct in these respects, still, since they exhibit little more than the general composition and effect of a building, they are very inadequate as architectural studies. It may be objected, perhaps, by some, that the scale of the plates, in the volumes before us, is too small to exhibit those minuter details which the architectural student demands; and, in one or two instances, in such subjects as St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Bank of England, we regret that portions of the elevations were not given on a larger scale. In general, however, the plates are sufficiently perspicuous, even for the purpose of those who wish to analyse and study the buildings they represent, more minutely than persons in general require.

Considering the number of new buildings erected in the metropolis and its environs, during the present reign, many of which will be found in these 'Illustrations,' we think it a favourable symptom, that there are not more in an inferior style, and that there are so many which possess indisputable merit. Notwithstanding, therefore, that in some instances we could wish no embellishment had been attempted, since it has only led to deformity, still we do augur favourably for the future. With greater correctness of detail, and greater purity and simplicity of design, the architects of the present day exhibit more invention in their compositions and accessories, more pleasing and more picturesque effects, than their predecessors aimed at.

Respecting the publication before us, we can conscientiously assure our readers, that, if they have any taste for architectural subjects, they will find ample gratification for it in these volumes, not only in the embellishments, but in the descriptive letter-press. The account of St. Paul's Cathedral, by Messrs. Brayley and Gwilt, is replete with much valuable historical and scientific information. The latter has also furnished the descriptions of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, St. Martin's, and St. James's, Westminster, which evince a thorough knowledge of the subject, although we do not always agree with him on points of taste; and, if we may venture to dissent from a professional critic, we should say, with regard to Walbrook Church, that, elegant as the dome and the effect of the columns are, the naked walls, and the uncouth little oval windows, are any thing but beautiful, or in accordance with the rest. If we were to suggest an improvement in a design, held to be the master-piece of Wren, we should say that, instead of diminutive oval windows—more becoming a stable than a church, it would have been better to introduce a series of arcades descending to the level of the bases of the columns, closed up below, and having merely the arched portion glazed. The archivolts and imposts to these arcades, would have formed a pleasing decoration, subservient to, but partaking the character of, the arches that support the dome. Within each of these arcades might also have been a pannel to receive a mural monument; by which means, however they might vary in detail, these tablets would have been uniform both in arrangement and dimensions. As it is, this interior has an unfinished appearance, and the meanness of the other features forms any thing but an agreeable contrast to the beauty of the dome. There are some other particulars, with regard to which we dissent nearly *toto cœlo* from Mr. Gwilt, but we cannot now stop to notice them, for we have already, perhaps, dwelt too long on this Church, while there are so many newer subjects.

Proceeding from the pens of different writers, the letter-press accounts manifest various, occasionally, perhaps, rather conflicting, opinions; some, too, are only historical and descriptive, while others consist of little more than critical remarks. But this defect, if it really be one, is not of much moment; and we should still regard this publication as an important accession to our histories and topographies of London, even did it contain no plates. These, however, constitute its principal feature, and are generally executed with a degree of taste and ability that renders them not at all inferior to those exquisite little architectural designs in Landon's 'Annales du Musée;' which is speaking highly in their praise.

In the preface to the second volume, Mr. Britton takes a cursory view of the numerous buildings now in progress, or recently completed, in the metropolis; but we regret to find, as must, doubtless, every purchaser of the work, that he does not add, that, in consequence of these numerous materials for his purpose, it is his intention to publish another volume.

THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA.—PICTURE BY M. LE THIERE.

The whole range of history, ancient and modern, does not present one action more exalted in character than the incident which M. Le Thiere has chosen for the subject of this historical painting. The Roman soldier and father, drawn from the camp by anxiety for a daughter, whose honour and liberty had been menaced in his absence by the wiles of a libidinous and artful Magistrate, finding that death alone can preserve his child from pollution, nobly prefers the fatal alternative, and with the parental hand infixes the deadly weapon in her bosom. Turning, then, with the reeking blade to the tyrant, he exclaims, 'Appius, by this blood I devote thee!' Is it possible, how little conversant soever we be with art, to approach a painting which professes to represent this sublime and affecting story, without feeling the inspiration of high and noble ideas? Can we fail to see that there never was presented a happier opportunity for the exercise of the most elevated style of art, for the employment of all that is powerful and lofty in expression; of all the nobility and grandeur of which the figure of man is susceptible; of all that is interesting, youthful and lovely in the female form? Manly dignity and passion, and womanly grace and patience, offer themselves to our imagination, as the chief and sure characteristics in the composition of such a picture. Prepossessed with these notions, we are disappointed on arriving before the painting of M. Le Thiere. In it the sublimity of the subject is wholly neglected. The artist's judgment, and not his feeling, has dictated his choice of a theme: he has studied, and not entirely in vain, to produce an effective picture, but that effect is wholly independent of loftiness or dignity, loveliness or grace. There is not an attitude or expression in the whole production which has either of those qualities.

It is difficult to show indulgence towards a work of such high pretensions, which fails in so material a particular as the due conception of the capabilities of its subject, yet the present state of the arts forbids us to encourage fastidiousness; and, having made our objections, therefore, to the want of elevation in character which has been shown in the general design of this picture, we are not backward in allowing that its execution evinces considerable skill. The principal figures and groups are prominent and attractive—the two decemvirs, excepting as to the expression of the heads, and in that respect they are bad amongst the bad, are the best in the picture, and are well grouped: the figure of Virginius, although in a style truly humble and vulgar, has great energy, and is remarkable moreover, for the originality of its composition. The heads of Virginia, the Nurse, Icilius and Numitorius, are very cleverly composed; but, in regarding this part of the picture, the objection forces itself on the mind, that, to give the interest to the subject of which it is susceptible, the concern of Icilius should have been bestowed on the yet breathing Virginia; his execration of the tyrant should have been reserved. The lower part of the body of Virginia is ill drawn, and seems smashed rather than sinking. On the other side of the picture, the figures are altogether common place. The mother and her child is an imitation, and but a pitiful one, of the Niobe of the Florentine gallery; the figure of the bearded old man, in the foreground, is faulty altogether—badly drawn, and mannered in conception. A good *chiaro-scuro* effect is wanting in this part, more especially, of the picture: the figures are consequently deficient in relief or rotundity, and

distinctness: they are confused in a general flatness. An injurious effect is occasioned to the whole picture, by the neglect of aerial perspective; the group, for instance, in the middle ground, is as strong in colour as the most prominent figures in the foreground. The colouring is on the whole powerful, although it is not on the finest principle: black is too prevalent, and the red drapery in the centre of the picture strikes us as too positive. Great art has been shown in the arrangement of the exhibition-room, which is admirably contrived for throwing light on the painting, while the beholder remains in the dark.

The tenor of our criticisms, we trust, will preclude the necessity of our disclaiming nationality. We make no comparisons between this work and any production of an artist of our own. We know but one standard by which to judge of art of such lofty pretensions; and that is the ancient masters: no modern work, be it French, English, or Italian, will probably stand that test—but unless it do, experience forbids us to pronounce it a fine work. An historical painting is as an epic poem; we must have excellence or nothing; mediocrity is intolerable. But even estimating Mr. Le Thiere's present work by comparison with his own former efforts, and with a production of a countryman of his own:—in point of design, the *Death of Virginia*, is far inferior to the *Judgment of Brutus*: in style of colouring, Mr. Delacroix's painting of the *Execution of the Doge*, now in the British Institution, is much its superior.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS IN WATER-COLOUR.

We ever hail the opening of this exhibition with more than ordinary satisfaction: we are sure of meeting in it with what is excellent in its kind. Our national pride is gratified by the conviction, that Europe has nothing in art which will bear a comparison with the productions of our artists in water-colour. In other branches, artists, both at home and abroad, labour, but labour in vain, to attain that perfection, of which examples, left by past ages, make us but too sensible of the present dearth; while our performances in water-colour are not only the best existing, but will stand the test of the application of the general rules of artistical excellence. The present is the twenty-fourth exhibition, and is considered the best which has yet been formed. Without pretending to vouch for this fact, which we leave to more veteran loungers than ourselves, but of which we are assured on excellent authority, and which we have no difficulty in believing, we can safely assert that it is behind none of its predecessors of several years past. Names long familiar and dear to our readers figure in the catalogue, and those of Fielding, Robson, Prout, Cristall, Gastineau, Wild, Harding, Nash, and Stephanoff will apprise them, at once, of the nature and merit of the works contained in the exhibition.

The efforts of Mr. Robson's pencil are, as usual, abundant in his several manners. The first in order of the list, is *Snowden from the Nantile Pools*, which is followed by nearly half a hundred. His mountain and lake scenes have all that power and effect for which his works of that nature are distinguised; they possess those qualities even to excess, and would, perhaps, please more were they less labored. Of his views of cities, which include many, if not all those which form the work now publishing of the cities of England, the view of Edinburgh, from Salisbury Crags, No. 241, is the most delightful.

Mr. Copley Fielding's numbers, we believe, exceed those of Mr. Robson's, and are not less varied in their subjects. His *Southampton Sunset*, No. 181, is a most brilliant production,—truly golden; an objection may be raised to it, and it is one from which few of his works are exempt, that there is a want of substantiality in the objects. *A distant view of Portsmouth, from Spithead*, under the effects of a squal at sea, is in a more forcible manner than is usually adopted by this artist, but is a very happy effort, and displays the versatility of his talent. There are one or two others of the same character in the collection.

Mr. Dewint's several pieces are attractive by their truth, and rigid observance of nature. On this account they are admirable. His *Stacking Barley, Castle Rising*, No. 245, may be taken as a happy specimen.

The Temple of Vesta, Tivoli, Mr. Havel, is as complete a contrast as can be imagined to the cold tone of Mr. Dewint, but is far [illegible] much in the other extreme; the composition of the landscape is beautiful and rich.

Mr. Prout has been more happy in his western than southern pieces. His *Campanile, Ducal Palace, Bridge of Sighs, Prison, &c. at Venice*, No. 21., is in his clearest and brightest manner. Without requiring architectural precision, we wish we could see greater firmness of hand in this artist's drawing. His buildings seem threatened with the fate of the poor Brunswick Theatre,—few of them are upright. The *Campanile* itself is tottering. *Rue Grosse-Horloge Rouen*, No. 24., is one of Mr. Prout's best specimens; it has a delightful tone of colour.

Twilight, No. 27., *Sunset*, 43. G. Barrett. The latter has a splendid effect; the composition would be delightful, were it not that the too frequent repetition of temples and pediments, and this fault pervades the artists other works, degenerates into mannerism, and bespeaks poverty of invention.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II. Scene III., J. Cristall, is much too substantial for its subject. The figures smell too much of mother earth for the occupation of rose-bud-canker-killing and warring with rear-mice. Taken detachedly, they are ably done, and are no disgrace to the pencil of this popular artist.

With his work we shall close our account for the present, in the intention of resuming the notice of this deservedly popular exhibition in our next number.

EXHIBITIONS OF PAINTINGS IN FRESCO, BY PAUL VERONESE, &c.

Among the numerous exhibitions now open, that in Maddox-street is not the least interesting. It is a collection of paintings of merit, brought together from various quarters. Among these, are some frescos of Paul Veronese, which have undergone the almost miraculous process of being detached from the walls on which they were painted. Although they do not vie with the fresco paintings on which our ideas of that art are formed, from the specimens of the Roman and other schools, and have not much of the character of colouring, in which Paul Veronese so greatly excelled in oil, yet they are very elegant compositions; and their rarity alone, as frescos, would make them a valuable acquisition to the richest gallery.

This room contains, besides, several very choice pieces in oil-paintings. Among these, we are proud to mention two inestimable productions of our own Wilson, a *Niobe*, and the *Boar-hunt*; the latter with figures by Mortimer. They are full of imagination and force, partaking of the character of Poussin and Rosa. No. 3. is a very spirited specimen of a Gainsborough's powers. The collection contains, besides, a delightful *Venus* and *Cupid* of Giorgione, several Claudes, a Salvator Rosa, a very clever *Burgomaster's Daughter*, by Rembrandt, a Teniers, Wouvermanns, and several other very meritorious pieces of the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools.

VIEWS IN MADEIRA.

Twenty-six views in the Madeiras, executed on stone by Messrs. Westall, Nicholson, Harding, Nash, Villeneuve, Guaci, &c. &c., after drawings made from nature by the Rev. James Bulmer, M.A., F.R.S., &c. &c. Folio. Rivingtons, Carpenters, and Engelmann and Co. London, 1825.

This is one of the most pleasing and best executed series of views that we have ever seen, to the same extent, on stone; and its success, which we take to be certain, will, no doubt, lead to similar collections for publication in the same form:

The first view, is of the Town of Funchal, as seen from the anchorage, and is very striking, especially in its back ground, where the towering hills touch with their summits upon the region of the clouds.

Forte do Ilheo, Loo Rock, with a schooner and boat at anchor, and a ship entering, under full sail, is equally interesting, though of a totally different description, having the unbroken horizon of the sea and sky for its line of distance.

Funchal, from the Chapel of Santa Catheiena, gives a near view of the Citadel named, and the costume of the Monks, as well as a view of the interior of the town.

A Fortaleza do Pico, the Peak Castle, offers an extremely interesting assemblage of fortifications, scarped rocks, scattered dwellings, balconies, vineyards, and gardens.

View among the Moinhos, is a fine subject, but not so skilfully treated as the former ones, and is marked by a want of distinctness in its distance.

The District of Funchal, from the mountain-path above the Allegria, is full of the wildness of mountain solitude, and agreeably terminated by a distant view of the town and anchorage, with the broad expanse of the Atlantic Ocean.

The Waterfall is also a striking subject, and well treated, though its regularity makes it less picturesque than if more broken.

Ribiero dos Socorridos, with a broken arched bridge over the bed of a torrent, and cattle grazing, has nothing remarkable in its scenery.

Jardin de Serra, the next in order, with its peaked and rounded hills, clothed with exuberant wood, and mansions and cottages, peeping through the trees, is extremely characteristic of tropical and insular scenery generally.

Descent into the Curral, from the ridge under Pico Grande, is a fine specimen of a bold and rocky pass.

The church of Nossa Senhor do Livramen to the Curral is also a romantic view—but wants distinctness of impression.

Ribiera Brava, with a rustic wooden bridge over a brook; and Calheta, with its single arch over a deep ravine, are each interesting.

Pico Ruivo, the Torrinhas, &c. from the Paul de Serra, is the least perfect impression of the series.

Encommiado of St. Vincente is extremely grand, and resembles in many of its features, the towering sublimity of the Syrian Lebanon.

The Church of Ponta Delgada, with its sterile rocks, and the adjoining cove or rock of the sea, seems fitted for the austerities of monastic retirement.

Pico Ruivo, &c., from the high grounds of St. Jorge, is another grand mountain view, full of wild beauty.

Ribiero de St. Jorge, and Fayal, are pleasing views; Rebiero Meyo Metade, with its solitary woods and sharply-peaked mountains, is quite Alpine in character.

Santa Cruz is uninteresting; but Machud, and the town of Porto Santo, especially the former, are views of a very pleasing description.

The three last, namely, Interior of Porto Santo, the Valley of Porto Cruz, and the Cliffs on the north-east side of Point Lorenzo, are among the most striking in the series, which, taken as a whole, may be recommended as one of great interest, and giving, with the letter-press descriptions accompanying it, the most complete idea of the scenery of Madeira, that any one, without actually visiting the island itself, could possess.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

King's Theatre.—Thursday.

Mademoiselle Sontag repeated the character of *Rosina* on Thursday last, to a house as overflowing as on the preceding Tuesday, and her exertions could not have been more enthusiastically greeted on her first appearance. The extraordinary facility of execution, and correctness of intonation, displayed by this young lady, in the performance of Rode's violin variations, are unequalled by any singer in existence. For ourselves, we are no admirers of variations, instrumental or vocal; they form an excrescence of the art, which has been fostered of late years to such an extent as, in many instances, to supersede the culture of the parent tree, and to threaten the extinction of every thing simple and natural in the art.

Flattering as the reception of Mademoiselle Sontag has been, we feel convinced that her *tout-ensemble* would have created a still greater sensation in the musical portion of this metropolis, had it not been for the extravagant terms in which her features, her figure, her voice, and her talents, have been severally blazoned over civilised Europe, by the ultra panegyrics of her countrymen. A word or two upon German enthusiasm in musical matters will, therefore, not be out of place at the present moment.

At the residences of many German courts, where an Opera is a *sine qua non*, the homage and adulation which is paid to every rising star in their musical horizon, is generally as excessive as it is preposterous in its display. From the court the *prima donna* enjoys, at least, a handsome carriage, a table of some half dozen covers, and emoluments far exceeding those of the highest officer of state. By the people she is regaled with serenades; multitudes surround her carriage, escort it to and from the theatre, and remain shouting and clapping beneath her windows till past midnight. In short, music is there a necessary of life: soldiers and non-commissioned officers are marched every Sunday evening, with their side-arms, to the gallery of the playhouse, as regularly as they are led in the morning to church; and, on the production of Spontini's Olympia, the cavalry regiments of a whole principality were drafted of their trumpeters, to increase the orchestra of the Opera, in which a clang of brazen instruments was produced, that rendered the

passing tattoo of all the drums of the garrison, in the opinion of a Prussian prince, most 'soothing music.'

It may be well imagined then, that the Germans, however profound in their harmonies and gifted with the most correct taste in every thing relating to instrumental music, are often led away by mere execution and accidental circumstances in their estimation of vocal talent; indeed, if any style of singing may be termed peculiar to the country, it is certainly not founded on the purest models. Their *prime donne* more often astonish than delight; melody is too frequently sacrificed by them to execution, and the redundancy of shake and divisions to which we have in former articles adverted, is any thing but congenial to the ear, familiarised with the best Italian artists. A stay of some duration in Italy would be of incalculable service to all their celebrated vocalists, but these ladies are generally so spoiled by the applause that is indiscriminately lavished on their early exertions, that they see little reason in making any sacrifice towards the improvement of a talent which in its actual state calls forth the admiration of thousands.

Kings Theatre—Saturday.

Rossini's serious opera of 'Semiramide,' was brought forward for the first time this season on the 19th inst., with an accession of talent which promises to render it, after another representation, the most perfect, as regards musical execution, of the productions of the season. The *personnel* of this opera has undergone so many changes for the better, that we imagine we cannot give our musical readers at a distance, a better idea of its present efficiency than in recapitulating the present cast:

Semiramide	Madame Pasta.
Arsace	Madame Schutz.
Assur.	Signor Zuchelli.
Idreno	Signor Curioni.
Oroe	Signor Porto.

The highly dramatic interest of the story, which is sustained even to the last scene, is too well known to need detail here. The music improves considerably upon repetition; what at first appeared teeming with noise and *bizarrerie*, has become so familiarised to our ear, that we perceive, at every successive representation, a greater portion of dramatic expression and frequent traits of originality. There are certainly a few of the most barefaced plagiarisms that even Rossini has been guilty of. To adduce only two instances; compare Oroe's exclamation in the third scene,

In questo giorno, appena arrivi,
Da menfi il sacro oracolo.

with the denunciation of the statue of the commendatore in 'Don Giovanni;' and the duett in the second act, 'Giorno d'Orrore,' between Semiramide and Arsace, notwithstanding its doleful commencement, is as neat a divertimento on the 'Carnival of Venice,' as any London piano-forte composer could devise. To counterbalance these peccadilloes, we have one or two of the finest choruses that have proceeded from the pen of the Gran Maëstro. That of the Magi in the first act, 'E del ciel placati o Nume,' as also that which precedes the conclusion of the second act, 'Un traditor con empio ardir,' are exquisitely beautiful and solemn; they were well executed; but in several other instances the choruses were by no means perfect. The quintett, 'Giuro ai Nume a la Regina,' to which we looked forward with considerable expectation, was comparatively a failure. Another rehearsal will be generally beneficial, as throughout the opera there were evidences of want of sufficient collective study; the orchestra was once or twice *en retard;* but the military band on the stage deserve commendation; even the duplicate notes of the drum were in the strictest time.

With regard to those of our readers who have witnessed Madame Pasta's conception and execution of the character of the Babylonian queen, we feel convinced that our feeble praise will in no wise enhance their opinion of that preformance. To those whose nerves have not yet thrilled at the intensity of her feeling, we equally despair of giving any adequate idea. Viewed only as an histrionic effort, it places her far above any actress that has trod the English stage since the days of Mrs. Siddons; and to us, her delineation of the various conflicting passions appears more true to nature, than the majestic performance of Mademoiselle Georges in the same character. Madame Pasta's action in the finale of the first act, especially during the *tutti*, 'Qual mesto Gemito,' and the exclamation in the third scena of the second act,

'En tu vivi? oh! quel orrore,'

brought forth the most rapturous plaudits that ever rewarded a talent which, from the scarcity of competitors, shines with additional lustre on the stage of the Italian opera. Of Madame Pasta's vocal exertions, we cannot refrain from briefly noticing the air, 'Bel raggio lasinghier,' especially at the passage, 'Alfin per me brillo;' as well as the oath which she so majestically delivers from the throne. But enough: were we to recapitulate all the vocal excellencies of the part, we should be obliged to leave the other characters totally unnoticed.

Madame Schutz is far superior to any *Arsace* that has appeared on these boards. This lady takes extraordinary pains with the part; and, assisted with great musical tact, renders it particularly conspicuous. She appeared to great advantage in the opening air, 'An quel giorno,' and threw in some *roulades*, which were executed with great nicety. Her subsequent duet with *Assur* proved as exquisite a *morceau* as any in the opera; and the concluding portion, 'Va superbo,' was highly effective. This lady, notwithstanding her perfect knowledge of music, occasionally attempts embellishments which fail in the execution; we will only point out one instance which occurred in the scene with *Oroe*, in the sanctuary, at the words, 'Si del ciel nel fier cimento,' which we feel convinced were given in a manner far different from what was intended. In the finales and concerted pieces, Madame Schutz's portion was always correct as to time, and neat and effective in execution.

Signor Zuchelli made his re-appearance on this stage in the part of *Assur:* this performer is the most finished *basso-cantante* that we have ever heard. The compass of his voice is extensive, of great power and richness. His bass passages are delivered with a facility and distinctness of intonation as delightful as their junction is unusual to a musical ear. He sustained the character of Assur for the first time we believe, in this country, and threw all his predecessors deep into the shade. Poor Remorini, now no more, may have thrown more oriental gravity and steadiness into the part of the Babylonian Prince, but his execution fell considerably short of that of Zuchelli. Gallo appeared here, only at an age when it was just possible to imagine what he *had* been, but which never could have been equal to the present representative of this character. At first we were almost apprehensive that even the organ of Signor Zuchelli had somewhat declined in strength, as, in the early portion of the opera, his passages were often lost amidst the other voices; from the sensible improvement, however, towards the conclusion, we apprehend the cause to lie in the sudden transition from one of the smaller houses in Paris to the immense space of the King's Theatre in London.

Curioni has at best but a meagre part, which is rendered still more insignificant by the excision of the whole of his share in the second act, partly no doubt to accommodate the *Princess Azema*, who, in the present state of opera, is reduced to a mute. We must, therefore, suppose the character to have been considered by Madame Castelli as beneath her station in the establishment. Porto's character of *Oroe*, did not, we dare to say, come up to his own idea of his merits. His assistance, however, was most valuable, as his deep notes joined to the passages of Zuchelli, constituted a foundation for the other voices as beautiful as it was strong.

As regards the dresses and decorations of this opera, we have heard too much lately of the parsimony of the managers in trifles, to expect more than the *beaux-restes* of the original production in 1824. The present *materiel* is truly *Babylonian*, although presenting, at the same time, the most curious mixture of Oriental costume that ever greeted our vision. For the head we have turbans of a most original form, chackos that would suit many a regiment of light dragoons; Roman helmets, and figurantes *coiffées a la dernière mode de Paris*. The bare mention of these varieties may give a faint idea of the incongruities in the other portions of the dresses. In these departments of the opera we almost despair of witnessing any improvement this season. We have have hitherto beheld scarcely a new scene, and owing, no doubt, to the same economical principle as regards every thing excepting salaries, we have had no ballet worthy of the house or of the dancers. While on this subject, we may briefly notice the appearance of Monsieur Daumont from the opera at Paris. This artist supplies in the divertisement and ballet the place of Bournonville, to whom he is by no means equal. He possesses, nevertheless, a light elegant figure, and has considerable neatness in the execution of his saltatorian movements.

We never advert to the enjoyment of this most delightful of all the public amusements of modern times, the Opera, without feeling a regret that there should be any thing wanting to make it as perfect, in every department, as good taste and ample means could effect.

THE LATE MAJOR LAING.

We subjoin an extract from the Journal of a recent traveller in the Mediterranean, which contains a hasty sketch of the late adventurous, but unfortunate Major Laing, who has just fallen a victim to assassination in Africa.

It presents a faithful picture of the feelings and person of this spirited gentleman at the moment of setting out on his last and fatal expedition, and will at present be read with interest.

Malta, March 9th, 1825.

I accompanied my friend T. this morning to pay a visit to Major Laing, the intrepid African traveller, who is now at Malta, on his way to Tripoli, from whence he intends to penetrate to Timbuctoo, and proceeding thence due south for some degrees, to direct his course to the westward, and come out about Biafra, or the Bight of Benin. He is a firmly-built hardy-looking man, of about two or three and forty years of age, with a pleasing countenance, and amicable but resolute expression. His accent is Scottish, and his whole manner is affable and obliging Should he escape with life, and succeed in completing the tour he has marked out, he has little doubt of being enabled to discover the source of the mysterious Niger; but, at the same time, he is far from being sanguine in his expectations. He says, himself, that the chances are ten to one against his ever returning; since, should he escape the knives of assassins from political motives, or those of robbers from interested ones, he still runs imminent risque from the fears and prejudices of the natives. Again, the climate is unfavourable; and, above all, he is sure of meeting with a scarcity of water on his march, whilst the small supply he can carry with him invariably becomes rancid and impure in a very short time, dysentery being certain to ensue from its use. In this case, the only substitute which he could think of was one of a very nauseous description. He speaks, however, not like a bravo, but in the tone of a man who has long weighed his determination, and come to a fixed conclusion; there is no boasting or display of empty bravery in all he says. His supplies for travelling expenses consist of Spanish dollars for the coast, and gold rings and other toys for the interior. His scientific apparatus is compact and complete; and, altogether, he is at once admirably adapted by nature, and well protected by precaution, for his perilous enterprise: *felix faustum que sit.*

PUBLIC CONCERTS.

The Concert to be held at the New Argyll Rooms, on Friday next, the 25th inst., promises to be one of the most attractive of the season. It will, certainly, combine the efforts of the highest musical talent in the country. Signor Velluti, who is to appear at these Concerts only, during the present year at least, is to sing with Madame Pasta, Madame Caradori, and Mademoiselle Brambilla, each in succession: and, in some of the most exquisite pieces of the Italian school. The trio of 'Cruda Sorte,' to be sung by Velluti, Pasta, and Brambilla, will, we doubt not, be a treat of the highest kind. The instrumental department is also perfect, and the whole promises an evening of great gratification.

Miss Hincksmän's Concert, at Willis's Rooms, under the patronage of the Royal Family, is fixed for the 1st of May. Miss Paton, Madame Schutz, and Signor De Begnis, are to sing at this; and Mori and Lindley are among the instrumental performers. Madame Caradori's benefit, which is fixed for the same evening, promises, however, such attractions in the revival of Don Giovanni and the union of Sontag, Caradori, and Zuchelli, in the same opera, that we conceive it would be mutually advantageous, if the Concert at Willis's Rooms, which is, of course, more easily deferred than a benefit opera, with all the dependant establishment of the King's Theatre, were postponed for a night or two, so as not to clash with each other. Madame Caradori's night is sure to be a crowded one, from the double cause of her being a deservedly universal favorite, and of her benefit presenting such unusual attraction. We should like to see Miss Hinksmän's Concert equally well attended; but, though one may conveniently visit two routs in an evening, by dropping in early at the one, and late at the other, it would require the quality of ubiquity—which modern refinement has not yet attained—to be present at two public concerts, each beginning and ending at the same hour. These remarks will apply to other occasions than the one here adverted to; and may not be wholly unworthy the attention of those to whom the direction and arrangement of public entertainments is a matter of frequent occurrence.

SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

SCENE I.—*Henriette's Dressing-room at noon—Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle-street.*

HENRIETTE.—(*To Margaret her Waiting maid.*)—I am afraid, Margaret, these ringlets will make my face too square. In London, I believe, the taste is rather for long faces.

MARGARET.—Indeed, Mademoiselle, the Milords Anglais are very hard to please; they are very apt to criticise dress severely: but for your face——

HENRIETTE.—Are you going to pester me with your endless compliments? You speak to me in the style of an editor.

MARGARET.—(*A little piqued.*)—If Mademoiselle does not like to hear the truth, I must be silent. But tell me, Mademoiselle, what do you think of all those grand ladies you saw last night?

HENRIETTE.—They were most frightfully dressed. Figure to yourself a number of enormous corkscrews, hiding almost the whole face; flowers, feathers, and diamonds, all thrown pell-mell and profusely over their heads. And what a style of dress! There was scarcely one of them that would have done credit to a French dress-maker. What a strange mode too of presenting themselves, and looking at one! In fact, Margaret, when I appeared in the Prince's drawing-room, I was instantly intimidated with the hard and repulsive manner with which some of these ladies viewed me.

MARGARET.—Oh! The Duchess of ——'s waiting-maid told me, that her mistress always stares at strangers in this manner, in order to show herself off, and make her attention of more importance.

HENRIETTE.—Say, rather, to make her attentions appear impertinent.

MARGARET.—And when you came into the drawing-room?

HENRIETTE.—A great bustle was immediately excited. Every one was eager to have a glimpse at me. The men viewed me with attention, bordering on respect; the women scanned me from head to foot.

MARGARET.—That's their way. But when you had sung?

HENRIETTE—(*with indifference*).—Ah! Margaret, then they stunned me with their applause, as a matter of course, you know.

MARGARET.—Yes, yes, Mademoiselle; you will see more of this yet. I hope they will be more frantic than even the Berlin folks; for I hear every where that the English are so passionately fond of music.

HENRIETTE.—I believe they are; but it is only when the singer is *fashionable* and *popular*.

MARGARET.—You will be so very speedily, Mademoiselle; or, rather, you are so already. The dresser of the figurantes at the Opera told me yesterday, that popularity in England, if one is handsome, is an affair of a moment only.

HENRIETTE.—So much the worse, Margaret; for it will then, necessarily, be the sooner at an end. But I am determined against those ringlets; give me my locks, No. 3, and my bonnet *à la Giraffe*,—it sets me off to advantage, and hides my deficiency of hair.

(*Enter servant with a letter.*)

HENRIETTE.—From whom is that letter?

SERVANT.—From the Prince Est——y.

MARGARET.—Yes; and a rouleau of gold, Mademoiselle!

HENRIETTE.—Indeed! The Prince is a man of business. (*She examines the present.*) Tell me, now, Margaret, (*looking at the sovereigns,*) don't you think George the Fourth has a fine open countenance?

MARGARET.—I hope, Mademoiselle, you will carry away with you a good many of his pictures!

HENRIETTE.—Silence! foolish girl; read the letter to me.

MARGARET.—(*Reading.*)—' Mademoiselle!' . . . .

HENRIETTE.—Ah! the Prince writes to me in French!

MARGARET.—Perhaps it is the fashion to do so here, too. But let me read on—

'Enchanting creature!—what a miracle you are! We were all transported with you last night; and, to speak the truth, we have not recovered ourselves even this morning. What transcendant talents, divine Mademoiselle Sontag! I am now proud of being a German! You will eclipse all your rivals—neither Pásta, nor Fodor, nor De Begnis, nor Catalani, will ever recover their pre-eminence again, after the brilliant sounds which last night electrified my drawing-room. What a glorious night for Germany, for England, in short, for all the world! Ah! you will turn all their heads here. You will surpass your former deeds in Austria and in Prussia. There will be no stopping the public enthusiasm, when once it is begun; there will be a cessation of all public business,—Parliament will have a second recess,—the Corps Diplomatique will separate for three months. All the Bishops will come to hear your notes, which ravish like those of the nightingale. Neither politics nor polemics, my charming Mademoiselle, for a fortnight at least. I am enchanted with your strains, and so will all be who hear them.

'I will this very day lay my homage at your feet. In the meantime, I most respectfully kiss your beautiful hand, which all who have ever seen it so much admire; and I transmit you this trifle in honour of your prodigious talents. Salut de tout mon cœur.

LE PRINCE D'E——.'

HENRIETTE (*smiling*).—Well! it is impossible to be more gallant or more generous. But, for the style of the letter, it is even more droll than those written to me by the Margrave of ——, or the Grand Bailly of ——, or the Chancellor of the High Court of ——, or even the famous President of the Aulic Council of Vienna.

MARGARET.—Do these compliments appear strange to you then, Mademoiselle?

HENRIETTE.—Why, Margaret, it is true, that I am a female and an artist, and in both these characters I feel a strong passion for praise; nevertheless, I confess, though now so well accustomed to receive it, I would rather it were less extravagant. It is unquestionably very gratifying to receive compliments from a Grandee; but, when they exaggerate one's merits in so ridiculously pompous a style, we cannot refrain from something closely bordering on pity for their understandings. But, Margaret, put the rouleau in my casket—the one which stands near my crucifix.

SCENE II.—*Mademoiselle's Drawing-room.—A table, with a number of open letters.*

HENRIETTE (*writing*).—Bless me! what a shower of letters! These English people write more despatches than the whole German Confederation. I must have, I fear, a lithographic circular, to answer these complimentary epistles; otherwise, my whole day will be taken up in correspondence, and then I shall have not an hour left for practice.

MARGARET.—Oh! beware of that, Mademoiselle. What a triumph that would be for all your rivals!—But there is a gentleman at the door who has just alighted from his horse.

HENRIETTE.—What sort of a man is he?

MARGARET—He is rather tall and thin, has a swaggering appearance, carries a horsewhip in his hand, which he balances from side to side, like a Nuremberg puppet; he has little twinkling eyes, and a hatchet face, —one of those countenances which we call in Germany 'Francis the Seconds.'

HENRIETTE (*laughing.*)—Has he his hair tied? and does he wear red inexpressibles, as the English ladies call *culottes?*

MARGARET.—No, Mademoiselle, neither.

HENRIETTE.—Perhaps it is the hair-dresser.

MARGARET.—But he comes on horseback!

HENRIETTE.—Foolish girl! do you not know that the most fashionable of these English perruquiers keep their carriages? Go and see who it is.

[*A servant announces the Prince d'E——.*]

HENRIETTE.—(*Bowing to the Prince and advancing to meet him.*)—En Durchlancht. . . . .

The PRINCE E——.—(*Kissing her hand.*)—Ah! Schône und bewinidernswürdig Henriette . . . .

HENRIETTE.—(*Making another second profound obeisance.*)—En Durchlancht . . .

PRINCE E——.—Ah! beautiful Mademoiselle Sontag, speak to me in French. You have seen by my note that I write in that language. (*Henriette bows assent.*)—I presume you cannot yet speak English?

HENRIETTE.—No, your Highness.

PRINCE.—Well! pray do not trouble yourself with learning that diabolical jargon, (looking around him,) that's *entre nous*, Mademoiselle; for as I am a diplomatist, I do not wish to get into a scrape with these *diables d'Anglais*. John Bull, you must know, cannot bear the least hint to his disparagement. And in this respect, the grandees of the country are little better than John Bulls in silk stockings. But of this another time. Tell me, thou astonishing creature! art thou content with last night's success?

HENRIETTE.—Your Highness and friends have been so very indulgent to me!

PRINCE.—Indulgent, by no means, thou paragon of song! Ah! I see you do not understand how matters proceed here. You come to London with a reputation ready-made, (and a little policy is necessary.) The fashionable world is in raptures with you before hand, and the superior society to which you were introduced last night at my hotel came *for the purpose* of applauding, knowing that something of extraordinary merit was to be heard. That point has been gained, 'tis true, but you are under no obligation to them for it. They had pledged themselves to elevate you above the clouds; and excuse my frankness if I tell you, that it is not on your account alone, but partly in compliment to me also. In point of music, my adorable Henriette, the English applaud fine singers in order that they may spread an idea throughout Europe, that the nobility of England are passionate admirers of first-rate artists, and that they know how to appreciate and remunerate their merits.

HENRIETTE.—That indeed is what Signor G——— as well as Herr B——— told me long ago; but, your Highness, is this actually the case?

PRINCE E.—Ah! we have often had our jokes with those very two you name, respecting these English amateurs; figure to yourself, belle Mademoiselle Sontag, that, among the whole horde of Lords who attempted to be so gallant to you last night, after your first delicious air, and amidst those vapourish and sentimental ladies, who pretended to faint with delight, while they listened to you; there was not one in the whole assemblage that felt the hundredth part of the pleasure experienced by a Tyrolese shepherd, when he hums any of his national airs.

HENRIETTE.—Is it possible, your Highness?

PRINCE.—It is really so.

HENRIETTE.—But they represent this country as the promised land of artists!

PRINCE E.—Yes, in point of gain. Oh! they will give you as many guineas as you please, provided you flatter their pretensions to being considered amateurs, and that they may have it inserted in the papers, that 'Lord Such-a-one gave a grand rout last night, at which the celebrated Mademoiselle Sontag sang her favourite air. The Noble Lord, the following day, sent her a *rouleau* of fifty guineas.' I know them well; for, as you see, Mademoiselle, being a diplomatist, I am necessarily an observer of mankind, and Metternich has especially recommended to me to study the national manners as they exhibit themselves in the upper classes of society, since the other classes are quite beneath our notice. *Au reste*, believe me, charming Sontag, if you were in your own little circle, and, as they say in France, *en petit comité*, it would be much better for your reputation to have a German and Italian audience; but in an Opera House or public Concert Room, in London, fill your boxes with milords and aldermen for spectators, and your coffers will soon be overflowing.

HENRIETTE (*laughing*)—Well, your Highness, I will note down every thing you say, but I cannot help thinking that the real artist feels more pleasure . . . .

PRINCE (*interrupting her*).—'In singing before real amateurs,' is it not so? Parbleu, no doubt of it, Mademoiselle, but if the ignorant are richer. . . . Besides, it is not your fault if they have no ears. What's more, they are good fellows at bottom; when once somebody of rank says to them, 'Look at Mademoiselle Such-a-one; she is the first singer in the world,' the business is complete; you may then depend upon it that they will take the bait, they will fight for your glory against the very elements, and it will become a point of national dignity to maintain your superiority to all the world. Whatever slips an artist may afterwards commit need not furnish any ground for apprehension; they are always sure of being accounted the most astonishing, the most wonderful, &c., &c.; for it is at this rate that they are patronised and rewarded. With respect to music, the Aristocracy of England enjoys the prescriptive prerogative of the Holy Father himself. I believe his Holiness is, in your eyes, Mademoiselle, a most respectable authority. You are a Catholic, as I see by this little crucifix on your table; I am one myself. You see, my young syren, I know their character well.

HENRIETTE.—But what your Highness says is not encouraging. Money, however, is very inviting; but still . . .

PRINCE.—Money is every thing, Mademoiselle; and thus you will find it at the end of three or four months, unless, indeed, a peer or a duke is entrapped into the matrimonial knot. These beautiful and accomplished professional ladies, (for they are all beautiful and accomplished, as a matter of course,) lodge their cash in well-secured houses in London, and *fouette cocher*, bidding adieu to these lofty and enlightened patrons of *genuine* music, the birds of passage then take to flight. Alas! the climate does not agree with the southern nightingales.

[*A tremendous knocking is heard outside, and the servant announces, in a loud voice, the approach of Monsieur le Directeur de l'Opera.*]

Ah! the great Laporte. What an honour, Mademoiselle Sontag, to receive so important a personage. (*He whispers to her.*)—Now, we shall be entertained indeed.

[The continuation will be given in our next.]

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THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER AND THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Chester.

My Lord,—In 'The Times' newspaper for Friday, April 18, 1828, I find the following sentences attributed to your Lordship, and purporting to be part of a speech which your Lordship is said to have delivered in the House of Peers on the previous evening, with reference to the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts:

'He hoped that, in the purity of the Church itself, and even in the Dissenter's purity of practice, there would ever be sufficient to repress the dark encroachments of infidelity. If he did suffer a real fear for the interests of Christianity, it was rather from the countenance of another principle,—that of excluding all systems of religious instruction from modern education. When he beheld an institution rising under high auspices, and commencing on a principle of excluding Christianity from its walls, and disconnecting religion, for the first time, from the cultivation of the youthful mind, he could not but tremble for the consequences. Nevertheless, although he saw danger, he did not feel seriously alarmed, as he was firmly persuaded, that no sooner would the inauspicious spirit become more decidedly manifest, than all ranks, and every denomination of professing Christians, would unite their efforts to oppose its progress, and counteract its effects.'

This is rather a longer text than those your Lordship is accustomed to preach from. But, few subjects even in the Bible, better warrant, by their intrinsic importance, either a full enunciation, or an extended comment, than that to which I am guided by the above sentences. In fact, the importance of the matter in hand, is exactly the same with that of the sacred volume; as your Lordship's expressions relate to the very subject, and to the whole of the subject, which occupies the Old and New Testaments.

Your Lordship's objection to the London University in comparison with other places of instruction is, that its pupils are not to be taught Christianity. I wish to show that it is not of so much importance to give direct instruction in religion, as to give that kind of education which will make men good Christians: 2d, that at Cambridge neither is direct religious instruction given to any valuable or even noticeable extent, nor that kind of education, in other points, which would tend to produce the desired result; and, 3d and lastly, that expediency, the law of means though not of ends, forbids the delivery of theological lectures at the London University. I shall refer to Cambridge rather than to Oxford, because we are both of us more familiar with the system of the former University than of the latter.

I am very anxious not to be confounded with those who might be inclined to argue this question upon infidel grounds. I claim to believe the truth of Christianity as firmly (however unworthily) as any Bishop: and no one would be better justified in charging me with irreligion, than I should be in making the same accusation against the archbishop of Canterbury, or your Lordship. I hold that Christianity is a revelation, and that Jesus Christ is our God and Redeemer. But I take leave to ask, what was the object of this miraculous revelation,—what the purpose of the Redeemer's sufferings and teachings? The design was obviously that of reforming mankind,—a reform, intended to be so complete and absolute, as to deserve the name of a regeneration. This great aim was to be accomplished by reconciling us to God, that is, by inspiring us with piety and charity. It will readily be allowed, that to this end, all other schemes must be subordinate. But it does not follow, that the best method of accomplishing it, at an university, is by the establishment of theological lectures.

If all studies are to be pursued with reference to the development of the Christian character, that is of the most perfect form of human nature, it is evident that the study of theology ought, above all others, to be so followed. If it be practiced as in itself important, without reference to the high object it subserves, it tends to create a totally different frame of mind from the Christian; and one the more dangerous, because it deceives us, by appearing to be that which it is not. The mere subtleties, and casuistries, and criticisms of the theologian, are a poor substitute for love to God and man. The dead letter ill replaces the living Word; and he who studies nothing of the Bible but its language, (fertile and precious as it is,) will know as little of religion, as he who studies nothing of Æschylus but his diction, will know of poetry. I deny not that words, as the beautiful and admirable organ for the expression of thought, are well deserving of attention; but the great matter is to have a power and a love of comprehending those things which the words express; for, without this comprehension, the most perfect knowledge of the mere language, could it be attained, would be useless; and, moreover, it never can be attained. Words are only instruments; the most excellent and wonderful, we know, but still nothing more than instruments.

I assert, and that confidently, that if any man of strong and sensitive feeling will read the Sermon on the Mount, in the most rude and bald translation, and then turn to any part of the critical commentaries of ninety-nine in a hundred among the most learned Doctors of all countries, he will experience a moral revulsion, so sudden and so painful, as to furnish the best possible evidence of the difference which may exist between theology and religion. Religious instructions not nourished and animated with religious feeling, are the dead dry husks, fit only for the swine to eat. To throw before them the pearls of universal truth is a mere idle and absurd waste. But, if the mind be first so developed as that the eyes of its spiritual nature are opened, it will then indeed be wise to present to it those objects which it will in that case, and in that alone, be able clearly to perceive and understand. Now, if, as has often happened, the whole efficient and active system of a place of education tends to produce one state of feeling, and that essentially worldly, it will not suffice towards producing in the pupils, a totally different habit of mind, and making them wisely, purely, and thoroughly religious, if some miserable rag of theology be sewed upon a garment of such different texture. The condition of the whole living body will not be changed, though it should happen to exhibit some little, wretched, lifeless excrescence of another substance. It will not be sufficient that the frame of an university resemble the person of a witch of old,—limbs, trunk, head, and heart given over to the devil, and possessed by him, while some one mark or mole is left open to the influence of religion. It has been often seen that colleges are abodes of strife, jealousy, luxury, and ambition, and this not so much from the natural frailty and evil propensitities of man, as from the manifest ill tendency of their constitution. The end is frequently nothing better than gain, or applause; the means, almost always envy; the religion more completely one of forms, than, in any Christian community, Roman Catholic or Protestant. If, then, religion were taught in such institutions as these, and were taught well, it would totally disgust their members with every thing else around them. But if, as is more likely, it were taught ill, and so as to harmonise in its spirit with the other subjects of instruction, how would it be religion any longer, except in name? And even, imagine for a moment that Christianity were well exhibited in the midst of a system so inconsistent with it, and yet were neither to overthrow the system, nor to be corrupted by it, must it not inevitably ensue that all that harmony and connexion between the various subjects of contemplation, which are so important towards purifying and methodising the mind, would be entirely destroyed.

I do not say that Theological Lectures are useless, but that they can only be subsidiary. They may shape a material already prepared for them. They may smooth and adorn the handiwork previously framed and compacted. But to believe that in the midst of a thousand opposing influences, and acting against the whole force of a scheme, towards which all the energies of the institutions they themselves belong to are made accessories, would be a vain and delusive fancy. The instructions of a professor of religion may be either expository, as of doctrine,—or demonstrative, as of testimony,—or historical, as of modes, times, circumstances, and persons; and in any of these cases, verbal criticism must be largely subservient to the main purpose: That is, the discourse of the teacher may be as the leaves on which the oracles were written, or as the marbles and scrolls of past ages, or as a picture showing the colours and garments, architecture of buildings, and statures of persons, and for each of these he may fill the function of a skilled interpreter. But the region of men's hearts, he has nothing to do with. If he would enter there, he is a preacher, not a professor. His pupils may be learned in all that he can teach, and yet no whit the more wise unto salvation. Its distinctions and dogmas may be the breath of their nostrils; he may surround them with an array of testimonies, and nurture them in a museum of ancient relics—and yet they are just as likely to remain without one feeling of devotion or of benevolence, as if they had never been made critics or antiquarians. Nay more, I will affirm that a man without strong religious principle, already alive and busy within him, will be far more likely to be awakened to the consciousness of spiritual truth among the fields and woods, or in the beauty of poetry, or in the kindliness of social intercourse, than if he were learning how to combat every cavil, and strike a balance between all the conflicting propositions that have ever been made matter of dispute among Doctors of Divinity. If, moreover, he does not previously attach an interest to every thing connected with Christianity, the discussion of subjects, which to him are empty and wearisome sounds, will be far more likely to give him a permanent distaste towards religion, than to inspire him with any new affection for it. The probationary knight was obliged of old to keep watch from sunset till sunrise, among relics and sepulchres. But he watched armed: and he who has already put on the whole armour of God, may, with advantage, meditate in the consecrated cloister, amid the tombs and epitaphs of past ages. Without the shield of faith, and the word of the spirit, it would be an empty and disgustful ceremony.

The great object, of course, ought to be, to make the whole spirit and course of an University, ministrant to religious, that is, generous, charitable, earnest, and devout feeling. This never has been done in any place of instruction except, perhaps, the schools of some of the ancient philosophers, and the shores and fields where Jesus himself was master. And excluding (as it always has been excluded) the informing strength of religion from its proper sway over all other matters of contemplation, the next most desirable object is, to teach men, that knowledge is in itself a noble and a precious gift, to be wished for, and struggled for, as tending to exalt our faculties, and to bring our nature into conformity with the end of our existence. If we cannot at once secure that the pupils will be Christians, we may at least do (what has been carefully avoided at Oxford and Cambridge) every thing that will make them conscious of the feeling of moral dignity, and will teach them, that the exaltation of our whole being, by the attainment of truth, is not an aim which can be made subservient to the gaining a salary or a medal. We may take care that they shall feel themselves engaged in a majestic and holy office, when they are inquiring into the manner of the world's existence and of man's, instead of setting before them a piece of dead task-work, cut off from all the breathing and moving frame of universal truth, to be made the means of obtaining so much money, or of gaining a certain vain and wretched pre-eminence over others. Theological lectures will never make men saints. But a large and consistent plan of education, and, above all, one which does not act by degrading excitements, or by consecrating the vilest motives, even omitting direct religious instruction, though it will not do all that may be necessary, will yet do much towards making men honest and unworldly, lovers of goodness, teachers of wisdom, and followers of it. In short, like every thing which really improves mankind, it will prepare them for a full reception of Christianity, though it may not accomplish the work. It will bring them to the outer court of the sanctuary, where they may find another guidance that will lead them forward to the holy of holies, but the ordinary and chartered scheme of instruction carries them far away from the temple of the Lord, to worship at the altars of Belial and Mammon.

Your Lordship will observe that I have not said one word which can indicate any doubt of the use of theological instruction, for those who already experience a stirring conviction of the importance of religion. But I certainly am of opinion, that nothing could be more injudicious than indiscriminately to drive all the young men of an university, into attendance upon such lectures. It ought to be left entirely to their own feelings, and there can be no question that, where other *considerations of the strongest expediency* do not prevent their establishment, all those will attend them, to whom they can be of the least profit. It has been the object of this address, to demonstrate that the perpetual complaint against the new Institution, of its neglect of Christianity, is founded entirely upon a mistaking of an accessary for the substance; and exhibits the Church of England bowing down to the minion of religion, instead of to religion itself,—like the Persians, who saluted Hephestion instead of Alexander; like Caliban rebelling against Prospero, to worship a slave.

I shall, in a future letter, endeavour to show that all prudence forbids the existence of a theological chair at the London University; and that it would not be desirable, even upon religious grounds. On these grounds, my Lord, no one, so far as I am aware, has hitherto defended the plan of the wise and good men, the founders of the University in question. But it is on these grounds, and on these alone, as your Lordship will perceive, that I am inclined to put the question. The

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view I have taken of it will, I trust, be considerably strengthened by the observations on the religious tendency of the Cambridge system, which will be considered in my next letter. The concluding one will have, for its exclusive object, an examination of the point at issue, with reference solely and directly to the University of London.—In the mean while, I remain, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient, humble servant,

A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

April 21, 1828.

THEATRICALS IN PARIS.

Paris, April 3d, 1828.

THE great revolution which is operating in our literature, and which will have the effect of reviving French tragedy, has for its object the imitation of Shakspeare. Four young poets have lately presented to the Théâtre Français three translations of 'Romeo and Juliet.' The charming Miss Smithson is probably the muse to whom these young poets owe their inspiration. She has made them understand and feel Shakspeare, and her admirable acting has ensured a favourable reception to a French tragedy, founded upon the affecting story of Shakspeare's celebrated play.

A novel, written by an Italian, named Luigi da Ponte, the subject of which is also the story of 'Romeo and Juliet,' has been translated by M. Deleclase, who, in his preface, has drawn an able comparison between the production of the novelist and the tragedy of Shakspeare.

A lively little comedy, entitled, 'Le Premier Début,' has been very successful at the Théâtre de Vaudeville, where it nightly draws crowded houses. The plot is as follows:

A young girl, who works in a milliner's shop, is beloved by an old man: the lover, who cannot venture to make a candid disclosure of his passion, persuades the girl that she has a talent for the stage, and induces her to learn parts in plays. She quits her humble occupation, and joins a company of actors; and the scene of her introduction to the players is a *chef-d'œuvre*. The admiration with which she inspires the actors, and the envy which her beauty excites among the actresses, are excellently painted, and form a very diverting scene. The young milliner makes her *début*, is unsuccessful, and is finally married, not to her old lover, but to a young actor of the company she has joined. Mademoiselle Jeny Colon performed the character of the young *debutante* charmingly; and her acting would, no doubt, be exceedingly attractive at the French Theatre in London. But 'The Premier Début' possesses but little merit, with the exception of the scene above alluded to, the humour of which would not, perhaps, be so well understood and felt in London as in Paris.

Kean is expected here with impatience. Our English Theatre is to open on the 7th of April, when Macready will perform Macbeth. His style of acting is said to be as affected and pompous as our own. If so, the success of the English Theatre will depend on the talent of Kean.

Count Rœderer, one of Napoleon's Councillors of State, has just published some historical comedies in the style of M. Fougeray's 'Malet,' which continues to excite undiminished interest. 'Le Mort de Henry IV.,' by Count Rœderer, is a pleasing and faithful historical picture.

Count Mathieu Dumas recently made a very popular speech, at a meeting of seven hundred electors. This would be no uncommon affair in England; but with us it is the first time that seven hundred electors have assembled to settle the preliminaries of an approaching election. We begin to resemble the English in every thing, except the poverty and absurdity of our aristocracy.

LECTURES ON INFANT EDUCATION.

Dr. BIBER, a German gentleman of remarkable talents, acquirements, and philanthropy, is at present engaged in giving a course of lectures (gratis) at the Infant School House, Harp-Alley, Fleet street. The subject is that of Infant Education, and we can promise equal delight and advantage from the lecturer's abilities, to all those who do not dread searching for truth, even in the purlieus of Fleet Market. The lectures are delivered on Wednesday evenings, at seven o'clock. Three of them have already been given, and we may, perhaps, return to communicate to our readers, some account of the beautiful and valuable system of practical philosophy which they have enforced, with regard to the very most important of all subjects. Dr. Biber's thorough mastery of the English language, manifested in his very clear and eloquent, though unwritten, discourses, is not the least interesting point in his mode of accomplishing his arduous task.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A PARENT, *who dates from Birmingham, and* GULIELMUS, *from Derbyshire, will find their suggestions attended to in the progress of our labours.*

ERRATUM.—In the article on 'The French Drama, and the Quarterly Review,' in the last Number of 'The Athenæum,' at the bottom of the 5th column, 'the Ephori' are substituted for 'the Archons,'—though the error is partially corrected by the ninth line of the succeeding column, in which they are rightly named.

THE ROUE—ITS DEFENDER—AND THE LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW.

IN 'The London Weekly Review' of Saturday last, is inserted a Letter, signed OMICRON, which the Editor of that Paper states to have been originally addressed by a friend of the Author of 'The Roué' to 'The Athenæum,' by the Editor of which he represents it to have been refused insertion or suppressed, from an inability to answer its charges.

The brief reply to this accusation of unfairness, is that, like most other accusations proceeding from the same quarter, it is altogether untrue; as the following facts, of which we are ready to furnish unquestionable evidence, will show. The history of the Letter, and its delayed appearance, is simply this:

On the publication of the Review of the Roué, in 'THE ATHENÆUM,' the circumstance of this being the only criticism that denounced the work as immoral, (a distinction of which we are proud,) attracted the attention of the author and his friends; and, with a view to invalidate that criticism, a letter was written to us by one of the letter, contending, first, that the decision of the Reviewer was unjust and contrary to fact; and, secondly, that the criticism itself was characterised by such nonsense and bad grammar, as to be wholly contemptible. This letter came to us through the publisher of the work itself, and justice both to him and the author requiring its insertion, no objection whatever was raised to its appearing in the very next Number of our Paper. In assenting to its publication, it was stated, however, that of course it would be accompanied by a comment, in which the Reviewer would cite *proofs* of the justice of his censures, and defend both his alleged misrepresentations as to fact, and his supposed inaccuracies or inelegancies of style. Accordingly, when the first portion of the letter was put in type, with the justification of the Reviewer appended to it, the publisher received a proof impression of both, which was shown to the writer of the letter, (the author's friend and defender,) and would have been inserted in that state in the Number of 'The Athenæum' then about to appear; but that, at the request of the parties themselves, and in deference to their avowed wish alone, since the letter could not appear *without* the justification, both were, by consent, withdrawn; and it was distinctly intimated, that nothing further should be done on either side without due notice. Yet, in defiance of this pledge and understanding, the writer of the Letter, who declined having it printed in 'The Athenæum' *with* the answer or justification appended, instantly sent it, without notice or intimation, to the Editor of 'The London Weekly Review,' by whom he was sure it would be given *without* such justification; and, indeed, as the result has proved, with a positive misrepresentation as to the motive of its delay.

For this act of injustice to ourselves, we have received from the writer such ample apology, as to satisfy all personal feeling on the subject; but, as no private acknowledgement of error in others can make us stand right with the public, this is wholly insufficient for our editorial purpose, which can only be attained by the open statement of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This, therefore, we offer as our justification; repeating, in still stronger terms than before, our conviction, after a second perusal of the whole work, that it deserves, to the full extent, all the censures originally bestowed upon it; of which, had the opportunity been afforded to us, by the publication of the letter and comments already adverted to, we should have offered proof, by reference to 'pages, paragraphs, and lines:' but, as the jurisdiction has been transferred from us to others, we are content to stand on our original ground, and to maintain our position there, at all hazards and against all opponents.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, L.L.D., is preparing a translation of the chief works of the celebrated Massilon; to be issued in parts at moderate intervals of time.

A Series of Treatises on the principal branches of manufacturing Chemistry, by Mr. Astley, of Edinburgh, is about to be published. The Manufacture of Common Salt will form the subject of the first, which will be shortly published separately, comprising full details of its history, physical, chemical, and economical; with suggestions for the material improvement of the manufacture, and a full digest of the result of the experiments in the use of salt by the agriculturists since the repeal of the duty.

The following works are in the press, and will be shortly published:

Commentaries on Insanity, in 8vo., by Dr. Burrows.

A rational Exposition of the Physical signs of Diseases of the Lungs and Pleura, illustrating their Pathology and Diagnosis. By Charles J. B. Williams, M.D.

A Treatise on Difficult cases of Parturition, and the means recommended for the acceleration of uterine action, with an especial reference to, and a particular description of, the nature, properties, and effects of the Ergot of Rye. By W. Mitchell, Member of the College of Surgeons.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Stewart's Sandwich Islands, 12mo., 8s.
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The Carcanet, a Literary Album, 18mo., 6s.
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Dibdin's Thomas à Kempis, 8vo., 1l. 1s.
Huntington's Memoirs, 12mo., 2d edition, 5s.
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London: Printed for Callow and Wilson; Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green; Simpkin and Marshall; T. and G. Underwood; Burgess and Hill; and S. Highly; and Hodges and M'Arthur, Dublin.

CITY of LONDON LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, 165, Aldersgate Street.

OPENING OF THE NEW LECTURE ROOM.

A General Meeting of the Members of this Institution will take place on Friday evening next, the 25th instant, in the new Room, where the Lectures will in future be delivered, commencing with a Course on Music by Mr. Thomas Adams on the following Wednesday.

April 21, 1828. G. STACY, Sec.

TURNER'S VIEWS OF ENGLAND AND WALES.—The Subscribers to the Views of England and Wales from Drawings by J. M. W. TURNER, Esq., R.A., are respectfully informed, that Part IV. is now ready for delivery. Royal 4to. price 14s.; Imperial 4to. proofs, 1l. 1s.; Imperial 4to. India proofs, 1l. 11s. 6d.; Columbier 4to. India proofs, (limited to 30 copies,) with the Etchings, 3l. 3s.

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THE ATHENÆUM.

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ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT AND MODERN ELEGY.

[Communicated for The Athenæum, by M. Tissot, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and late Professor of Latin Poetry at the College of France.]

The name Elegy is derived from the Greek, ἔλεγος, a mournful song or dirge. It seems reasonable to suppose that the first attempts at elegy were employed in composing inscriptions for the tombs and monuments of the dead. The origin of this species of composition is involved in obscurity, and must have been contemporary with the earliest ages, from the natural desire felt by people of all nations to pay the tribute of praise and regret to those whom nature and friendship had endeared to them; to those whose talents had excited the admiration of their fellow-citizens; or to the warriors who bled on the field of battle for the welfare of their native land. These distinguishing marks are the most original and obvious elements of the elegy. This was its nature in ancient Greece, and the genius of antiquity still appears in the Myriologues, which the Greeks of the present day utter over the couch of the parent, relation, or friend, whom they deplore. Even mothers, themselves, says the learned interpreter of the popular songs of modern Greece, repeat their Myriologues over their children who die at an early age, and frequently in these artless little essays display considerable pathos and elegance. In them, the innocent victim is deplored under the emblem of a flower, a tender plant, a little bird, or any other natural object that can interest the imagination of a mother, or please her by the supposed similitude. These mournful dirges are composed and sung by the women. In like manner, modern Greece has her elegiac songs for the warriors that fall in the field of glory; but these compositions breathe an energetic grief that elevates the courage of the survivors, and supplies them with the most ardent motives to heroism, at the same time that they express the tenderest feelings of the heart. The misfortunes of a family or an individual, are not the only themes of the ancient elegy. It frequently deplores the calamities of an entire nation, and it then rises to a loftiness of sentiment and expression that borders on the enthusiasm of the lyric muse. Tyrtæus, Callinus, Mimnermus, and Solon, composed heroic elegies; the first, to revive the energy of the Spartans; the second, to deplore the wars that desolated Ephesus and Ionia. In spite of a law that made it capital to remind the Athenians of the taking of Salamis by the Megarians, Solon, by means of a few verses that take their title from that island, which he recited in public, succeeded in rousing the military ardour of his countrymen to such a degree that the law was instantly repulsed, and the war renewed with more warmth than before. Such an example of sudden success on so peculiar an occasion constitutes one of the most glorious triumphs of poetry, when genius, elevated by the spirit of patriotism, assumes the tone and energy of a providential and celestial mission. But these compositions, so remarkable for their prodigious effects, are unknown to posterity, or have come down to it merely in fragments. The lapse of time has been equally fatal to the songs of the elegiac muse, in which the poets of Greece, after deploring public calamities, descended to describe the sorrows, symptoms, transports, and illusions of the passion of love.

If we receive the testimonies of tradition, we must regret the loss of the compositions of Simonides, Philetus, Mimnermus, and Callimachus, as well as of the other poets who followed their steps. Many cities contended for the honour of giving birth to the poet Mimnermus, a species of glory which he shares with the renowned father of epic poetry. Being desperately in love with a female called Nanno, he was unsuccessful in his pursuit, and, under the impression of disappointed love, he composed those elegies, the beauty and pathos of which have been so highly eulogised by Athenæus. Philetus and Callimachus flourished together at the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The former was a native of the island of Cos, and his countrymen, proud of his poetical glory, erected a statue of bronze to him in their city. Propertius invokes Philetus and Callimachus as the inspiring gods of his verses, and proves, by his invocation, that these two poets, that were his models, were capable of raising elegy to the sublime strains of the ode.*

The poet of Ceos, in his charming and pathetic compositions, carried to the highest perfection the art of exciting feelings of pity, and his elegies were, on that account, styled, 'The Tears of Simonides.' The fragment of his, which has been preserved by the critic Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, excites a sensation of regret for the loss of his other poems. It describes Danae tossed about on the seas, and exposed with her tender infant in a frail bark, to the fury of the storms. The child Perseus, wrapt in the arms of sleep, hears not the thunder of the waves, and, as he reclines on his purple couch, Danae watches over him, and in a strain of prayer, that can only issue from a mother's heart, she implores Neptune to hush the winds, and invokes Jupiter, as the father of her child. In this composition, which is rather short, the poet introduces the confusion of the elements, the tranquillity of the babe Perseus, asleep in the midst of surrounding danger and destruction, the tenderness and the apprehensions of a mother, and, by their means, forms a contrasted scene of the utmost beauty and sensibility. In the class of elegies, we may also place two funeral songs, one of which is on the death of Adonis, by Bion, and the other, on that of the latter, whose loss is most pathetically deplored by Moschus, his disciple and his friend. The former of these pieces is not totally divested of a species of literary luxury and false refinement; but still the feeling of grief penetrates through the veil: the latter is the effusion of an overflowing heart.

We should confine the merits of the elegy within too narrow limits, were we not to include within its sphere some very choice passages from the most eminent poets. Even in the lofty epic of Homer, we discover the frequent traces of the elegiac muse; we find more numerous instances of the same kind in Virgil; and when, in Milton, we read the plaintive lamentations of Adam and Eve for the loss of Paradise, where innocence and happiness were combined, we witness the pathetic powers of the poet. But the tragic poets of Athens supply the most frequent proofs of the inspiration of the elegiac muse. Such, for instance, as Æschylus has displayed in the 'Septem contra Thebas,' in the true style of Simonides, in a scene where Ismene and Antigone, in conjunction with a chorus of the Thebans, deplore alternately the death of their brothers, and in the very sight of their lifeless bodies. Besides, the tragedy of the 'Persæ' presents us with a heroic elegy; when, in the presence of Atossa and her court, the chorus utters the most plaintive accents for the loss of the army of Darius, led to destruction by the vain and senseless Xerxes. The prayer that opens the tragedy of the 'Septem contra Thebas,' has also some very fine touches of the pathetic, in an address to the Gods to avert the horrors of an impious war. But, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of the elegiac pathos is to be found in the opening chorus of Æschylus's 'Agamemnon.' It begins with a thanksgiving to Jupiter, the protecting divinity of hospitality, the God that has overthrown the towers of Troy, to punish Paris for a breach of that most sacred duty of humanity. From this fundamental idea branch out numerous moral maxims, the expression of the conviction felt by the unanimous consent of all nations, to whom the catastrophe of Troy holds out an awful lesson. Helen is described as setting out and holding forth the signal of a tremendous war; she carries to her new country the dowry of desolation, and the prophets and seers of that devoted people appear in mourning at her approach. But such is the power of female beauty, that her image reigns triumphant in the palace, and predominant in the heart of her lover, whose slumbers are haunted with bitter remorse, as well as amused with visions of love and bliss. In the mean time, anxiety and alarm prevail in the abode of Menelaus; and the confederated armament of Greece, having quitted its shores, spreads melancholy and dismay over every Grecian heart. The tenderest connexions are torn asunder; and, in their room, the frightful prospect of ashes and urns is expected to appear. Mars leaves no remnant for return, but the residue of the funeral pile. The Greeks murmur not; but, in the silence of their hearts, they perhaps curse the vindictive fury of the haughty sons of Atreus. But the youth of Greece, the flower of the plains, are doomed to find their graves under the walls of Ilion, and the hostile ground becomes the tomb of the victors.

What renders the Grecian tragedy so tender and affecting, is the Elegiac strain that prevails throughout the whole composition, and that relieves the swell and pomp of Melpomene, by the natural simplicity of the language of grief, that is so well adapted to its character. Nothing can be more affecting than the last farewell of Ajax, when he is on the point of bidding adieu to life with his sword in his hand,—when he solemnly prays to Jupiter, that Teucer may be the first that shall meet the dead body of his friend; when he conjures Mercury, the messenger of the dead, to convey his shade in peace to the regions below; when he addresses the Furies, those eternal virgins, whose eyes are incessantly open to the woes of humanity, and whom he wishes to become his avengers with the Atridæ. The address to the Sun is, likewise, very pathetic; and, while, in the same style, the hero appeals to death, to his country, and to friendship, and is ready to fall upon his sword, he casts a last, lingering, and painful look on all surrounding nature, the wonders of the heavens, and all the objects that awaken the most tender, as well as the most awful sensations.

* Lib. 1., Elegy 1.

When we pass from the classic regions of Greece to the sterile land of Judea, we naturally expect to find the elegy assume a new and different character. Among the Hebrews, the plaintive tone of elegy was severe and awful; and, surrounded with all the emblems of mortality, it bewailed the misfortunes that overspread that fatal land. Occasionally, however, it assumes a softer tone, and clothes its sentiments with imagery, in which tender and affecting compassion prevails. But, when it enlarges on the ills of life with the piercing accents of wild and outrageous grief, when, delivered over as a prey to the devouring pangs of conscience, it bursts into expressions of despair and wrath, it would be in vain to inspect the books of other nations to find terms more bold and energetic, or more impressive on the feelings of man. What can be more terrific than the complaints of Job, mingled as they are with sensations of bitterness and sorrow. His frightful curses on the night that gave him conception,—on the day that brought him to light; his yearning after the eternal silence of the tomb; in short, every thing combines to exhibit that originality which makes the Jewish nation an exception to the rest of mankind, and which separates their literature from that of every other nation by such steep and rugged boundaries, as imitation will never attempt to surmount.

The greater part of the Psalms are also elegies, which are frequently admirable for their feeling and simplicity. That which represents the Israelites as exiles from the dear land of their forefathers, and beside the waters of Babylon, insulted by their oppressors, who ask them for songs of triumph and merriment, while they are sinking under the burthen of slavery, is the most sublime of all the songs that the love of country has ever inspired. There is not one idle expression in its composition; every thing is brief, rapid, and pointed, and hardly is the dart discharged when it pierces the heart. The harps that in the Holy City resounded the praises and the power of the Most High, were sorrowfully suspended on the branches of the willows that grew on the banks of the Euphrates. This circumstance alone, so simple and so affecting, most powerfully attest, the miseries into which the wretched Israelites were plunged. The psalm concludes with a burst of rage against Babylon, and affords another symptom of the genius of that singular tribes which detested all other nations, and was itself an object of abhorrence with them.

But, though imprecation is the figure which, perhaps, abounds most in these sacred writings, yet in the books of the prophets we meet with several mournful dirges on the disasters of Jerusalem. Among this inspired tribe, Jeremiah undoubtedly takes the lead. He is the prince of the Hebrew Elegiac poets, and he seems powerful enough, as Bossuet has well observed, to render his expressions equal to the calamities themselves. In him we meet with the afflicting portrait of all the miseries that can befal an entire people. We see Israel delivered over to captivity,—its princes expelled by the victors, like herds of cattle,—Jerusalem given up to pillage, stripped of its inhabitants, and reduced to the lowest abyss of disgrace and ignominy. Even the common necessaries of life are denied to the inhabitants of the Holy City; its priests groan in anguish, its virgins are the victims of wailings and lamentations, and its mothers are doomed to devour the produce of their wombs. In the midst of this misery, when all the horrors of war, famine, and slavery combine against the people, there is no consolation expressed; nothing occurs but insult and contempt, and the power of the sword that is bathed in blood. Yet, under the hands of this great painter, every thing is alert and alive; the paths that lead to desolated Sion are overspread with tears, because no one

In these effusions, it is not the artifice of composition that prevails, or the studied arrangement of words, or the felicities of diction, that seem to grow out of Grecian literature, as the natural products of that soil. No—we must not look into the Bible for uniform elegances, the artful contrivance of transitions, and the charm of novelty, kept up both in sentiment and style, but for an abrupt energy, a noble disorder that would be the last effect of art, if it was not essentially the effect of nature, the boldness and grandeur of the imagery, the interest and bustle of the drama, and that all-invigorating exertion of imagination that bestows on every thing a *body*, a *soul*, a *spirit*, and a *countenance*. Where can we find an elegy more noble, tender, and affecting, than the lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan? Like the speech of Evander, in Virgil, expressive of his forebodings about his son, whom he sends to battle with Æneas, this composition seems to proceed from a mother's heart.

Among the Hebrews, the elegy never belied its sublime character of deploring the miseries of the country, or the bitter disappointments of friendship wounded in the tenderest point, so far as to give in to the degradation of devoting its lyre to love. But, among the Romans, it was sacrificed to that passion, the joys and sorrows of which it celebrated and described in the style of the elegiac poets of Greece, whose works, though lost to us, revive, in a certain degree, in the compositions of their ingenious and docile pupils.

Catullus is not, properly speaking, an elegiac poet, as he has not those genuine emotions of the heart, and those occasional bursts of tenderness, that constitute the charm of the verses of Tibullus. The lover of Lesbia has, besides, left us only, as testimonials of his love, a small number of petty pieces, which are rather pretty madrigals, than plaintive elegies. This term cannot certainly be assigned to the piece that commences thus:

'Si qua recordanti benefacta priora voluptas,'

which seems to express the feelings of an incurable, unrequited passion. But Catullus is still more affecting, when he bewails, with every expression of nature, the death of a brother that was dearer to him than his own life.

Tibullus and Propertius are, among the Roman writers, the true models of amatory poetry. The verses of the former breathe all the fire of love, and all the care and accuracy of his composition are no drawback on his poetical inspiration. The name of Cynthia is the only one that echoes to the lyre of Propertius; still, it seems, he was unsuccessful and unhappy in his choice. He is constantly engaged in a strain of lamentation, and his complaints weary the reader by their monotony and want of spirit. Yet Propertius, in the opinion of most readers, divides the elegiac sceptre with Tibullus, the lover of Delia, who has elevated that branch of poetry to a degree of dignity in celebrating the Eternal City, that Horace has attained in lyric poetry, when he soars above the sublimity of Pindar. Tibullus, though less ardent and impassioned than his rival, is more tender, delicate, and natural; and he succeeds in inspiring sympathy into the hearts of his readers, by the charms of his diction, and the sweet melancholy of his sentiments. In Tibullus, love is not a matter of art, as it is in Ovid; it becomes a passion full of grace, purity, and candour. He delights in painting the charms of a country life; he intermingles with his more sprightly sallies, occasional mention of death, as Horace also frequently does; he seems to take pleasure in alluding to the last moments of his existence, and to anticipate the tears which the close of his days must cause. He seems to sigh after the repose of the tomb, instead of deriving, from the agreeable philosophy of Epicurus, a fortitude to bear up against that cruel law of nature, which allows man only an hour upon earth. But in this delineation of mourning and mourning. Tibullus softens the heart, and draws from us 'tears that delight.'

Nature seems to have gifted Ovid with every quality of a poet, yet he frequently deviates from her inspirations into false wit, affectation, and bad taste. He is the brilliant bard of pleasure and voluptuousness, in his 'Art of Love;' but, in his 'Heroic Epistles,' he catches the true tone of elegiac poetry. Much art was requisite to avoid the tediousness and monotony of such subjects, yet it must be acknowledged that Ovid frequently succeeds in the attempt. In his 'Tristia,' which spring from the heart of the poet, one would think that he would reach the perfection of elegy; but unhappily, the sensations arising from banishment, an insufferable evil among the ancient Romans, seems to have dried up all the sources of his genius; for he is forced, cold, and unnatural, and he expresses his grief in a manner to induce us to imagine that he felt it not. We must exempt, however, from this censure, his poetical parting adieu to his family when he was quitting Rome. But it is truly lamentable to behold this victim of despotism, frequently kissing the hand that smote him, and heaping the basest adulation on the vile tyrant that injured him; and, in this light, all the interest that might attach to the sufferer, is lost in the indifference felt for a person so totally destitute of dignity and spirit. However, the elegy that was occasioned by the death of Tibullus, proves Ovid to possess all the beauties and refinements of the art.

Perhaps the palm of elegiac poetry, under its most commendable form, should be assigned to the Bard of Mantua, as his poetry affords that deep impression of tenderness and melancholy which constitutes the charm of elegy, and would have bordered on the perfection of Christian morality, if he had devoted his talents to this mode of composition. The plaintive lamentations of a shepherd, driven from his native fields, in the first pastoral, which so delighted that excellent judge Fenelon, the second and the tenth eclogues, which display, with so much nature and eloquence, the tortures, sufferings, and delirium of unrequited love, give some weight to this opinion, as does likewise the charming passage on the death of Marcellus, and a multitude of other beautiful parts of the 'Æneid.'

In the fine ode of Horace on the death of Quintilius Varus, there is every beauty of the plaintive elegy, which

'Sait, les cheveux épars, gemir sur un cercueil.'

It is a matter of no importance that the poet invokes Melpomene at the commencement of his mournful strains. This ode is not only a splendid tribute of tears and regrets to the memory of a departed friend of Horace, but also a consolation to Virgil, the tender and affectionate Virgil, who lost, in the same person, the warmest and the dearest of his own friends.

We have detained the reader so long with the ancients, that we must reserve what we have to say on the elegiac poets of modern times for another article.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.

A General Biographical Dictionary, containing a Summary Account of the Lives of Eminent Persons of all Nations, previous to the Present Generation. By John Gorton. 2 vols., 8vo. pp. 2150. 34s. Hunt and Clarke. London, 1828.

There is prefixed to the 'Biographia Britannica,' a very particular account of the different historical or biographical dictionaries that had been published before its own appearance. Most of these were either very defective in the information they contained, or were too voluminous for general use. The latter objection may be justly made to the 'Biographia' itself, which, va-

readers by the reference made to it in smaller works, or in the compilations of local historians. Several other publications, however, have appeared at different times, containing more or less biographical information, and compiled with different degrees of accuracy and caution. But, useful and necessary as such works undoubtedly are or occasional reference, there are not, perhaps, any which can be properly regarded in that light when employed either as summaries by the historical student, or as fit sources of information for the careful inquirer. Frequently compiled in haste, and composed of materials which have been put together without examiation, they are seldom to be found containing accounts full enough for the one, or sufficiently substantiated for the other.

The great uses of biography as a science are, its exemplary influence, its illustration of the different branches of ethical study, and the assistance which it affords the general historian. Every memoir, according to its particular subject, will be of service in one or the other of these respects, when properly composed. But it may be easily seen, that, in regard to the two former purposes which this species of composition is intended to serve, it requires a wide scope and very ample materials. Without these, it can neither develope character, nor afford examples. Its individual portraits will be too minute to show any likeness, and yet too roughly traced to be studies of human nature in general. They will want every thing but the dimensions of the figures, and only be of use to those who view them in that light. Compilations of short memoirs, therefore, such as biographical dictionaries, are to be regarded only as useful works of reference. When they are put into the hands of a student as of value in any other respect, or are consulted upon any doubtful point of a celebrated man's moral character, or particular conduct on some difficult occasion, they are improperly employed, and seldom answer any good purpose. Our reason for making this observation is to point out what seems to be the objects at which the editors of such works ought to aim. An account of the productions of the different authors mentioned; an accurate notice of dates, and of the periods during which the individuals flourished, whose names are introduced; a concise narrative of the events of their lives, unmixed with speculative observations, and a full and frequent reference to original sources of information;—these appear to be the legitimate objects of such publications, and those which, when obtained by judicious management, render a biographical dictionary a work of real utility and importance. In what degree it departs from its proper character, as a work of occasional reference, and pretends to give original views of events or persons, it becomes amenable to a different kind of examination, and will be found imperfect, unless containing all the features of a complete biographical library. This, of course, ordinary dictionaries cannot do; and, consequently, their estimates and summings up of good and bad qualities, the praise and blame awarded to the individuals mentioned, and the attempts made at the delineation of their different characters, are for the most part either ill founded, or so apparently unsubstantiated, that no reader ought to establish his judgment upon what is thus asserted. In a history, or regular memoir, the student is furnished with the means of deciding on the merits of a character himself, or of comparing what the writer says with the inferences that seem to belong to the facts related. But when, at the close of a notice, the compiler of a Biographical Dictionary asserts this or that of some celebrated personage,—when he gives the character of a statesman, decides on the truth or hypocrisy of a religionist, or concludes the short memoir of an author by a summary criticism on his style, &c ,—the reader is obliged either to take the opinions started without further inquiry, or have recourse to other sources of information to prove their correctness.

It is from a neglect of this consideration that so many publications of the kind are totally unworthy of a place on the book-shelves of any attentive reader. Pretending to give information which works of their description are unfitted to afford, they are generally deficient in that which it is their proper purpose to supply. In point of accuracy also, they are not frequently to be depended upon, and it is often easier, and always safer, to gain the information required by applying at once to original sources. Another cause of frequent imperfection is an attempt at giving too many notices, and a heaping together of names without regard to the limits which both the size and nature of these works impose. The consequence of which has been, a considerable degree of confusion in some parts, an abridgment of information where it was most wanted, and an importance given to objects which hardly deserved attention. In these respects, however, the editor of the publication before us has acted with good sense and caution; and we cannot give a better idea of his undertaking and of its merits than by quoting the part of his preface which refers to his efforts in avoiding errors of the kind referred to.

'Great pains have been taken to supply the required information in a spirit of well-principled but manly impartiality; and for this purpose the whole has been rewritten. Professions of this sort, in relation to an abridgment, may be held superfluous; but some very pitiable instances of the contrary might be supplied from kindred works, and possibly from none more than that which at present takes the lead in this very department. This fault, which is sometimes attributable to the spirit of party, often to religious predilection, and not unfrequently to individual peculiarity, is perhaps more injurious in a work constructed for the conveyance of accurate general impressions, than in those of greater detail, in which the matter itself not unfrequently corrects the false bias of the writer. At all events, it is particularly uncongenial with a Biographical Dictionary, both as tending to produce a disproportionate attention to one or two classes of character, and a prejudiced neglect of others of sterling merit. An attempt has therefore been made to preserve the requisite impartiality, without the sacrifice of a single just claim to the approbation of any party, or to the encouragement of all—always employing the word *party* in its best sense, and excluding mere intolerant and interested factions on all sides.

'Several inquiries having been made in respect to the principle of the selection, during the progress of the work, it may not be amiss to supply a little information on the subject in this place.

'First, as to lives which are essentially *historical*, our readers will understand that the compilers have selected those only, in which the character of the individual distinguishes him from and amidst the transactions in which he was engaged. It is evident, for instance, that to sketch the majority of the lives of sovereigns, rulers, warriors, and statesmen, would be only to supply a vague summary of public events; for which, after all, the limits would be as insufficient as the detail would be unsatisfactory. In regard to the sove reigns and certain other characters of our own country, we have, however, departed from this rule, because in reference to them a portion of information may be useful to the English reader, which would be altogether unprofitable, if extended to a similar description of personages in other places. In a word, regarding Biography as a species of individualisation, we confine ourselves to those historical lives only, in which the individual stands forward on his own account, and claims attention for something more than mere station.

'We have also been called to account for our omission of *scriptural* lives. Our chief reason is, that the almost exclusive source of information on this head, setting aside rabbinical tradition, is in the hands of every one; and that its connexion with divinity, and various other circumstances, render scriptural biography a department of itself. Nor are we alone in this omission, which, doubtless, for similar reasons, has taken place in almost every other abridgment as well as in our own.

'In repect to the fabulous personages of the mythology and poetry of Greece and Rome, concerning which we have also been questioned, it is enough to say that they are sufficient of themselves to fill, and really do occupy, a work as large as that proposed. A few chieftains and heroes may possibly possess some claim to a real historical existence, but it is difficult to draw a line; and, regarding our labours as daggned for practical benefit, the occupation of our pages with doubtful matter of this nature would be clearly unprofitable'—Pp. iv., v.

We must do Mr. Gorton the justice to say, that he appears to have executed his task in perfect conformity with the sentiments he has expressed in his preface. It would be false to say that we have not discovered a tendency to peculiar opinions in some of the articles; but there is so much fairness in the manner with which every thing is stated that seems to militate against them, and so little of any thing that belongs to the evil feeling of party spirit, that no work, perhaps, of such a varied character could be found executed with such fairness and honesty. In respect to the usefulness or literary merit of this publication, it deserves to be considered, so far as the view we have taken of its contents enables us to judge, as superior in several respects to those which have preceded it. We have already expressed our opinion as to what ought to be the object of such works, and this we think obtained by the one before us. It would be preferable, as we before said, in speaking of the subject generally, if no attempt were made at characterising men, or their works, when little opportunity is afforded for judging of the truth of the opinions started. The faults, what few there are in the very useful publication we are noticing, may all, perhaps, be traced to this source, and they, of course, will be considered faults or the contrary, according to the particular views of different readers. Mr. Gorton's publication is altogether one of great excellence, calculated to be useful to a large number of students, and deserving extensive popularity. We may also mention, that it is sufficiently large to contain every thing necessary, but not too extensive for the ordinary purposes of study, filling, in this respect, an open space in the fields of biographical literature.

THE POETICAL ALBUM.

The Poetical Album, or Register of Modern Fugitive Poetry. Edited by Alaric A. Watts, Esq. Post 8vo. pp. 395. 12*s*. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London, 1828.

THIS volume contains two title-pages, one of which bears the names of Hurst, Robinson, and Co., 1825, the other those of its present publishers. We learn from the preface, that it was prepared for publication so early as 1824, and that the delay in its appearance was occasioned by the failure of Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, in the hands of whose assignees it has ever since remained. The engraved title is embellished by a beautiful sketch of the Fountain of Castaly, on Mount Parnassus, by Mr. Williams, the author of 'Views in Greece.' The book contains nearly four hundred pages of letter-press, and in printing and paper is a very favourable specimen of English typography.

'The Poetical Album' differs materially from all the other selections which we have seen during the last few years, by its including among its contents the flowers of poetry which have blushed almost 'unseen' on the desert pages of comparatively obscure periodicals, while the general practice has been to draw only from well-known sources, and from volumes whose popularity already places them in every one's hands. Mr. Watts has studiously avoided the adoption of such pieces as were likely to be introduced in any collected copy of their author's works; and, in turning over his volume, we meet in every page something new from old favourites, and something valuable from new acquaintances. We may add that some of the brightest names amongst our British poets have contributed to enrich the pages of 'The Poetical Album;' Byron, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Rogers, Coleridge, Croly, Wordsworth, L. E. L., Shelley, Mrs. Hemans, Crabbe, Bowles, Montgomery, Miss Baillie, Barry Cornwall, and many others, are

all to be found in the list of quoted authors; but to us even *these* are not so pleasing as the verses from the pens of writers less known to the public.

At the head of the latter, we must place the 'Four Sketches from Dover Castle during a Storm' by the author of 'Rouge et Noir;' 'Lines to a Dying Infant,' by Miss Bowles; 'Lines written in Richmond Church-yard,' by G. Hubert Knowles; 'A Farewell to England,' by J. Richie; 'To the spirit of Poetry,' by J. S. Clarke; 'The Village Church,' by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham (the celebrated Vicar of Harrow;) 'Gypsies,' by the Rev. J. Beresford; 'Stanzas written on the Sea-Shore,' by Miss Jewsbury; 'The Ship' by Malcolm; and some pieces by Doubleday Driver, Fitzadam, and others, which our limits prevent us from including in our list.

It is time, however, to offer a specimen, and as the first, we select the following anonymous lines, which first appeared, we believe, in a northern newspaper:

The Northern Star.—Written at Tynemouth, Northumberland.

'"The Northern Star
Sailed o'er the Bar,
Bound to the Baltic Sea:
In the morning grey
She stretched away—
'Twas a weary day to me.

'"And many an hour,
In sleet and shower,
By the light-house rock I stray,
And watch till dark
For the winged bark
Of him that's far away.

'"The church-yard's bound
I wander round,
Among the grassy graves;
But all I hear
Is the North wind drear,
And all I see, the waves!"

'Oh! roam not there
Thou mourner fair,
Nor pour the fruitless tear!
Thy plaint of woe
Is all too low—
The dead, they cannot hear.

'The Northern Star
Is set afar,
Set in the raging sea;
And the billows spread
O'er the sandy bed,
That holds thy love from thee!'

The lines below are, we believe, quite unknown to the public:

'*Night.—By E. Elliott, Esq.*

'Night! thou art silent; thou art beautiful;
Thou art majestic; and thy brightest moon
Rides high in heaven, while on the stream below,
Her image, glimmering as the waters glide,
Floats at the feet of Boulten. There no more
The green graves of the pestilence are seen;
O'er them the plough hath passed, and harvests wave
Where haste and horror flung the infectious corpse.
Grey Wharncliffe's rocks remain, still to out-live
Countless editions of the Autumn leaf.
But where are now their terrors? Striga's form,
Of largest beauty, wanders here no more;
No more her deep and mellow voice awakes
The echoes of the forest; and a tale
Of fear and wonder serves but to constrain,
Around the fire of some far moorland farm,
The speechless circle, while the importunate storm,
O'er the bowed roof, growls with a demon's voice.
The poacher whistles in "the dragon's den;"
Nor fiend, nor witch fears he. With felon foot
He haunts the wizard wave, and makes the rock,
Where spirits walk, his solitary seat;
Th' unsleeping gale moves his dark curls; the moon
Looks on his wild face; at his feet, his dog
Watches his eye; and, while no sound is heard,
Save of the hooming Don, or whirling leaf,
Or rustling fern, he listens silently,
But not in fear.—At once, he bounds away;
And the snared hare shrieks, quivers, and is still.'

To these we subjoin the following stanzas, which first appeared in 'The Belfast Northern Whig,' from the pen of a young man named M'Carthy, now no more.

'*Napoleon Moribundus.*

. . . . . Sume superbiam
Quæsitam meritis.'

'Yes! bury me deep in the infinite sea,
Let my heart have a limitless grave;
For my spirit in life was as fierce and free
As the course of the tempest's wave.

'As far from the stretch of all earthly control
Were the fathomless depths of my mind,
And the ebbs and flows of my single soul
Were as tides to the rest of mankind.

'Then my briny pall shall engirdle the world,
As in life did the voice of my fame;
And each mutinous billow that's sky-ward curled,
Shall seem to re-echo my name.

'That name shall be storied in records sublime,
In the uttermost corners of earth:
Now breathed as a curse, now a spell-word sublime,
In the glorified land of my birth.

'My airy form on some lofty mast
In fire-fraught clouds shall appear,
And mix with the shriek of the hurricane blast
My voice to the fancy of fear.

'Yes! plunge my dark heart in the infinite sea,
It would burst from a narrower tomb—
Shall less than an ocean his sepulchre be,
Whose mandate to millions was doom?'

From these specimens it will be seen, that many of its selections are from sources little known to the public, though well deserving preservation in a permanent form. Since its compilation, in 1823, a great deal has been written, which, of course, the editor could not include in the work before us; but, in a second volume, which he is now preparing, he proposes to bring down the series of fugitive poetry to the present date.

CLASSIFICATION OF WINES.

Classification and Description of the Wines of Bordeaux: to which are prefixed, Notices of the History and Culture of the Vine, Process of Making Wine, &c. By M. Paguierre, ancien Courtier de Vin. 12mo, pp. 158. 5*s*. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London. 1828.

'If sack and sugar be a sin,' says honest Jack Falstaff, 'God help the virtuous!' and we cry amen to that 'sweet prayer' of the 'tun of man.' So long as 'the web of life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together;' so long as pain succeeds pleasure and sorrow joy; so long will some stimulus be necessary to mankind to drown the pangs of sorrow, and to satisfy the cravings of a natural thirst. Blessings, say we, therefore, on the man who first invented wine, and may he too have his 'exceeding rich reward,' who teaches the young vine how to shoot, and the grape to yield its juicy fragrance.

Among those who thus deserve well of their kind, M. Paguierre, the author of the treatise at present before us, stands pre-eminent. This gentleman is a retired wine-broker, resident at Bourdeaux, whose life has been spent in obtaining that knowledge which he now gives to the public. That this was a species of information much wanted in this country, no one will be hardy enough to deny, and here in a small portable volume, at the moderate price of five shillings, we have the result of years of inquiry and experience as to the propagation, management, and culture of the vine, the principles on which wines are classed in growths, and the causes of difference in quality and value. Nor is this all. The process of making red and white wines—the ripening, preservation, racking, and sulphuring, are largely treated of, and the state in which wine is exported to the different markets clearly described; added to this, we have in the work before us, a description of the red and white wines of Bordeaux, and several appendices, giving a general classification of the wines of France, with tables of the quantities imported into Great Britain, and the North of Europe, and the cost at which such importations have been made.

But we have too long detained the reader from the work itself, and we think the following account of the manner of making the red wine will be acceptable to all those—and they form the majority—who have never been in a wine country.

'Before beginning the vintage, it is necessary to be assured that the fruit which is to be gathered has attained the proper and necessary maturity; for on this almost always depends, in a great measure, the quality of the wine.

'The vine-dresser or cultivator is liable to fall into one of two errors, which, though very different and opposite to each other, are not less hurtful to the wine, especially to the red, which is more delicate and susceptible of injury in making, than the white.

'If the proprietor gathers his crop too soon, and before the grape has attained to the fit degree of maturity, he is likely to make raw (*vert*) wine, which is the greatest fault it can have, and the most difficult to correct: the wines having this defect becoming generally hard when old. This happens often when the summer has been cold and rainy, which retards the shoot; as also when, at the epoch of the vintage, the rains prevent the grapes from attaining the due degree of maturity and perfection which is necessary to make good wine.

'The other error, though of less consequence, is leaving the grapes till they are too ripe, which may then rot before gathered. The wine made from them acquires a sweetish taste, which causes it to work a long while in the barrels, and renders it sour and difficult to keep. The wine attacked by this vice requires greater care than any other; for, if neglected ever so little, either in the racking or filling, it easily becomes sour. However, it is better to gather late than too soon. The vine-dresser, too, ought to seize the proper time when the vine has come to perfect maturity, to gather the grapes so as to make good wine.

'The wine, if it has succeeded, ought to be clear, transparent, of a fine soft colour, a lively smell, and balsamic taste, slightly piquant, but agreeable, inclining to that of the raspberry, violet, or mignonette, filling the mouth, and passing without irritating the throat, giving a gentle heat to the stomach, and not getting too quickly into the head.

'The proprietors of the vineyards, after having prepared the wine-vessels, and cleansed and rinsed them with spirits of three-sixths* or with brandy, gather the grapes together, and pick them. This is done as soon as they are gathered. Their first care is to make a principal vat of the best fruit, which is called the mother cask (*cuve mère*), into which, after picking, they put the first and best grapes which arrive, till they are from fifteen to twenty inches deep; after which, they throw about two gallons of old Cognac or Armagnac upon them, and then another bed of picked grapes, followed by two gallons more of brandy, and so on till the vat is full. When full, they throw two or four gallons of spirits of trois six, according to the size of the vat, taking for proportion about four gallons 3-6ths for a wine-vat from thirty to thirty-six ton.

'In the very bad years, such as 1816, 1817, or 1826, the crop not being able to ripen, and the juice unable to enter into fermentation, it was necessary to excite it by artificial heat from chafing dishes, &c.; but this seldom happens.

'The *mère cuve* being filled, it is shut hermetically, and is well covered with blankets, in order that the air may not penetrate. This vat is left in this state for three weeks or a month without being touched; taking care to visit it from time to time in case of accident. A small brass cock is put in the side of the vat, at about the height of a third of its depth from the bottom, in order to be able to judge at will of the progress of the fermentation, and to know the moment when, the ebullition having subsided, it may be racked off and put into casks, prepared beforehand by scalding and rinsing with a little spirits of trois six.

'It is known that the liquor is fit to be drawn off, when it has become cool and is sufficiently clear.

'While the *mère cuve* is at work, the vintage is continued in the usual manner; *i. e.* as the grapes are brought in and picked, they are trodden in the press, and put with their stalks into the vats, where the fermentation takes place naturally. These vessels are not entirely filled; about one foot or fifteen inches are

* *Esprit de trois six*, is spirit of wine of the highest proof.

left for the fermentation, which sometimes overflows, especially when the vintage has attained perfect maturity.

'The vintage being finished, and the vats covered lightly, they are left to ferment, taking care to visit them twice a-day. To rack them, you must wait till they are quite cold, which is from eight to twelve days.'

The following observations on the important art of bottling wine, of the customs of various countries in this regard, and of the manner in which wines are worked, mixed, and flavoured for the English market, we deem particularly worthy the notice and attention of the English reader:

'OF BOTTLING WINE.

'This operation should take place in fine weather, if possible in March or in October; because at these two epochs the wine being clearer, we are more certain of its not leaving any sediment in the bottle; and this, especially for the choice wines, which ought to remain long in bottle before being used.

'Before you bottle off a barrel, you must force it with seven or eight whites of eggs, very fresh, or with isinglass fining prepared for the purpose; after which, you must leave it to repose ten or fifteen days, according to the weather, taking care to keep the cask always close and well bunged, or, to avoid the inconvenience of filling it up, the bung may be put to the side, immediately after the operation. It will clarify as well, and in this state you must draw it off into bottles.

'N.B.—Great care must be taken to keep the bung-hole clean during all this time, for fear of the egg, which may stick to it, becoming mouldy, and giving a taste to the wine.

'To force properly, the number of eggs must be in proportion to the quantity and quality of the wine, as also to its age. The common and new wines require more isinglass than the fine and old ones, because these last are much freer from tartar and dregs; besides, if too many eggs were put to the old wines, not only it would take away too much of the colour already faded by age, but would deprive them of a part of their flavour and smell. It must also be observed, that, when the wines are racked off, or put into bottles, they lose *momentarily* great part of their flavour, which evaporates during the operation. This ought not, however, to give any inquietude, because, the casks once racked off, the wine regains its flavour in about a month or six weeks; and, in bottles, as it is in small quantities, its primitive qualities return in all their vivacity at the end of five or six months.

'Each country has its customs. In France as in Holland, every one wishes for natural wines; and it is for that reason that Holland imports her wines from France upon the lees, in order to manage or take care of them after the manner of the country.

'In the north, especially in Russia and Prussia, experience has taught men to prefer importing wines from France at two or three years old, because they are already freed from the greater part of their dregy and tartar.

'In England, every one being long accustomed to drink strong Port wines, Madeira, and heady Spanish wines, the pure wines, such as we gather them, are not so much esteemed, because they are found, in comparison with the others, not sufficiently strong tasted, and too cold. Our *natural* wines, however, are infinitely preferable for the health, to the spirituous, heady Spanish wines; the Bordeaux wines especially are highly recommended by the faculty for the sick, and those menaced by consumption, or suffering from inflammation in the chest.

'But, in order to give the Bordeaux wines some resemblance to those wines of Spain and Portugal which are used in England, to render them of the taste preferred in that kingdom, from the effect of long habit—the greatest part of our wine merchants who trade with England, are obliged to *work them*, that is to say, to mix them with other wines by means of a particular operation. This is the reason why in general the wines shipped for England are not pure, and can no longer be known to be the same, when compared with those which remain at Bordeaux, such as they are produced in the Department of the Gironde. The operation consists in mixing a certain quantity of Hermitage, and other kinds of fine strong wines of the south, which give fire to the Claret, but which render it dry when old, turn it of a brick red colour, and cause a deposit of sediment when it has been some time in bottle.

'When, by the effect of mixing several sorts of wines, a working or fretting results which might injure the quality, they take some mineral crystal, reduce it to powder, and put an ounce into each barrel, beat up with a proper quantity of isinglass, and rack off the wine about fifteen days after, when it has got clear, and has entirely ceased to work.

'To give odour (*bouquet*) to the wine, they take two drams of orris-root (*racine d'iris*) in powder put into a fine rag, and let it hang about fifteen days in the cask; after which it is taken out, because the wine has then acquired sufficient odour; you may also, if desired, put the powder into the barrel, beat up with fining, and fifteen days after it may be racked off.

'Many persons, to make wine appear older and higher flavoured, and at the same time to prevent the injuring its quality, employ raspberry brandy, (*esprit framboisé;*) in this case the dose is two ounces for each cask; this spirit is well mixed with the wine, and fifteen or twenty days after, the wine has acquired a certain degree of apparent maturity, which is increased by a kind of odour which this mixture gives it.

'The bouquet which by these means is given to the common or ordinary wines, never replaces perfectly the natural flavour which distinguishes our choice wines of Medoc and Grave, which ought to embalm the palate. It is very easy to distinguish the fictitious bouquet which has been given to the wine, if you have ever so little habit of tasting; for the smell of the *iris* as well as the raspberry, always predominates in the wines which have been worked, and forms a striking contrast with the natural flavour of the same wines.'

The following description of Barsac, a wine much used in England, will be appreciated by those who relish it:

'These wines are distinguished by their strength and their flavour in good years; they are generally lively and sparkling, and unite, with these good qualities, a great deal of mellowness. Russia, and all the north, consume them; so does England. The first growths in High Barsac, are, Coutet, Madame de Filhot; after come Bineau or Roborel, Perrot, Dumirail, Veuve Dubos, Dubos, Mercier, and Saluces de Laborde. All these wines differ in price, 15 to 20fr. The qualities inferior to them are in great number, and differ in the price from 50 and even 100fr. per ton below above-mentioned. They may be put in bottle after four or five years, where they improve; but, if they pass ten or twelve years, they grow hard and dry.'

The following account of the prices at Bordeaux, with the accompanying observations, will give the reader some slight insight into the mysteries of the London wine trade:

	£	s.	d.
Average price, charged by the first houses at Bordeaux, per hhd. for first growth wine of a prime vintage	50	0	0
Insurance and freight	1	8	6
Landing charges	0	2	5
Duty, at 7*s.* 3*d.* per gallon	16	13	6
Bottles, corks, wax, &c.	4	19	0
	73	3	6
Interest, expense of premises, &c. to time of sale, 8½ per cent.	6	4	4
	£79	7	10

'This sum (equal to about 3*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* per dozen) is, then, what the wine actually costs the importer before he can bring it to market; but, as he must have a profit on his business, he should get something more than this, even when the wine is sold immediately; and, if he keep it to acquire age, he must, besides, be paid for his risk, and the locking up of his capital, as well as all the other charges affecting his business.

'If what is here stated be just—and we think it cannot be proved to be otherwise—it must be a mere delusion in any person in this country to suppose he can get first growth wine of a fine vintage, below the rate current among respectable merchants. It is true that, at this moment, we may purchase at Bordeaux, from some shipping houses, *warranted Chateau Margaux vintage* 1825, at 1000 francs per hogshead; but, as it is perfectly well known that the whole produce of that estate was sold immediately after the vintage at very nearly that price, and that, after near three years' keeping, 1000 francs is a fair price for good third growth wine, we may judge what degree of confidence can be had in such warranters and their warrantry.

'As we said above, there are many excellent wines in Medoc which are sold cheap, not because they are not good, but because they are not the sorts on which fashion or taste have stamped an artificial value. When our increased intercourse with France shall have made us better acquainted with these, and reconciled us to the use of good wine, though of a little known growth, our wine merchants will be enabled to turn more of their attention to them, and we shall then be supplied with them, under their own proper names, at a fair price, instead of having them cooked up with Hermitage or Beni Carlo, and passed off upon us as noted growths at cheap rates.'

Let the reader mark this well, and let him follow the advice of Dr. Johnston, as to the purchase of tea, in the matter of wine also, in the thorough conviction that a cheap is seldom, if ever, a good article. In conclusion, we say, let us have good wine, whatever be the cost.

WOLFF'S MISSIONARY JOURNAL.

Missionary Journal of the Reverend Joseph Wolff, Missionary to the Jews. Comprising his Second Visit to Palestine and Syria, in the Years 1823 *and* 1824. 8vo, pp. 392. 8*s.* James Duncan. London, 1828.

Among the remarkable individuals with whom modern times are acquainted, Mr. Wolff holds a prominent station. The events of his early life have been as varied and singular as ever checquered the career of the most adventurous existence. His youth and the first years of his manhood were past in the painful and hazardous struggles of a proselyte; in establishing the convictions that induced him to forsake the religion of his forefathers, and preparing himself to attack the system which he conceived held them in a deplorable state of darkness. His mind was as singularly constituted as his situation was strange and difficult. It was active; determined in its search after truth, but tinged with a deep and overpowering enthusiasm. Had he, therefore, been placed under the most favourable circumstances, his character, there is little doubt, would still have presented many of the remarkable features which at present distinguish it. But on his conversion to Christianity he was without guidance, and was confounded by the most erroneous views of its nature that could be given. He became a Roman Catholic, was a second time the recusant of his profession, wandered from one country to another, not only as a citizen of the world, but as, perhaps, the only man in Europe, proclaiming at once his belief in the religion of Scripture, and his determined independence of all sects, creeds, and professions without exception. With these opinions this singular man came to England, and took up his residence at Cambridge. While staying there, we happened to have an opportunity of seeing him in contact with men of a very different description to himself, and the University hardly presented at the time a more curious spectacle than this converted Jew and Catholic, and unsectarian Christian, pursuing his studies surrounded with all the circumstances and scholastic pride of established Protestantism and academical pomp. Mr. Wolff, however, did not become a member of any college, but was prepared for his intended journey to the East by two or three persons, among whom was Professor Lee, who favoured his views. His attainments appear to have been considerable in all the different branches of knowledge that have any reference to the great objects of his pursuit. They are not of a kind to be judged of by many persons, and the peculiar character of his mind, as well as the subjects on which it is employed, prevent their being fairly estimated; but no man not possessed of more than ordinary intellectual strength, ever freed himself from such a crowd of errors as those which successively surrounded Mr. Wolff; and, curiously varied as is the Journal before us, it contains evidence of very extensive and careful research, carried on with the diligence of a well-prepared understanding. Independent, however, of the author himself, this publication is well worth the attention of the general reader. There is none from which so good an idea can be drawn of the actual state of the Jews, in the venerated but lost land of their fathers; and, though much of the matter will be uninteresting and tedious to persons not sympathising with the writer in his zeal and particular opinions, the volume will be found to possess enough of what is curious and useful to the careful observer, to repay the trouble of a

perusal. Our first extract will present an example of the strange superstitions of the modern Jews, belonging, it will be easily seen, to their rabbinical traditions:

'I ENGAGED Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz to spend with me the whole night once more, to teach me the mystery of the Shem-Hamforash, with which the Jews say that our Lord performed all his miracles, and with which Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz and Rabbi Mendel pretend to be able to perform miracles. Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz often boasted that he gained much money by it: for at Constantinople (and why not at Jerusalem?) he cured a mad man, for which he got 1500 piastres. I declared, however, that I had no belief in it, and that I should never make use of it to perform a miracle, to gain 1500 piastres at Constantinople, but that I wished only to know the secret of it. As the Rabbies pronounce a horrible *anathema*, against those who reveal the secret of the Shem-Hamforash, to any except to Rabbies, Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz would only comply with my wish, in the night time. He told me, however, that I might mention it to you in England.

'His wife entered my room during the evening, and said to her husband, "O Rabbi, may you live, O my love, a hundred years! I am afraid that, by your spending the night with Rabbi Joseph, (so I am called by the principal Jews of Jerusalem,) the whole congregation of Israel, in the holy city (may it soon be established and built again!) may talk about it."

'Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz said to his wife, "Go home, my love, and live a hundred years; and let the whole congregation of Israel talk about it: I am Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz; one word of mine will surely silence the whole congregation of Israel. Go home, my love, and sleep very sweetly."

'His wife went home, and Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz made me acquainted with the Shem-Hamforash, the Ineffable Name, which is as follows:

'In order that you may now understand the whole secret of it, I must, in the first instance, mention to you, that every one of the following verses contains, in the original, 72 (seventy-two) letters:

'"And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed and went behind them; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them.

'"And it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these; so that the one came not near the other all the night.

'"And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided." See Exodus, ch. xiv. 19—21.

'When I write the names of the letters, which compose the name, Jehovah, (יהוה,) and add up the numeral amount of the whole, the sum total is like the number of the letters in the three verses above mentioned; that is, 72 (seventy-two).

'If one puts together the first letter of each of the words above mentioned, the 19th verse of Exodus xii. will appear, and if one puts together the last letter of every one of the above-mentioned words, Exod. xiv. 21 will appear; and if one takes from the *end* to the *beginning*, the middle letter of every one of these words, Exodus xiv. 20. will appear, and this is the mystery of the Shem-Hamforash.

'When Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz told me that he cured, by the Shem-Hamforash, a madman at Constantinople, he observed, that Rabbi Solomon Sapiri could confirm the truth of the fact. I asked Rabbi Solomon Sapiri whether it was true that Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz cured a madman at Constantinople, by the power of the Shem-Hamforash?

'Rabbi Solomon Sapira observed, that he knew that there was a madman at Constantinople who gave money to Rabbi Joseph Marcowitz, but he knows not whether he was cured by him. The book in which the Shem-Hamforash is printed, is called Sepher Rasiel, which Adam received from the angel Rasiel. On the title-page of that book, the following words are contained:—"This is the book which the first man has received from the angel Rasiel. And this is the gate of the Lord, the righteous obtain by it the highest degree in the house of the Lord, and become united with the glory of God. It is for the house of Israel the beloved, for the wise and the man of understanding, a blessing and a benediction; and, if applied, it extinguishes fire which was laid, so that it cannot break out in one's house, and it is against ghosts, and the plague, so that they cannot abide in one's habitation, and it produces the effect, that, in time of trouble, help approaches, and one is able to explore hidden treasures of gold and silver. Printed in the house of Moses Ben Ayeshish, Amsterdam.' Pp. 11-14.

We should have quoted some of the remarkable conversations which the author held with his people, but they are either too long, or too desultory for our purpose. They are, however, strikingly illustrative of the writer's mind, and of the singular sentiments prevalent among the persons he addressed. At first sight, they may probably appear as the vague and idle babblings of an enthusiast on the one side, and the ignorant dreamings of superstition on the other. But the careful reader will find them valuable for the light they throw on the character of the Jews in general, and some of the peculiarities of their history. We regret, therefore, being obliged to pass them over for more detached passages of the Journal. Among these the following will be found interesting:

'*Excursion to the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and Jericho.*

'*June* 3.—Brothers Fisk, King, and three other German travellers, and myself, set out for the Dead Sea, where Sodom and Gomorrha stood, and the Jordan and Jericho. We took with us two soldiers from the Governor of Jerusalem, and arrived the first evening in the convent of Mar Saba, which is occupied by Greek monks, and some Abyssinians who turned to the Greek religion. Mar Saba is erected, according to the observation of the superior of the convent, in the very ravine of the brook Cedron. The superior told us, that the convent was founded in the time of Justinian, thirteen hundred years ago, by Mar Saba, a pious anchorite. The skulls of those Christians who died for their faith, in the time of Omar, are still preserved here. And unto this time, Musulmans are treading under foot the blood of Christ, and are shedding the blood of his saints! How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge the blood of thy saints, that were slain for the word of God?

'Sheich Ahmed, an Arab, arrived in the night, accompanied by a dozen armed men, to accompany us as a guard; for Bedouins pay but little respect to Turkish soldiers; we agreed, therefore, that he and four other Arabs should accompany us.

'*June* 4.—We set out at a quarter before seven in the morning, and rode with our Turkish soldiers, and the wild and free Arabs, over rocky mountains. On the summit of one of them we saw an edifice, which the Turks visit and venerate as the tomb of Moses. Mr. Fisk received from the Greeks the following account of the origin of this tradition. In the time of the Greek empire, a convent was erected on the place by a holy man, whose name was Moses, and his name, as was common in such cases, was given to the convent. When the Musulmans took the country, they mistook St. Moses for the Prophet Moses, and have ever since made pilgrimages to the place. At half-past eleven we arrived at the Dead Sea, where Sodom and Gomorrha stood. We tasted the water, and found it nauseous and bitter beyond any thing we ever tasted. I read there to the German travellers Matthew xi. 11—24. At half-past two we arrived at the Jordan, where the Greek pilgrims usually visit it, and where the Israelites passed over it, opposite to Jericho. I read to the German travellers Joshua ii. iii., and to myself alone the fourth chapter of Joshua; again with the Germans Matthew iii., and then I dipped myself in the Jordan, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and prayed for the conversion of the Jews. Before I left Jerusalem, I sent word to the principal Rabbies of Jerusalem, that I should, if the Lord should grant it, pray for them at the river Jordan. Brothers King and Fisk swam across the Jordan, and took a walk in the plain of Moab, in the inheritance of Reuben; I then read again in my Hebrew Bible, and in the little Bible which dear Mr. Simeon gave me. The whole country around is a desert inhabited by wild Bedouins!

'At six o'clock we arrived at Jericho. We took up our lodgings for the night, men and horses altogether, in an open yard of the castle. The whole number of inhabitants amounts to three hundred souls. The Arabs here around us are true genuine Arabs, who are as free and wild as their desert. I asked one of the Arabs, Which do you like best, the city or the desert?

'*Arab.*—I am the son of the desert, I am not the son of the city!

'We arose early in the morning, at half-past five, and left Jericho for Jerusalem. Instead of proceeding directly for the mountain, we turned to the west, in order to see the mountain on which Christ is said to have fasted. On our way we came to a stream of pure running water, and followed it to its source. It issues from the earth at no great distance from the foot of the mountain Quarantania, and, dividing its waters into two principal streams, supplies Jericho, and waters the plain, which in this part is very fertile. This is the fountain of Elisha.—See 2 Kings ii. 19—22. The Arabs call the Dead Sea Bahar Loot, (the Sea of Lot,) and the Jordan they call Shareeah.

'Sheich Ahmed knew the travellers Seetzen and Burckhardt, under their Oriental names, Moosa and Ibrahim. He spake likewise of Bankes. This journey cost us twenty piastres each. We found it necessary to pay all our attendants much more than we had agreed with them to go for.

'Before we set out for Jericho, I spent Saturday, May 31, with Mr. Fisk, in examining the Talmud. In the afternoon, a Jew came and told me that my house had been broken in, and my things stolen. On examination it was found that the thieves had taken my bed-curtain, sheet, coat, and nearly all my shirts, cravats, and stockings. We sent information to the Governor, who sent an officer to look at the house, and assured us that efforts should be made to discover the thief. Brother Fisk was so kind as to furnish me with some of his linen, for I should not have known where to get a shirt at Jerusalem.

'*June* 6.—I found in the library of the High Priest, Rabbi Solomon Sapira, a Hebrew manuscript, written by an anonymous Rabbi, who lived in the year 1472. This manuscript contains a dissertation about Jesus of Nazareth. The writer tries to give five proofs, by which it may be demonstrated that Jesus of Nazareth mentioned in the Talmud, is not that Jesus whom the Gentiles call Christ, Messiah. Rabbi Solomon Sapira had the kindness to make me a copy of it.'—Pp. 102—105.

The following deserves extracting for the account it contains of the Cedars of Lebanon which Mr. Wolff appears to have regarded with reverential curiosity:

'*Cedars of Lebanon.*

'*October* 4.—We left Tripolis, and arrived in the evening in the large convent of Maronites, called Mar-Antonio Kas-haya, where above one hundred dirty, stupid, and ignorant monks reside. They have a printing press, but they only print mass-books. The Superior told us he had heard for a certainty, that the English baptise their children with the blood of a dove. We asked him whether he knew any thing of languages? His answer was worthy of a monk. "Of what use" said he "are languages?" Mr. King observed, that the Hebrew and Greek are very useful for the better understanding of the scripture text. He replied, "We have commentators who have sufficiently explained the text."

'The Maronites of this country administer the Sacrament to the laity in one kind; the Greek Catholics in both. They showed Mr. King the Arabic translation of the Bible with the Latin Vulgate. The monks believed the Latin to be Hebrew. Long conversations took place about the doctrines of the gospel, and they lasted almost the whole day, and a great part of the evening.

'*Monday, October* 6.—We arrived at Canobin, and called on the patriarch of the Maronites. His name is Joseph. He received us civilly, and invited us to dine with him. We left him an Arabic Bible and a Syrian Testament. His title is Patriarch of Antioch and Successor of Saint Peter. He may therefore, with the same right, claim infallibility, as the Bishop of Rome does.

'*Tuesday, October* 7.—We went to the cedars of Lebanon. I counted thirteen large and ancient cedars, besides the numerous small ones, with which are in the whole 387 cedars.

1st	Cedar	8¼ cubits.	8th	Cedar	4 cubits.
2nd	Cedar	7¼ cubits.	9th	Cedar	4 cubits.
3rd	Cedar	6 cubits.	10th	Cedar	3.6 cubits.
4th	Cedar	5½ cubits.	11th	Cedar	3¼ cubits.
5th	Cedar	5¼ cubits.	12th	Cedar	2¾ cubits.
6th	Cedar	5½ cubits.	13th	Cedar	2.3 cubits.
7th	Cedar	4 cubits.			

'We arrived the same day at Besherre, and were kindly and hospitably received by Sheikh Georges, who knew well the traveller Mr. Grey, and our friend Tommaso Alkushi. We gave some Testaments to Priests,

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We met there a Catholic Missionary of the Carmelite order, who was at Moussel and Bagdad.

'*October* 9.—We took a view of Baalbeck and its mighty ruins. The Arabs believe the devil was the builder of that mighty castle, the ruins of which have defied the revolutions of so many centuries. And the Arabs may not be very wrong in their belief. It was a mighty temple, but it is now deserted; and thus all temples built of stone shall be deserted and broken down, but there was a temple which was broken down and built again in three days.

'A young Turk now governs the town of Baalbeck. He has the title of *Emir*, i. e., Prince. He is still young, but old in wickedness. He quarrelled for several years with his uncle, who lived not far from Baalbeck. The Emir of Baalbeck tried to lay hold of his uncle and put him in prison, but his uncle escaped. The Emir finally sent a messenger to him with friendly words, and they made peace together. The very day we arrived at Baalbeck, the thunder of cannons, and the shouts of the soldiers, announced the arrival of the Emir's uncle, and we saw them both on horseback, the uncle and nephew. The same evening the Emir gave orders to put his uncle in chains and cast him into prison, which was done.

'*October* 10.—We arrived at Sahle, and were received kindly by my friend the Greek Catholic Bishop Ignatius Uguiri, whom I mentioned in my journals of last year. We gave him a copy of the Arabic Genesis; he requested a whole Bible, which we promised to send to him.

'*October* 11.—We arrived at Mar-Efram, the residence of the impostor, the ungrateful impostor Petrus Giarve, patriarch of the Syrian Catholics. He recognised me immediately, for he resided in the Propaganda when I was there. He told us that England did him harm by publishing that he had received money from them; for it obliged him to give a great sum of money to the Turkish Government. He farther was obliged to write to his friends in France, that he, as Roman Catholic, could neither be member nor accomplice of the Bible Society. He said, that he had received the money without being under any obligation (senza nessun obligo) as a mere charity (per una mera carita.) The wretch is decidedly opposed to every thing which is good. We gave him an Arabic Bible, which he returned to us, and ordered one of his monks, who had received a copy of the Syrian Testament, to return that also.'—Pp. 175—178.

LORD LONDONDERRY'S NARRATIVE.

Narrative of the Peninsular War, from 1808 *to* 1813, *By Lieut. General Charles William Vane, Marquis of Londonderry, G.C.B. G.C.H., Colonel of the* 10*th Royal Hussars.* 4to. pp. 648. 3*l.* 3*s.* Colburn. London, 1828.

We have received a copy of this work, which promises, from a hasty inspection, to afford materials for a copious review in our next. We can only say of it at present, that it is handsomely got up, illustrated with a map of the scene of war, and plans of all the principal battles, and furnished with a copious appendix of tabular statements, in confirmation of the printed accounts. The work is dedicated to the King, and the author closes his narrative with the announcement of his intention to follow it up next year with another volume, containing his Military Reminiscences of the campaigns of 1813, and 1814, with the Allied Armies, on the Continent. The motives with which the work was undertaken, and given to the world, are so circumstantially avowed by the noble author himself, that we shall give the statement of them in his own words:

'These Reminiscences of some years of an active professional life were never intended to meet the public eye. They were written always in great haste, sometimes at long intervals, and sometimes, when fatigue entirely oppressed the body, and when the frame courted sleep rather than the most trifling occupation. But the great motive that prompted the first committal to paper of the imperfect details which these sheets embrace, was the affectionate and indulgent spirit with which they were received by him, to whom they were addressed. They would probably have remained buried with the object of that unbounded attachment and devotion, which gave birth to them, had not the circumstances attending the late events in Portugal recalled the former scenes that had passed in that country, where British soldiers had enjoyed so many triumphs, and where the deepest interest has been blended with their career, by their learning, practically, under the greatest master of this, or any former age, that profession in which their destinies were involved.

'When a new force was equipped, and about to sail for that quarter, launched under new auspices, it occurred to me, that these hasty sketches of a former period, however light and imperfect, might not be wholly uninteresting to those brave brother soldiers, who were embarking again for that land, where so many laurels had been already gathered.

'I therefore determined to arrange, with a friend, my letters and memoranda in the form of a narrative.

'Their deficiency in many respects, is frankly acknowledged; and it is hoped that, being composed under the circumstances of constant fatigue and activity of employment, the author may meet with indulgence. On another point also, he has to claim consideration from his brother officers. They know, as well as himself, how impossible it is for any individual to render justice to the meritorious deeds of every division and corps in a long campaign; to describe all parts of a field of battle; to enter into the various views that are taken; or lastly, to detail the heroism of the several officers in the performance of their duties and exploits. Happily, the task of a eulogist or a critic, belongs to higher powers. The following sheets have been compiled for other purposes. If they stimulate young officers to record the events of the moment as it flies, and the interesting scenes they may engage in, for the information of parents and friends at a distance, their publication will accomplish one useful purpose; and if they enliven one leisure hour, in camp or quarters, of the brother soldiers of the author, his object is more than gained.'

LIFE OF ROBERT BURNS.

Life of Robert Burns. By J. G. Lockhart. Constable's Miscellany, No. XXIII. 18mo. pp. 320. 12*s.* Constable and Co., Edinburgh. Hurst, Chance, and Co., London, 1828.

This is a very beautifully written piece of literary biography, and does great credit to the Miscellany of which it forms a part. There are some contributions in it from Sir Walter Scott and Allan Cunningham, which will be read with considerable interest, as they throw additional light on the lamented poet's character and history. This admirable series of cheap publications, presenting as it does so many really useful and valuable treatises, cannot be too highly appreciated. The design promised well, and it is carried on in a manner which cannot fail of rewarding those with whom it originated with lasting credit. We are glad to find that the work which forms the present interesting number is to be reprinted in a larger form for general circulation. We cannot, however, pass over the following account by Sir Walter Scott of his interview with Burns when a very young man.

'As for Burns, I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum.* I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. At it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side,—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:

'Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears.'

'Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of "The Justice of Peace." I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received, and still recollect, with very great pleasure.

'His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish; a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture, but to me it conveys the idea, that they are diminished as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, *i. e.*, none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed, (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and, when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted, nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling.

'I remember on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English Poetry was rather limited, and also, that having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Ferguson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models; there was, doubtless, national predilection in his estimate.

'This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add, that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the Laird. I do not speak in *malam partem*, when I say I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information, more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humourous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this. I do not know any thing I can add to these recollections of forty years since.'—Pp. 112-115.

MANUAL OF COOKERY.

The Cook and Housewife's Manual. By Mrs. Margaret Dods, of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's. 12mo. Pp. 525. 7*s.* 6*d.* Oliver and Boyd. Edinburgh, 1828.

In addition to every thing which the cook or housekeeper can desire in such a manual, Mrs. Margaret Dods' treatise is sprinkled with the salt of rare Scottish wit, and rivals Doctor Kitchener's learned work, both in variety and pleasant humour. We are assured also, by certain sage and experienced persons, well skilled in the subject, that we may safely recommend it to public patronage, as a useful and well qualified guide in all the mysteries of the culinary art. We give the following specimen of the Notes:

'Among the most noted of the moderns, we beg to introduce our readers to Mr. Rogerson, an enthusiast and a martyr. He, as may be presumed, was educated at that University where the rudiments of palatic science are the most thoroughly impressed on the ductile organs of youth. His father, a gentleman of Gloucestershire, sent him abroad to make the grand tour, upon which journey, says our informant, young Rogerson attended to nothing but the various modes of cookery, and methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. Before his return his father died, and he entered into the possession of a very large monied

fortune, and a small landed estate. He was now able to look over his notes of epicurism, and to discover where the most exquisite dishes were to be had, and the best cooks procured. He had no other servants in his house than men cooks: his butler, footman, housekeeper, coachman, and grooms, were all cooks. He had three Italian cooks, one from Florence, another from Sienna, and a third one from Viterbo, for dressing one dish, the *dolce piccante* of Florence. He had a messenger constantly on the road between Brittany and London, to bring him the eggs of a certain sort of plover, found near St. Maloes. He has eaten a single dinner at the expense of fifty-eight pounds, though himself only sat down to it, and there were but two dishes. He counted the minutes between meals, and seemed totally absorbed in the idea, or in the action of eating, yet his stomach was very small: it was the exquisite flavour alone that he sought. In nine years he found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune, and himself hastening to poverty. This made him melancholy, and brought on disease. When totally ruined (having spent nearly 150,000*l.*), a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; and he was found in a garret soon after, roasting an ortolan with his own hands. We regret to add, that, a few days afterwards, this extraordinary youth shot himself. We hope that his notes are not lost to the dining world.' P. 252.

DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

CICERO.

SCENE I.—*The Temple of Concord guarded by the Knights. Enter Curius, a Conspirator and Informer.*

Curius.—Now do the red streaks of the eastern sky
Give a faint presage of approaching day,
And yet the inactive Senators of Rome
Bathe their dark eye-lids with the dews of sleep.
Oh, vigilant revenge! What, shall not fear
Of imminent death, of sword and fiercer fire,
Of confiscated wealth, and the long course
Of ills that walk in revolution's train:
What, shall not these yet dissipate the weight
Of slumber from their fore-warned victims' eyes?
And do revenge and disappointed love
Defraud my timely rest, and lead me forth
Thus early at their bidding? Sluggard souls!
Half the fierce tumult of my fevered mind
Would spur them hither, if it must be so,
For Rome's deliverance; but, in my mind,
A better cause,—to crush my hated rival,
Proud Catiline; for crossed alike in love
And in ambition, by his towering spirit,
I will betray the cause he fondly dreams
Shall triumph now; but, hark! the hour is come.

SCENE II.—*Enter Cicero, Antonius, Cato, Catulus, and other Senators.*

Cicero.—Good morrow, Curius, thy more forward zeal
Meets our remissness with a just reproof.

Curius.—So ever may my future footsteps lead
My Roman brethren in the path of duty.

Cicero.—Fathers of Rome! you look upon the man
To whom yourselves, your children, nay, the race
Of your remotest progeny shall owe
The ransom of existence. This is he
Whose lips revealed the history of blood
Which yesternight you heard. Let then your voice
Unanimously ratify the gift
Of those rewards that he has earned so well.

Antonius.—We do confirm them to him, with increase
Beyond his hopes, if the sure text of time
Shall bring to proof his tried sincerity.

Curius.—Most reverend Fathers, I dare well avouch
With my life-blood, the candour of my tale.
It is not needful to denounce to you
The matchless vice, the wild ferocity,
And that unquelled ambition, that demand
Your swift-winged vengeance on the head of Catiline,
You know him now. Yet, in a woman's form,
There walks a foe as dangerous as he,
Vile as himself—Sempronia shares his love
And treason. Wide she throws her palace gates
To screen the councils of conspiracy.
Hers is no woman's soul, and, while she lives,
Rome knows no safety.

Cicero.—Fathers, let a band
Of armed soldiers, at the fall of eve,
Surround her residence, and seize at once
The noble hostess, and her worthy guests,
Whilst strong detachments shelter from surprise
The public walks and avenues of Rome.

Catulus.—Aye, on this night, or else yon rising sun
Is the last light that we are doomed to see.
But does my fancy picture to my eye
The form it shudders at, or is it he?
It is himself, the traitor Catiline.

Omnes.—Catiline!

Cicero.—What! dare he approach the insulted majesty
Of Rome, and her most sacred temple? Deems he
We know him not?

SCENE III.—*Enter Catiline.*

Catiline.—Most venerable Fathers, noble sirs,
How well this vigilance, and deep concern
For the state's good, become your elder years
And weighty reputations. I would join
Most willingly my feeble aid to yours,
And hither, therefore, do I come.

Cicero.—For what?
To mark the foreheads of thy victims here,
And designate them with the sign of death?
Yet, traitor, dost thou live? Live! Dost thou stand
E'en in the centre of Rome's senate-house,
To speak and counsel of the public weal?
When will thy boldness falter. Canst thou see,
With steady feature, our nocturnal watch
And daily councils, our increasing fears—
The throng and concourse of all honest men.
The close armed bands that guard these very doors
To save our country from thy ruthless sword,
And thine assassin hordes? And canst thou see
The face and presence of these men themselves,
Unmoved and blushless? Breathe a little while;
Yet, yet a little longer thou shalt live:
Then will I slay thee when no human mouth
Exists so infamous, so like thine own,
As once to question thy deserved doom.
What needs there but a syllable of mine
To stretch thee breathless on that very spot
Thy presence now defiles? Yea, but a sign,
A look would blast thee, like a flash from heaven.
Ah! turn'st thou pale—dost tremble? Thou art safe;
Thy life is sacred to the sword of Justice:
I will defend it from indignant Rome,
Till, after full conviction of thy crimes,
This hand shall sign thy ignominious doom
And drag thee to destruction. Look around
And mark each Roman brow, that lowers with horror
On thee, and on thy crimes. Which of all these
Knows not thy treasons, cannot trace thy steps
Of yesternight and name the very scene,
The time, and comrades of thy mad designs?
Gods of our fathers! is it possible
We stand on Roman ground? And can it be
That the dear land of our nativity
Has yielded such a monster? Even here,
Here does he stand, whose parricidal soul
Had doomed the holy temples of the gods,
Our lives, our homes, and our own native soil,
To rapine and pollution. Wilt thou deny
Thou art that parricide? If so, speak out—
I wait—thou cans't not—and it were as well;
For I have witness to confront thy speech
With proof, would give thee little joy to hear.

Catiline.—What should I answer? Pardon me, grave sirs;
I am not as I should be, pardon me.—
But, if my face grew pale, or if my limbs
Tottered beneath me, if my tongue refuse
Its wonted office, let your justice give
My strange confusion to its proper cause.
Well may I stand astonished. Have I heard
His words aright—a serious accusation?
Grant me your hearing; why, my noble Lords,
A simple word shall fling those scandals back,
And his foul charges to the empty air.
Who am I? What? Most sure, a noble Roman,
Who draws his pure hereditary blood
From a long line of noble ancestors—
From men who, like myself, were prodigal
E'en of their life-blood, for the fame of Rome,
And one, who, upwards from my early youth,
Was sunned and ripened in the smiles of fortune.
This, then, I am, and what is my accuser?
A Roman noble? No. A citizen?
Why, no. A stranger,—yea, a foreigner,
Whose name is recent in the mouths of Rome.
O, tale incredible, absurd! shall I,
Such as I am, devise my country's fall,
And shall this stranger save it from destruction?
An honest question—let your wisdoms judge.
But farther to confound these calumnies
And their malicious author, hear the rest.
I love my country,—love to tread the soil
That bore my great forefathers. Land so dear,
Go where I will, these eyes will never see.
Then witness, fathers of that noble land,
Witness my anguish, whilst with parting tears
I now pronounce myself—devoted doom!—
Eternal exile.—May this sacrifice
Appease the causeless rancour of my foes,
And pacify the troubles that distract
My country's welfare. Peace be with you all!

Cato.—Where thou art, traitor, peace can never be;
Retire not yet. We do command thee, stay.

Catulus.—Stay, till the senate do decide thy doom:
The season is gone by for gentle words,
And nought is wanting but thy punishment.

Catiline.—Yet hear me speak.

Curius.—Look, Catiline, on me;
And, then, if thou hast stomach, speak thy fill.
I have denounced thee; it is I who made
The dearest secrets of thy inmost soul
As free and public as the common air,
My hand it is that shackles thee with chains,
And this same hand shall usher to thy end
Thyself and her, the partner of thy shame,
Sempronia.

Cicero.—We have heard too many words:
I do impeach thee of high treason, Catiline,
Guards, seize your prisoner!

Catiline.—*Your* prisoner!—
Know you me not—know you not Catiline,
That thus you talk of prisoners and of guards?
Hence, vain intruders—back, upon your lives.
Lay but a hand upon me, and a word
Shall plant a dagger in each bosom here.
Guards and commanders, are you satisfied?
My former speech displeased you. Hear me now:
The senate in its wisdom has decreed,
And Rome confirms it. Catiline shall fall,
Then let him fall; but how? Majestic Rome
And lordly senates, tremble as you hear—
He falls indeed: yet with the mighty shock
The towers of Rome are levelled with the ground,
And, in their place, a lake of Roman blood
Shall mark the vengeance and the fall of Catiline.
[*Exit.*

Cicero.—How fiercely burst his rebel spirit forth!
Saw you? I drove him from his secret snares,
From every wily subterfuge, and roused
The wolf from out his lair. Be it ours
To give him open chase, and hunt him down.
Let each call forth his friends, the friends of Rome;
For Catiline threats not for sport: and we
Must summon all our strength, and bravely meet
His furious onset. Hasten to the field! [*Exeunt.*

GERMAN APATHY.

ON the representation of the 'Mariage de Figaro,' at the Cassel Theatre, on the second of March, M. Pistor, who had assumed the part of *Bartolo*, varied the accustomed action of the piece by cutting his throat with a razor, while standing before a glass; without evincing any extraordinary previous emotion to lead to a suspicion of his dreadful intention. The other performers do not seem to have been too violently affected by the event, as, without any interruption to the scene, another person was substituted for the deceased, and at the close of the performance, apologised for M. Pistor's absence, on the score of his having killed himself. The intelligence was received with the same apathy with which it was given, and the farce was not interrupted by any similar untoward event. I was recently travelling in Belgium, when, most unhappily, the coachman, by a dreadful accident, killed a poor man, who had unfortunately slipped beneath the wheels, ere the driver was aware of the circumstance. While the few Englishmen in the *Diligence*, gave free expression to their horror, as soon as the sad event was known, a beautiful Belgian girl was not diverted from the eating of her *bonbons;* and, if she evinced any emotion, it was rather that of surprise at our feelings, than that of interest in the fate of the unhappy man. Among the recent suicides at Hamburgh, is that of a young gentleman of the early age of *six years!*

MR. LOWE'S SPLENDID PICTURE.

'THE Vision of Joseph,' painted in Rome by Mr. J. B. Lowe, is about to be exhibited, in a room which Government has liberally lent to the artist, at the King's Mews, Charing Cross. This picture is the result of seven years' labour at Rome. In it the artist has endeavoured to combine the different styles of several of the most distinguished Italian painters.

UNPUBLISHED FRAGMENTS.

[From the Travels of Theodore Elbert, a young Swede.]

No. II.—*London.*

This, then, is St. Paul's. What a miracle of man's pride; but how little does it suggest of man's humility? Here are proportion, size, strength, all the meaner attributes of beauty, and beauty, too, itself. But how little of fitness? There is nothing of religion. The emblems on the funeral monuments are all of the earth, earthy. The whiteness of the light, the bright, active business of the area, the payment at the door, the hard, stolid worldly look of the Cathedral menials; what have these to do, I will not say with Christianity, but with any other feeling than curiosity, with any deep sympathy, any trembling aspiration, with faith, or hope, or charity? Nothing—nothing whatsoever. It may be a good Cathedral; I am sure it is a bad church. This wide blank circumference, with the dusty banners above, and the statues of victory, and Neptune, and the stone lions around it, and the pattering feet and loud tones of idle wanderers; it is an exchange, a showroom, a promenade—any thing but a temple. It has nothing of the shadowy magnificence of the Teutonic minster, harmonising so well with all our higher and more obscure feelings. It was made as a haunt for Deans and Prebendaries; but who would think of bringing to it his prayers, his thanksgivings, and his penitence?

But, leaving the interior of the church, and mounting to one of the outer galleries, there is a change indeed, We lose St. Paul's, and see nothing but London. The building becomes no more than a vantage ground, from which to contemplate the vast city. Far and wide spreads over the earth the huge, dim capital of the world. Look northward over that province of brick, to the dim outlines of the hills, which seem scarce more than a part of the murky atmosphere; and west towards that other realm of houses, outstripping the gaze, and encircling other distant towers, and stretching away to the seats of government and legislation; and again south, where the wilderness of human habitations is cleft by the wide and gleaming river, laden with all its bridges, and flechered with a myriad of keels for wealth or idleness; and see, too, the broad fronts and soaring pinnacles of a hundred churches, and the port that raises against the sky its trellis-work of innumerable masts: and, over all this, is one hue of smoke, and one indistinguishable hum of activity.

It is difficult to reduce one's thoughts and feelings at such a spectacle, to any thing definite. The mind at first, is all vague restless astonishment, while the eye wanders over leagues of building: and sees every where the same working mass of busy vitality. How is it that the scene has been produced, which so fills and stirs us? How is it, that this portion of the world has been so cut off from all the rest, and set apart as the agent of such peculiar impressions? Time has been when there was nothing here but marsh and meadow, and woody knoll, and the idle river rolling down its waters between banks only trodden by the wolf and elk, to a sea, whither no human eye had ever traced its course. Time was, when the shaggy savage first leaned upon his club on yonder northern hill, turning his eager eyes over the green plain, and the broad river; and then led down some straggling horde of barbarians to rear their huts of mud and wicker beside the stream, perhaps upon the very spot now filled by this enormous pile of architecture. The wicker was changed for brick and wood, and the narrow dungeons, which were the homes of the other generations, threw their shadows over the weapons of the Roman legions, and over faces which wore the hues of every climate under the sun. The city became the home of burghers, the haunt of nobles, the seat of kings. The massy bridge, the moated castle rose; and the clumsy boats of those rude centuries began to float hitherward with every tide, till, with the halls of hundreds of Barons, and the guilds of hundreds of trades, now filled with mustering armies, now desolated by plagues and famines, sometimes active with revolt, and again glittering with royal triumphs, London became a mighty city. The growth of many ages, the greatness of a whole people have made it what it is. Successes, which gave wealth to the nation, gave more than its share to the capital; and misfortunes, which desolated the country, have driven its population hither. The commerce of the world pours into its gates, and circulates through all its streets. Here are the thrones of three kingdoms, and of three-score colonies, of the provinces of the west, and the empires of the east, and hither come the gifts of subject millions. The tides of every sea, and the wheels of every manufactory on earth speed the current of existence through the veins of London. And thus it is, that I am now surveying at a glance, this whole immense domain of bustle and competition, a kingdom of swarming streets, an enormous concentration of human wealth, power, and misery.

The recollections of London but little accord with the feeling produced by the sight of it. At a distance, we think of a few resplendently bright, of a few pre-eminently dark, points in its history. The slaughter of Roman Catholic and Protestant martyrs by royal tyranny and sectarian intolerance,—the escape of the five members to the city,—the study of Milton,—the scaffold of Vane. But when we look upon the scene itself, we see little but the wide-spread collection of vulgar desires and fierce passions,—the size of Mammon's temple, and the number of his worshippers. We scarcely connect the idea of religion with those churches which are so entirely imbedded among worldly structures, and many of which we know to be completely the mere husks and shadows of devotion, scarcely ever entered even by a score out of all those thousands now hurrying past them,—empty pretences, and solemn mockeries! There is little to indicate any nobler intelligence than the mechanical among the crowds all bent upon gain, and surrounded by the ingenious devices of luxury, which mingle in yonder streets for the various rivalries of traffic. Every thing around is so alien from meditation, that we are inclined not to study and think upon it, but to take part in its restlessness, and give ourselves up to its absorbing interests. There is nothing here to which any feeling attaches itself, but the inclusion beneath our eyes of so many hundreds of thousands of our fellow-men. Extent, number, ceaseless and multitudinous occupation,—these are the objects which strike us. The details are only interesting as linked to these. For there is here no crumbling pyramid, or shattered Coliseum; no volcanic mountain filling the atmosphere of a city with the menace of death. But we are face to face with a larger mass of living and busy humanity, than on any other spot of the world's surface.

And is not this enough to think of? If the height on which I stand would enable me to look down into the hearts of the crowds which pass beneath me, what could earth show of more profound and intense interest? These confluent streams of life are big with a thousand varieties of opinion and feeling, into all of which we can in some degree enter, and which cannot be thought of without an anxious and mysterious curiosity. The greater number of these persons are ignorant, misguided, opposing their will to duty, never to passion, utterly reckless and almost utterly wretched. I have, as it were, beneath my hand, a million of living souls; yet, in fact, to moral purposes, dead and decaying. Nurtured in alternations of toil and vice, they are, through life, bound down by the tyrannous necessities of their daily existence, or only loosed at intervals for the relaxation of debasing excess. Their sympathies are deadened by the want of sympathy around them; for the greedy poverty of the crowd has devoured almost all their love for their neighbour, and the more ravening selfishness of the rich, has, alas! swallowed up the whole of theirs. These myriads know scarce any thing, but the pressure of the hour; the retrospect of the past is similarly painful; and, when they look forward for a moment to the future, they transfer to it the direct suffering or the unsatisfying pretence of pleasure which deforms the present. The dust eats the dust; and the image of God is degraded in man to the likeness of the beasts that perish. Yet wherefore should this be so? There are also in the city I look upon hundreds, at least, of expansive hearts and searching intellects, not indeed arrived at clear satisfaction, yet stirred by the prompting consciousness that there is a higher aim of being than the outward world or our senses and passions can furnish. They vary perhaps on innumerable subjects of prudence, of duty, of religion; but, while there is within a living power, restless and aspiring, there are also hope, and strength, and comfort. But, above all, there may be even now moving among those undistinguished swarms below me, or dwelling upon that dim eminence which rises in the distance, some great and circular mind, accomplished in endowment, of all-embracing faculties, with a reason that pervades like light, and an imagination that embodies the essence of all truth in the forms of all beauty,—even such an one as C——, the brave, the charitable, the gentle, the pious, the mighty philosopher, the glorious poet. How strange is the bond which unites all these together under the name of man! Or is not that which they have in common, the very capacity, by the cultivation of which we might exalt the meanest of those I see, into perhaps the highest perfection I have thought of?

I am now standing on a building which proclaims to every eye in the capital of England the nominal supremacy of Christianity; yet nine in ten of its inhabitants never turn a thought towards the benevolence and piety of Christ, while the majority of the remainder, with all the phrases ready in their mouths, which make their speech a confused jargon of worldliness and religion, yet feel, it is to be feared, no whit of love to God or man, but angrily cling to their sect, and idolatrously bow to some lifeless creed. Nor is this to be wondered at. Every thing around us tends to make religion a matter of forms, and names, and lip-service, and thereby to deprive it of all permanent hold upon the hearts of men. All, all is selfishness. Selfishness in the conduct of every one of the corporations which compose or minister to the Government: selfishness in the intercourse of society: selfishness in the anxiety of every class to weigh down those below it. But where is the attempt at the moral culture of the people? Or who the men that, without thought for the feeding of their own vanity, or the spread of their own power, go forth in courage and sincerity for the regeneration of their country? If such there be, (and *some* such there are; that is, one or two,) where are the signs of their exertions? Track home to their lanes and cellars the craftsmen and the labourers, the servants of our pleasure, and see amid their families the unquiet tempers, the sullen rages, the evil cravings, the mutual unrepentant reproaches, which add a sting to penury, and throw poison into the waters of bitterness. But if, instead of stopping there by the squalid fireside of the poor, we turn away to the dwellings of the rich, how much is changed in the shape, but how little in the material! Here, too, are jealousies, and hatreds, and malignity, vulgar anxieties, and miserable ambitions. To be sure, the lean cheek of envy is fed from plate instead of earthenware, and self-oblivion is sought for in the costliest, not the cheapest, intoxication; but the miserable debasement of human nature shows as foul in velvet and jewels as in rags. Alas! if Jesus Christ were again to come on earth, as before, in humility and poverty,

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and were to lift up his voice in the streets of London, as in those of Jerusalem, he would scarce have less to reprove, and would scarce be more earnestly listened to. Would not the rich pass by the houseless wanderer with self-complacent scorn, or the rabble look with indifference or mockery on one whose garments were no gayer than their own, and who yet would tell them, in authoritative accents, of justice, and truth, and mercy? The professed successors of Christ's apostles would invoke the law against a low-born teacher; the doors of this temple would be closed against him, if he came without a fee; and all the sects of England would be ready to cry out, 'Away with him, away with him!' because he would establish no empty forms, consecrate no mere words, dictate no creed, and teach without a catechism.

Look at that dark roof,—it covers a prison: and there the laws of the country proclaim that the most atrocious guilt is collected,—the worst moral diseases. We do nothing to make men self-denying and conscientious. The Government says, 'If you do not agree with us on every point of doctrine, you have no title to become wise or good, and we will not assist you.' We surround the people with innumerable temptations. We do little towards instructing, nothing towards educating them; and we set them the perpetual example of secure selfishness. A wretched child, born perhaps in a work-house, and nurtured in a brothel, is taught to gain his daily bread by crime; and compelled, by the menaces of his protectors and the physical sufferings of hunger, to trample down his moral repugnance, plunders some rich man's superfluity. Again and again, perhaps, he succeeds: at last comes the sudden vengeance of the law; and, to remedy the evil, he is thrown into a prison; probably the only abode on earth worse than his habitual home. He learns still more to glory in criminal enterprise. The pride of endurance comes to his aid: and with no good feeling strengthened, no new idea of man's social relations or higher duties communicated, he is disgorged, an outcast upon the world, again to prey upon his kind; until, before he is yet a man, some consummate outrage brings him to the scaffold. Then through all these streets pours the dense throng of eager spectators; and, while the bell sounds from yonder tower, thousands without a thought either of terror or compassion, but with the same love of excitement which makes them seek the inferior stimulus of a dram, hurry from every corner of London to see the horrible removal from the world of a being, who, perhaps, never heard the name of God or duty, or received the sympathy of one human creature. Such is society. Such is London. Such the perfect working of the Church, which reared the fabric I stand upon, and which professes to teach the universal love, whereby we may arrive at the 'temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

Such scenes as these might well disgust us with cities. It has been often said, and is in some degree true, that the evils of humanity are increased by being brought together in towns; that corruption thus communicates corruption, and that, in these hot-beds, every vice bears fruit after its kind. But be it remembered, that good has a tendency to spread as well as ill, and is no less living and reproductive. In the enormous assemblage of minds I now survey, what an object is there for good men to act upon! Evil as are the arts, and discoveries, and means of enjoyment, heaped up and displayed in this vast storehouse of the world and treasury of invention, if they be considered as in themselves final ends, how immeasurably valuable are they as instruments of real improvement! And above all, placed here at the central heart and moving springs of the whole social earth, every beneficial impulse we may give will thrill, not merely through all the mass of this, the capital city of mankind, but will be felt in the utmost limits and recesses of the globe! From this spot, the beneficent energy of a single man may produce good to the future generations of the whole race, which will be felt and celebrated, not merely when his bones are among the graves of the church-yard beneath my eye, but when the church-yard itself shall be encumbered with the ruins of this great structure; when the remains of a fallen city shall have choked up the channel of yonder river; when these palaces and towers shall have no inhabitant but the owl, and no visitant but the forest deer; and silence and desolation shall prevail where once was London.

ROYAL MORNINGS—KINGLY APHORISMS.

[From an unpublished Manuscript bequeathed by Frederick the Great, of Prussia, to his Royal Nephew, Frederick William the Third.—Continued from page 378.]

'Of Private Politics.

'A PRINCE ought never to show himself but on his most favourable side; and this is a point to which you must apply yourself very seriously. * * * * * When I reach any particular spot, I always give myself the appearance of being fatigued, and show myself to the populace in a worn-out great coat, and an ill-combed wig. These, though they are mere nothings, often produce a singular impression. * * * In every word I utter, I always make a show of having no thought but for the welfare of my subjects; I put questions to the nobility, burgesses, and artisans, and enter into minute details with them. * * *

'Of the Belles Lettres.

'I have used every effort in my power to acquire a name among literary men, and have been more successful than Cardinal Richelieu; for, Heaven be praised! I rank as an *author*. But, between ourselves, the race of *wits* is an infernal one: they are a community, perfectly unbearable for their vanity; full of pride; haters of the great, though ambitious of dignities; despots in their opinions; as enemies, implacable, and as friends, inconstant; hard in their dealings, and not unfrequently flatterers and satirists in one and the same day. In spite of all this, they constitute a species greatly needed by a sovereign who would reign despotically, and is fond of glory. They distribute honours, nor is any solid reputation to be acquired without their aid. Necessity, therefore, dictates that we should caress them, and policy, that we should reward them. As it is a craft which estranges us from occupations more in character with our dignity, I never compose but when I have nothing better to do; and, in order to ease myself, maintain several choice wits at Court, who undertake the task of *setting my ideas in order*. You would not fail to remark the attentions which I lavished upon M. d'Alembert, on his last trip; I always made him take his meals at my table, and did nothing but bepraise him. Indeed, you appeared yourself surprised at the prodigious attention I paid to this author: only because you were not aware that, at Paris, this philosopher is listened to as a very oracle, that his mouth is always open on the topic of my talents and virtues, and that he maintains in every quarter that I have every characteristic of a true hero and great king. Besides, it affords me delight to hear myself praised by a man possessed of wit and delicacy; nay, to confess the truth, I am very far from being insensible to the sweets of praise.

'I am perfectly sensible that *all* my acts are not entitled to *eulogium*; but d'Alembert is in such engaging moods when he is seated by my side, that he never moves his lips without saying "obliging things." Voltaire was a man of a different character, and, on this account, I sent him a-packing; I made a merit of this dismissal in my intercourse with Maupertius, but, at bottom, I stood in fear of him, as I was not certain of being always able to serve him to his content, and was very fully conscious, that a single *écu* less than he expected would be certain to be followed by a couple of thousand boxes on the ear. Moreover, after considering the subject in all its bearings, and consulting my Academy upon it, we came to the determination, that *two wits* could never agree to breathe the same atmosphere.

'I have omitted to tell you, that, in the midst of my severest calamities, I took care that my *intellectual servants* should receive their salaries in full. This genus of philosophers convert war into the most hideous of fooleries, so soon as it interferes with their pockets.

'Of Petty Details.

'Would you learn how to satisfy the whole world at a small expense? I will let you into the secret:—allow every individual subject to address himself directly to you, whether by letter or word of mouth; and, when this privilege is exercised, answer him, or lend him your ear. But the style you should make use of must be of the following tenor: "If what you allege be correct, I will see justice done you; but do not mistake me,—I shall be equally zealous to punish calumny and falsehood. I am your king,

FREDERIC."

If any one approach you with a complaint, listen with attention, or, at least, appear as if you did so; let your answer be, above all things, *firm* and *laconic*. * * * * * * *

'I have now brought you acquainted with mankind, my dear nephew, though it has set them in a sorry point of view. *Recollect, that man is ever at the mercy of his passions; that self-love constitutes his glory, and that all his virtues are based on his interest and ambition.* Do you wish to pass with the world for a hero? *Be not afraid of boldly committing crimes.* Or do you wish to pass for a sage? Counterfeit one with your choicest skill.

'Of State Politics.

'State Politics may be reduced to three principles; the first is, to provide for your own preservation, and, as occasion offers, to aggrandise yourself; the second, never to contract an alliance but with a view to your own benefit; and the third, to contrive, that you shall be feared and respected, even under the most untoward circumstances.

'*First principle.*—When I ascended the throne, I paid a visit to my father's coffers. The great economy he had practised enabled me to form lofty projects. Some time afterwards I reviewed my troops; I found them in superb condition; and, after the review, I returned to my coffers and drew wherewith to double my military establishment. As I had now doubled my power, it was but natural that I should not confine myself to the mere preservation of what I possessed; and I was no long time, therefore, in resolving upon turning the first opportunity, which should offer itself, to proper account. * * * I turned the brain of every potentate, and all the powers of Europe considered themselves lost, unless their armies moved their arms, feet, and head *à la Prussienne*. My own soldiers and officers, every one of them, deemed themselves worth twice as much again, when they found that they had become models to every other nation. As soon as my troops had thus acquired superiority over those of all other countries, my next and sole occupation was to examine the claims which I could set up to various neighbouring provinces. Several leading objects swam before my eyes; these were, Prussian Poland, Silesia, Dutch Gelderland, and Swedish Pomerania. I fixed my heart on Silesia, as this was an object worthier of my solicitude than any other, and circumstances were, in that quarter, more favourable to my purpose, than in regard to the others. * * I shall not stop to demonstrate the validity of my title to that province; I have had it established by my mouth-pieces. Those of the Empress-Queen were employed to contest it

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in her behalf; and we closed the suit to the tune of cannon, swords, and muskets.

'But to return to the actual state of things. *France* was anxious to rend the Imperial crown from the House of Austria. I could desire nothing better. France longed to create a territory for the Spanish Infant; this the more delighted me, because it could not be done otherwise than at the Empress's expense. In fine, the French Court cherished the proud design of marching to the gates of Vienna; it was here that I awaited the moment for making myself master of Silesia. * * * * *

'You cannot conceive, my dear nephew, how important it is to a sovereign, no less than to a state, that we should travel out of the common routes; it is only by the marvellous that we can strike terror and acquire a name. The *Balance of Power* is a term which has kept the whole world in fetters, because it has been deemed to secure a constancy of possession; but, in honest truth, it is nothing beyond three empty words, for Europe is a *family* in which you will be at no loss to find *wicked brothers* and *designing kindred*. I will go still further, my near nephew; it is by treading this system under foot that we are enabled to climb the heights of greatness. Look at the *English!* they have made the ocean their tributary; this mighty element dares not bear a single vessel on its billows without their permission.

'And what results from all theses premises, but that we must be constantly *attempting*, and feel intimately persuaded that there is nothing which cannot be reconciled to our views? It behoves you, however, to take special care that you do not put forward your pretensions with too much presumption; maintain two or three able penmen at your court, and leave to them the office of justifying your measures.

'*Second principle.*—The contracting of an alliance, for one's own particular profit, is a received maxim of state; nor is there any kingdom on earth which is justified in neglecting it. In my first war against the Queen, I turned my back upon the French at Prague, because I received Silesia as a compensation. Had I led them to the very gates of Vienna, they would never have given me as much. Some years afterwards, I renewed my connexion with them, being inclined to attempt the conquest of Bohemia, and anxious to secure their good graces, in case of need. Since that time I have neglected that connexion, in order to cultivate closer ties with another Power, which offered me better terms. * * * * *

'Attach yourself diligently to those who have the talent of expressing themselves in ambiguous and equivocal language; nor would you do amiss by having political *physicians* and *picklocks*; they might, on occasion, render you essential services. *I know, from experience, how much is to be gained through their instrumentality.*

'*Third principle.*—To make one's-self respected and feared by one's neighbours, is the masterstroke of politics. * * * *

'Never ask in a humble tone, rather appear to demand. If you meet with deceit, lay your revenge on the shelf until the moment arrives when you can take the amplest of satisfactions; and, above all, do not alarm yourself about reprisals; they will not tarnish your glory, though this may prove so much the worse for your subjects, on whom its burthen falls.

'But the true point is, that you should let your neighbours feel you are a stranger to scruples and apprehensions, and incapable of being astounded or panic-struck; seek unremittingly to engender a notion amongst them that you are a *dangerous animal*, ignorant of every principle which does not conduce to your glory; and manage matters so as thoroughly to convince them, you would prefer losing two kingdoms rather than abandon your hope of being held up to the skies by after-ages. As such sentiments as these are the property of one mind only out of a million, they amaze and stultify the majority of human kind; and this it is, in fact, which, in the world's eye, constitutes the essential of a "*Great King.*"

'When a stranger appears at your Court, load him with favours, and use every endeavour to keep him by your side: in this way you will best succeed in blinding him to the defects of your Government. If he be a *military* man, let your guards parade and manœuvre before him, and take care personally to command them. If he be a *wit*, who has sent some publication from the press, let him perceive it lying upon your table, and let his talents be the topic of conversation. If he be a *merchant*, listen to him with kindness, treat him handsomely, and persuade him to take up his abode in your dominions.'

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS IN WATER COLOUR.

THE best proof of the excellence of the works of our artists in Water-colour, is the effect they produce on repeating the visit to the Exhibition. Few return to it, we imagine, without deriving renewed gratification, and even perceiving that the impression, however favourable, which was left on the mind by former inspection, does but sparing justice to the reality. The little defects which have disclosed themselves on minute examination, have been noted, and dwell on the mind to the injury of the general impression, which, immediately that we re-enter the Exhibition room, again triumphs.

In resuming our notice of these interesting productions, we owe it to our own candour and to an artist, in admiration of whose works we do not yield to the most ardent, to state that our observation on the want of steadiness in the architecture of Mr. Prout's picture No. 21, *The Campanile, &c., at Venice*, is considered as somewhat hypercritical by persons to whom, could we yield such homage in any quarter, we feel that we should be safe in paying the blindest deference. The opinion we allude to deserves the more consideration as it is professional, and of that profession within the province of which the fault we had ventured to point out would more especially lie. We may add, that we consider this one of the most splendid of Mr. Prout's productions; the richness of colour about the figures and boat in the foreground has been seldom surpassed.

The Hay-field, No. 4, D. Cox, did not, on our first visit, attract the attention it seems to deserve. It is a very clever picture, true to nature, yet not too cold to produce a pleasing artistical effect; it displays bold and free handling.

Of Mr. Varley's two pictures, 7 and 8, *Barnes, on the River Thames*, No. 7, seems to us to deserve the preference. It has much truth; the effect of the sunshine is happy, the clearness of the light is remarkable. *Harlech Castle—Snowden in the distance*, No. 8, is a grand and picturesque scene; but the treatment, of the foreground especially, is in a dry and boardy style, too prevalent in this artist's works.

We would point to Mr. Hunt's *Westminster Scholar*, 18, as a happy specimen of portraiture in water-colour; as full of ease, life, and expression, and devoid of manner.

The *Twilight* of G. Barret, 22, is free from the mannerism in composition with which we charged his works in our last notice, and is a very delightful and expressive picture. We cannot help again noticing the effect of the sunshine in the *Evening*, 26, of the same artist. It is absolutely dazzling.

Mr. Cristall's *Titania* is certainly open to the objection which has been generally made to it; but, to the merit of the classical feeling which pervades the picture, we think justice has not been done.

Ben Lomond, from the Upper Part of Loch Lomond, No. 51, presents a scene of enchantment, and is delightfully treated; the repose of the waters of the lake, the misty effect in the distance where its borders meet, the contrast of the verdure on the one side with the brown hue of the rugged mountains on the other, are all charming.

The Marine Palace, Composition, D. Cox, No. 64, is distinguished for its clearness of effect.

Scene in a Vineyard on the Italian side of Mount St. Bernard, J. F. Lewis, 77, is a specimen of very brilliant colouring, and ease and boldness of design.

The Sands, near Ryde, Isle of Wight—Ebbing Tide, 90, Copley Fielding, is a barren subject, but a splendid bit of colouring.

St. Peter's, Monte Mario, from the Banks of the Tiber—Sunset, W. Havell, No. 92, has a charm about it very effective; the brilliant purple effect of the retiring sun on the atmosphere is truly beautiful.

Petrarch's House at Acquà, near Padua, S. Prout, No. 108, is a very picturesque subject, an interesting memorial of the lover of Laura, and a delightful specimen of Italian domestic scenery. The picture is true to the original, and effectively executed.

The West Front of the Cathedral at Rheims, C. Wild, No. 108, and *The West Front of the Cathedral of Amiens*, by the same artist, are excellent specimens of elaborate and apparently accurate drawing. They are announced as examples of the 'Ecclesiastical Architecture of France just published.'

In No. 112, *View in Glencoe*, by G. F. Robson, with *Red Deer*, by R. Hills, the united talents of these artists have been very successfully employed to produce a very effective picture; the spirit and life in the deer of Mr. Hills, are admirable.

The *Coast Scene—Shrimp Girls*, S. Austin, No. 117, is a charming little piece.

The Rue St. Jean, Caen, S. Prout, No. 130, is full of effect, of light and shade, and brilliancy of colouring.

Two Italian Children preparing for a Festa, P. Williams, No. 154, is a delightful piece of simple and expressive composition and brilliant colouring. *An Italian Ciociara spinning, with her Infant in the Cummella*, by the same Artist, No. 166, is a worthy pendant to the former, not, perhaps, quite equal to it in happy expression. *Children of the Campagna of Rome, fastening on the Cucià*, by the same, No. 349, is also full of life and simplicity.

Modern Greece, J. D. Harding, No. 159, is deservedly regarded as one of the most splendid pictures in the room, full of imagination and melancholy effects, expressive of the sentiment,

'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.'

The picture is cleverly executed; the colouring clear and splendid; the ruins and fragments on every side, tell well the tale of by-gone glory and modern degradation.

Interior of Westminster Abbey, F. Mackenzie, No. 170, is an excellent production of that esteemed artist. The accuracy of the drawing of the details is wonderful; the general effect of the picture is not, on the whole, so natural as that of most of the works of this artist.

Trees in Windsor Park, H. Gastineau, 177, is a very pleasing picture, free from every thing that betrays attempt at effect, of great repose and very natural tone.

The two Dromios, No. 267, H. Richter is a clever and spirited little work, full of happy and delightful humour, in which the expression of the artist is much happier than in the enamel style of *The Letter*, No. 261, and *A Study from the Life*, No. 168. *The Wedding of Touchstone and Audrey*, No. 291, is in the same humourous style as *The Two Dromios*. The rusticity of Audrey is charming. These subjects are caricatured, it is true; but the caricature is the poet's, and we rejoice at beholding his conceits so happily caught and represented.

The procession of the Flitch of Bacon, 278, and *The Burning Shame*, 354, both by T. M. Wright, are very spirited productions, cleverly grouped, well put together, and harmoniously balanced. The author might aspire to more originality, and not be so constant in his imitations, however excellent, of Stodhart.

Miss Byrne has one of her usually clever *Fruit and Flower* pieces, No. 321.

The Proposal, J. Stephanoff, 344, and *The Bride*, by the same, 364, are in the truly elegant style of that artist. The expression thrown into such minute figures is wonderful. Of the two, we prefer *The Proposal* as more completely free from the tendency to affectation, to which the extreme prettiness of these works necessarily leans.

To notice the works of Hunt, Cristall, and others, in this collection not yet mentioned, would be but to repeat what we have already said of the first work of each of those artists which has caught our attention. In noticing this exhibition, we have scarcely found it necessary to make a single exclusion designedly. Our time has not admitted of our minutely examining all its contents, nor would our space permit us to mention them: where it is so difficult to choose what to admire, and what to praise, among so much excellence, we have therefore allowed hazard to relieve us of the trouble of selection. We can safely say, that we have observed scarcely one mediocre piece in the Exhibition. We earnestly invite our readers to go and judge for themselves; assuring them that there is ample room yet left them for exercising their taste in new discovery of objects of admiration; and that, although, as we are happy to observe, the sales are very numerous, the opportunity of making valuable acquisitions still remains.

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PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Covent Garden.

After the play of 'The Point of Honour,' a new farce, attributed to Mr. Peake, was produced at this theatre on Saturday last, the *dramatis personæ* of which were cast as follows :—

Admiral Broadside,	Mr. Bartley.
Mr. Wooburn,	Mr. Diddear.
Peter Yarn,	Mr. Fawcett.
Giacomelli,	Mr. Keeley.
Mr. Aufait,	Mr. Wrench.
Dominico,	Mr. O. Smith.
Estella,	Miss Goward.
Miss Broadside,	Mrs. Davenport.
Hannah,	Mrs. Brown.

The story is very simple. In the course of events, the *Admiral*, (Bartley,) and his sister, (Mrs. Davenport,) arrive at Naples, where the lady becomes smitten with the lieutenant of her brother's ship, and is privately married to him, though Mr. Walross is no favourite of the Admiral. As 'the course of true love, however, never does run smooth,' shortly after the union, Lieutenant Walross is attacked by a shark in the Bay of Naples, and drowned, leaving his lady pregnant. The marriage having been strictly private, Miss Broadside determines to keep up the disguise, and assumes the virgin, not only to retain her brother's esteem, but for the much more sensible purpose of becoming entitled to a legacy of 10,000*l.*, left her by a maiden aunt, on the proviso that she, too, shall die in a state of 'single blessedness.' In order, however, to keep the mishap secret, the lady very logically thinks it necessary to have a male confidant, in the person of *Peter Yarn*, (Fawcett,) Warrant-officer of the Bellerophon, or, as *Peter* himself called her, the 'Billy-Ruffian.' *Peter*, however, is the depositary of the *Admiral's* secret, as well as his sister's; and it appears, that, if the lady has had a little boy, the gentleman has had a little girl, who are both consigned, by the trusty warrant-officer, to the care of Mrs. M'Cormick, an Irish nurse at Naples, and widow, according to Peter's account, of a *dead* marine. *Giacomelli* (Keely) and *Estella* (Miss Goward) are therefore brought up together, but a different fate awaits them. *Estella* is provided with the best masters, and rapidly improves; while *Giacomelli* is hired out as an organ-grinder to *Diminico*, a travelling Italian; and, in this capacity, comes to England, where *Estella* had already arrived, and was living under the roof of the Admiral as his adopted child.

The young lady has two suitors, *Mr. Wooburn* and *Mr. Achilles Aufait*, the latter of whom is favoured by her father, the former by herself. Previous to his daughter's marriage, *Admiral Broadside* is desirous of communicating to his sister the secret of her birth. He attempts to do so, but manages the explanation so awkwardly, that *Miss Betsy*, far from supposing her brother has a secret of his own which he is about to confess, imagines he has penetrated her's. An interruption occurs, which prevents, for the time, the *eclaircissement*, and confirms her suspicions. At this period, *Giacomelli*, with *Dominco*, did arrive in the Admiral's vicinage, as wandering beggars; and *Miss Broadside* discovers, that the vagabond Italian is her son. Hardly is she recovered from this shock, when she is again assailed, in a second interview, by her brother's explanations of his own pecadillos, which she, conscience-stricken, imagines to have a reference to her own guilt. At length *Broadside*, plunging in '*medias res*,' exclaims, the result was, a little girl; while his sister contends, though with shame and sorrow, that the 'little offspring' was a boy. Thunderstruck, the Admiral asks, 'did not the mother tell me it was a girl?' when *Miss Broadside* exclaims, 'Am I not the mother, and ought I not to know best?'

This indecent dialogue is at length put an end to by the appearance of *Peter*, who clears up the double mystery, and introduces to them 'the little offsprings,' *Giacomelli* and *Estella*, in their proper characters. Meanwhile, *Mr. Achilles Aufait* having disappointed the Admiral's hopes of a stag-hunt, by allowing a Newfoundland dog to worry the deer; and, moreover, having mortally offended Miss (or, to speak more correctly, Mistress) *Betsy*, by fracturing the main-spring of her Dresden clock, is pronounced by both father and aunt to be totally unworthy of the hand of the lovely *Estella*, who is straightway transferred, like so much stock, to the keeping of her admirer, *Wooburn* (Mr. Diddear), who has little to do but to walk through his part.

It remains to us to say a few words of the piece, and of the manner in which it was acted. As a literary production, it is wholly beneath criticism, abounding in coarseness and indecency, while there is no lack of stale puns and insipid jests. The characters are extravagant, and without parallel in real life.

Fawcett, a sailor of the Ferdinand Mendez Pinto school, and whose whole part consists in the repetition of 'Though I say it, you wont believe me, now,' did all he could to save the production, but its fate was inevitable, though the pit abounded with *claquers*. Keely, as the Italian boy, was unnatural and out of place, though Mr. O. Smith played the *scelerate Dominico* well. Mrs. Davenport, Bartley, and Miss Goward, acted with their usual excellence, but Mr. Diddear, the happy and successful lover, has neither the air nor part of a well-bred gentleman.

On the whole, it has never been our fate to witness so wretched and abortive an attempt at dramatic writing, nor a piece so abounding in revolting allusions.

THE LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER AND THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

Letter II.

To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Chester.

My Lord,—In my former letter on the want of Theological Lectures at the London University, it was my object to show that your Lordship's observations with reference to that subject, though not perhaps exhibiting a direct mis-statement of the point at issue, were yet founded on a complete misapprehension of the question. I endeavoured to prove that theological lectures are by no means certain, nor, in general, even likely, to produce a Christian state of mind; and that a course of instruction and moral culture which does not include such lectures, may, nevertheless, be an excellent preparation for Christianity, and a most valuable mean towards the development of the religious character. It seems to me that religion is not merely a practical art, which can be taught by an elementary discourse, like the process of making candles or laying bricks. To keep our account with our conscience is not to be learned like book-keeping by single and double entry. The Cambridge method of the one is by no means so decided an improvement as the Italian of the other. Neither is Christianity a mere science, for which nothing more is to be done than to establish its laws by ratiocination or experiment. It is essentially dependent upon a condition of our spiritual nature, from which result the partial comprehension of its truths, as a science, by our reason, and the still more incomplete manifestation of it, as an art, in our conduct.

I trust that, in reminding your Lordship of the purport of my previous letter, I shall not have produced that effect which so often attends upon the instructions of the pulpit and the Professor's chair, the deadening of the mind's sensiblity to the truths contained in words, by the repetition of the words themselves; just as, in ceremonial prostrations and genuflections, the religious meaning is commonly forgotten, which first taught man to bow himself before God. But I am anxious to have it remembered, that the remarks I am about to make are not put forward as embracing the whole of the subject. I am going to comment upon the Cambridge course of education; but I do not wish it to be understood as my opinion, that, because things are bad at Cambridge, they must be good in London; and I have, therefore, recalled to my readers the fact that I have already assigned more general reasons for my belief, than those which it is the object of the present letter to set forth.

I have stated it as the purpose of this address to your Lordship, to show that neither is there any considerable degree or valuable kind of religious instruction given at Cambridge, nor that sort of education in other respects which would tend to produce the Christian character. And, first, as to the plain outward fact. A nominal residence at Cambridge, of upwards of three years, is necessary for the greater part of the students in order to obtain the first degree. The annual residence really required, and in which all the instruction of the year is given, during this the last stage of education for English gentlemen, is really about five months. For noblemen, who have nothing to do in after life except to legislate for the rest of the community, and who may therefore be comparatively ignorant, this portion of residence is required during no more than two years; but for the mass, the period to be spent in the University, between entrance and the time of graduating, is about, or something under, eighteen months. These months are occupied, by the college tutors and lecturers, in preparing their pupils for *two* examinations. The first of these takes place in the second year of nominal residence. It requires the students to be acquainted with the construing and parsing of some one of the Gospels, or of the Acts of the Apostles, selected and announced more than a year previously. There is similarly assigned to them beforehand, to be similarly studied, one Greek and one Latin classic, that is, perhaps a book of Livy, and one of Herodotus. The only invariable part of the examination is that which relates to Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity.' The young men are required to understand a portion of the New Testament, exactly in the same way as a portion of Homer or Sallust; and, as to the 'Evidences of Christianity,' all that is demanded from them is to give the opinion or argument of Paley upon such and such points. The religious knowledge requisite for the first University examination amounts then to this: an acquaintance with the words of a bit of the New Testament, and with the reasonings of Dr. Paley on the 'Evidences of Christianity.' Supposing religion could be taught, would this be the way to teach it? In at least five cases out of six, the Greek of Paul or John is construed from the authorised version; and communicates no other ideas to the student than that majestic and beautiful, but very erroneous translation. The work of Paley, though, in many respects, an admirable specimen of logic, is obviously not one of the most fitted of Christian books to produce Christian feeling: firstly, because the writer's scheme of Christianity is comparatively barren and incomplete; secondly, because he dwells almost exclusively upon the external evidences, whereby no warm interest in the subject ever was or can be excited; and, thirdly, because religion is never exhibited in the volume as a thing to excite emotion and love, as a means for producing the sympathy of man with the goodness of God, but as a matter over which the understanding is as supreme as over the plan of a parsonage or the calculation of tithe. But it will be said, there are College lectures on these subjects. In the greater part of the colleges there are, I believe, no religious lectures, except upon the scrap of the Bible, included in the 'previous examination;' and certainly, at the largest and most distinguished of these 'royal and religious foundations,' there is no compulsory attendance on the Greek Testament Lectures. So much, my Lord, for the Christian instruction of Cambridge, so far as it is connected with the *first* University examination.

At the second and *final* ordeal, there is no pretence of demanding theological knowledge. The only books which are then nominally required to be known, besides classical and mathematical ones, are Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' and 'Paley's Moral Philosophy.' I say, *nominally* required to be known, because it is perfectly understood in the University, that, at least with regard to Locke, *no real* knowledge is demanded. Insomuch, that, I believe, the failing to answer every question proposed would be no impediment to graduating. The choice of these works is no less curious than the mode adopted for enforcing the study of them. For, granting the points assumed, and those attempted to be proved by Locke, it might puzzle wiser and older heads than the majority of the students to say, where we can find a resting-place on this side of the conclusions of Hume. And as to the 'Moral Philosophy,' I should be surprised, indeed, if a dignitary of our pure and apostolic Church, and one of the burning and shining lights in this reformed part of Christendom, were to profess that he approved of a system of duties so little founded upon revelation. If I could credit that these abstracts of philosophy could be taken for manuals of religion, I should lament their admission among the subjects of the course, as much as your Lordship deplores the exclusion of theology from the new Institution. But, as I am firmly persuaded that they leave behind them no shade of theological prepossession one way or other, among the pupils of Cambridge, I am contented only to laugh at the solemnity with which the Calendar enumerates them as text-books in the shrivelled hands of Alma Mater.

I am not unaware that at some, or, at least, at one of the Colleges, there are also lectures upon Bishop Butler's 'Analogy.' It is even certain, that, at this abode of philosophy, the shuddering neophyte is compelled to learn by rote the very words of the Bishop; evidently an excellent method for transferring to the mind of the student the living power which filled the words of the teacher, and of preventing him from feeling them as mere dead sounds. But unhappily this ingenious and orthodox practice does not prevail generally in the University; and, moreover, the objects of the experiment are supposed to be rather remarkably distinguished in after-life for narrowness, and stupidity of intellect, to say nothing of an insolent

intolerance which might seem imitated from some society of Dervishes, or troop of Franciscans.

It is possible, that some one may think fit to urge the sermons at the University church as being means of theological instruction, the like of which are unknown in London. Let no such man be trusted. The Magnates of Cambridge are so wise as to take no adequate measures for enforcing the attendance of the students (whether of mathematics or horse-flesh) on these prelections; and I am glad to be able to mention an instance in which they have displayed real wisdom, and have seen that men's compulsory presence at religious observances can have no effect, in the majority of cases, but to make them regard as disgustful the religion itself. At all events, there are sermons in London as well as at Cambridge; and the orthodoxy of Bishopsgate is as undoubted as that of St. Mary's. We may differ as to the degree of good result commonly produced by pulpit discourses. Your Lordship may hold them to be one of the chief instruments for maintaining true religion among us, while others may believe that, however powerful an engine of good *might* be found in the spoken truth, it *is*, in by far the larger number of cases, employed for little else than the support of forms and names, for spreading the wrath and malignity of religious faction, and for the gratification of individual vanity: but no one will be tempted to deny that London is largely provided with the machinery of preaching, and is one of the greatest marts of word-Christianity to be found in Christendom, insomuch that, even if the new establishment were to draw after it the third part of the kingdom, the gaping and shivering temples of the City (in all sincerity I except your Lordship's church, which, I believe, is deservedly popular) could absorb and edify them all. On this matter, at least, it is hard to guess what ground of invidious preference remains to the enemies of the London University.

Think you, my Lord, it will be credited by those who have not had the same opportunities of knowing the truth as your Lordship and myself, that I have mentioned all, absolutely all, the means of religious instruction for the mass of the students at Cambridge? They would not believe it if the opposers of knowledge could teach the world to be incredulous on such subjects. But the world *will* believe when assertions are made by those who have opportunities of being acquainted with the facts, and when those assertions remain uncontradicted. If I have mis-stated any thing, I trust I shall be corrected; for I am no less anxious to learn when I am wrong, than to communicate the truth to others when I am right. But, be it observed, that I have not sought to condemn 'my mother University' for abstaining from teaching Theology. I have but attempted to convince your Lordship and the world, that it is unjust to blame the London University for not pretending to that which Cambridge no more than pretends to; and that, in considering nothing to be needful for the formation of good men but familiarity with good biblical criticism, the professed, and in many cases the sincere, defenders of religion are, in reality, giving up what is paramount for what is subordinate, and making as if they stripped a spray from the summit of the tree, and uprooted the mighty parent to plant the twig in place of it. Divided from the trunk, it will not grow—but die.

I have said little upon the religious instruction given at Cambridge, because there is scarcely any thing to be said about that which scarcely at all exists. I now betake myself to a subject on which I shall say little, only because I have neither space nor leisure to say much; for it would afford material, and readily suggest reflections, for no inconsiderable volume. I mean the indirect tendency on the mind of those parts of the Cambridge system of which I have not hitherto spoken. A few sentences must now include all that I can give to so large a theme.

I take for granted—it is, indeed, put forward as the peculiar boast of the old Universities—that it is the purpose of those institutions to furnish religious education. I also assume, that religious education includes, as requisite to it, the best possible education in all respects; and that it is, in fact, its object to produce the greatest attainable improvement of the whole nature of those on whom it acts. For such a design, the very noblest and most holy conceivable by man, the great point is, to endeavour, as much as possible, at reconciling the cultivation of the feelings with that of the intellect; the teaching not facts or opinions, but principles; in short, the making knowledge to be the means of moral amelioration. This is not to be done by tagging to every lecture an application; by seating a skeleton at the banquet; by heading the array of history with an army chaplain; by setting an ancient owl to screech under the pinions of the eagle, Science. Knowledge will best fulfil its task of regeneration when it is made an end and object in itself; when it is connected with no outward, sordid, personal calculations; when it is looked at as an essential part of the inheritance for which all men struggle who aim at the perfecting their own being. Truth—truth—for itself—for this we must breathe; for this we must agonise; for this strip off the clinging rags of selfishness; for this clothe ourselves in the iron panoply of exertion and endurance. If we do this, let it not be said that we are careless of other things. Give vigour to one faculty, and you strengthen all. The love of truth can live in no human mind without a tendency to produce the love of good, the sense of beauty, sympathy with man, and reverence for God. There are no gulfy chasms, no obstructing ramparts to divide the mind. The beneficial impulse which reaches one feeling or one power, straightway thrills and animates the whole.

But how is knowledge taught to be regarded at Cambridge? Is it presented as in itself good and noble, the enricher and strengthener of the mind, not growing upwards from earth, but lighting upon it from the skies? It is made, as your Lordship well knows, to be the means of attaining riches and honour, as the mere first round of that ladder which reaches, not like Jacob's, to heaven, but to the high places of worldly preferment. It is shown as the field in which the struggle of a year or two is to be carried on, and which is then to be as completely deserted as a battle-ground, haunted by the spectres of the slain. The plain definite object of a fellowship is before the competitors. For this is the glorious contest fought. For this are truth and philosophy made pioneers and servants to men's eagerness for subsistence or distinction. For this is the energetic period of life, so powerful in determining, what shall be its whole future bent converted into, a race of memory against memory, and health against health; until, when the exertion is over, and the prize won, the utter absence of those excitements which supplied the previous impetus, and the inability to look at knowledge, as of any different use than the accustomed one, leave the mind without a purpose. The lazy monotony of an aimless existence grows upon it, and it finds its only variety in the squabbles of the fellows' table. Here are found the fit materials for intolerant priests and subservient dignitaries. And here is the great body of that wisdom, attainment, goodness, and activity, to which is committed the education of the upper classes of Englishmen!

I had intended, my Lord, to compress into this letter all that I wish to say on the subject of Cambridge, and to reserve my next for the exclusive discussion of the question as to theological lectures, with reference to the London University; but I find that this arrangement must be altered, and that, at least, a part of my next address to your Lordship must consist of some remaining observations on the subject of the present one. If it will be possible for me to embody, in one more letter, all that I am anxious to offer to your Lordship's notice, I am not, as yet, aware; but, whether I shall hereafter find it necessary to trouble your Lordship with more or fewer communications, for the present I remain, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient, humble servant,

A MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

April 28, 1828.

FRENCH SOCIETY AND LITERATURE, BY A RESIDENT OF PARIS.

Paris, April 20.

A FORTNIGHT ago, public attention, which, in Paris, is a very changeable thing, was exclusively directed to the Chamber of Deputies; but, since the Chamber has been found to be prudent and moderate, that is to say, *dull*, the fine arts have recovered their legitimate share of public interest. Friday is a privileged day at the exhibition of the works of living artists, in the Louvre, and no one is admitted without a white ticket.

On Saturdays, only blue tickets are admitted, and though these are less easily procured than the white ones, yet the gallery is more crowded on Saturdays than at any other time. But on these days nobody thinks of looking at the pictures, except, perhaps, a *femmes de chambre*, who has obtained a blue ticket from her mistress, or a bashful *provincial*, who has not courage to look at the elegant women by whom he is surrounded. On Saturday, the Louvre is quite a fashionable lounge, and the gallery presents as gay an aspect as one of M. M. Rothschild or Lafitte's grand parties. There is usually a great number of English among the company. The ladies are all dressed to the best advantage, and the descending light in the grand gallery affords the most favourable view of the features, and above all the expression, of a female face.

By the bye, in Paris, much more importance is attached to beauty of expression than to beauty of features. This, I believe, is the reverse of the English taste. The three belles who have been most conspicuously attractive in the beau monde of Paris during the last winter, are, to say the most of them, only pretty women. But how charming is their expression! What a world of meaning they can convey in a smile or a glance! And then, the irresistible fascination of their manners. For example: how gracefully a Frenchman ridicules the oddities of a man, however high his rank; for in Paris, (though the favourite resort of all the nobility of Europe,) exalted rank does not protect its possessor from ridicule. On the contrary, a man who is distinguished in Paris, either for rank or fortune, cannot with impunity indulge in any oddities. In France it is no unusual thing for a young man of fashion to become impertinent merely through timidity, which was the case with our revered monarch Charles X. at an early period of his life. Some curious particulars on this subject may be found in the 'Memoirs of the Duke de Lauzun,' written by himself. In French, the word *memoires* always implies autobiography.

'Yelva,' and the 'Reine de Seize Ans,' which are now performing at the Théâtre Gymnase, are our two most attractive dramatic novelties. Mademoiselle Leontine Fay, who, at the age of fourteen, was celebrated as a juvenile prodigy, but who did not afterwards realise the promises which her early talent held out, has recovered all her former *eclat*, by her admirable performance in *Yelva*. The character is that of a dumb girl, who recovers her speech on seeing her brother and her lover fight a duel. She exclaims, '*Alfred! mon frère!*' faints away, and the curtain then drops. This is the conclusion of the piece; and such a piece must have either decidedly failed, or have been applauded to the skies. It is the production of M. Scribe, and its success has been unprecedented. All Paris is thronging to the Gymnase, to shudder at the terrific shriek of *Yelva*, when she sees her brother preparing to discharge a pistol at her lover.

Viscount de Martignac, who has been Minister of the Interior since the disgrace of the Jesuits, has himself become an author. He has recently granted permission for the performance of 'The Marriage of Figaro,' at the Théâtre Français; but some of the best jokes in the piece have been suppressed. 'The Marriage of Figaro,' which was written in 1784, was the grand affair of the reign of Louis XVI. Whether its performance should or should not be permitted, was a question which divided the Court, and in which the Count d'Artois, now Charles X., took a decided part. He was not then under the influence of the priests, and he was for the performance of 'The Marriage of Figaro.'

Our Théâtre Français corresponds with your Covent Garden and Drury Lane. But Talma is dead, and Mademoiselle Mars is growing old, so that the Théâtre Français has now lost its attraction. People of fashion, therefore, go to Laurent's Théâtre to admire Madame Malibran Garcia, or to the Gymnase to see the charming little pieces of M. Scribe, who is decidedly the best French dramatic writer of the day. He has produced upwards of a hundred little comedies, in which, however, he has occasionally been assisted by M. M. Yinbert, Melenville, and Germain de la Vigne.

MISFORTUNES OF BEING THOUGHT CLEVER.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR—The kindness of feeling evinced in your pages towards the unfortunate in general, induces me to lay before you my own distressing case; in the assurance that, though you may be unable to afford me a remedy, you will not withhold from me the consolation of your compassion. Whilst many around me are drooping from unmerited neglect, or are sinking under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments, and the consequent loss of credit, *I* find myself 'tortured, e'en to madness,' by praises I lay no claim to, and by distinctions I do not deserve.

My situation is sometimes so ludicrous, that, in the midst of my misery, I have detected myself smiling; and my lot is rendered doubly distressing by the reflection, that I am looked upon by my friends and acquaintance as the happiest and most enviable of mortals. Sir, I am a young man in my four-and-twentieth year, and, having just entered life with very agreeable pros-

pects, and the fairest character, I have nothing to complain of, either in my fortune, my good credit, or my age. But, unhappily, I have gained most innocently a reputation for being clever, which clings to me with the most unwearied constancy, and all I can do to shake it off has hitherto proved utterly useless.

How I came by it at first, would require, perhaps, some time to consider; but I fear that my parents and their immediate friends, together with some striking *aberrations* in the system of my education, have been the cause of my deplorable success. As I have not the honour of a personal acquintance with you, Sir, and as I know not whether you will consider my case worthy your attention, it would be neither decent nor discreet to trouble you at present with the history of my earlier years; but, if this letter does not displease you, I promise to send you a succinct account of the education I have received, and of the unwarrantable liberties which my family and friends have taken with my moderate abilities and still more moderate acquirements.

It will suffice, for the present, just to state to you a few of the annoyances to which I am subject, some of the remedies I have unsuccessfully tried, and the real state of my talents and attainments. But you must excuse me if I throw my sentences together in a careless and unconnected manner; for though the name I subscribe is necessarily not mine own, still I am fearful of being detected by those about me, who are ever on the watch; I do not know what would befal me if they once found me capable of elegant composition. Were the society in which I mix (and which is the very best after the *exclusives*) less numerous or respectable, I should fancy that my troublesome renown might have arisen from the downright folly of my associates; but I visit in so many houses, and meet such a vast variety of talented persons, that I am confident this cannot be the case. Dinner-society,—the only society in London,—I am very fond of; but here, unfortunately, I am most successful; and I really am under some apprehension of being, ere long, regarded as one of the 'correct' at nearly twenty tables. Now, Sir, taking the average of these parties (exclusive of school-boys, medical attendants, and tutors) to be fourteen, there will hardly be a county in England where I shall not be mentioned by the end of July, as 'one of the cleverest young men about town.'

I have no objection to the dinners,—I mean the *material* part, (as philosophers say;) but, as I hate falsehood in any shape, I abhor the possession of a reputation to which I have no right; and I cannot help regarding myself as singularly unfortunate, since I have never heard a similar complaint from any man of my acquaintance. Every evening I feel myself 'perplexed in the extreme:' the moment I enter a drawing-room I am annoyed by the *sotto-voce* remarks of the ladies, and am sure to have some literary query put to me before I have finished my soup. It was only yesterday that I was asked if I had not a hand in the last Number of the 'Library of Useful Knowledge,' merely because I said I was a Member of the Society; and I overheard a gentleman, with a most inquisitive chin, inquiring my name, on my mentioning the comparative height of Etna and Vesuvius. The absurd reports that have been spread, as to my proficiency in the dead and living languages, expose me to continual uneasiness; and I actually sent an excuse to a lady last week, as she told me in her note that I '*must* come, as Fanny has a passage in Dante, which she wishes you to explain.' My acquaintance with Greek and Latin has been on the decline ever since I left the sixth form of ———. Scraps of the modern languages I certainly picked up whilst the postilions were changing horses during my rapid tour in Germany and Italy. I remember that Corregio's 'Night' is at Dresden; I could tell a Carlo Dolce from a Salvator Rosa; and, perhaps, I know as much of the French, and their drama, as the Jupiter Tonans of 'The Quarterly Review;' but I have no pretensions to proficiency in any one branch of literature or the fine arts. Still I have the misery of being reckoned extremely well-informed, particularly on these points; and, whenever I have attempted to undeceive my friends, I have been regarded as an extraordinary instance of self-denying modesty, to which quality I have as few real claims as to any other. Having found expostulation useless, I have been for some time past endeavouring to force my friends out of their conceits by the absurdity of my actions. I have had my name put up at four Clubs, although I belong to two already; I gave, not long ago, four hundred guineas for a horse I could not drive; I have shown myself at balls with a black neckcloth and white stockings, and have been known to purchase, and even read, 'The Literary Gazette;' yet, in spite of all this, the infatuation continues unabated, and I fear that, as the doing silly things seems now-a-days no proof of folly, I have only to sit down contented with the reputation I enjoy, and endeavour to believe myself the very clever person the world supposes me to be.

I have heard there are many who do not scruple to do this;—why, then, should I? though to this hour it has always gone against my conscience; indeed, so much so, that I have lately taken to business, and quitted the learned profession I had entered, as it, in some degree, seemed to justify the assertions of my friends. But, as this affair belongs to past times, I shall not (as I said before) trespass further on your indulgence at present, hoping you will excuse the liberty I have taken in thus troubling you with my misfortunes, and trusting that my confidence in your kindness will be thought a sufficient apology for this intrusion.

April 24, 1828. E. HUGH FITZ-SAPIO.

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Newlyn, Truro, April 17, 1828.

SIR,—I have this moment read an extract, in your excellent 'Athenæum,' from 'The Life of Mansie Wauch.' It describes a feast given by a great lord to the Town Council, &c. The resemblance between this and an election dinner, in 'The Rural Rector,'—a sort of novel, which I had written full three years ago, but which still remains unpublished,—struck me with surprise. As it comes within your plan to print excerpts from MSS., I doubt not that you will immediately find a place for the following. Yours, &c.

R. P.

An Election Dinner; from 'The Rural Rector,' a MS.

Introduced to a spacious drawing-room, about half-past four, as he was fearful of being too late, not considering that he should be deemed an intruder till five, Dr. Atherstane, and Caroline his duteous daughter, saw all in elegant disorder; music-books, and patterns, and work-bags, and pamphlets, on chairs, and sophas, and tables, scattered promiscuously. There was an immense mirror on the north side of the room, from the top to the bottom, set in solid silver; and candelabras suspended from its ceiling, its rich silk crimson curtains, its cornices, its mouldings, and the depth of their gilding, its rose-wood chairs, and its ebony cabinets, had altogether an imposing effect on the good Rector's mind.

There was no sight or symptom of any preparations for dinner; not even a savoury odour making its escape from the kitchen; which, however distant, gives often, even in great houses, no unpleasant intimation of the approaching repast. All was silent and solitary, both within and without; till, through a glass door which opened into the lawn, and was now half open, the Rector and his daughter observed Helen, and two young ladies, rolling upon the grass that bordered a fountain, and jumping up and pursuing each other, and shifting apparently into various shapes, and flinging themselves down again with all the playfulness of that *humeur volage* so characteristic of the French. The features of Helen, indeed, were scarcely discoverable under a large flat flounder hat which over-shadowed her whole person. The day had been extremely damp and cold; and, notwithstanding the familiarity of the ladies with the herbage at the fountain, Dr. Atherstane felt a chill from a current of air too moist for aged limbs. Yet he durst not close the door to the exclusion of the sportive nymphs. But Caroline, ever prompt in affectionate attentions to her father, and quick in apprehension, and rapid in her movements, ran out, and shutting the glass door after her, skipped over the turf with the agility of a fawn, and was, in a moment, at the feet of the hamadryads, who received her as an old acquaintance. Helen's companions had, one of them, the sickliness of a city complexion; the other, the dazzling brightness of an Aurora. Miss Isora Vernon was a drooping lily,—Mrs. Arabella Berkeley, a very young widow, was the sun-flower in full blow.

* * * * * *

So awkwardly premature was our Rector's occupation of a settee, that the servants had not yet entered the room to light up the candelabras. This was now done; and the first person (after Dr. Atherstane and his daughter, whom the flippant footmen had the honour of ushering in, was no less than the Mayor of Stretton,—a petty grocer it is true, but one who felt his consequence on three accounts,—as a Bell-school prize-fighter, as a club-reformer, and as the returning officer of the borough. He was accompanied by his niece, Miss Peggy Plumper, a dark-looking damsel, and quite a skeleton in spite of her name. Her thick coarse hair was dangling on each side of her scraggy neck, like the uncombed mane of a cart-horse, and it was stuck with flowers that were surmounted with feathers. Miss Peggy had been extremely useful in canvassing the borough for 'Squire Raymond. Strutting into the room, with an air of vast importance, his worship flung a glance of disdain on our worthy Rector, whom he recognised as once a considerable customer, but now a stranger to his shop. At Mr. Mayor's heels crept in the Town-Clerk, a short squat man, who, from his success in the Newfoundland cod-fishery, had been distinguished by the nickname of the *fishmonger*. The sneaking Town-Clerk kept his distance. But Mr. Mayor, advancing towards the great mirror, made a low obeisance—to his sweet self! The bow was at once returned,—and again he bowed; but, in the second act of humiliation, struck his head against the glass. The effect of the concussion, however, was little more than the violent ejection of a sprig of jessamine from a button-hole of his coat. The self-worshipper, indeed, was somewhat stunned, and, staggering, looked round for a seat; and scarcely had he recovered his senses, before another strange anomaly appeared—the *electioneering parson!* After eyeing the Doctor and Caroline with a sheepishness that betrayed his character, he retreated to an ottoman, from which he immediately fell flat upon the carpet, and lay sprawling on his back; till the *ci-devant* butler of my Lord, with grins and grimaces, swaggering up the room, approached his fallen spiritual pastor, and lent him the right hand of fellowship, as he had done upon other emergencies at least of equal moment. We hesitate in noting, (because it is almost beneath our notice,) that here a young bandy-legged pragmatical mercer hopped in; followed at some distance by a conceited girl, who had won prizes in 'The Lady's Diary.'

Amidst these mishaps and miscarriages, and bouncings and boastings, the Audley family arrived, to the sensible relief of the Doctor and Caroline. And, almost at the same instant, Raymond entered, full of apologies, particularly to the doughty dispenser of prunes and politics. 'He had been detained at Stretton,' doubtless saluting the wives and daughters of smiths and cobblers, and seeing the supper-tables disposed in 'lucid order' for the evening. * * *

I shall not offer my assistance in the presentation of the other guests, (some of whom will figure a little at the dining-table,) except in that of the old Marquis, who was, last of all, announced, and in whose elegant address it were not easy to recognise the boon-companion of butchers or of coachmen.

At length the folding-doors were thrown open, when through 'the cold saloon' the dining-parlour beamed and steamed in fine perspective; there was exhibited 'a pairing off' which mocked all description. It reminded me of my friend Horace's heterogeneous conjunctions; especially when, at Raymond's bidding, his worship the grocer laid hold of a lady of fashion, one of Helen's London visitors; and the squat fishmonger, grizzling and simpering, clung to the petticoats of the other—the fair young widow; and when the old Marquis caught amorously in his arms the grocer's charming niece, and, proud of the distinction, Miss Peggy pranced and shook her horse-hair tresses, and waved her various plumage!—'Why Flaccus, (whispered Peter Pierpoint in my ear,) Flaccus is quite prophetic:

"*Cervicem* pictor *equinam*
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere *plumas*!"

And lo! the fishmonger, painted to the life, and eke his better half, the blazing beauty:

"Desinit in *piscem muller formosa* supernè!"

'Our limner Raymond has actually done wonders:

"*Undique collatis membris!*"'

Here Peter, perhaps, would have jumped into puns upon Members of Parliament, and possibly on cold *collations*: but the spicy exhalations from viands '*undique collatis*' were full soon to smother up his witticisms. * * *

We have seen so much of the ridiculous from the collision of the high and low, that to 'memorize' the misadventures between the drawing and the dining-room, would be to impose, perhaps, on the patience of my readers. Yet I could not but cry; I could not refrain from tears of laughter, to see the passage of the guests through the saloon that intervened, (a Red Sea between Egypt and the Promised Land.) The oaken-floor of the saloon, without a carpet, had a waxen polished superficies, more slippery than a pool of ice; and, like gods and goddesses, there were some 'smooth-sliding without step,' whilst others tottered, tumbled, rolled, and flounced, like new-born calves, or fish flung upon the beach. All, however, — the Mayor, —

balance, and stamping most heroically; the little Town-clerk crawling quite in character; Miss Peggy on the floor, adjusting her petticoats that had quitted unhandsomely their post behind; P. Pierpoint treading gingerly, as if on eggs; Coriander skating and curvetting; and Mr. Rames Batt ('the bat-erring ram') dashing into the drawing-room head-foremost;—all got in at last, I verily believe, without a fracture or a contusion, a scratch or a scar! And, looking archly around him, Peter turned to Peggy with 'Θαρσει γυναι· εν καλῳ ἐιμες.'

It were absurd to particularise the dinner, consisting of a great variety of French dishes, flanked with French wines, to the disgrace of good old English cheer. But it were amusing to contrast the taste of many of the guests with the dishes or the wines, especially to bring plebeian palates into contact with the Champagne, the Vin de Grave, the Hock, the Chateau Margaux, the Pacchateti, the Mareschino. There was one man in particular, who, quite out of his element, entertained the lookers on, i. e. the insolent servants encircling the table, with 'high comedy'—they said—I mean the worshipful the Mayor, who, feeling Raymond's obligation to him, would every now and then lay his elbows on the table, as if to assert his independence, or rather his superiority; who, before the servants, could take his plate, would stretch his arms over the dishes to receive what he was helped; who would retreat a little, and, sitting at an awful distance, let half he intended for his mouth fall short upon his clothes, who would often plunge a morsel of meat into the saltcellar; who would heave a sigh after drinking, as if his breath were gone in the draught; who would repeatedly pick his teeth with a fork; and who exclaimed against 'the outlandish wines' *lato ore:* 'Shampain,' said he, 'I likes no shams! Tom Paine, if you will—a man of my kidney—I can't but zay.'

ENGRAVINGS.

Portrait of Mademoiselle Sontag, after a Painting by Carloni. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.

THIS is the best likeness we have yet seen of the fair songstress, who continues to draw crowded houses to see as well as to hear her charms. It is still, however, like all its predecessors, inferior to the original, which, to do it justice, would require a work of a much higher class of art than any yet employed for that purpose.

Miss Hughes, as Reizà, in the Opera of 'Oberon.' Engraved by Thomas Jones, after a Painting by W. M'Call. Moon, Boys, and Co. London, 1828.

THE style and figure of this lady is very elegant; but we think the face wants expression, and that the mouth is badly done. It scarcely does justice to the original.

Mrs. Garrick, at the age of 97. Drawn and Engraved by R. Cruickshank. Knight. Sweating's Alley, London, 1828.

THIS is a striking picture of a very remarkable personage, and has all the character of verisimilitude.

Costume of the British Army, in 1828. *Lithographed by M. Guaci, from original Drawings, by E. Hull. folio, No.* 1, *containing* 9 *prints,* 9*s.* Engelmann and Co. London, 1828.

We have seldom seen Lithography more appropriately employed than in the present work. It answers all the purpose of the most expensive style of engraving, and admits of the most brilliant colouring. The subjects of the number before us are, the 42d Highlanders—the 15th Hussars—the Royal Horse Guards (red)—the Royal Horse Guards (blue)—and the 3d Foot Guards; each of which is given in a faithful and spirited manner. The work can hardly fail to be extremely popular.

Picturesque Tour of the River Thames, from Oxford to its mouth, illustrated by twenty-four highly-finished and coloured Views, a Map, and Vignettes, from Original Drawings made on the spot. By William Westall, A.R.A. Elephant 4to. No. I. containing four Views, and twenty-four pages of letter-press, 14*s.* Ackermann. London, 1828.

THE first Number of this new work is just issued, and it gives promise of a very interesting series. The four Views chosen for this, are: 1. Windsor Castle, from Eton. 2. Oxford. 3. Richmond, below the Bridge. 4. Pope's Villa, Twickenham:—all attractive subjects, and all picturesquely treated. The letter-press illustrations are sufficiently copious, and make the work what it is intended to be, an appropriate companion to the Picturesque Tours of the Rhine, the

MR. ARNOT.

'THE London Weekly Review' has given insertion to a letter, addressed to it by Mr. Arnot, in which are contained the following imputations affecting the character of Mr. Buckingham.

1st. That, after having published the extract respecting Mr. Arnot from a letter of Mr. Kinnaird, Mr. Buckingham had refused to publish Mr. A.'s defence; thus condemning him unheard.

2ndly. That, in reply to an application made by a solicitor, Mr. Kinnaird had asserted that he was no party to the *publication* of the Letter in 'The Athenæum,' and that to subsequent applications from the same solicitor, for an authenticated copy of such letter, no answer had been returned; from which it was to be inferred, either that the pretended letter was a forgery, but that Mr. Kinnaird was unwilling to disavow it; or that, if genuine, it was the result of delusions practised on that gentleman, who had now changed his mind, but was ashamed to acknowledge it.

The answer to these fresh calumnies will be very brief:

1st. What Mr. Arnot calls a *defence*, which was sent to 'The Athenæum' to be published, was a long letter of several close pages, recapitulating and reiterating nearly all the accusations before submitted to jointly-approved arbiters, and before decided on; on which ground it was rejected. But he was not, therefore, condemned *unheard*, because the matters therein detailed had been for many months under arbitration, and the letter of Mr. Kinnaird was written after both sides had been fairly examined and adjudged, as the letter itself, indeed, will show. It would be as reasonable, therefore, to ask any paper recording a *verdict*, to republish the whole of the *evidence* of the trial, as to ask for publication in 'The Athenæum' of all the *details* of a case, on which it professed to give only the *judgment* of the arbiter to whom these details had been by consent of both parties submitted.

2ndly. The answer given by Mr. Kinnaird to the application of a solicitor, was literally correct, and such as any gentleman so applied to would naturally have given. The letter, an extract from which was published, having, with many others, been given to Mr. Buckingham for the purpose of self-defence, if necessary, it was used without making any person but himself a party to the *publication*, as he wished not to involve any one but himself in the legal responsibilities of such a step. If Mr. Kinnaird had not *written* such a letter, he would, of course, have instantly said so; but he very naturally referred questions coming through a solicitor, to a similar professional adviser, as this is the only way in which they deserve to be treated: and the knowledge that these legal steps had been taken, formed an additional reason for refusing to the reiterated calumnies of Mr. Arnot a place in 'The Athenæum.' He had taken his measures through the law; and by that, if he proceeds, he will be fully met. He will then have all the publicity he can desire.

But, to close a controversy, which, through no fault of ours, has become so painfully personal as to be no longer fit for such a medium as this, we beg to append two short extracts from letters in Mr. Arnot's own handwriting, and therefore not subject to any doubt as to their authenticity. They are both, too, of a date *subsequent* to the letter of Mr. Kinnaird, (which was the 1st of May, 1827,) and may therefore be considered as corroborating what had gone before them. The first is an extract of a letter, addressed by Mr. Arnot to Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, and delivered to that gentleman by Mr. Hunt, jun., on the 27th of July, 1827. It is as follows:

'23, *Leicester Square, July* 23, 1827.

'SIR,—As the unfortunate difference between Mr. J. S. Buckingham and me, which lately came under your cognizance and that of Mr. John Hunt, originally submitted to the Hon. Colonel Stanhope and Dr. J. B. Gilchrist, has now been disposed of, by the former of these gentlemen having, at last, given his final opinion, with which, though it differs from that of my friend Dr. Gilchrist, in the absence of the latter, I am willing to comply,—I embrace this opportunity to express *my regret* at the irritation which I was excited in my mind during the suspense which occurred, and the *violent expressions* and *exaggerated charges* used against Mr. Buckingham, in my correspondence with India, which, on *mature reflection*, I am sensible *cannot be justified*—charges, resting as they did partly on *report*, and partly on *passion*, which I AM NOW SORRY I EVER LISTENED TO OR BELIEVED, AND STILL MORE SO TO HAVE CIRCULATED THEM.'

The second is of still later date, and, after the matters now revived had lain dormant for nearly a year, it accompanied a communication sent for 'The Oriental Herald,' and is as follows:

'23, *Leicester Square, Feb.* 23, 1828.

'As a constant reader of 'The Oriental Herald,' Mr. Arnot takes the liberty of directing the attention of its Editor to the letter signed 'An Observer,' at page 511 of the accompanying file of 'The Bengal Chronicle.' The argument there used is equally, if not more, applicable to the case of Mr. Buckingham, who may fairly claim the merit of having warned the Government of this danger nearly seven years ago.

'These being matters which affect the public interests, Mr. A. hopes no private differences will interfere with the discussion and statement of them, in the manner the Editor of 'The Oriental Herald' is *alone* able to do with effect.

'A few other Indian papers are also sent, in the hope that they may be useful to that work, to which similar aid would have been *uniformly* tendered, but for the *representations of an individual* who *now* proves himself to have been the ENEMY OF BOTH THE PARTIES HE PROFESSED TO SERVE, AND TO HAVE SPLIT THEM FOR HIS OWN PRIVATE PURPOSES.'

After the evidence of such documents as these, both subsequent to the date of the letter adverted to, and both in the handwriting of Mr. Arnot himself, we are sure we need not waste another word in refuting calumnies so contemptible, but leave Mr. Bankes, Mr. Arnot, and Mr. St. John, who have each *equally* just cause of quarrel with us, and who are so worthy of the sympathy and support of each other, to the consoling reflection of having themselves contributed, by evidence under their own hands, to stamp their names with what they, perhaps, may deem *honourable* distinction, and which, whether others may so deem it or not, they are sure, for a season at

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Just published, the East India Gazetteer; containing particular descriptions of the Empires, Kingdoms, Principalities, Provinces, Cities, Towns, Districts, Fortresses, Harbours, Rivers, Lakes, &c., of Hindoostan, and the adjacent Countries, India beyond the Ganges, and the Eastern Archipelago; together with Sketches of the Manners, Customs, Institutions, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Revenues, Population, Castes, Religion, History, &c., of their various Inhabitants. By Walter Hamilton. Second edition, greatly enlarged and improved, and brought down to the end of 1827. 2 vols. 8vo.

Speedily will be published, a Statement relative to Serampore, supplementary to 'The Brief Memoir,' with an Introduction, by the Rev. John Foster.

In a few days will be published, in one volume, post 8vo., 'Three Days at Killarney;' with other Poems. By the Rev. Charles Hoyle.

'The Prima Donna, a Tale of To-day,' is now ready.

Algebraic Exercises, being nearly 1000 new Problems in Algebra. By Henry Oatley, author of 'A Popular Introduction to Algebra,' will appear to-morrow.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Irving on Baptism, fc. 8vo., 7*s.*
Bishop Marsh's Lectures on the Bible, new edition, containing the first four parts of his Theological Lectures, 8vo., 14*s.*
Holford on the Penitentiary at Milbank, 8vo., 12*s.*
Jerram's Tribute, fifth edition, 6*s.*
Wilson's Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, 12*s.*
Skelton's Engraved Illustrations of the Antiquities of Oxfordshire, from drawings by F. Mackenzie, with Descriptive Notices, imperial 4to., 7*l.* 7*s.*; proofs, on India paper, 10*l.* 10*s.*
Skelton's Oxonia Illustrata, 2 vols., imperial 4to., 12*l.* 12*s.*
Skelton's Ancient Arms and Armour, imperial 4to., Nos. I. to IX., 9*s.* 6*d.* each number.
Warren on the Square Roots of Negative Quantities, 8vo., 5*s.*
Rev. John Carr's Synopsis of Practical Philosophy, 18mo., 12*s.*
The Tables of Logarithms, (separately,) 18mo., 2*s.* 6*d.*
Marriott's Sermons on the Signs of the Times, 8vo., 6*s.*
Village Incidents, 12mo., 3*s.* 6*d.*
Mrs. Stevens's Prayers, royal 18mo., 3*s.*
Budd on Baptism, 12mo., second edition, 6*s.*
Maria's Legacy, or the Experience of a Suffering Christian, by John Greeves, 18mo., 1*s.* 6*d.*
Memoir of Catherine Brown, a Christian Indian, by Rufus Andrews, A.M., 18mo., 1*s.* 6*d.*
An Introduction to the Literary History of the Bible, by James Townley, D.D., 12mo., 6*s.*
Penelope, or Love's Labour Lost, 3 vols., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Watts's Poetical Album, post 8vo., 12*s.*
Browne's Ada and other Poems, 8vo., 8*s.* 6*d.*
Taylor's Glenalpin, 2 vols., 12mo., 10*s.* 6*d.*
Transactions of the Literary Society of Madras, 4to, 1*l.* 5*s.*
Ellmer Castle, a Roman Catholic Story, second edition, 18mo., 3*s.* 6*d.*
A Visit to My Birth-place, by the author of 'Early Recollections,' &c., 18mo., 2*s.* 6*d.*
Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries, by Leigh Hunt, second edition, 2 vols., 8vo., 28*s.*, with portraits.
The Croppy, a Tale of 1798, by the author of 'The O'Hara Tales,' 3 vols., post 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
The Roman Catholic Priest, 18mo., 3*s.* 6*d.*
Nichols's Literary Illustrations, vol. 5, 1*l.* 7*s.*
The English in France, by the Author of 'The English in Italy,' 3 vols., post 8vo., 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Martin's Geological Memoir on a Part of Sussex, 4to., 1*l.*
Jerram's Treatise on the Atonement, 8vo., 9*s.*
Religious Discourses, by a Layman, demy 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.*

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	April.	Therm. A.M.	Therm. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Cloud.
	Mon. 21	50°	45½°	29. 40	N.E.	Fair.	Nimb. Cirr.
	Tues. 22	45	45½	29. 30	S.W.	Rain.	Cum. Cirr.
	Wed. 23	47	48	29. 44	Ditto	Rain.	Ditto.
	Thur. 24	61	54	29. 45	S.	Fair.	Ditto.
	Frid. 25	57	54	29. 50	S.W.	Rain.	Ditto.
	Satur. 26	58	56	29. 70	W.	Clear.	Cumulo-str
	Sun. 27	52	55	30. 05	W to SW	Serene.	Cum. Cirr.

Nights rainy, except on Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Mornings fair, except on Tuesday and Monday. Cold, heavy dew on Sunday.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in Apogeum on Monday.
The Sun and Uranus 3 signs distant on Tuesday.
The Sun's place on Sunday 7° 9′ 49″ in Taurus.
Length of day on ditto, 14 h. and 32 min.

This day is published, in 12mo., price 6*s.* boards,

THE TRAVELLER'S GUIDE THROUGH FRANCE, ITALY, and SWITZERLAND; or the best Method of Travelling on the Continent pointed out in a Tour through the above Countries.

By JOHN WILLES JOHNSON, Commander, R.N.

London: published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green; Weller, Cheltenham; Duffield, Bath.

In one vol. post 8vo.,

THE PRIMA DONNA.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

"She plays to-night, and, therefore, pours along
To the bright Theatre a motley throng;
Though laughing loves around her light lips play,
A ravening vulture eats her heart away:
Her sunny glance irradiates every breast
But one—to her more near than all the rest.

KENNEDY.

Printed for Edward Bull, New Public Subscription Library, 26, Holles-street, Cavendish Square.

Of may be had, just published,

DE LISLE, or THE SENSITIVE MAN, 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY-ENGLAND. By HENRY

This day, 8vo., with Plans, 20s.

THE HISTORY of the PENINSULAR WAR. By Wm. F. P. Napier, C. B., Lieut.-Colonel, Half-pay, 43rd Regiment.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

Dedicated to his Majesty,—in one vol. 4to., with Maps and Plans,

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY'S NARRATIVE of the LATE WAR in the PENINSULA.

RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES, by a Layman, in 8vo., 4s. 6d.

LORD BYRON and SOME of HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By Leigh Hunt. Second edition, in 2 vols., 8vo., with Portraits and Fac-similes, price 28s.

THE LIVING and the DEAD, foolscap 8vo., 10s. 6d.

Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington Street.

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No. VI.

The Monthly Review—The British Critic—And Foreign Reviews.—Conclusion.

In the Lecture which last appeared, I made it my object to point out some of the dangers of corruption and inefficiency to which the system of public criticism stands exposed. I considered them as resulting from the inability of many of those who pretend to exercise the office of critics; from the rivalry of different Reviews in giving early notices of the works they take up; and from their occasional tendency to become subservient to popular taste and opinions. I next proceeded to offer some observations on what seem to be the necessary qualities of a good Review, which I divided into two classes, and concluded with an attempt to delineate the character of the two greatest Periodicals of this kind, 'The Edinburgh' and 'The Quarterly.'

Had it been my intention to offer more than a general view of the subject on which we have been employed, I should still have much to do before completing my design. Reviewing has long ceased to be confined to one or two channels; and a lengthened consideration of the different works belonging to this class, would carry me far beyond the limits I have prescribed myself. I must make, therefore, but a very cursory mention of some publications which deserve an extended one, and pass over those entirely which are not regarded with general attention. The Review which, both for its long standing and literary respectability, requires to be noticed first, after 'The Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly,' is 'The Monthly.' Its different series present very valuable stores of general learning, as many of the best writers of the last age were numbered among the contributors to its pages. Without assuming the style of discussion so directly as the two great Reviews just mentioned, it has, from time to time, contained articles of great value, both on Foreign and English Literature; and although it has undergone several changes, in respect to the ruling opinions of its different editors or proprietors, it has always retained its general literary respectability. At present it deserves a high rank among Periodicals, as well for the liberality of its views, and its truth and honesty, as for the wide range it takes through the several departments of modern literature, and the vigour and elegance of many of its articles. For a large majority of readers, it is the best, if not the only Review, adapted to the real and original purposes of such works. Its criticisms are sufficiently particular to characterise the publications they refer to, and sufficiently general to render them useful, as illustrative of literature in its different departments. It is on the whole, therefore, to be regarded as occupying an important place among contemporary Journals, and its continued respectability cannot fail of preserving to it the station it has earned by a very long period of usefulness.

Of 'The Westminster Review' it would be difficult to speak to any purpose, without entering into a consideration of questions which it is not within my province to discuss. It is less known to merely literary people than would have been the case, had it not originally come forward so introduced into literature, and people will read them, perhaps, and half imagine them to be a legitimate branch of literature; but they will never care about the literature that is introduced into, or worked up with, politics; and a publication that starts, having for its principal and avowed purpose the promulgation of high, not to say violent, party principles, must place its dependence on its value in this respect, rather than on its merits as an ordinary Review. Articles, however, have appeared in 'The Westminster' which the general reader will value for their purely literary worth, and which no political prejudices ought to prevent being known and studied.

'The British Critic and Theological Review' bears honourable evidence to the learning and ability of the Clergy of the Establishment in the higher departments of scholastic literature. Extensive research, acute critical skill, and controversial experience, are each by turns displayed in its pages; and both the scholar and the professional reader continually find them replete with the varied stores of extensive learning and judicious criticism. It would add, however, both to the worth and dignity of this publication, were it more frequently to take the elevated character of theological literature in the olden times of the Church; when its pure and noble spirit, though emanating from strict, severe, and devoted churchmen, was bathed all over in the bright and blessed stream of truth and love; when it spoke as if it had the heart of a man, though the keen comprehension of a spirit of knowledge; and when it seemed, in all its best and happiest moods, to forget the particularities of party in the universality of hope and charity. Pure theological literature was never at a lower ebb in this country than at present. There is, in fact, no such a thing existing; and, whether it be that the Universities have taught their alumni that any other study is more profitable, or that its proper purposes have ceased, too true it is, that the strongest necessities of the Establishment have awakened among its Clergy neither the zeal nor the elevated spirit that would have become them in these times. A publication, therefore, taking the stand of the Theological Review, should have a higher aim than fulfilling even the best uses of learning; should have nobler purposes than the controverting of doctrines that are not vitally dangerous to the purity and spiritual beauty of true religion; and should pursue, as the great end of every sentiment in its pages, as well the defence of Christianity in all its fulness of gracious doctrine, and unworldly, elevating precept, as the unity of the venerable Church of which it is the champion. Let this be done, and it will be a powerful instrument of good. At present, it evinces more learning than theology; more spirit in party controversy, than depth or dignity of religious sentiment; a greater patience of inquiry, than rejoicing in the manifestations of glorious truths; a firmer determination in fixing the posts, and cords, and curtains of the tabernacle, than in unfolding the mysteries that belong to its ministrations. With the powerful aids, however, which this publication possesses—the knowledge, the critical acumen, the varied original talent, and the sanction given to it by its circulation in the highest quarters—we may reasonably expect that it will be directed to its best and highest purposes, as they present themselves to those con- which its plan now embraces, they seem to be fully attained, and no Periodical can be named, more calculated to be useful in the departments of learning to which it is chiefly devoted.

It would be a part of my duty to pay the tribute of a very extended notice to 'The Classical Journal;' but its pages are too little known to general readers, to bring it within the sphere of my design. I must, therefore, content myself with saying, that the scholars of this, and, it may be added, of other countries, owe a considerable debt of gratitude to the spirited and accomplished individual who projected it. The erudition it displays, in several of its illustrative criticisms, is profound and extensive; and the many very rare and valuable articles which have appeared in it, derived either from researches into almost forgotten stores of learning, or from the correspondence of Continental scholars, render it an important publication with the lovers of classical literature.

I have now briefly to mention two Periodicals, which occupy a deservedly conspicuous station. These are, 'The Foreign Quarterly' and 'The Foreign Review.' Almost all the arguments, or at least the most powerful ones, which can be made use of to prove the advantages of travelling, might be adduced in favour of these Periodicals. The progress of nations in intellectual or moral refinement; the various channels through which thought diffuses itself; the different modes in which public sentiment is found existing under various external circumstances; and the helps or hindrances which are experienced in the diffusion of knowledge in other countries:—these afford the most interesting subjects of observation for the traveller, and are those about which his curiosity will be most excited. Again, one of the most important benefits resulting from travel, is the annihilation or tempering of the selfish and contracted feelings of humanity, the opening of the mind to the admiration of excellence wherever it exists, and the increase both of the variety and number of its acquisitions. Most of these advantages, however, are to be derived from an enlarged acquaintance with foreign literature; and, perhaps, it is not too much to say, that a person well read in all its principal branches, and qualified to compare its spirit with that of the literature of his own country, will be found no unequal companion for the most experienced traveller. The qualities, therefore, which the publications we are considering should aim at possessing, are at once apparent; but, regarded in this light, it must be confessed that they want that particular excellence which ought to distinguish them. A reader, after perusing the numbers which have at present appeared, would find it very difficult to say, that he has added, in any considerable degree, to his acquaintance with the actual state of literature or intellectual culture on the Continent; and, till the contrary be the case, these Reviews, must be considered as failing in their most important purpose. When, however, we come to consider them in their merely literary character, their merits are of the highest kind. The subjects chosen for examination are of the most interesting nature; and several of the articles display the experience and elegant taste of writers of the first class. The Foreign Quarterlies are, therefore, to be regarded as valuable additions to our periodical publications, and, as they gradually become imbued with

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ture, will perform one of the best of services for the general reader. Similar works have been two or three times commenced, but never with the same ability and zeal; and they have consequently failed. There is at present, however, a greater love for foreign literature than formerly; and the value of intellectual commerce is better understood. There is little doubt, therefore, that the works in question will obtain the popularity they deserve, and become the mediums of much and important instruction.

With regard to the Weekly Journals which now occupy a considerable share of public attention, little can be said by way of characterising their excellencies or defects. Rightly considered, they are pioneers to the reading public; but their office is of that ephemeral and varied nature, that it would require a very mercurial critic to follow them in the execution of their functions. Literature, the arts, and the gossip of the day, form, by turns, the materials of which they are composed; and the value of each is the greater, as it most skilfully catches at the evanescent objects of present interest. One word is sufficient to characterise them. Their greatest excellence is the variety and novelty of their contents; their greatest faults, those that spring from want of time and caution in the digest of their different articles.

I have now taken that general view of Periodical Literature which I proposed as the object of these Lectures. I have omitted any mention of the statistical part of the subject, as it would have taken up too much space, and occupied my attention on points which I conceive to be of less importance than those on which we have been employed. It would have been much easier, perhaps, to collect materials for a survey of this kind, than to consider the subject theoretically; and, at this stage of the inquiry, I am painfully aware that it would have been much safer, and have augured less self-confidence and presumption. But, while I imagined that it would be more interesting, as well as useful, to examine the nature of Periodical Literature in the former manner, than to calculate the numbers, or dates, of our Magazines and Reviews, I was, at the same time, convinced, that it would be well worth hazarding any opinions, which, though ill-judged in themselves, might turn attention to a subject of such importance. With these thoughts, I have endeavoured to point out what appear to be the principal uses of this species of publication; its condition at the present time in England; the qualities which the separate works of the kind ought to possess; and the character which may fairly be given to those which are considered as the most influential and popular. In doing this, I have been anxious to view the subject independent of any extraneous considerations, and separate from the questions which either political or literary sectarians may regard as belonging to it. Literary ability is independent of party; and honesty of intention, of whatever party it be, deserves our respect and veneration. The consideration, therefore, of a publication, with regard either to its merit or its respectability, ought to be altogether uninfluenced by the party principles it supports, or the private feelings and opinions which it may contradict. To disallow, or depreciate, the excellency of a work, because we may differ from its author, or publisher, in politics or faith, is just as reasonable as it would be for an epicure to abuse ortolans and champagne whenever we are at war with France. Making it my endeavour to speak consistently with these sentiments, I am not aware of having erred, in any opinion I have started, through the influence of prejudice or partiality. With regard to the subject generally, I must repeat what I have already more than once said. Its importance, in relation to public taste, opinions, and morals, cannot be too highly estimated. Periodical literature exercises an influence which belongs to no other. It acts with an imperceptible power, on the minds of all classes; gives publicity and popularity to themes, which, but for it, would have remained the property of the learned; rouses into busy and active zeal, multitudes that would otherwise have been buried in indifference; propagates notions of right and wrong, which have, perhaps, no other sanction but its authority; and forms a judicature of which the judges are self-constituted, but to which the public submit their opinions, and the freest thinkers their productions. The usefulness of such a species of literature, when its aim is to be useful, must be evident to every one, and the importance, consequently, of inquiring into its existing character. Whether it be considered as an organ of public opinion, or as a source of popular amusement, it is almost equally necessary that its progress and tendency be thus carefully watched. As the one, it is in danger of being made a vehicle of licentious sentiment, of empirical philosophy, of mixtures of truth and falsehood, and distorted pictures of both men and things; and, as the other, it is liable to become, by degrees, a medium for the conveyance of false sentiments in literature, and notions that militate with whatever is purest and noblest in the philosophy of human nature.

I may observe, in conclusion: It can admit of little doubt, that the practical results of the extended popularity of literature are many and important. Unfortunately, however, the most striking of its effects is the disunion of literary taste and moral science, the opposition between the pleasure and the profit of such pursuits, and the preponderating weight which is consequently given to its less useful branches. There was a time when every species of composition had utility of one kind or the other for its aim; when not merely the heavier productions of the cloistered scholar had their distinct object in the wide circle of our moral wants, but the poet and romancer sought to impress some truth or warning on the minds of their admirers; when few persons or none were not rather students than readers, and when the merit of a work was judged of solely by the learning or the utility of its contents. But this was before literature was become one of the ordinary luxuries of life, before it had thrown off its cowl, and escaped the cloister. When it began to be sought after by the world at large, it was necessary that it should speak the language of the world, that it should wear a dress varying with the taste of the day, and adapt its instructions to the capacities and character of a very extended class of votaries. And it is while thus ministering to the elegant enjoyments of life,—mixing up the bright and beautiful elements of imagination and sentiment with the every-day opinions of mankind, speaking in a tone of higher feeling than is current in the common walks of existence, and bringing together the moralities of reason and fancy, for the mental food of men in general,—that literature is uniformly in its best state, and fulfilling in the best manner its legitimate purposes. When, however, it has begun to be regarded as a mere source of amusement, or as a luxury, which, like all other luxuries, will be dependent on caprice for its support, it will, as to all popular and general purposes, gradually degenerate into its lowest and most corrupt state, and be separated, as a broken link, from that great chain of moral causes to which the world owes its progressive enlightenment and amelioration. But, on the other hand, the greater refinement of the middle ranks of society, in their amusements and usual intercourse; the comparative facility which the prevalence of literary taste gives to the questions of the moralist, whenever rightly or strenuously applied; the continued activity of the public mind, and the readiness with which it receives projected improvements:—these are effects, all of which belong more or less to the unlimited popularity of literature, and to which many circumstances in the present condition of society are to be traced. But its most striking and important consequence, and that which will be found its result in every country, is the change beginning to be produced in systems of education, and in the opinions prevalent on the subject. While learning has but a few simple, distinct, and grand objects of pursuit, while it is venerated only by a select and favoured class of men, whose lives are devoted to the attainment of its treasures, or their dispensation among a few others like themselves, it will be best cultivated in the retirement of colleges, make its surest advancement under the patronage and protection of the great and the powerful, and stand in need of few of those inventions and contrivances to help it forward or simplify its designs, which it is found to require when its character has become changed with the progress of society. But in after times, when it is regarded as the common friend of mankind, it will become necessary to find out a method of facilitating this distribution of intellectual riches. It is, however, generally some time after literature has taken a popular character, before men learn to view knowledge as so important a means of happiness, or such a powerful instrument of social good. They may be soon taught, that the inventions of art produce additional conveniences in living; that the natural sciences may furnish them with practical rules of great advantage to them in their various pursuits, and that, consequently, the more they are cultivated, the greater improvements will, in all probability, be made; but they must proceed far in the path of literary cultivation, must have long seen the bearing of intellectual strength on the circumstances of the times, must have seen the power of mind pitted, as it were, against the power of custom or the influence of rank and wealth, before they can be made really to understand the important truth, that the cultivation of moral knowledge is the true philosopher's stone for nations, the only *elixir vitæ* of their continued security and happiness. Our own country has been rapidly arriving at a practical knowledge of this truth; it has been taught the lesson by its own experience and the revolutions of other nations; it has seen the effects produced by literature, cultivated till it had an unmanageable strength, and then let loose without the guidance of truth and virtue; it has heard the din of a fiercer struggle than had ever been waged between the opposing powers of superstition and prejudice and the unbridled intellect of a newly-awakened people; and from all this it has been made to feel the necessity of a self-confiding wisdom in a nation as a nation, and which wisdom should be the fruit partly of a carefully treasured experience, and partly of the mental energies of a people rightly employed.

But this is but beginning to be the case. The result of the rapid survey we have taken of Periodical Literature and the subjects connected with it, does not present us with so flattering a view of the state of letters in England as might have been looked for. The activity of the public mind, it would seem, has made literature popular; but it has lowered its dignity, and lessened its usefulness. It has made a reading public, but not a thinking people; increased the demand for books, but not the veneration of philosophy; and rendered all classes almost equally eager in the pursuit, by making every thing conformable to popular taste and caprices. Our literature, consequently, wants the noble seriousness which exalts and strengthens the intellect by alluring it to the contemplation of beauty and excellence, and purifies the heart by fixing its sympathies on the objects in which they centre. It wants the spirit which aims at usefulness and good, with a constant and persevering patience, and the strength and boldness which would elevate it into dignity and independence. Having this tendency to weakness and perversion, the highest intellects would be well employed in bringing their richest stores to renew its vigour. The corruption of literature, when once begun, is rapid and entire; and each age becomes progressively shorter after the golden one, till taste and sentiment, art and philosophy, are alike polluted and degraded.

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REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

1. *Narrative of the Peninsular War, from* 1808 *to* 1813. *By Lieut.-Gen. Charles William Vane, Marquis of Londonderry, G. C. B., G. C. H., Colonel of the* 10*th Royal Hussars.* 4to., pp. 648, 3*l.* 3*s.* Colburn. London, 1828.

2. *History of the War in the Peninsula, and in the South of France, from the year* 1807 *to the year* 1814. *By W. F. P. Napier, C. B., Lieut.-Col. H. P.* 43*d Regiment.* Vol. 1. 8vo., pp. 626, 20*s.* Murray. London, 1828.

Our first feeling upon opening the first of these books was a sensation of disappointment; we had expected the personal military memoirs of a gallant hussar, instead of which we found an historical sketch of the Peninsular War, or of so much of it as occurred during the periods of the noble writer's service in Spain and Portugal. In this view, the work is generally well executed, the style is rapid, bold, and dashing, and it might fairly be entitled 'Sketches on Horseback, by a General of Hussars.' To those who look at the subject for the first time, it will be interesting and useful; for it is well to view subjects in outline before the colouring is filled in, to comprehend the general tenor of the subject before we examine its details. But those who are familiar with the events of that important period, which filled the interval between 1808 and 1814, will look in vain for any thing new in the noble lord's volume; they may revive recollections, but they will acquire no new idea, nor possess themselves of any fact hitherto unknown to them. This, therefore, will be another source of disappointment. Lord Londonderry was, for some time, Adjutant-General,—an office in which, above all others, except that of Quarter-Master-General, he would have been best able to collect and arrange accurate information as to all the events passing around him. A regimental officer, the commander of a brigade, and even the head of a division, may know little more of the general progress of a campaign than what passes under their immediate view: they know facts, and may afterwards, if they please, trace their causes, combinations, and consequences; but the principal officers of the General Staff have superior opportunities. They are present, and actually aiding, in the concoction of events; they see the greater part of their completion; and, when they are not themselves present, they have yet the advantage of receiving and retaining the official reports. For these reasons, we have a right to expect much, when an Adjutant-General attempts the history of a war in which he has been engaged; nor can we be satisfied with dry details, uninteresting returns, or ten-times-told tales of gazetted battles. Something more is requisite; not a mere exposure of the integuments, but a dissection of the nerves; not a narrative of the results, but an exposure of the causes and motives of action. To this we have heard it objected, that such disclosures would involve a breach of official confidence. The short answer is this: either do not write at all, or tell the whole truth; you are not compelled to gratify mere curiosity; but, if you feel it a part of your duty, as we think it is, to preserve, for the instruction of military students, a valuable subject of study, it is also your duty to make that subject complete; you must expose the errors of your commander as boldly as you laud his successes enthusiastically; you must tell us as candidly of his failures as of his victories; above all, and here Lord Londonderry is palpably faulty, you must distinguish between the results of accident and design; between the success by chance, and the victory of combination. Of both these there were excellent examples in the battles of the Duke of Wellington; these should have been marked. There is some little philosophy in the French cry, 'They *ought* to have been beaten;' there would be more in a different application of the sentence. We should like to hear, instead of the oft-repeated 'they ought to have been beaten' and 'we ought to have succeeded,' the more candid confession, '*we* ought to have been beaten.' Our author, however, carefully avoids all unpleasant disclosures; with him, nothing happens by chance,—every thing is the result of mature reflection and well-calculated combination. In his military faith, the Duke of Wellington is a second Providence, incapable of error; and, if disasters are traced in his course, they are attributed to an all-wise, though concealed, motive of good.

The perpetual air of indiscriminate eulogy on the Duke, is one of the blemishes of the book, and, as a memoir for future histories, will detract from its authority. Historians should at least labour to appear to be impartial,—so also should critics; and therefore let us be understood not to deny the great and pre-eminent military merit of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. He *is* the first Captain of his day,—he *was* the second of his age; but we must protest against the sacrifice of all past glories at the shrine of a meridian sun. We do yet retain some schoolboy recollections of Greek and Roman prowess: the fame of the Carthaginian conqueror has not yet been obliterated; our more modern studies have furnished us with some names not easily forgotten, and our national pride must still remind us of the General, 'who never fought a battle which he did not win, who never sat down before a fortress which he did not take.' The plains of Germany were not less dangerous fields of action than the fortresses of Spanish mountains; the Lusitanian legions were not more difficult to train, or more dead to excitement, than the Dutch Allies; the Junta of Seville could not be a more efficient dead weight than the councils of their High Mightinesses:—yet Marlborough is to be forgotten! or remembered only in his dotage, his avarice, and his peculations. When, therefore, we encountered the words, 'the greatest master of this or any former age,' in Lord Londonderry's Narrative, we could not help breaking the order of our reading to see how the disastrous retreats from Talavera and Burgos had been related and justified: we had found no such annals in the history of Marlborough; we were curious to see how they could be slurred over by the eulogist of Wellington. And here we are most happy to acknowledge the candour of our author. He does not suppress facts, he does not deny the disasters of the flight (a flight after victory, but yet a flight); he even hints a comparison with Corunna; but, though the frankness of a soldier carries the noble author thus far, the reasoning powers of an historian were wanting to enable him to draw his proper conclusion. He is a military optimist, and finds 'all for the best.' The yet more extraordinary disasters of Burgos do not fall within the scope of the book before us; and, therefore, we should not have alluded to them, (though the celebrated order which demonstrated that our leader wanted the magnanimity which can bear defeat, is ever rankling in the memory of his traduced officers,) if it had not been recalled most strongly to our minds by a censure of Sir John Moore for a similar course. Our author writes thus:

'It would be affectation to deny, that Sir John Moore, during his disastrous retreat, issued many orders in the highest degree painful to the feelings of honourable men, who felt that their conduct had not merited them. His warmest admirers have acknowledged this, and his best friends have lamented it; but, in all probability, no one would have lamented it more heartily than himself, had he lived to review, in a moment of calmness, the general conduct of this campaign, because there never lived a man possessed of a better heart, nor, in ordinary cases, of a clearer judgment.'—*Lord Londonderry*, p. 234.

Yet the Duke of Wellington did issue similar orders during his retreat from Burgos, though recent experience must have taught him, that no army ever preserved discipline in retreat, when privation serves as an excuse for plunder,* fatigue for dispersion, and suffering for indulgence. It was, at least, ungracious to turn so hotly on his benefactors, on the troops who had gained him so many honours, who had won so many battles, of which he was to reap the principal advantage, and to accuse them of being the occasion of their own disasters.

It is a general fault with our officers, that they are always willing to appropriate the honour of success to themselves, and shift the blame of defeat to their subalterns. Honest Jack's prayer, 'that the shot might be distributed in the same proportion as the prize-money,' was not without its occasion.

Another curious instance of correct statement of facts and accurate reasoning, ending in a biassed conclusion, is to be found in our author's account of the battle of Busaco.

'From the instant when he fixed upon the position of Busaco, Lord Wellington expressed his firm conviction that he would be attacked there; and he adhered to that opinion, in opposition to the sentiments of every functionary by whom he was surrounded: There was a degree of prescience in this, for which it was impossible to account; for there cannot be a question as to the course which the enemy ought to have adopted, and which it was their wisdom to adopt. Instead of dashing themselves madly against us, they ought to have continued to take ground to their right, and so gone round a stupendous mountain, which the slightest exercise of military penetration might have shown that they need not hope to pass.'—*Lord Londonderry*, p. 445.

A lucky accident often makes the reputation of a prophet; and of this nature, according to Lord Londonderry, must have been the Duke of Wellington's prescience; for, if Massena had taken the road pointed out by our author, not only would the victory of Busaco have been lost, but the position of Torres Vedras might never have been gained. No general had a right to calculate, that one of the ablest of Napoleon's marshals would run his head against a wall in sheer obstinacy, because his enemy had left the gate open; and no man of ordinary understanding, having the exceedingly difficult card to play, the excessive stake at hazard, which the British general then had, could have ventured on so dangerous an experiment, as to calculate for his safety on the blunders of his enemy. We suspect that Lord Londonderry's inclination to magnify his hero into a demigod has misled him, and that our General, whose mere mortal forethought in the establishment of the line of Torres Vedras† is entitled to the highest praise, had some better reason for taking up the position of Busaco than his calculation that Massena would madly dash himself against a mountain.

But we must now turn more directly to the work before us; and, as we have always been in the

* We once heard of a rigid Colonel of Hussars, (not Lord Londonderry,) who flogged a trooper for having robbed the haversack of his *dead* comrade of its biscuit, and this, too, during the retreat to Corunna. We do not like such discipline. What, if such a moralist were then meditating a robbery, not of a dead man's bread, but of a living husband's wife!

† We may here notice a foolish hyperbole; speaking of these lines, our author says, 'With this preface I now proceed to describe, in as accurate terms as I am able to employ, both the arrangement of the troops and the nature of the *champ de bataille*, upon which the fate, not of Lisbon only, but of Europe itself, was to be decided.' The fate of Europe was decided by the frosts of Russia and the flames of Moscow: but for this warring of the elements, Waterloo would never have been fought; and Wellington might have remained to this hour Lord of Lisbon and the Lines, while Kings and Emperors bowed at the footstool of the military Autocrat. Whether it were better to deliver the Peninsula from Napoleon and Joseph, or from Miguel and Ferdinand, is a question on which monks and philosophers will come to different conclusions; we do not pause here to consider their arguments.

habit of considering the mode in which an author treats the campaign of Corunna as a species of *experimentum crucis* of his feelings and talents, we shall first examine Lord Londonderry's account of this very important portion of military history. All political sycophants have been the detractors of Sir John Moore; all the petty eulogists of the Duke of Wellington have thought it their interest to decry the merits of his less fortunate rival: it is honourable to the character of his Grace to find that he does justice to the memory of a brave and able general; we quote his own words:

'In Sir John Moore's campaign I can see but one error when he advanced to Sahagun, he should have considered it as a movement of retreat, and sent officers to the rear to mark and prepare the halting places for every brigade; but this opinion I have formed after long experience of war, and especially of the peculiarities of a Spanish war, which must *have been* seen to be understood; finally, it is an opinion formed after the event.'—*Colonel Napier*, p. 530.

With this tribute to the memory of his friend and leader, Colonel Napier very ably concludes his first volume of 'A History of the War in the Peninsula.' We commence our observations with it, because it affords an answer, on competent authority, to the several objections urged by Lord Londonderry and others against the conduct of Sir John Moore: not that we class our noble author with the tribe who blacken the memory of that excellent man and able general, for the purpose of vindicating the blunders of a Ministry; for, on the contrary, the Marquis, for the most part, does ample justice to his less fortunate commander; but, partly from a confined view of the subject, from a slight bias of political prejudice, and principally, we will believe, from the habit of dash, incident to his branch of the profession, he does not always view obstacles with the coolness and calculating spirit which become an historian, and are seldom found in a Colonel of Hussars.

The testimony of the Duke of Wellington enables us to pass over the question of the advance into Spain, induced by the presumption of the Spanish, and the ignorance and incapacity of the British, authorities. We are enabled, also, to omit all discussion of the yet more questionable movement on Sahagun, and to confine ourselves to the conduct of the retreat, of which, if there be yet a soldier who doubts the necessity, he will only have to inspect a single diagram in Colonel Napier's book, to convince him of his error. It is, however, necessary to advert for a moment to the inadequate means furnished to our general, and to the vacillating conduct of our Government at home, as to which even Lord Londonderry, up to a certain period, affords ample and direct evidence. We touch upon the latter point the more especially, as our ministerial *quidnuncs* arrogate to the Ministry the greatest credit for their forethought and conduct in the Peninsular War, and are never weary of twitting their political antagonists with their gloomy forebodings of disaster and defeat. These persons will find in Lord Londonderry confession that those gloomy forebodings were very generally felt even in the army, and that not in the retreat to Corunna only, but long after the victory of and retreat from Talavera. If we deduct, from our causes of success, some due allowance for the turns of the wheel, our political authorities will find that more credit is due to them for their obstinacy than for their forethought.

No army ever entered an enemy's country, (for so Spain, overrun with French troops, was to be considered,) with such scanty means of action as the troops, themselves inadequate in point of number, of Sir John Moore. Ages had elapsed since an English army had ever done more than land upon a coast, and for a short time maintain its position, in direct communication with its fleet. The sciences of marching, victualling, and transport, were utterly unknown to the majority, and unpractised by any single individual in the service. Our captains and subalterns were excellent judges of pipe-clay and heel-ball; our majors and lieutenant-colonels knew to a button the proper fit of a gaiter, and to a hair the regulation length of pig-tail; many of our generals could put a brigade through the eighteen manœuvres without a single blunder; the staff were well-dressed, the aides-de-camp well mounted; the commissaries knew beef from bread, and could draw bills of exchange without any blemish of blot or form: but here the acquirements of the greater number ceased; few had learning, none had practice in the real business of warfare. With such a force, and with about five-and-twenty thousand pounds! (a little more than the price of a City feast) in his military chest,* Sir John Moore was sent into Spain, to rely, for physical strength, on the raw levies of the Spanish generals, and, for supplies, on the supposed enthusiasm of the people, who, as Ministers may by this time have learnt, are generally more willing to waste their blood than part with their provisions. The one is a matter of passion, the other of calculation. The result demonstrated, that troops hastily raised, unclothed, unfed, undisciplined, an armed rabble, could not be depended upon; that the Spanish armies, as they were miscalled, served little other purpose than to encumber our line of march, and eat up our supplies. We had this further truth to learn—a good Commissariat is the very soul of movement. The Duke of Wellington owes his best deserved successes to the attention and skill which he applied to this branch; biscuit and shoes are as necessary as muskets and bayonets, as was fatally proved in our first disasters. Nor is it enough that these things be provided, unless the officers in charge of them have attained sufficient proficiency in the art of distribution. During the fatal march to Corunna, the starving troops actually passed a magazine of biscuit, the very existence of which seemed to have been forgotten by the Commissaries, and it was only discovered and plundered by the rear-guard, adding another to the many causes of disorder which impeded the movements of the army. On another occasion, the bare-footed soldiers saw stores of shoes and clothing burnt by the Civil Staff; the men snatched a few articles from the flames as they marched past; but a regular distribution was never made or attempted, though it was notorious that most of the men perished by cut feet. To defect of transport and distribution must be attributed all the disasters in the following description:

'The journey from Villa Franca to Lugo occupied one night and two days, the army reaching the latter place on the 5th of January. It was one continued skirmish between the rear of the British and the advanced guard of the French, in which the latter were invariably repulsed with considerable loss. But, in spite of these advantages, the British army became every hour more and more unfit for service. Its resources wasted away at every mile. First, whole waggon loads of clothing, arms, shoes, and other necessaries, which had just arrived from England for the purpose of refitting Romana's army, were met; and after the men had helped themselves to those articles of which they stood most in need, the residue was destroyed. Next, two bullock cars, loaded with dollars, to the amount of 25,000*l.*, were found to be immoveable. The casks which contained the money were stove in, and the treasure thrown from the road over a precipice. This was a most unwise, as well as useless measure. Had it been distributed among the soldiers, there is little doubt that they would have contrived to carry it along; whereas the knowledge that it lay among the cliffs, tempted many men to lag behind, who all fell into the hands of the enemy, or perished from cold. But every thing was now done, as if our case were absolutely desperate; and, as if the utmost that could be expected, or desired, was to escape with our persons, at the expense of the whole of our materiel. Even guns were now abandoned, as fast as the horses which dragged them were knocked up; and the very sick and wounded were left behind in the waggons, of which the bullocks or mules could proceed no further.'—*Lord Londonderry*, pp. 218, 219.

We cannot at all agree in Lord Londonderry's proposition of dividing the money among the troops, already overburthened with their own arms, packs, ammunition, and accoutrements. We happen to know, that forty or fifty dollars is no inconsiderable nuisance on a long march; and, if his Lordship will put half as many penny-pieces in his breeches' pockets, he will find them so, even between Park-lane and the House of Peers. Such a distribution, too, must have been made to the reserve, who were actually engaged with the enemy during the dispersion of the money. The act was not premeditated, but resolved upon, on the spur of the moment. We are sure that Colonel Napier's account may be relied on. He says,

'Towards evening, the French recovered their lost ground, and passed Nogales, galling the rear-guard with a continual skirmish; and here it was that dollars to the amount of 25,000*l.* were abandoned. This small sum was kept near head-quarters, to answer sudden emergencies; and, the bullocks that drew it being tired, the General, who could not save the money without risking an ill-timed action, had it rolled down the side of the mountain; part of it was gathered by the enemy, part by the Gallician peasants.'*—*Col. Napier*, p. 480.

Thus, it seems that both our authors agree as to the sum abandoned being considerably less than half the loss stated in the Parliamentary Returns. How is this to be accounted for? Did the Ministry know that they were reporting a falsehood, or did their civil servants deceive them? Did they calculate on John Bull's anger at the loss of his money, or did they connive at a robbery of the public treasure?

While on this point, it will be useful to notice the excuse made at the time for the destruction of stores. The Commissaries said, that there was no time to issue them *regularly*, and that, if they distributed them without the proper vouchers, they would be individually charged with any deficiency. It was easier, therefore, and safer, to enter them *regularly*, 'burnt at Astorga,' &c., than to be asked, some fifteen or twenty years afterwards, by a clerk in the Treasury or Audit Office, for the Quarter-Master's receipt. Thus, the substance of service is sacrificed to its forms; and, after all, as is evident from the case we have stated, the public is neither guarded from imposition nor peculation.

The length to which we have proceeded on this subject, compels us to defer the conclusion of our remarks on both works until next week.

* 'Sir David Baird came without money; Sir John could only give him 8000*l.*, a sum which might have been mistaken for a private loan, if the fact of its being public money were not expressly mentioned.'—*Napier's History*. The same author exposes a very gross misrepresentation of Sir Walter Scott, who blames Sir John Moore for detaching Baird by sea to Corunna, whereas that General was sent to Corunna direct from England.

* 'I am aware that the returns laid before Parliament in 1809, make the sum 60,000*l.*, and the whole loss during the campaign, nearly 77,000*l.*; but it is easier to make an entry of one sum for a treasury return, than to state the details accurately. The money agents were, like the military agents, acting independently; and all losses went down under the head of abandoned treasure. My information is derived from officers actually present, and who all agree that the only treasure abandoned, was that at Nogales, and that the sum was 25,000*l.* When it was ordered to be rolled over the brink of the hill, two guns, and a battalion of infantry, were actually engaged with the enemy to protect it; and some person in whose charge the treasure was, exclaiming, "It is MONEY!" the General replied, "So are shot and shells." The following anecdote will show how such accidents may happen in war.—An officer had charge of the cars that drew this treasure; in passing a village, a lieutenant of the 4th regiment, observing that the bullocks were exhausted, took the pains to point out where fresh and strong animals were to be found, and advised that the tired ones should be exchanged for others more vigorous, which were close at hand; but the escorting officer, either ignorant of or indifferent to his duty, took no notice of this recommendation, and continued his march with the exhausted cattle.'—p. 489.

THREE DAYS AT KILLARNEY.

Three Days at Killarney, with other Poems. 12mo., pp. 200. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

THE merits of this interesting volume induce us to take advantage of an unpublished series of its sheets, to give it an early introduction to our readers. It is, we understand, from the pen of Mr. Hoyle, a clergyman at Overton, near Marlborough. It is marked throughout by an unusual purity of taste and elegance of style; and, from the frequent excellencies which it contains, we cannot readily account for the author's motives in concealing his name from the public. The volume is composed of three poems, the first 'A Visit to Killarney,' divided into three cantos, and each descriptive of the portion of the scenery visited by the author on each respective day. The second, entitled 'Cambuscan,' is a fragment of a poem modernised from Chaucer: it is imperfect and unsatisfactory in its incident and detail, though ingenious in its versification; and, altogether, we do not conceive its introduction, in spite of Lord Churchill's approbation, an enhancement to the value of the book. The third, entitled 'Elias Hydrochous,' is a short sacred drama, evincing considerable talent, but likewise too unequal in its style and incident to become a popular favourite. We confine our remarks, therefore, to 'Killarney.' The author's descriptive powers are of no ordinary class; but we consider his talents to be better adapted to discursive subjects, than to mere scenic delineation. He undoubtedly paints, with unusual power, the gorgeous scenery which he has chosen as the subject of his poem; but 'the lonely lake and mountain wild' are less matters of admiration than the train of exquisite thoughts which they kindle up in the mind of the poet. We might select from his pages abundant examples of excellence and beauty. One fault, however, we must point out; namely, the author's partiality for coining new words to suit either the length or brevity of his lines:

'While on the left
Gena's wild *nemorosities* repeat
Each bugle note,' &c.—P. 49.

'Hears with affright the *stentorophonic* roar,' &c.

These are, however, but trifling blemishes, and are almost imperceptible, amidst such beauties as the following:

DESCRIPTION OF THE BURIAL-GROUND AT MUCRUSS ABBEY.

'Thy towers, forsaken Mucruss! to the poor
Were once of hospitable aid the sign,
And, daily crowding through yon ample door
In serried files, came pilgrims to the shrine.
But time at leisure now may undermine
The pillar, and deface the mouldering wall,
And every pinnacle with ivy twine:
The burial rite alone remains of all
That once was crosier, chant, high-mass, and festival.

'Look through the portal—nave, and choir, and tomb,
Stained with the damp, and strewn with many a bone,
And wrapt at every step in denser gloom,
To silence and to solitude bemoan
Their fallen estate: one narrow arch alone,
At utmost distance, marks with feeble ray
The sanctuary's recess, and chiselled stone.
So through the dun obscure of life we stray,
Yet welcome at the end a gleam of heavenly day.

'What groans of dole and penance once dismayed
Yon cloister, buried from the sun and air,
Beneath the central yew-tree's giant shade!
Here hath the guilt-o'erburdened solitaire
Mused, till remorse was deepened to despair:
Here saints have fought their agonising fight,
With anguish and temptation, doubt and care,
Till in the beatific trance of light
The world and the world's woe evanished from their sight.

'The grass grows rankly, and the saplings wave
O'er hall and dormitory, porch and cell;
Each passage is a den, each aisle a cave:
But who shall tempt the vaults, or dare to tell
What inmates there of unknown horror dwell?
How sighs the breeze, how languishes the day;
What tenderness, what pain in the farewel
To these dismantled gates and turrets gray,
Once dedicate to heaven, still reverend in decay.'

This address to Inisfallen is of the same elevated class of poetry:

'Hail! Inisfallen, hail! enchanted ground,
In all th' excess of loveliness arrayed,
Amid the majesty of nature round;
Here open lawn, there close-retiring shade,
Inextricable maze of copse and glade,
The tufted eminence, the flowery dell,
The music by the murmuring waters made,
The rock, the grotto—vain attempt to tell
The numberless delights that in this Eden dwell.

'Time was, the pomp conventual here arose
Of transept, clerestory, nave and quire,
That from the world gave refuge and repose
To youthful acolyte and hoary sire,
The lordly abbot and cord-girded friar,
Who once confession heard, awarded doom,
Or of devotion fanned the living fire.
They were; but are not: in sepulchral gloom
They sleep, and memory's self lies buried in their tomb.

'Wise, for a moment, was the Persian king,
Once weeping in ambition's mad career;
For awful truth can to the proudest bring
At times conviction sudden and severe.
Even now her monitory voice is here,
While to the distant sound of mirth and play
I listen with a melancholy ear.
A little while, and all the young and gay
Shall sleep with the departed, mute and cold as they.'

These extracts will be sufficient to show that Mr. Hoyle's powers are of no mean kind; and the refined sentiment which breathes throughout his lines gives them a charm beyond the ephemeral merit of mere novelty and smooth versification. The concluding farewell is full of dignified feeling:

'Wealth, power, ambition, every hope and joy,
Are but a dream, a toy of painted air,
The full-blown bubble of a playful boy:
And, if thou canst, philosophy, declare
What more than this thy schemes and systems are.
But yet in Gilead may be found a stem
That drops a balm for ever rich and rare;
There is a priceless pearl, there is a gem
That through eternity outshines the diadem.

'Who would repine with such reward in view,
Or mourn the tenure frail of all below?
Or vent the rueful plaint, how brief, how few,
How empty, all the pleasures we can know?
Press onward, and look upward: let the glow
Of faith and hope be quickened into flame,
And charity be liberal to bestow.
Meantime, resume the world; where shouts proclaim
On embarkation bent, peer, knight, esquire, and dame.

'From Inisfallen to the tower of Ross
(Where Ludlow and Muskerry fought of yore)
The waning twilight warns and guides across
Our slow-returning squadrons to the shore,
While dirge-like gales the close of day deplore.
Soft glides the boat along: the waters foam
And sparkle to the dashing of the oar.
We land, we look a long farewell, and roam,
With oft-reverted eye, in pensive musing home.

'Like the fond melancholy when we view
The floweret fade, or leaf in autumn fall,
Such the regret of parting and adieu,
Though hope, though pleasure, or though duty call.
The lot of time and chance is drawn by all,
And virtue's hope in heaven hath ever been;
Yet scarce even virtue from this earthly ball
Can every thought, and all affection wean,
Till age and death instil the final drop serene.

'What radiance flashes on their opening eye!
What strains of transport fill their opening ear!
See the Celestial City blaze on high,
And ringing through the universal sphere
The shout of archangelic voices hear.
Thousands of thousands, number without bound,
Wake the triumphant song of heaven's own year,
And in mysterious harmony around
Ten thousand times ten thousand angel harps resound.

'Before them in augmenting glory's beam
Th' unfathomable azure melts away;
While onward to the sanctuary supreme
Careering through th' infinitude of day,
They pour their souls into th' hierarchal lay
That circles evermore the mountain bright
Where sits whom saint nor angel can survey,
Too high, too glorious for created sight,
Throned unapproachable in mystery of light.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S SERMONS.

Religious Discourses. By a Layman. 8vo., pp. 79. Price 4*s.* 6*d.* Colburn. London, 1828.

THE surprise with which we read the announcement of sermons attributed to Sir Walter Scott, has been considerably diminished by finding the real cause of their composition. We confess, however, we are not entirely convinced of the propriety, either of the motive by which the amiable author was led to this novel employment of his pen, or of the publication which has followed. It is not very creditable, under any circumstances, for a minister of religion to offer the results of another's inquiry after truth for his own. If he do it on an occasion, in which he is expected to give a specimen of his ability and professional knowledge, it is still worse, and amounts, in fact, to deception and dishonesty. In a certain degree, his auxiliary ought to share the censure; and, though there is something in the present instance which really increases our admiration of the distinguished writer, we think his kind and amiable feelings would have been better employed in rousing his young friend to fresh and patient exertion. But, to come to the sermons themselves: their character may be soon given, and it is one which the curious and eager multitude will be a little disappointed at. Sir Walter Scott's sermons, then, are just such sermons as any sensible and orthodox divine, moderately well read in the common branches of theology, and acquainted with his Bible, will be found preaching to his congregation every Sunday of the year. They contain nothing novel, either in sentiment or doctrine, are written in a simple and unornamented style, and derive all the illustrations which are employed from the usual sources of pulpit oratory. They will, of course, be less generally attractive, composed in this style, than they would have been had they possessed the graces of originality and ornament. But their excellent author has given a proof of the power of his mind and of his acquirements, greater than any he could have produced by the most laboured attempts at sermon-writing. A man of inferior powers would most probably have flourished away at every point that admitted of his being eloquent; but Sir Walter has explained and defended the doctrines of Scripture with a calm and unruffled seriousness, has spoken like one long experienced in the medium style of such addresses, and appears throughout as too well acquainted with his subject to confound either the language or sentiment of poetry with that intended to convey instruction to persons of ordinary understanding. As, however, these productions will no doubt long remain as a curiosity in literature, we shall give as large and complete a portion of them as possible. The first commences as follows:

'*The Christian and the Jewish Dispensations Compared.*

'"Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil."—*Matt.* v. 17.

'THE Sermon on the Mount formed one of those occasions upon which our blessed Saviour condescended to intimate to his followers, at considerable length, the purpose of his heavenly mission, and the relation which it bore to the ancient dispensation of Moses, under which the Jews had been trained for so many centuries. The text before us, as well as the words which follow in the same chapter, contain an express and general declaration on this subject, startling perhaps to those who listened to the Divine Speaker at the time, and on which infidels in subsequent times have endeavoured to ground a charge of inconsistency. We will presume, with such conciseness as the occasion requires, and with the humility becoming those who venture to approach the Ark of the Covenant, to consider this most important declaration as it concerns—First: Those to whom it was instantly and directly addressed; and, Secondly, The present generation, who look back on what was then spoken with the advantage of comparing the divine prophecy with the events which have since ensued.

'Upon the first point we are to remember that Jesus came to his own, and that his own received him not. He proffered the inestimable treasures of the Gospel to

that chosen people to whom God himself had condescended to be legislator; and, vain of their own imaginary wealth, they refused to accept this new and far richer gift at his hands. Nay, it even seemed that the nearer they approached in external observances, at least, to claim in a peculiar manner the title of children obedient to the law of their heavenly Father, the less were the Jews disposed to recognise him that was greater than Moses. His mission was rejected by the Sadducees, the free-thinkers of the Judaical institution, who disbelieved the existence of angel and spirit, and whose sceptical and selfish opinions made them deaf to the proclamation of salvation. They, who believed in no state of future retribution, and conceived that the souls and bodies of men went down to the grave together, luxurious as men who would enjoy the passing hour, and indifferent as men who held speculative doctrines as of trifling importance, were naturally averse to the reception of a system which implied a general renunciation of all temporal benefits, and subjected the disciples of Christ, as well as their Divine Teacher, to peril, privation, captivity, and death.

'But, besides these Epicureans of Israel, the Pharisees, also, a sect who placed their pride in the most precise observances of the law of Moses; who admitted the existence of a state of future rewards and punishments; who believed in the immortality of the soul, and were systematically regular in divine worship and religious ordinances, were even more inimical to the Gospel than the Sadducees themselves. What startled the *atheist* amid his carnal enjoyments, no less disturbed the *hypocrite;* who, in the plénitude of spiritual pride, thanked God that he had not made him as other men, or even as the humble publican, who, with a contrite and broken heart, was laying a confession of his sins before an offended Deity.

'The cause of the Pharisees' unbelief, and their strenuous opposition to the Gospel tenets, had root undoubtedly in our blessed Saviour's detection of their hypocrisy, and his publicly exposing the foul principles and practices which they covered with the most formal affectation of strict holiness. They could not bear the light, which, not content with playing on the outside of their whited sepulchres, penetrated into their foul charnels, and showed to the public gaze the dust and rottenness which their showy exterior concealed. They could not endure the friendly zeal of the Divine Physician, when he rent from their wounds the balsams with which they soothed, and the rich tissues under which they concealed them, and exhibited festering and filthy cancers which could be cured only by the probe, the knife, and the cautery. Hence they were, from the beginning of our Saviour's ministry until its dreadful consummation, (in which they had a particular share,) the constant enemies of the doctrine and of the person of the blessed Jesus. Under his keen and searching eye, the pretensions which they had so long made in order to be esteemed of men, were exposed without disguise; their enlarged garments and extended phylacteries, their lengthened prayers, their formal ceremonial, and tithes of mint and anise, were denounced as of no avail without the weightier matters of the law—justice, mercy, and faith. Feeling thus their own sanctimonious professions held up to contempt, and their pretensions to public veneration at once exposed and destroyed, the Pharisees became the active and violent opposers of those doctrines to which the Sadducees, with sullen apathy, seem to have refused a hearing. It was the Pharisees who maligned the life of our blessed Lord; who essayed to perplex the wisdom of Omnipotence by vain and captious interrogatories; and who, unable to *deny* those miracles by which the mission of Christ was authenticated and proved, blasphemously imputed them to the agency of demons.

'But, in particular, their objections were founded upon arguments the most powerful of any with the pride and national prejudices of the Jews, when they objected that Jesus of Nazareth had it in contemplation to innovate upon and destroy the Levitical Law, that ancient and solemn system of institutions committed to the children of Israel by Omnipotent Wisdom: the demolition of which must have had the natural consequence of blending together Jews and Gentiles, and stripping the former of all those distinguished privileges which were assigned to them as the children of the promise. Such arguments, we may easily conceive, were more likely than any other to obstruct the progress of the Christian religion. "Who is this," the scoffers might have said, "who is wiser than Moses, and more holy than Aaron? Who is this, who presumes to lower and deface the glory of the sanctuary, and to annul those institutions, to the observance of which such splendid promises, to the neglect of which such direful punishments, are annexed in the Mosaic statutes?". *Cursed be he that confirmeth not all the words of this law to do them:* such are the recorded words of the Almighty—"And who is he," may these blinded Israelites have demanded, "who pretends to relax or innovate upon a system so fearfully sanctioned?" The text which we have before us must be considered as the answer of Jesus to these misrepresentations—*Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.* And this declaration will be found equally true, whether we examine it with reference to the doctrines preached and enforced by our Saviour, or to that fulfilment of the law and the prophets which arose from his life, his sufferings, and his death for our redemption.

'Considering the text in the *first* point of view, the principal topics insisted upon in the Sermon on the Mount, show that Jesus, the divine commentator upon a divine work, preached to his disciples, and to the Jews in general, the fulfilment of the Law, by showing them in what the spirit and efficacy of the Mosaic institutions actually consisted.

'Although there be no question that the Almighty, through all ages, had been pleased to enlighten the eyes of many individuals among his chosen people, to see and know the secret purposes of his dispensation, yet it is certain that the great majority of the Jewish nation had, for some time prior to the advent of our Saviour, fallen into many gross and carnal errors both respecting the Law and the Prophets. In regard to the former, they, and particularly the sect of the Pharisees, seem to have lost all sense of the end and purpose of the types and ceremonies enjoined by Moses, and to have substituted the minute discharge of his ritual as something excellent and meritorious in itself, capable of being received as an atonement for the neglecting those general points of virtue and morality upon which that dispensation, as well as all that emanates from the Divine Author, was originally founded, and with which it ought for ever to have been animated. But, when the observance of the minute ceremonial was substituted instead of love to God and duty to our neighbour, the system resembled some ancient tree, which continues to show green boughs and a stately form to those who regard it only on the outside, but when carefully examined proves rotten and false at heart, and valueless excepting as a matter of outward show:

"All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey within."

'In pointing out to his hearers, therefore, the true fulfilment of the Law, our blessed Redeemer showed that it consisted not in a strict and literal interpretation of the express precepts of the Law, but in the adoption of an ample and liberal interpretation, carrying the spirit of each precept into all the corresponding relations of life. Thus, he taught that not alone by actual slaughter was the perpetrator in danger of the judgment, but that all causeless enmity, all injurious language, the source and provocation of deeds of violence, was forbidden. Not only, added the same pure and heavenly Teacher, is the foul act of adultery prohibited in the Law, but all unclean thoughts which lead to such a crime are forbidden by the same precept. The same Law, pursues the Divine Interpreter, which prohibits a breach of oath, forbids, by its essence, all idle and unnecessary appeals to that solemnity; and the same precept which *verbally* goes no farther than to enjoin an equitable retribution of injuries according to the *lex talionis*, includes in it a recommendation to humility, to patience under and forgiveness of injuries, to universal benevolence, to the return of good for evil, and to the practice of every virtue, not in the restricted and limited sense of compliance with the letter of the Law, but with an extended and comprehensive latitude, becoming the children of our heavenly Father, whose universal benevolence causes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and his rain to descend on the just and the unjust.

'In this sense, therefore, as a commentator on the Law, and addressing himself to those who were born under its dispensations, did Jesus come *not* to destroy, but to fulfil it; not to take away the positive prohibition of gross evil, but to extend that prohibition against the entertainment of angry and evil thoughts, which are the parents of such actions;—not to diminish the interdiction against violence and malevolence, but to enlarge it into a positive precept enjoining to benevolence in action and resignation in suffering. At the same time, our Saviour taught the inferior value of that compliance with the forms of the ritual so much insisted upon by the Pharisees, when placed in competition with the practice of the virtues enjoined by the Law;—and that reconciliation with an offended brother, was a duty preferable even to the offering up a gift, although the devout ceremonial was already commenced by its being laid upon the altar. In a word, our Saviour taught his disciples such a fulfilment of the Law as might in spirit and effect far exceed the dry, formal, literal compliances of which hypocrites showed themselves capable, for the carnal purpose of raising themselves in the opinion of others; and he sealed his interpretation with the awful denunciation, *Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven.*'—Pp. 11—27.

The writer, in the second part of his discourse, proceeds to answer the cavils of the infidel against the declaration made by our Saviour regarding his fulfilment of the Mosaic Law, when to all appearance he destroyed it. It is very properly said, in the first place, that the destruction of the temple and of Jerusalem were the consequence of Jewish iniquity, not of our Saviour's coming; and, in the next, that that, the purpose of which is fulfilled, cannot properly be said to be destroyed. The doctrine of the atonement is then set forth as completing the design of the Jewish religion, and the sermon concludes with an excellent description of Christ's office as Redeemer.

The next Sermon is on the Blessedness of the Righteous, the text is the whole of the First Psalm. We can afford room only for a short extract.

'The second verse contains the positive employment of the righteous man. *His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.* The object of the righteous is to fulfil what the patriarchs of our church have well termed "the chief end of man—to glorify God," namely, "and to enjoy him for ever;" and, that he may qualify himself for this, his study is in the Holy Scriptures. He is satisfied with no ceremonious repetition of the Sacred Book by rote; but, that he may come to a true knowledge of the things belonging to his salvation, he meditates upon them, by day and night, searching out the hidden meaning and genuine spirit of those texts which others pass over as hard to be understood. We know the attention bestowed by men of learning upon human laws, and how long a portion of their time must be devoted to study ere they can term themselves acquainted with the municipal laws of any civilised realm; and is it then to be imagined, that the laws of the Supreme are to be understood at a slighter expense of leisure than those of earthly legislators? Be assured, that, when we have meditated upon them, as in the text, by day and night, our time will even *then* have been lost, unless faith hath been our commentator and interpreter.

'The third verse describes, by a beautiful Eastern simile, the advantages with which the forbearance from evil counsel, from the company of sinners, and from the mirth of scoffers and blasphemers, must needs be attended. *And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*

'In one point of view this striking promise may be supposed to refer to temporal blessings, which, under the theocracy of the Jews, were more directly and more frequently held forth as the reward of the righteous, than under the dispensations of the Gospel. We must own, also, that, even in our own times, religion is sometimes the means of procuring temporal prosperity to its votaries. The more a man meditates upon God's law, the more he feels it his duty to render his life useful to his fellow-creatures. And tried honesty, approved fidelity, devoted courage, public spirit, the estimation created by a blameless conduct, and the general respect which even the profane bear to a man of conscience and honesty, often elevate to eminence; and happy is it for the land when such are its princes and governors, or are possessors and distributors of its wealth and fulness. But, though this be true, we shall err grossly if we conceive temporal felicity is here alluded to as being either the appropriate or the unvaried reward of righteousness. Were this the case, an earthly, inadequate, and merely transient reward, would be unworthy of spiritual merit; and, were it to be the certain and unvaried consequence of a due discharge of religious duties, I fear that, though the banks of our Jordan might be more thickly studded than at present with trees fair and flourishing in outward appearance, the core of many would be tainted with rottenness; or, without a metaphor, men who were not *openly* profane, would

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drive a trade with their religion, under the mask of hypocrisy.

'But, as prosperity in this life is neither the genuine nor the certain reward of the righteous, so neither is temporal adversity the constant requital of the ungodly. On the contrary, we have seen the wicked in great power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree; yet, could we have looked into his bosom at that moment of prosperity, how true we should have found the words of the Psalmist! The sophistry which *he* borrowed from the counsels of the ungodly, gives him no assurance of happiness, and leads him to no solid or stable conclusion; the wit with which the scorner taught him to gloss over his infidel opinions, has lost its brilliancy—*behind* him there is remorse; *before* him there is doubt. While the godly is fast moored on the Rock of Ages, *he* is in a stormy sea, without a chart, without a compass, without a pilot. The perturbed reasoning, the secret fears of such a one, make his thoughts, indeed, like the chaff which the wind drives to and fro, being as worthless and profitless as they are changeable and uncertain.'—Pp. 63—71.

MUSICAL TOUR.

A Summer's Ramble among the Musicians of Germany. By a Musical Professor. Post 8vo., 10s. Hunt and Clarke. London, 1828.

To the musician the Netherlands and Germany are as venerable as Italy to the painter. The best and noblest branches of his art have there risen to perfection, and monuments of its ancient glory meet him in every town he enters. The names of the great fathers of melody are the most cherished sounds in the language. They are those of the men to whom the inhabitants of every district owe their most hallowed and favourite delights, and whom they remember as having inspired their earliest devotions with fervour. All the supports and externals of the art have been on the largest scale of magnificence. Religious establishments have made its cultivation a necessary object of pursuit, a part of the service and devotion of their members; while mechanical ingenuity has employed the highest powers of invention to assist its operations and increase their effect. A musical tour through these countries promises a rich feast to the lover of the art; and, in the little volume before us, the results of one lately made are presented to the reader in a very lively and agreeable style. The author has shown himself to have been well-studied in whatever regarded his pursuit before he set out; and his accounts are full of interesting anecdote and ingenious remark. In a work of this kind, there is, of course, a great deal which can be amusing only to the scientific reader, and which would require a greater acquaintance with technicalities than is commonly possessed, to make them intelligible. We, therefore, extract the passages which contain a description of the two most celebrated *prime donne* that our author met with in his Tour, one, Mademoiselle Sontag, whom it is amusing thus to meet with before her appearance among us:

Mademoiselle Madler.

'On the performance of Euryanthe, for the payment of about thirteen pence English, I took my place in the pit. Think, gentle reader, of enjoying an opera, played and sung by the best artists, for that sum. The interior of the house is roomy, and handsomely decorated; the band is the largest of Germany; the royal box is placed exactly in front of the stage, and the signs from it are most rigorously attended to during the whole performance. No beacon was ever more zealously watched in war-time than this by the capell-meister. As soon as the grand-duke and his suite were seated, the overture commenced, and it was better played than I remember to have heard it, even by the Philharmonic Society in London; the part in which the violins *con sordini* are accompanied by iterated notes on the violas, a very critical passage, was admirably executed; and much effect was produced by the basses leading off the little fugued point *pianissimo*, instead of the contrary, as is generally done. When it is stated, that this excellent orchestra numbers seven contra bassi for its foundation, with a corresponding proportion of other instruments, some idea may be formed of the force and dignity with which instrumental pieces are executed. The double-basses used in Germany are frequently strung with four instead of three strings, thinner than those in use with us, and descending to E below the usual scale; when mixed with others, the depth and richness they possess is very fine. A *pastorale* movement in D, and a bass song in C minor, were some of the best music of the opera; but the excellent re-christening of this performance by the amateurs of Berlin, renders all additional remark upon it nugatory. By the amateurs of that city it was unanimously dubbed L'Ennuyante, and truly, if the essence of dryness and head-labour in music may deserve the appellation, it is well bestowed. The pretty passage of melody in the overture, when estimated with reference to other parts of the opera, is as "a drop in the desert;" and it vexes one that a composer, capable of thinking in this way, should choose to batten upon the leavings of other people. Most o Weber's wildest fancies (save and except in the demoniacal Freischütz) are as distinct from true invention as the ravings of madness are from the frensy of sense—and, between a bedlamite and a poet, Heaven knows there is latitude for choice. This is not intended as an irreverend allusion to Weber, but merely as pushing the comparison to its verge; and it may be modestly opined, that a little of the rationality and *sweetness* which Mozart did not undervalue, might not have lowered the vigorous imagination and profound knowledge of the orchestra which Weber possessed. Mademoiselle Madler, who performed the part of Euryanthe, and is the principal soprano in this *corps*, has a sweet voice, and would make an excellent chamber-singer; but in the *forte* parts of every bravura she was almost inaudible, because the band is really too large for accompanying opera-music, especially songs. But whoever looked at Mademoiselle Madler would hardly wish for a higher pleasure than his eye-sight would afford him; she is a model of German beauty, which is, indeed, a condensation of female loveliness, including all the sentiment of it. The lady must be thus imagined:—a being somewhat about the height of Shakspeare's Rosalind, with that undulating flow of outline in her figure which never wearies in contemplating; a face perfect for its symmetrical regularity and its look of goodness; hair (almost distracting to mention) of an auburn colour, and in such profusion, that, when allowed to escape from its confinement, it descended nearly to the feet. This abundance of hair is the dowry which every German woman brings her husband; and I find, that, in this country, they have engrossed the fabled strength of Samson in that particular, which should, by lineal descent, have been *ours;* but, if they are usurpers, they are certainly not tyrants. M. Vetter, of Leipsic, who was the first tenor in the opera of Euryanthe, gave me great pleasure as a singer, perfect in every requisite for his art, and sustained his difficult part, in fact the most prominent one of the opera, with great skill.'—Pp. 50—53.

Mademoiselle Sontag.

'At the König Städtisches Theatre (there are three here in constant play) Mademoiselle Sontag is the presiding deity—the goddess of the students and the Vestris of Berlin: and few there are whose hearts are fenced with such impenetrable buff as to rebel against her sovereignty, or refuse to adore. When the lady plays, the doors and lobby of the theatre are beset by all the wild youths of the city, each of whom would consider himself a traitor to the cause of beauty if he did not contribute all that in him lay to make the entrance as much like a bear-garden as possible: there is no such thing as attaining to a song here but at the expense of *mobbing*, rib-squeezing, and considerable condensation of the person. Those who expect to find in Mademoiselle Sontag a musical genius, will be disappointed; nor do I think her fame would have reached England, had it not been for certain circumstances of gossip unconnected with her profession. The lady is of middling height, well formed, with fair hair, and a set of little features which have a kind expression in them. To venture upon elaborate praise of the complexion and shape of an actress, as it may involve a eulogium on the perfumer or staymaker which is not intended for those worthies, would be imprudent as well as presumptuous. Mademoiselle Sontag has a pleasant quality of voice, with a small quantity of tone in it, but with plenty of flexibility; an endowment which she displays so frequently, that, if one could but check the fluttering, unstable, whimsical little creature, a long breathing clear note would be invaluable. Her highest praise is said to be, that, she sings Rossini's music perfectly, and joins to this great *naïveté* in her acting, and that such qualifications for a performer are seldom found in company.

'In a French opera by Auber, of which the German version is called "Der Schnee," (The Snow,) Mademoiselle Sontag turns the heads of the whole town: in this piece the audience is charmed with every flourish, enraptured with every look, movement, or gesture; and, as to her playfulness, it is seen with ecstasy. The fact is, that Mademoiselle Sontag is not tried at the severe tribunal of the German opera in Berlin, but sings at a theatre where three parts of the people come to see her alone, and among her admirers are certainly not to be reckoned those whose judgment in musical matters is of the clearest. The dispassionate, unprejudiced listener discovers little more to admire in her roulades than he has heard hundreds of times in those of other singers. Mademoiselle Sontag has a distinct articulation, and deals in all the minutiæ of refinement; but in a sustained *cantabile*, that sort of movement in which the soul of the singer looks out, she is lamentably deficient. It is the leaven of Catalani's bad style which has deteriorated the taste of the present day, and directly opposes it to a simple and natural mode of expression.'—Pp. 225—227.

Our readers will be able to see from the above, that this is a most delightful little volume. We are sorry that the author has mixed his valuable and interesting observations on his own art, with which he is intimately acquainted, with puerile remarks on another, of which he has, it appears, little knowledge. Another fault to be reprobated is, an occasional sprinkling of abortive witticism on subjects which, whatever be an individual's private opinion, demand his respect as the member of a community, regarding them with reverence. We trust, in the future editions of this talented publication, which we expect to see, that we shall neither see faults of the latter kind, nor be occupied with learning that, in painting women and children, *Rubens is admirable.*

THE CROPPY.

The Croppy, a Tale of 1798. *By the Authors of the 'O'Hara Tales,'* in 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

Popular taste seems to have fixed itself on works of fiction, and the appetite but grows by what it feeds on. In this rage for novel writing and romance, all European countries have been made the theme of the novelist; and some authors have even extended their view to more distant climes. In 'adorning a tale,' however, the caterers have learned not only to 'point a moral,' but to illustrate obscure or unknown portions of national history. Nor is this new to our language. The greatest genius which Britain can boast has constructed a series of plays, distinguished not less by poetic power than historic truth. For a long time, however, the mantle of Shakspeare ceased to fall on other shoulders, and almost till our own day he remained without a successor. At length, however, the great wizard of the north appeared, and gained an immortality more lasting than 'Sir Walter Scott,' than as the 'Great Unknown.' The sympathies of his own nation, and the admiration of others, were secured to him; for, in reviving by-gone scenes, he gratified the love of country of the one nation, and amused the tedium of all others.

The example thus set in Scotland, was followed in Ireland; and Lady Morgan came forth, almost alone, arrayed with a knowledge of the history and antiquities of Ireland, such as few can boast. But this was not all. She proved herself as familiar with the peasantry of the west, as the Great Unknown had done with those of the north; and 'Florence M'Carthy' and 'The O'Briens and O'Flahertys' at once attested her power and her varied resources. The field, however, being ample, and the harvest rich and abundant, it was to be expected that other reapers should engage in the task. Accordingly, Mr. Banim, an Irishman, appeared, and produced 'The O'Hara Tales,' 'The Nowlans,' and 'The Boyne Water,' all evincing a knowledge of the Irish character, and all warmly patronised by the public. Encouraged by qualified, though not complete, success, our author, after a considerable interval, again presents himself to notice, bearing

in his hand 'The Croppy, a Tale of 1798.' To Irish readers of any class, such a tale was unnecessary. The old and the middle-aged are familiar with the events of that stormy period; and, to the rising generation in the sister country, the admirable, authentic, and deeply interesting narrative of Tone, published last year, supplies an abundance and variety of matter, likely to be much more staple than any vague phrasing in a book of romance. If, however, romance were needful to fix the events of 1798 in the memory of the young, or to revive them in the fading recollection of the old, the task is already completed in the last work of Lady Morgan. We cannot, therefore, but think, that the author of the present tale has chosen rather an unhappy era, unless, indeed, which we cannot for a moment suppose, he meant to throw 'The O'Briens and O'Flahertys' into the shade.

To the English public the present work *is* necessary, and may be acceptable, though we had rather the author had written a tale connected with the events of 1641, or either of the subsequent reigns. As, however, 'The Croppy' is before us, we are bound in justice to say, that its object is praiseworthy, and we have no doubt that, in a political point of view, it will be productive of good. The language is clear and flowing, the sentiments generally just, and, in the subordinate agents introduced to work out the plot, the author evinces a deep and intimate acquaintance with the phrase and habits of the lower orders of Irish. Here, however, our praise must end. The plot itself is involved and intricate, if not absurd, and brought to a close by means so improbable as to stun even credulity itself. The heroine of the piece is Eliza Hartley, (the daughter of Sir Thomas Hartley, a Protestant liberal Baronet,) who has two suitors. The one, and the earlier known, Harry Talbot, a Captain of Yeomanry—the other, Sir William Judkin, a neighbouring Baronet, of large though involved fortune. The preference of the father is directed to Harry, while the daughter, after a struggle, resigns her heart to Sir William. At this period, Belinda St. John, the school-fellow of Eliza, arrives on a visit at Hartley House, *in the public coach*, unattended by servants of any kind. Her female friend, who had not seen Belinda since they left school, perceives a change in her manners and appearance, which startles her at the first sight; and, before the visitor is three days in Sir Thomas Hartley's mansion, she ominously tells Eliza *not* to marry Sir William Judkin. These scenes are contemporaneous with the breaking out of the Rebellion; and at this period a Mr. M'Nevitt invites Sir Thomas to become a United Irishman. The Baronet declines, but gives Mr. M'Nevitt, who comes from the north, safe conduct to a house in the vicinage, where the incipient rebels meet. Returning home, Sir Thomas thinks that political events wear a lowering aspect; and, ere the storm bursts, he determines to wed his daughter to the man of her choice. This fact comes to the knowledge of the rival lover, Harry Talbot, through Nanny the Knitter, an admirably drawn character; and, on the very morning Eliza and Sir William Judkin are married, the father and husband of Eliza are arrested on a charge of treason by Captain Harry Talbot. Sir Thomas is tried, and, it is supposed, executed; but Sir William, by the mysterious agency of a woman, escapes, becomes the leader of a rebel band, in order effectually to recover his wife, who has been carried off by Harry Talbot, who is of the Orange party. We pass over the many encounters in which the rebel army and the regulars are engaged, and the feats of valour performed by General-Priest Rourke, Shaun-a-Gow, the smith, and Peter Rooney, the tailor, our purpose being merely to follow the history of the heroine. For a considerable time after his escape, Sir William learns no certain tidings of his wife; but he is all along under the impression that she has been dishonoured by Talbot, and he thirsts for revenge. The opportunity soon arrives. The rebels are successful at Vinegar Hill and Oulard, and Talbot falls into their hands. When Captain Harry, however, is on the point of falling a victim to Sir William Pike, he too is rescued, and by the same female hand which rescued his enemy. This proves no other than Belinda St. John, who, it appears, had been seduced by Sir William, and afterwards was married to and deserted by him. Regaining his liberty, Talbot again falls into the ranks, and again meets Sir William at battle at Enniscorthy, and vanquishes him. In his last gasp, the baronet allows that he has wronged Belinda, murdered her offspring in attempt to murder herself, and that he was unworthy Eliza, who believes him guiltless till she hears his avowal with his dying breath. Sir Thomas Hartley now appears, having been before acquainted, through Belinda, with the strange events we have recorded. The scene of the Rebellion ends with the death of Sir William, and the hanging of Father Rourke on the bridge of Wexford. The Union of the two Kingdoms follows in 1800, and the equally important and more happy union of Eliza Hartley and Harry Talbot takes place in the same year.

Such is the story of the book, which our readers will think improbable and extravagant enough. It must be admitted, however, that many of the minor characters in the book, and who are important to the elucidation of the plot, are admirably drawn; and among these we would enumerate 'Rattling Bill,' a 'thrice double villain,' ready to play any game 'from pitch and toss to murder,' and who performs the avocation of conjurer, spy, and swearer-in of rebels. Tim Reily, a servant, is also an admirable sketch; and the dialogue put into the mouths of these persons, and Nanny the Knitter, is truly Irish, and often humorous and witty.

We should remark, that the politics of the novel,—for it meddleth with affairs of State,—are decidedly liberal; and the delinquencies of the Irish Magistracy and Government of these days is exposed with an able and practised pen.

We should not omit to observe, that, prefixed to the first volume, is an introductory historical chapter, elucidatory of the scenes of the tale, and which the English reader may safely consult as a leaf impartially taken from a stormy period of Irish history.

EPISTLES IN VERSE.

Epistles in Verse. Post 8vo., pp. 135. John Murray, Albemarle-street. London, 1828.

WHOEVER may be the author of this little book, he is a good versifier, and has a store of happy illustrations and gay images always ready at his call. His epistles, unpretendingly as they come before the public, would have attracted, in an age of more poetical taste, a considerable deal of attention. In some passages they vie with the most felicitous of Pope and Horace, and are in the same style of easy elegance and refined neatness of expression. We give the following as a specimen; it is from an epistle with a copy of Shakspeare's plays:

'AH! though invited by the Spring and thee,
In vain I sigh and struggle to get free:
Mid smoke and noise, repining I must stay,
And leave untasted all the sweets of May;
To waste in stifling crowds the fragrant hours,
And lose the year's first shoots, and earliest flowers.

'For now the tardy white-thorn blows, and now
The blossom hangs on every orchard-bough;
In bower and field, each blade and leaflet teems
With murmurs of delight, and golden gleams,
As waking myriads swarm below, above,
And the dead quicken, and the living love.
And now each morn what clouds of incense rise!
What hymns of rapture! grateful to the skies!
While all night long a sweet sad voice is heard,
The soothing vespers of the wakeful bird.
Man too reviving his glad tribute pays:
(Most cause has he for thankfulness and praise:)
Each vernal scene to his prophetic eye
More dear, as harbingers of Summer nigh,
Soon to expand her warm maternal wing,
And nurse the tender infants of the Spring:
So shall the earth her countless broods sustain,
And of her millions none be born in vain.

'Yet must I stay, though bidden to attend
The blissful rite, that gives thee to my friend,
Nor at the altar hear thy trembling voice,
And see thy blushes, own thy maiden-choice.
Though absent present, I unite my prayer,
(Needless if love excluded every care,)
That Fate, befriending virtue, may bestow
More than ye hope, and all ye wish below.

'Source of my friend's best joys, who still shall find
When thy cheek fades, fresh beauties in thy mind,
Sweet Soother of those ills that all must share,
And he must learn, tho' blest with thee, to bear,
Could Love alone life's few short hours employ,
Bidding Time borrow swifter wings from Joy,
Sages had taught, and Poets sung, in vain,
All art were folly, and all science pain—
But oh! ye days when beauty's soft controul
First woke the slumbering instincts of the soul,
Sudden and swift when Love's resistless flame
Flash'd through each kindling atom of our frame,
When the gay visions of it's infant hours,
And all it's first fine extacies were ours,
Too soon your value from your loss we learn!
Too soon ye fly! ah! never to return!
Some busy fiend of Folly's envious broods
In our defenceless paradise intrudes,
And lures from peace and joy to grief and shame,
Whispering vain hopes of pleasure, power, or fame,'
Pp. 13—18.

A Narrative of Memorable Events in Paris, being Extracts from the Journal of a Détenu. 8vo., pp. 298., 10s. 6d. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

OUR readers will remember having seen the interesting papers which compose this volume in a former series of 'The London Magazine.' They contain one of the best accounts that have been written of the agitating period they commemorate, and will not be the less acceptable to the public for being collected and published in their present form. As a piece of contemporary history, the volume will be regarded as deserving a place in every library, and will afford many passages of useful information to the future historian.

A Selection from Italian Prose Writers; with a double translation for Students on the Hamiltonian System. 8vo., pp. 574., 14*s*. Hunt and Clarke. London, 1828.

THE selection made in this volume, and the arrangement of its several parts, are well calculated to effect the design of the Editor. If the Hamiltonian system of teaching languages be fitted to make persons proficients in this branch of education, it cannot be better followed than by the use of works containing specimens such as those now published. The double translation which occupies the first part of the volume is followed, first, by the Italian text, without the translation, and then by the English; thus furnishing the pupil with every thing requisite for private recreation and exercise.

The Anatomy of Drunkenness. By Robert Macnish. Pp. 202, 5*s*. 6*d*. M'Phun. Glasgow, 1828.

THIS instructive and highly amusing little work appeared some months since as a pamphlet. The author, we are glad to find, has been induced to re-publish it with several additions, and it now forms, although among the smallest, one of the best publications that have for some time issued from the press. The account given of the several disorders consequent on drunkenness, is written in a clear and scientific manner, and the several anecdotes which are dispersed through the contents of the volume, are told with great felicity and humour. The author has not confined himself to the mere common and obvious effects of the vice, against which his book is a powerfully written sermon, but has treated of every variety of intellectual disorder which results from indulging in its excesses.

THE JESUITS

Who direct the seminary for young nobles at Madrid, to impede the contagion of false principles by the introduction of improper instructors, have, in several instances, learned to fence, for the purpose of instructing their pupils; while some of them are now taking lessons in dancing, to prevent the necessity of resorting to lay assistance in the acquirement of these fashionable accomplishments.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The doors of the Exhibition were opened for indiscriminate admission on Monday at twelve; and, within half an hour from that time, the rooms were crowded to excess. Dare we then say, that the 'British Senate and People' take no interest in the arts? Before one, popularity had already pronounced judgment; dense groups of admirers had collected before some half dozen performances; and, during the whole afternoon, it was not possible to procure a full and satisfactory view of any of the favourites. The spectators, therefore, whose anxiety or curiosity was subjected to a sense of good breeding, or to an abhorrence of jostling, were under the necessity of contenting themselves with partial and occasional glances, as the gap left by the departure of the ell-wide chapeau of some satiated gazer allowed the opportunity of obtaining a momentary glimpse.

The works of which it was most difficult to procure a sight were, *The approach of Pilgrims to Rome in the Anno Santo*, by Eastlake; *The Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst*, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; *The Morning of the Carthaginian Empire*, by Turner; (we take them in the order in which they were hung;) *Interior of an English Cottage*, by Mulready; Etty's *Picture from a Passage in the Eleventh Book of 'Paradise Lost;' The Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his Wife to Olivia*, by G. S. Newton; and, *An Attempt to illustrate the Opening of the Sixth Seal*, by Danby. We see no reason for demurring to the public opinion, since, with the exception of a very few other pictures, the situation of which removed all occasion for crowding to get a peep at them, or which, from want of the necessary degree of interest in their subjects, were little calculated to attract attention, the works we have enumerated include nearly all the performances of extraordinary merit, out of the 1133 which compose the Exhibition. After this, shall we, not having the fear of the Crown, the Sceptre, and the Bible, before our eyes, be so rash as to incur the imputation of cant of criticism, and, *of course*, pronounce this Exhibition worse than the last? The Heavens forefend! We have the motto of the Academy, too, under our ken, admonishing, that *Ne cuiquam tam clarum ingenium est ut possit emergere, nisi* COMMENDATOR *contingat;* and we are too anxious to see the arts flourish in our native country, to throw any impediment in the way of their advancement. We desire, however, to see them really flourish; and this desire is too sincere to allow us to flatter, or to say that the present Exhibition is creditable to the country. Is it better than any former one? It can only be so, because that was bad. Can a dozen or so of good pictures in a thousand, justify our congratulating ourselves, our artists, or the country, our saying that the present is a good Exhibition, and expressing ourselves satisfied with the progress the arts are making in Great Britain? We shall leave this question to be answered by others; and, quitting the subject of the Exhibition in general, we turn with satisfaction to notice a few of its details, as they drew our attention.

The name of Etty, rather more, perhaps, than the merit of the work, induces us to remark on No. 6, *Guardian Cherubs with Portraits of Infant Children of the Earl of Normanton*, which is a picture of fantastical composition, but, in some parts, the couch and drapery of the infant more especially, very richly coloured.

Landscape, No. 7, J. Constable, A., is composed with great spirit and truth, and in some respects brilliantly coloured, but spoiled and rendered of an effect altogether disagreeable by a mannered spottiness.

Mr. Eastlake's picture, No. 10, *Italian Scene in the Anno Santo, Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome and St. Peter's:—evening*, is a very pleasing work. It represents a group of pilgrims emerging from the passes of a mountain, and coming suddenly on the view of Rome. To give greater richness of colour, the artist has made choice of sunset for his time. The figures are in a sort of second light, or reflection, which is admirably treated; the design is correct, the grouping delightful, the expression admirable and touching, and the colour very broad, and in a fine mellow tone.

Alpine Scenery—Canton of Berne—Switzerland, No. 24, J. J. Chalon, A., is a very characteristic picture, cleverly executed; but it gives, perhaps, a more correct idea of the detail, than of the grand and general effect of the sublime scenery of the Alps.

The Album, No. 26, H. P. Briggs, is a very pretty portrait. Were we disposed to find fault, we should object to the attitude.

An Albanian, 32, J. Partridge, is a full-length figure in the rich costume of Albania. It comes out with great effect, and is remarkable, moreover, for a fine tone of colouring.

The Lake of Lugano is, not excepting the much-talked-of Lago Maggiore, and Lago di Como, the finest lake-scene in Italy. The whole Alps, perhaps, do not present its equal in variety and grandeur. In the picture No. 34, J. V. Barber, the artist, has not failed in his attempt to give an idea of the grand and beautiful character of this delightful scenery. *The Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst*, No. 66, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A., is a very clever picture. We prefer it, in point of tone and style, to all the other works of Sir Thomas in the Exhibition. *The Portrait of the Daughter of the Right Hon. William Peel*, No. 77, by the President, is a sweet thing, full of animation and innocence. The expression is admirably given, and of a pleasing tone and colour. In *the Picture of the Countess Gower and her Daughter*, No. 114, the composition is very beautiful; and the drawing and expression of the heads, that of the child particularly, are excellent: the light and shade is fine, and the whole picture very sparkling; but the tone of the flesh is too chalky: there is but little difference in the hue of the arms, neck, and that of the white drapery. *The Portrait of the Marchioness of Londonderry, with her Son, Lord Seaham*, No. 140, although an elegant picture, is not equal to that of Lady Gower; it is weakly painted: the action of the boy is wanting in grace, and his figure is in some respects ill-drawn. The portraits of *Earl Grey*, No. 158, of *Sir Astley Cooper*, No. 263, and of the *Earl of Eldon*, No. 463, are all admirable portraits, life-breathing, expressive, and intelligent. The portrait of *Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis with her son*, No. 341, also is a most delightful picture. The head of Lady Georgiana has that lovely, elegant, and feminine animation and expression which Sir Thomas has more than once so happily given, and in which he has no rival. The figure is not free from bad drawing; the right shoulder and arm more particularly may be noticed as faulty in this respect.

Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet; or, the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire, J. M. W. Turner, R.A., is a remarkable and spirited composition; replete with ideas of beauty, and extremely brilliant, hardy, and powerful; but over-wrought in effect—*hors de nature, tout à fait*. The right-hand corner of the picture is wonderfully rich; and the introduction of the dark-green pine-tree is astonishingly bold.

The Peasant of Andernach, No. 78, H. Howard, R.A., is a very pretty half-length figure, in the usual style of the female heads and foreign costume of Mr. Howard; but presenting some variety in manner from his former annual displays of similar subjects.

We had the misfortune to overlook Mr. Stothard's *May Morning*, 98; which we shall take another opportunity of noticing: the corners of the rooms are necessarily more crowded than the other parts, and we see, by the order in which this number presents itself, that Mr. Stothard's picture must have been in that situation, and, we conclude, placed low.

East Cowes Castle, the seat of J. Nash, Esq.; the Regatta beating to windward. No. 113; and 152, *The Regatta starting from their moorings*, J. M. W. Turner, R. A., are very clever and spirited, full of activity, extremely clear and brilliant. A connoisseur in detail, remarked that the Yachts bore more sail than their hulls would carry. My Lord Yarborough not being at hand to refer to, we do not venture on our own authority to pronounce decidedly between the critic and the artist; our leaning, we confess, is on the side of the former.

The *Portrait of his Grace the Duke of Northumberland*, No. 154, T. Phillips, must, we should presume, be highly satisfactory to that nobleman. The resemblance is remarkably strong, and highly characteristic. Had the robing betrayed somewhat more of the existence of a figure underneath it, the picture would have done the artist more credit.

Mr. Phillips seems to have arrived early at a manner of painting, at which he has rested content; his portraits, in general, are in the same style in which he painted twelve years ago: a similar expression pervades nearly all of them.

The Cupid and Nymph, W. Hilton, R. A., as a composition, is pretty and playful, but looks like an attempt at the manner of Rubens, without the strength of colour of Peter Paul. It is consequently a failure; for what would Rubens himself be but for his force?

A Composition, taken from a Passage of the Eleventh Book of 'Milton's Paradise Lost,' No. 193, W. Etty, R. A. Elect, is decidedly the most attractive picture in the whole Exhibition. The crowds which continually stood in front of it rendered it quite impossible to get such a view of it as would enable us to do it justice; we shall, therefore, reserve our remarks on it for next week, when we propose to resume our review of the Exhibition, and go through what remains of the catalogue.

PORTRAITS OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Among the numerous exhibitions now ministering to the gratification of public taste and curiosity, we know of none that can afford an hour of more unmixed pleasure, than the one just opened by Messrs. Harding and Lepard, the publishers in Pall Mall East, who have collected together nearly two hundred miniature portraits of the most illustrious individuals of English History, from the galleries of the nobility, and from various public collections throughout the country. The original object of forming this collection was, to have the pictures engraved for a work in which the portraits were to be accompanied with Memoirs, by Edmund Lodge, Esq., Norroy King of Arms, and a more interesting purpose could not be named. This purpose was answered by the publication of such a work in a succession of folio parts, the whole cost of which, when completed, amounted to 200*l.* sterling, which, of course, placed it out of the reach of all but the very wealthy. As, however, there must be hundreds in the well-educated classes, to whom the same work, in a less expensive form, would be most acceptable, it has been determined to re-engrave the whole series for the purpose of publishing a similar work in Monthly Parts, and at less expense, so as to bring it within the reach of all classes. The first Number is to appear on the 1st of July; and the present Exhibition is opened to give intended purchasers a fair opportunity of seeing, beforehand, the style and character of the materials of which it is to be composed,—an opportunity seldom allowed, but one which, we believe, while it gives pleasure to the visitors, cannot fail to be attended with benefit to the publishers also. The moral interest, rare novelty, and intrinsic beauty, of many of the portraits in this extensive and unique collection, are such as will well repay the trouble of an inspection. We do not, therefore, particularise in a matter in which the opportunity for forming a judgment is so open to all; but we strongly recommend the Exhibition itself to public attention, and the work, of which it is the harbinger, to public patronage.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF THE CITY AND BAY OF GENOA.

Of the many scenes presented by the shores of the Mediterranean, as particularly fit subjects for Panoramic representation, Genoa is, beyond dispute, one of the finest and most suitable. The world, indeed, has but few cities of such importance, extent, and magnificence, in a situation so beautiful, so picturesque, and so imposing. We congratulate those, therefore, of our readers who have not enjoyed the opportunity of visiting this superb city, that, by means of the masterly Panorama of Mr. Burford, they may be enabled to form an idea more real than any description could possibly convey to them of this delightful scene.

The point whence the Panoramic view is taken, appears to have been selected with a view to give the spectator a perfect idea of the crescent-like form of the Bay, terminated at one extremity by the picturesque Lighthouse, and at the other by the point of Carignano. The mole stretches out between these two points and forms the foreground to the picture. This part of it appeared to us somewhat too principal, and by its size and force of colour, to detract in a measure from the more interesting portions of the city. The churches, public buildings, villas, and palaces, must necessarily be too small, in a scene of such extent, to excite the particular interest of the spectator: they are, however, clearly defined, and minutely correct; although a greater degree of interest, we think, might have been given to them by making them more prominent. The mountains which back the city so majestically, crowned as they are at their summits with impregnable fortresses, and bedecked towards their base with splendid villas, gardens, and olive groves, rising in terraces one above the other, form a splendid back-ground. In the lower parts of this portion of the picture, the liveliness of the green is objected to with reason. The boats and figures in the foreground are painted with wonderful force and effect: the colouring in general is glittering and sunny, and, to those who are not acquainted by experience with the clear atmosphere of Italy, may

appear too decided and harsh; but many, many such days as are here represented, will recur to the memory of those who have sojourned some time in that brilliant climate,—days when, through a transparency of the atmosphere hardly conceivable to an inhabitant of more northern countries, distant objects appear with the most distinct brightness; when every minute point is clear and vivid, and the sea and air sparkle with the intensity of light; when the spirit of the traveller partakes the elasticity of the atmosphere, and is elevated by its brilliancy. In presenting us an Italian scene and sky so faithfully, Mr. Burford recals the delightful sensations experienced on the sunny shores of that delightful land; and can we be otherwise than grateful to him?

We have no hesitation in predicting, that this Panorama will be a successful one. There is a magnificence and freshness in the painting, which do the greatest credit to the artist, and prove him to be fully equal to his *superb* subject.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Argyll-Rooms.

The Fifth Concert of the present season took place on Monday. It was led by Spagnoletti with his usual energy and skill, and conducted by Attwood. Beethoven's elaborate, characteristic, and difficult Sinfonia Pastoralle, was excellently performed, and listened to with delight, the whole of the professors engaged exerting themselves with enthusiasm.

It may, perhaps, be interesting to our general readers to explain, that the denomination applied to this grand Sinfonia, of Pastoralle, is on account of its being a characteristic composition descriptive of a scene in the country, and the author has prefixed a few sentences (in German) to each movement, explanatory of his ideas and the feelings he intends to excite.

The opening Allegro Pastoralle, in F 2-4, is intended to express '*the exhilarating and pleasurable sensations experienced upon arriving in the country.*'* The second movement, andante molto moto, (in B 12-8,) is described as '*a scene upon a rivulet.*' This part of the composition is of singular beauty, and highly descriptive, but of tedious length; several birds are imitated by the wind instruments, and the characters were cast as follows:—The *Nachtigall*, (Nightingale,) was personified by Nicholson's flute. The *Wachtel*, (Quail,) by Ling's oboe, and the *Kukuk*, (Cuckoo,) found an excellent representative in Willman's clarionet. The third movement, allegro, (in F 3-4,) describes '*country people rejoicing*,' and is interspersed by a peasant's dance in 2-4 time, a '*Ländterische Tänze*' of a wild and boorish character; this is suddenly interrupted by the '*Thunder Storm*,' in which the rolling and rattling of thunder, (excellently described by the drum and Dragonetti's inimitable double bass,) the wailing and whistling of the wind, (the notes of the piccolo-flute being judiciously applied to the purpose,) the chattering and complaining of the birds, and the general crash of the contending elements, are all effected in an extraordinary manner. This at length gradually subsides; the thunder is heard as it were at a distance, and finally to roll off; and the fourth and last movement allegretto (in F. 6-8) commences with the call of a bugle-horn, which is replied to by a distant shepherd, and the peasants re-assemble and perform what the author terms 'The Herdsman's Song of Gratitude.' The final settling down of a summer evening, and the concluding devotional strains, are beautiful in the extreme, and capable of creating very delightful sensations in every susceptible mind. The whole, we repeat, was exceedingly well performed, and rapturously applauded.

No. 2. Duetto, Madame Caradori Allan, and Signor Zuchelli, 'Di Capricci,' from Rossini's 'Corradino.' This duet exhibited all Rossini's delightful playfulness, and resembled the cheerful music of 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia.' Zuchelli's magnificent tones, although sometimes a little rough, were also occasionally softened into a mellow and beautiful quality; and the piece went off with éclat, eliciting deserved applause.

No. 3. Concertanti, Æol-Harmonica, and two Guitars, Messrs. Schulz. This was a performance of a new and peculiar character, and created a considerable discussion and diversity of opinion in the society. In a review of six Guitar Waltzes, which appeared in 'The Athenæum,' (No. 23, page 364,) surprise was expressed at the remarkably ingenious modulations and clever passages which are frequently produced upon so insignificant an instrument as the guitar, and the performance of the Messrs. Schulz, proved and illustrated those opinions in a remarkable degree. These gentlemen have, several times lately, had the honour of performing before the King, and, having afforded his Majesty considerable amusement, hence, perhaps, it was thought expedient to introduce them to the Philharmonic audience.

The Æol-Harmonica is a keyed instrument resembling in appearance the Harmonica, made and sold by Chappell, of Bond-street, a few years since, but in tone exactly like the little decorated organs which the Germans exhibit in the streets with dancing figures, and to the full as insignificant: it, however, blended well with the guitars, and the whole performance, (although not suited to a large Concert-room,) exhibited *to those who could hear it*, (about half the audience,) considerable taste and ingenuity. The composition was a mélange, or pot-pourri, introducing several known tunes, such as the 'Queen of Prussia's Waltz,' the dance in Spontini's 'La Vestale,' the Bird-catcher's Song in 'Zauberflote,' &c.; and at length, 'God save the King,' with exceedingly clever variations. Certainly, after the thousand attempts at novelty of variation to our national melody, those of the Schulzes exhibited both invention and ability; and their whole performance would have been admired, had it not proceeded to too great a length; but the audience, (especially that part at the farther end of the room who could not distinguish a note,) grew at last impatient, and a few hisses, and a considerable degree of coughing and unequivocal murmurs, forced the poor Germans to effect a hasty retreat; and some of the *ci-devant* directors expressed their disapprobation of the introduction of the Messrs. Schulz, by the 'powers that be.'

No. 4.—Signora Brambilla sang, in a very satisfactory and interesting manner, a scena of Rossini's, 'La Pieta,' from 'Edoardo e Christina,' one movement of which is the same sung by Madame Vestris, in 'La Donna del Lago.'

The fifth piece, concluding the act, was Henry Griesbach's Overture, first produced on the trial night, 21st January last, and he presided at the Piano-forte. It is a clever and spirited composition, although not exhibiting much originality. The commencing passage reminds one of the obtestation of the Ghost in 'Don Giovanni;' the harmony (D. minor and A. major) of which forms a characteristic feature in Mozart's admired Overture to that piece, and some subsequent passages, after the clarionet and flute solos, nearly resembled Romberg's Overture in D, performed at the first Concert this season.

Mozart's grand Sinfonia in E flat, (op. 50,) commenced the second Act: it was beautifully executed, and listened to with profound and marked attention. Attwood, who in the years 1784-5 was a pupil of the great composer, enjoyed the performance in an extraordinary degree, particularly the slow movement in A flat, in which the writer's simple majesty, grace, and elegance, are conspicuously exhibited: the minuet and trio were truly delicious, and the beautiful performance of Willman and Nicholson produced a deserved and unanimous encore, much to the credit of themselves and the Philharmonic audience.

No. 7, Duetto, Madame Caradori Allan and Signora Brambilla, 'Lasciami,' from Rossini's 'Tancredi.' Brambilla's voice exhibited a peculiar richness, both in her song and in the duet; but this latter piece was thought a little too old and hackneyed for performance at this Concert. It should seem that the singers agreed in that feeling, and, therefore, in order to infuse novelty into it, they introduced ornaments in appogiaturas, suspensions, and graces, which did not always agree with each other; though the principal beauty of duet singing, especially with voices of the same class, must always be the mutual understanding entertained by the vocalists, particularly in their cadences. The orchestra experienced some difficulty in following and keeping pace with the singers, and the usual feebleness of the accompaniments by the stringed instruments, was again occasioned by the dearth of copies, which we took occasion to reprehend at the last Concert.

No. 8. Fantasia Violin, De Beriot, composed by himself. This was a perfect, splendid, and elegant performance, and was estimated and received accordingly. It was his fifth thema, with variations, in the key of E, with four sharps, the most brilliant and effective for the violin. In his third variation he exhibited unusual ability in staccato bowing, and his flights to the very highest notes on his instrument were exhibited perfectly in tune, a quality in which he surpasses almost all other violinists. His fourth variation, wholly performed on the fourth string, was remarkably ingenious and well-toned; and his exhibition of double notes (which are generally more difficult than pleasing) was also given with the best possible effect: the whole performance called forth a universal and enthusiastic burst of applause; but we do not think his harmonies and accompaniments quite so faultless, or in such good taste, as his execution.

No. 9. Aria, Signor Zuchelli, 'A me ciel,' from Rossini's 'Cenerentola' was excellently sung, and formed the fourth piece of the 'Gran Maestro's' composition, no other vocal writer having a share in the evening's selection. This is a song that Cartoni used to introduced in 'Mosé in Egitto.'

The Concert concluded with Cherubini's romantic and delightful overture 'Les Deux Journées:' it was admirably executed, and commanded more attention from the auditors than is usual for a last piece,—the concluding overtures being generally treated as an organ voluntary, usually performed while a congregation leaves a church after service.

In 'The British Traveller' newspaper, of Monday was a paragraph in which, (speaking of the Philharmonic Concerts,) it is said that 'the whole series of this season will conclude with the seventh.' Whether this mis-statement originated in accident or design, we know not; but we take this occasion to say that the eighth, and concluding Concert, is to take place on the 9th of next June.

THE THEATRES.

King's Theatre, Tuesday.

Mademoiselle Sontag repeated the part of *Rosina* in the 'Barbiere di Siviglia' for the fifth, and, as it is stated, the last time. The oftener we witness the performances of this young lady, the more we feel disposed to lament that the extravagant reports of her talents and beauty which preceded her, should have engendered a feeling nearly akin to disappointment at her first appearance in London. If her reception here has not been as enthusiastic as on the Continent, she may safely impute the cause to the panegyrics of her countrymen, and not to any individual demerit. Well may she exclaim, 'Heaven preserve me from my friends! I fear not my enemies.' Had she arrived here with a more moderate reputation, she would have received probably a less tangible gratification in pecuniary reward, although, perhaps, a more willing and sincere applause from her auditors and beholders. The English nation are too sensible of the value of credit, and too much a matter-of-fact people in all their concerns to take a foreign portrait of female beauty or accomplishments at a certain discount. They make no allowance for Italian civility, French verbiage, or German sentiment, but receive every report *au pied de la lettre*, and afterwards feel disappointed that the child of fame does not prove an angel upon earth, pouring forth the music of the spheres. Mademoiselle Sontag has had also to contend with the immense space before her at the King's Theatre, which her natural voice is not capable of filling, and which causes a forced and painful expression of feature, quite sufficient to overcast the most naturally cheerful countenance we have beheld on the stage for some time. When we heard her in August 1825, in the 'Italiana in Algieri,' at the *Königstädter Theater* in Berlin, there existed, to the best of our recollection, nothing of the kind; the countenance was full of smile and sunshine. Her voice we then thought to have been originally of a weak and hard quality, but considerably improved by a long course of study and exercise. The hardness is still occasionally apparent, and her rapid and chromatic passages are mostly executed in a subdued tone. Her face has ever been truly German, but of that fair and pleasing order so frequently met with among the *Bourgeoisie*, near Frankfort. Waiving our critical functions for a while, we often regret, notwithstanding her beautiful teeth, the professional necessity for opening her lips at all: it puts to flight a delicious and sweet-tempered expression, which the finest tones of her voice can never banish from our remembrance. We stake our reputation as a disciple of Lavater's, on the assurance that Mademoiselle Sontag is a lively, unaffected, open-hearted girl.

We have often hinted at the diminishing prospect of a new Ballet this season, a presentiment strengthened by each successive revival of pieces that have severally run their course some years back. The campaign of 'The Invincibles,' at Covent Garden, a successful one of course, has completely turned the heads of our play-going youths, and the thoughts of the Managers of the Opera towards placing a detachment of the fair corps under their orders, upon a similar warlike

* These descriptions are freely and literally translated from Beethoven's head-piece.

footing; and, as the revival of a good old piece is often better and generally less expensive than the production of a new one, the pages of the Duke of Vendome have been roused from their slumbers in the Repertoire. Familiar as the story and action were to us eight or ten years ago, we still prefer it to any thing we have witnessed in this department, during the present season. In their re-organisation, no more than the positively necessary expense has been incurred; notwithstanding which, they all look as fresh and as pretty as ever:—they have risen, like the sleeper in the Eastern tale, from a repose of years, without an additional shade or wrinkle to the countenance. The body guard of the Duke has also been resuscitated, but time has certainly not improved their appearance. We cannot refrain from recommending some amelioration in their appointments and costume, which, considering that the muster-roll never exceeds eight rank and file, may, we presume, be effected without fear of the Finance Committee, or of putting the revenues of the Duke to any great charge. Deprive them of their muskets, and the costume would be no bar to their replacing the boxless watchmen of the eastern wards, without fear of startling the nerves of any good-humoured deputy returning from a hall-dinner. But we are wandering from the subject, if subject the Ballet may be said to have. The nocturnal wanderings and *espiéglerie* of the principal Page, his subsequent detection in a feigned sleep by the throbbing of the heart, the various exchanges of *aiguillettes* or shoulder-knots, constitute nearly the whole of the historical portion of the piece. Of the chorographic part, our first *devoirs* are due to Mademoiselle Brocard, for the lively interest and gaiety which she throws into the character of the *Premier Page*. We confess ourselves sufficiently *Gothic* to delight in good pantomimic action, especially when blended with the grace of a *Premiere Danseuse*; it elevates the performance above the machinery of *entre-chats* and *pirouettes*, and proves that the brains of the *Artiste* are not exclusively directed towards the exertions of the opposite extremities. Mlle. Louise, the next in rank in this juvenile corps, will, we have no doubt, be constantly on the list of promotions. The remainder of the muster require one or two days' drill, which a few successive representations will more pleasantly effect. Of regular *pas des deux*, *&c.*, in the Ballet, there are few. Mademoiselle Brocard and Madame Le Comte shine in a species of fandango, to which castagnets would be an effective addition. It is much in the style of the dance between Louise and Bournonville, in the last Ballet,—an exhibition that drew such invariable applause, as to induce the Ballet-master to introduce it more than once in the present piece. Monsieur Gosselin and Madame Anatole made their appearance in a *pas-de-deux*, in which the vigour of their movements positively baffles description. The elevation and repetition of the flights of M. Gosselin would appear incredible, were we to reduce them to the standard of feet and inches: he may be said to be less on the boards than in the air; and his concluding efforts, to the air of 'Vive Henri IV.,' obtained the most unbounded applause. Madame Anatole blended an infinity of grace with strength, in her portion of this *pas-de-deux*. We repeat, that the present Ballet is decidedly the best production of the season, and may be witnessed more than once with feelings of gratification, provided the spectator has not been immoveably fixed on one of the pit-benches a full hour before the commencement of the opera. If the portion of the house devoted to the public fills immediately after opening the doors, as has latterly been the case, why not adopt the plan of the other Theatres, and admit *la queue* half an hour only before the commencement of the performances?

Thursday.

'Il Don Giovanni' was produced this evening, for the benefit of Madame Caradori. When the universally favourable feeling towards this lady is considered, added to the circumstance of its being the first representation of this opera for four years, and, above all, the appearance of Mademoiselle Sontag in a new character, our readers may form a faint idea of the density of the throng that besieged the pit doors long before they opened. The characters were supported as follows:

Don Giovanni,	Signor Zuchelli.
Don Ottavio,	Signor Torri.
Leporello,	Signor Pellegrini.
Mazetto,	Signor Porto.
Il Commendatore,	Signor De Angeli.
Donna Anna,	Mademoiselle Sontag.
Zerlina,	Madame Caradori.
Donna Elvira,	Madame Castelli.

Our report has already extended to too great a length of this revival; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with offering a few general remarks, and defer a more full report until we have had the benefit of a second representation, which is advertised for Tuesday the 6th instant. The difficult score of this opera has been got up throughout in a very creditable manner; the choruses were as perfect as could be expected on a first performance, especially for a benefit; and the orchestra entered most fully into the spirit of the magnificent instrumentation of Mozart.

The few lines which we have dedicated to Mademoiselle Sontag, at the commencement of the present article, will be sufficient to convince any of our readers, that the character of *Donna Anna* is perhaps the least calculated for the display of her talents, either in singing or in acting. The delineation of filial despair, on the assassination of a parent, can be any thing but congenial with the *heureux naturel* of the present representative. *Zerlina*, although personated by Madame Fodor, was probably deemed below Mademoiselle Sontag's station in the establishment; but the part in her hands would have proved a little gem. Her singing in *Donna Anna* was throughout perfectly correct, well studied, and chastely executed. We had Mozart's music, but nothing more.

Signori Zuchelli's *Don Giovanni* is not new to us; he represented the Spanish gallant at this theatre about six years since. We always delight in witnessing this gentleman in a comic character; it sits on him far more easily than the tragic parts, which he is so often called upon to fill, and the present may be styled a first-rate performance. The serenade, *Deh vieni alla fenestra*, exquisitely accompanied by Spagnoletti, was delicious; seldom it is that we hear it fully appreciated by an audience; it generally, but unaccountably, fails in effect.

Madame Caradori, in the unassuming part of *Zerlina*, gave great satisfaction to her numberless friends in every part of the house; she was rapturously encored in almost every air. We cannot say as much for the *Don Ottavio* of Signor Torri. This gentleman occasionally loses himself in his passages, and finds it somewhat difficult to regain the *terra-firma* of the melody. Pellegrini's acting in *Leporello* was excellent; and Porto threw almost a superabundance of *vis comica* into the part of Mazetto; he is a perfect *grimacier*. Madame Castelli went through the character of *Elvira* as well as her voice would permit.

Mademoiselle Sontag is advertised to appear in the 'Donna del Lago,' as well as to fill the character of *Desdemona*, to Madame Pasta's *Otello*, for the latter's benefit: it is also reported that she will appear in *Tancredi*.

Drury-Lane.

We spent a delightful evening at this theatre on Saturday last. Lunn's comedy of 'Roses and Thorns,' which was first produced at the Haymarket, was brought forward on this occasion for the purpose of enlisting Mathews and Liston jointly in the service of the public. The attempt was altogether successful; for it produced an overflowing and enjoying audience, who seemed to relish the 'two Arcadians' with infinite zest.

'Roses and Thorns' contains many situations calculated to bring the peculiarities of the eminent actors before-named into full relief; and the audience participated as much in the good humour of *Sir Hilary Heartsease*, (Liston,) as they laughed at the admirably developed vinegar-faced and testy-minded *Sir Valentine Verjuice*, (Mathews.) In all our experience of stage affairs, we certainly never saw characters better dressed or better represented than these two baronets. The laugh of Liston was the most perfect and provokingly contagious we have ever heard; and we should do Mathews a great injustice did we not say, that he was sour as a decoction of wormwood, yet as sanative too, and more to be relished than a dish of green olives after dinner. We have said that both characters were admirably dressed. Liston was at heart's-ease under a mass of superincumbent coats, waistcoats, and hose; and Mathews rendered his personal defects in keeping with the scene. The comedy was given out again for Thursday, amidst the loudest applause; and we advise all the world to go and see it.

A *petite pièce*, in one act, called, 'The School for Gallantry,' followed the play, by way of interlude. The characters, which were few in number, were cast as follows:

Matilda	Miss Ellen Tree.
Colonel Mansfelt	Mr. Jones.
Cornet Leontine	Miss Love.

Colonel Mansfelt, an officer in the Austrian service, is condemned to ten days' confinement for successfully charging the enemy, in disobedience to the order of his General; and *Cornet Leontine*, (Miss Love,) is sent to the same prison, also for a breach of military discipline, in sending a challenge to some brother officers, who jeeringly remarked on a scent-bottle which the Cornet always wore about his person. The scene opens with the arrival of the Cornet, and the Colonel prays the Jailor to make the new comer an inmate of his apartment '*pour dissiper le chagrin*.' The first conversation between the parties is on the subject of gallantry, and the Colonel gives the youngster the benefit of his experience in affairs of the heart, by presenting him with a grammar of gallantry composed during his imprisonment. Little, however, does the unsuspecting rake think that the weapons he puts into the hands of *Leontine*, shall be used against himself. The Cornet has soon occasion to put the maxims of his tutor into practice; for, at this period, a lady arrives at the prison *incog.*, who turns out to be the wife of the Colonel, with the joyful tidings of his release. The lady is not without her suspicions that her husband is unfaithful, and accordingly she keeps up the disguise, and makes an appointment with *Mansfelt*, for the next evening, in a particular apartment of the fortress. The note of assignation is deposited in the Colonel's cap, unsealed, but, falling into the hands of the Cornet, he substitutes another note in its stead, inviting the Colonel outside the ramparts, determined to keep the appointment within the fortress himself. The lady is punctual; but the veil of night does not enable her to discover that the gallant is *not* her husband. Under the impression that he really is so, however, she gives her imagined lord a ring, determined in the morning to reproach him with his infidelity; but before the dawn, the real husband appears frozen with cold, from walking in the frosty air, to meet a lady, who, it is needless to say, never came. On the appearance of the 'real Simon Pure,' the Cornet boasts of his successes, and, avowing the stratagem he has practised, displays the ring he received as a pledge of love. The husband, thunderstruck, recognises the wedding-ring of his wife, and hereupon repents him of the lesson he has given his pupil. The lady soon again appears; and, after some reproaches, an *eclaircissement* takes place, when it is clear that *Matilda* really imagined *Leontine* to have been her husband, and the Colonel is now satisfied that he has not been *cornuted*. *Leontine* now recognises in *Matilda* the sister of the girl to whom he is himself betrothed, and *Mansfelt* promises the young soldier that, if he will forget his (the Colonel's) grammar of gallantry, he shall be recommended to his fair one, as a fit person to be a member of the family. Hereupon, all matters being in a fair way for a marriage, the curtain drops.

It were perhaps useless to enter on any lengthened remark on a trifle such as this. Suffice it, however, to say, that the piece is much too long; and, though the dialogue is occasionally smart, it is often insipid; but oftenest, dull and heavy. Miss Love had two songs which she executed with her accustomed power, and in the first of which she was encored. Jones, as usual, was bustling, and 'o'er-informed' with the spirit of cool impudence; further than this, he had not much scope for the display of talent.

At the conclusion, though there were some malcontents, yet the 'contents' were the more numerous, and the piece was given out for repetition amidst general applause.

The amusing farce of 'Killing no Murder' followed, in which Liston as *Bebwi*, and Mathews as *Buskin*, kept the house in a roar. We should remark, that Mr. Hooper is a very cockneyish and vulgar sort of gentleman. The word dilemma, he pronounced—'dilemmar.'

Surrey Theatre.

We were tempted by the ninety-fifth representation of 'The March of Intellect,' to pass an hour at this Theatre on Saturday evening last, and were so well repaid by the performances of the evening, that we should be doing an injustice not to afford them their just meed of praise. The first piece represented, was 'The Spirit of the Hill,' the story of which is the same with 'The Somnambulist,' taken from the French, and performed at the great Theatres. The part of *Laurette*, the principal character in the piece, was sustained by Mrs. Fitzwilliam with great taste and feeling; and her innocence was so *naïve*, and her sorrow so deep and sincere, as to draw tears from both sexes in the most affecting portions of the tale.

'The March of Intellect' followed; and, in the in-

doubled its numbers, hundreds coming to see this piece alone. Before the curtain drew up, there was not even standing room, either in boxes, pit, or gallery.

Master Burke's performance in the six successive characters of *Master Socrates Cameleon*, *Mr. Terence O'Leary*, *Signor Sordini*, *Bluster Bubble*, *Jack Rattlin*, and *Napoleon Buonaparte*, was so good, that it would be difficult to say in which character he excelled. He kept the house in a continued roar of laughter and applause, was encored in his songs and violin solos, and appeared, on this ninety-fifth repetition, to give as much real delight as it was possible to conceive.

The performances of the evening ended with 'The Talisman,' which affords some splendid exhibitions of scenery, and in which Miss Percival, Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Wynne, and Mr. Vale, (especially the ladies,) each sustained their parts effectively.

If there be any of our readers who have a relish for dramatic novelties, and precocious talents, and who have not yet seen Master Burke at the Surrey, we think they would not deem an hour ill bestowed in paying him a visit while 'The March of Intellect' continues.

NEW MUSIC.

The Banks of the Liffey, a grand Fantasia, or favourite Irish Air for the Piano-forte, with orchestral accompaniments, (ad libitum,) composed and dedicated to his friends in Ireland. By J. B. Cramer, op. 76. Cramer and Co. 6*s*. Accompaniments, 5*s*.

This is a work of superior talent, taste, judgment, and feeling, and in every respect of the first class. It commences with a tutti, engraved in a smaller character, and well condensed for the piano-forte. An allegro spiritoso assai, in the key of C of one page, followed by a striking cadenza for the piano-forte, (also of one page,) to introduce a larghetto in 3-4 time, founded upon the air 'Peggy Bawn;' other tutti and cadenza usher in 'Mrs. Casey,' in the key of G, which, as a striking 6-8 movement, occupies seven pages; after this, we have an allegro vivo in C 2-4, and an interesting andante in F, common time, which returns to the allegro and finishes the piece; the whole presenting twenty-one pages of piano-forte music of the best possible description, deserving the highest encomiums and the most extensive circulation.

'Sly Cupid,' a favourite Ballad, as sung with the greatest applause by Miss H. Cawse. The words by J. Augustine Wade, the Music by F. Latour. Published by the Author. 2*s*.

We present this as a very pleasing and lively trifle, quite easy to be sung, being within the compass of only seven notes, including G on the second line, and F on the fifth line, in 2-4 time, and in the key of C. The title is adorned (as is now usual) with an interesting and well-executed lithographic sketch of Cupid, appearing to weep by the margin of a brook, and the whole is presented in good taste.

Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with embellishments, for the Flute, dedicated to Amateurs. (No. 1.) Cocks and Co. 3*s*.

We feel much satisfaction in recommending this very desirable work to the particular notice of the flautist, since we are persuaded he will derive infinite pleasure, as well as improvement, from the perusal and practice of it. On comparison, it will be found to contain more various and useful music than any other publication of the kind, (that we have yet met with,) and each number will present from ten to fourteen pieces, chiefly by the first composers. The selection in the first number is as follows: 1. An Adagio in C, 3-4 time, by Tulon. 2. 'Ombra Adorata,' as sung by Madame Pasta, in D, common time. 3. Rossini's March, from 'La Donna del Lago,' arranged in E flat. 4. A pleasing German Air, (an allegretto in G, 6-8 time,) with four pleasing variations, by Dressler. 5. 'Gramachree Molly,' in B flat, with one allegretto variation. 6 'Giovinette Cavalier,' *adapted as a Quadrille*, in G. (This is *not* in good taste.) 7. A favourite Waltz of Gallemberg's. 8. 'Una voce poco fa,' well arranged in C. 9. 'La Suissesse au bord du lac,' an andantino in E, 6-8. 10. A Polacca, by Berbiguier, in D. 11. Rossini's beautiful Quintetto, from 'Mosé in Egitto,' 'Celeste mar placata,' as a Duet for two flutes, in G, 3-4 time. 12. 'Je suis Lindor,' embellished by Tulon. And, 13. The much-admired Prayer from 'Mosé in Egitto,' in D minor, 'Dal tuo stellato soglio.' Thus thirteen interesting and desirable pieces are well adapted, well brought out, and offered at *less than threepence each!* In our next review, we shall notice the selection forming the second book, and continue doing so until the twelve numbers are published, which are to complete the work.

'The Bonnie Fish Wife,' a celebrated Scotch Song. Written by a Lady, composed and arranged by C. E. Horn. Mayhew. 2s. Coloured, 3s.

This is a bagatelle, adapted to the air 'Caller Herring,' within the compass of C below the stave, and E in the 4th space. The principal theme is a collection of the Fish Women's Cries in Edinburgh, and the whole forming a very characteristic and lively sketch. The ornamented title exhibits the three following popular vocalists, habited as Fish Girls, with their creels, viz: Madame Vestris, with the motto 'Light baskets and light hearts;' Miss Love, 'Buy Caller herring;' and Miss Stephens, with a basket full at her back, 'Going to market.' The whole may be said to be, at least, equal to any of the ephemeral productions enjoying present popularity.

No. I. Rondo on the favourite German Melody, 'The Swiss Shepherd Boy,' as sung by the Tyrolese Minstrels. Composed for the Piano-Forte, by J. N. Hümmel. Ewer and Co. 2s.

We cannot, in candour, highly commend the manner in which this cheerful, quiet, and simple melody is treated by M. Hümmel; his arrangement is by no means in keeping with the style of the subject, but frittered into a noisy succession of flourishing semiquavers, arpeggios, and cadenzas, *con furioso!* This Rondo is presented as the first of a series of six, and we trust we shall be able to furnish a more flattering review of the succeeding numbers.

ENGRAVINGS.

Mont Blanc, as seen from the Valley of Chamouni. Engraved by T. Lupton, after a Painting by W. Delamotte. Bulcock. London, 1828.

We had before occasion to advert to this fine Mezzotinto, as in a forward state of preparation; and, having now been furnished with a finished impression, we can speak confidently as to its merits. The scene itself is very beautiful, and the skilful manner in which it is both drawn and engraved, exhibits its characteristics with great force and truth.

Mademoiselle Sontag. Drawn on Stone, by Albert Hoffay, from the original, in Mademoiselle Sontag's possession. B. J. M'Cleary, St. James's Street, London, 1828.

The portraits of this interesting lady improve as they multiply. This is the fourth that has already come under our notice, and it is decidedly the best. We have now had opportunities of seeing her sufficient to impress her likeness strongly on the memory; and we can say truly, that the portrait before us combines greater fidelity of resemblance with sweetness of expression, than any that has yet appeared. We still hope, however, that a higher class of art than Lithography will be employed for this purpose; though these rapid sketches, which nothing but Lithography could produce in so short a time, may serve to satisfy the impatience of the public desire.

Rebels Shooting a Prisoner. Engraved by L. Romney from a Painting by T. Webster. Bulcock. London, 1828.

This is a very interesting and spirited delineation of youthful frolic, and would form an appropriate companion to 'The Mischievous Boy,' noticed in a former number of 'The Athenæum.' The scene is the interior of a Cottage, and the subject, three Urchins, who, having been 'playing at rebels or soldiers,' have taken their sister's doll a prisoner, and, fastening it to a stake, are in the act of blowing it to pieces by a brass cannon planted on the top of an empty barrel. The composition, grouping, and expression, are all marked by skill and humour; and the engraving, which is in the line manner, is very beautifully finished. The print is dedicated, by permission, to the Princess Sophia, and is quite worthy her patronage.

Health and Long Life to the King. Engraved by H. Say, after a Painting by M. W. Sharpe. Sams. London, 1828.

This is a very spirited portrait of the Duke of Wellington, in his full dress, as a General Officer, wearing his ribband and collar, and in his capacity, apparently, of president of a banquet, standing erect at the head of a table, leaning his left hand on the arm of a presidential chair; and, with his right, elevating high the glass with which he pledges the loyal toast, chosen for the inscription of the plate. On the table before him are wines and fruits; and, through an open casement on his right, is seen the perspective of the Horse Guards, the Admiralty, and the line of buildings extending from these to the north; the view being probably taken from the banqueting-room of Whitehall Palace. It is altogether a spirited subject, well designed, and executed in the best style of mezzotinto engraving. The portrait is faithful, and all the accompaniments are in excellent harmony and keeping.

The Traveller attacked. Engraved by W. Giller, after a Painting by D. T. Egerton. Bulcock. London, 1828.

There are few cases in which Mezzotinto can be more advantageously introduced than in the delineation of Night Scenes. The extreme depth of shade which it can throw in masses over a whole picture, and the brilliance which such objects as a full moon, a flash of fire, or even reflected light, acquire by contrast, are favourable to each. In the print before us, this is particularly apparent. The scene is a solitary road at the base of a rocky hill, with one ancient fir, and a second tree shivered by lightning, as if to make the solitude more complete. The Traveller is passing on horseback, and is attacked by one who discharges a pistol from behind, while another figure is seen reclining across the road. The lights and shadows are well managed; and, altogether, the print is a very striking one.

Miranda. Engraved by Edward Scriven, Historical Engraver to his Majesty, from a Painting by W. Hilton, R. A. Moon, Boys, and Graves. London, 1828.

'The gentle mien, the placid feature,
Bespeak that guileless, lovely creature,
Immortal Shakspeare drew.'

This is the character intended to be pourtrayed in the picture of Mr. Hilton, which was painted, we learn, expressly for Mr. Scriven to engrave. It represents Miranda coming forth from the dark and cavernous cliffs of Prospero's cell, and looking down with a mixture of fear and surprise upon the foaming surges of the ocean that lash the rocks below—where the still boiling wave, the solitary sea-mew, and the brightening of the distant horizon, give a fine idea of an abating storm. Ferdinand is seen approaching the cave, bearing a log, as represented at the opening of the first scene in the third act of 'The Tempest;' and Miranda appears to express, in her trembling timidity, the sentiments given to her, on the first interview with Ferdinand, by the poet:

'I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you.'

The engraving, which is in the line manner, is executed with Mr. Scriven's usual ability, and maintains his well-established reputation as an artist.

Portrait of Thomas Clarkson, Esq., M.A., Author of the 'History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade,' from the Original Picture, painted by G. R. A. Chalon, Esq., R. A. Engraved by C. Turner, Esq., Engraver in Ordinary to His Majesty. Size 23 inches by 7½. 21*s*. Piper, Ipswich; and Colnaghi and Son, London, 1828.

The original painting of this distinguished philanthropist was exhibited in 1824, at the Royal Academy, and then generally pronounced to be an excellent picture. The publication of an engraving from it has been undertaken by a spirited and enterprising bookseller of Ipswich—supported by a long list of noblemen and gentlemen, who communicated their names as subscribers before the Print appeared. In moral interest, the portraits of few men could exceed that of the present subject, whose name is so familiarly known, and so constantly associated with all that is benevolent, that to look upon it is sufficient to inspire virtuous thoughts and philanthropic resolutions. This interest the artist has heightened by various accessories, all in excellent taste and keeping; while the engraver has done full justice to his portion of the labour, and sent forth a specimen of fine mezzotinto, which the most fastidious may approve. It is appropriately dedi-

cated by permission to the Duke of Gloucester, the President of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery: and, among the names of the subscribers, we observe those of the Duke of Sussex, the Bishops of Chester and Norwich, Lords Bristol and Jermyn, Messrs. Brougham, Birkbeck, Buxton, Wilberforce, and other distinguished disciples and admirers of the benevolent individual, whose name stands deservedly at the head of those who have laboured so long and so zealously in the great work of abolishing slavery, with all its abominations, in every quarter to which their influence can extend.

HAYTER'S NEW TREATISE ON COLOURS.

New Treatise on Colours. By C. Hayter, Portrait Painter, and Professor of Perspective to Her late Royal Highness, the Princess Charlotte of Saxe Coburg, assumed as the basis of a perfect System. 4to. 16*s*. Booth. London, 1828.

THIS is a very ingenious and useful work, and one that cannot fail to be a valuable assistant to all young artists, who would clearly understand the principles on which colours change by union, and the relationship in which all their varieties stand to each other. It is as important to the painter as is the gamut of notes to the musician, or the numeration table to the arithmetician. Mr. Hayter deduces all the variety of shades and tints that exist, or can be produced, from the parent or primitive colours, yellow, red, and blue. This is exemplified by an ingenious and convincing diagram, which Mr. Hayter has named the *ultimatum*; and, indeed, it would be difficult to make demonstration more clear. His Chromatic Scale and Painter's Compass are truth itself, the *gradations* of which are their natural consequences; and their *combinations* he has given in such a manner, as most clearly to elucidate his system. His *Grand Ultimatum*, the triangularly convoluting labyrinth, seems the very *multum in parvo* of admixture, from the purity of primitive colour to positive blackness, and is really a beautiful and convincing study. The days of Praxiteles and Zeuxis have long since fled: the unchanged pigments from the ruined walls of Herculaneum, are still objects of wonder; and even the chemical researches of the Flemish school are seldom to be found in the English artist's study. What the London University may do for the artists of the rising generation, remains to be seen. If, however, to Mr. Hayter's labour, research, and elucidation, were added letter-press matter, somewhat less 'mathematically erudite,' and better suited to the apprehension of youth, his book might be a useful and popular *Vade Mecum* with the young colourist, with whom too much has been left, since the days of Rubens, to the rude and indefinite range of *taste and feeling*, and the all-powerful, (because fashionable,) examples of men who have struck out a peculiar style of colouring each for himself.

PHENOMENA OF JUPITER, FOR MAY.

AT 55 minutes 30 seconds past 8, in the evening of the 8th, the first satellite emerges from the shadow of Jupiter, and at 10, is seen at the distance of 0.5 to the east of him; the fourth is also observed to the east of the primary, at the distance of 2.2, and the third at 5.0, being likewise on the east of Jupiter, and near its greatest elongation; these satellites are all receding from the planet. On the west at the distance of 2.8 is seen the second, which is also receding from Jupiter. On the 9th, at 10 in the evening, the third and fourth are observed to the east of the primary, the former at the distance of 3.9 approaching Jupiter, and the latter at 5.0 receding from him; these satellites are noticed to recede from each other during the night. On the west of the planet, are seen the first and second near each other, the distance of the first is 1.2, and that of the second 1.1; these satellites are also receding from each other, the second approaching, and the first receding from, Jupiter. At thirty minutes past eleven, the second has arrived nearly at the limb of Jupiter, and shortly afterwards disappears behind the planet. The other three satellites only are visible until forty-three minutes forty-eight seconds past two in the morning of the 10th, when the second emerges from the shadow of the primary; during the remainder of the morning, it is observed a little to the east of, and gradually receding from, Jupiter. At ten in the evening of this day the first is noticed at the distance of 1.9 to the east of the planet, the second at 3.2, and the fourth at 7.8, their satellites being also observed to the east: at the distance of 0.5 to the west of the primary is seen the third; all the satellites are receding from Jupiter, and will be observed in the same order during the whole of the night.

On the evening of the 11th, at ten, the first, second, and third are noticed to the west of the primary, the first being observed at its greatest elongation: its distance is 2.6. The satellite nearest the planet is the second, at the distance of 0.5; it is receding from Jupiter: the first is consequently approaching it. The satellite farthest from the planet is the third, its distance being 4.3; it is also receding from the primary: the distance between this satellite and the first will consequently be seen to increase. On the east of Jupiter, very near its greatest elongation, and at the distance of 9.1, is observed the fourth; it recedes very slowly from the planet: this satellite has passed its greatest elongation at 10 on the following evening, and is seen at the distance of 9.6 very gradually approaching the primary. The first has also just passed its eastern elongation, and is gradually approaching Jupiter; its distance is 2.4. The third has also just reached its greatest western elongation, its distance being 5.6. The second is also noticed to the west of the primary, at the distance of 3.6, approaching it. The first and fourth appear nearly in conjunction, as seen from Jupiter, and the third in opposition to them. This evening will prevent some interesting observations, as three of the satellites are near their greatest elongations. On the 13th, at 10 in the evening, the second is observed at 2.0 to the east of the planet, receding from it, and the fourth approaching the primary at the distance of 8.4: they are consequently approaching each other. On the west of Jupiter are seen the first and third, both approaching the primary; the former at the distance of 1.8, and the latter at 2.6. The motion of the first being the swiftest, the distance between it and the third is observed gradually to increase. It does not reach Jupiter before he sets, the time of his setting being 58 minutes past 3 in the morning of the 14th inst. At this time his situation in the ecliptic is 7 degrees 45 minutes of Scorpio, his latitude being 1 degree 22 minutes north: he is distant from 5 Libræ 3 degrees 30 minutes, from μ Libræ 3 degrees 54 minutes, from α Libræ 5 degrees, from λ Virginis 3 degrees 30 minutes, and from 2 Virginis 2 degrees 48 minutes. He is consequently the apex of an isosceles triangle, 5 Libræ and λ Virginis forming the base; and from the 3d to the 13th he forms scalene triangles with α and μ Libræ, the latter star and 5 Libræ, μ Libræ and 2 Virginis, and the latter star and λ Virginis.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

A writer in a recent number of 'The Literary Gazette,' (April 19,) has given the public a view of the celebrated Abbey of Newstead, taken in the depth of winter, when the keenness and severity of the weather seem, if we may judge from the conclusion of his description, to have operated so strongly on his feelings as to have *benumbed his charity*, and led him to libel the family residing at that seat in the following passage:

'This pile, once the secluded haunt of those who had retired from the world, and devoted themselves to God, is now the seat of dandy valets and forward grooms—the seat of fashion and its follies, where *the corruption of manners of the nineteenth century taints every nobler feeling of the heart, and cold formality takes the place of cordial benevolence.*'

In order to present another picture of the manners and character of those now inhabiting this classic ground, we present a statement furnished us for the purpose, presenting a view of the Abbey and its inmates, taken in a warmer season, and with feelings more in unison with the acknowledged liberality, kindness, and hospitality of the present owner of that venerable pile. The letter is as follows:

SIR,—I have been in the habit of visiting the Abbey of Newstead, long before it became the property of the present proprietor, and during the time that it was the residence of the illustrious poet. I have known many who undertook a pilgrimage to the ruined monastery at the expense of great personal inconvenience, if not of danger, arising from the necessity of passing through a swamp which surrounded the buildings without, and from the accumulation of rubbish and the state of decay within. At the time it passed from the hands of Lord Byron into those of his gallant friend and school-fellow, Colonel Wildman, it was approached over a barren and deep sand, the ground on all sides speaking a wretchedness corresponding with the still greater signs of desolation within and around the Abbey itself. The beautiful western front of the conventual church was crumbling into ruin; disfigured as it was by a barbarous innovation of a large four-cornered latticed window; the pavement of the cloisters was torn up and the surface beneath it dug up, the crypts were filled with earth and rubbish, the chapel converted into a bath, the refectory, which, though occasionally occupied, was damp and in a state of dangerous decay, the galleries admitted the weather in every point, the floors gave way under the feet, while the ceilings were hastening to their fall; and, to complete the scene, the garden had become a morass choked with the growth of weeds. Well might Byron weep over this state of the house of his ancestors:—

'Newstead! what sadd'ning change of scene is thine!
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;
The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.
'Deserted now, he scans the gray-worn towers—
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep—
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers:
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.'

Such was Newstead when it came into the possession of the present owner, and how is it now?

The visitor approaches from the high road along another winding through plantations over the hill and down a valley, at the further end of which turrets and minarets mark the site of the venerable remains of the church, while, beyond this, an extensive lake ranges under hills crowned with masses of the ancient wood. But Byron's words best describe it.

'It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the druid oak
Stood like Caractacus, in act to rally
His host, with broad arms, 'gainst the thunder-stroke;
And, from beneath his boughs, were seen to sally
The dappled foresters. As day awoke,
The branching stag swept down, with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

'Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soft way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.'

On reaching the Abbey, the first striking object is the ruined screen of the conventual church, dedicated to the Virgin, whose figure, holding the infant Saviour in her arms, is sculptured in the niche at the crown of the arch of the great window:

'A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile,
(While yet the church was Rome's,) stood, half apart,
In a grand arch, which once screened many an aisle.
These last had disappear'd,—a loss to art;
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourned the power of Time's or Tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

'Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
But these had fall'n, not when the Friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from the throne,
When each house was a portalice,—as tell
The annals of many a line undone,—
The gallant Cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign nor reign.

'But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
The Virgin mother of the God-born child,
With her son in her blest arms, look'd round,—
Spared by some chance, when all beside was spoil'd;
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

'A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Thro' which the deepened glories once could enter,
Streaming off from the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate;—now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps thro' its fret-work, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenc'd quire
Lie with their hallelujahs, quench'd like fire.'

The architecture, with a taste correct in the extreme, is perfectly restored; all the frightful innovations have been closed, and the whole has undergone thorough reparation. The cloisters are renovated, the pavement relaid, and the arched openings perfected. The chapel is more than restored to all its original beauty and solemnity, while the whole fabric has undergone a revision which, retaining all the comforts and accommodations of a modern edifice, has all the characters of a monastic building. When the visitor has traversed the magnificent refectory, now a drawing-room of princely dimensions, and which rests upon the solid arches of the crypt below, and has passed through the various galleries, the library, the banqueting-hall, the vaulted vestibule, and the cloisters, he is led to the survey of the buildings without. On the [illegible]

upon the consecrated area of the Abbey Church, where majestic, towering, and umbrageous trees throw a protecting and a sombre shade upon the site of the ruined church, and upon the beautiful sod which covers its aisles. On the east, lies the extensive garden of the Monastery, with its high terraced walks, quaint parterres, its immense pool of clear running water, set in a broad frame of the greenest grass, its lordly trees and shady walks, from various points of which interesting parts of the building are occasionally caught. On the south side a noble range of building, forming the principal front of the Abbey, looks over a sheet of water into the park and grounds beyond, commanding a beautiful view of lawn and upland scenery. While, before the western front, which comprehends, in one line, the entrance, the banqueting-hall, and the screen of the church, lies the lake before described, on which are anchored the various painted vessels which give life and vivacity to the scene around.

Such is Newstead, and such it has been made by the taste of the present possessor; one who has ever thrown open the doors of this Abbey to the reception of every *respectable* applicant for admission; one who, in the circle of his own friends, is known to exercise the rites of a refined and unlimited hospitality; one, whose engaging and condescending manners have endeared him to every class of people around him. His acts of benevolence and charity have been carried to no common extent; and, indeed, particulars of the most interesting nature might be detailed, to which his bounty has given birth, equalled only by the fictions of romance. With the deep and proper feelings of religion, too, he has established, on the Sabbath, a regular service in his chapel, at which the neighbouring peasantry or visitors are permitted to join with the family: in short, it is sufficient to say, that the pursuits of the possessor of Newstead are those of a man of taste and refinement. Amidst his grounds, and in his Abbey, (over the whole of which the spirit of Byron has cast a charm,) in his library of well-chosen and valuable books, and amidst the elegancies of life, he passes his time, ever ready to show the courtesies of society to strangers, to receive his friends with a hospitality as sincere as it is warm, and to extend the hand of charity to the poor and necessitous.—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

One of the Brethren of a
Neighbouring Priory.

VARIETIES.

Chiefly Selected from Recent Letters of Continental Correspondents.

Mademoiselle Mars.

'What leads all Paris to the Courts, I pray?'
''Tis Mars's robbery comes out to day;—
Constance, the Maid, is grievously suspected,
Of stealing that which *L'Inconstance* collected.'

Louis Buonaparte.

The Ex-King of Holland, who has for some years past frequently visited Florence, has just purchased an hotel in that delightful city, where he intends in future to take up his residence.

Goethe.

'Egmont,' a tragedy of this illustrious poet, was brought forward on the 22d of March, at the theatre of Frankfort. The music of the piece was by *Beethoven*.

La Fiancee de Lammermoor.

The admirable tale of Sir Walter Scott, has furnished *M. Ducange* with the subject of a drama, which has been just represented at the *Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin*, at Paris, with complete success. *M. Frederic* and *Madame Dorval*, who perform the principal characters, have added to their already deservedly high reputation by their acting in this piece.

Le Chateau de M. de Baron.

Le Théâtre des Variétés tells steps with its rivals in the march of fame and riches. Really, Morton, Reynolds, Hook, and Co., when shall we have any *variété* from you? The story is made up of a troop of strolling players, who reform, by ridicule, the conduct of a *parvenu*, proud of his newly acquired titles and chateau; then there is a pretended Prince, who distributes decorations and honours in profusion, and without discrimination. I doubt whether this would do in London: Mr. ———, the licenser, might be apt to deem the satire too severe at this moment.

La Demoiselle du Comptoir, ou le Premier Debut.

This is the title of a *Vaudeville*, which has been just produced at the theatre of that name, at Paris, with complete success. The principal personage is a young seamstress, who is taken from her vulgar occupation, by a man of rank, to make her appearance on the stage. Wit, humour, and sentiment abound; and the authors, *Messieurs Melesville, Farmouche*, and *Arnédée*, had reason to be fully satisfied at the reception given to their production. The character of the seamstress was *fine-drawn;* the house was filled to the very *borders*,—there was no *hemming*, and *marks* of approbation were universal.

The Prince of Orange.

The departure of the hereditary Prince for Saint Petersburgh has given rise to much speculation in France and the Low Countries. It has been represented by some that his Royal Highness is to have a command in the armies of Russia in their intended attack on Turkey. Others allege that the Emperor Nicholas has offered him the Crown of Greece, and that he has accepted the bearskin ere the bear be caught. A third party supposes, with more probability, that from the close connection of the Prince with England formerly, and his personal relation to the Duke of Wellington, he has consented to interfere with the Emperor Nicholas, for the purposes of pacification. His Royal Highness is too wise to undertake a fool's errand: so we must wait with patience, and a short time will serve to explain the motives of his journey.

L'Orpheline Russe.

Mademoiselle Leontine-Fay has produced a great sensation at Paris, as the *personifier* of a dumb Russian girl, in the drama of M. Scribe, of the above name, just produced at the Théâtre de Madame. She is a delightful actress; and, had we not Miss Kelly, and did not the remembrance of Mrs. Charles Kemble exist with us, as lively as Madame Vestris herself, we might envy the French the possession of so charming a person; but we of the olden time are content to boast of Mrs. Charles Kemble. I wish we could see her revive for once in Cinderella; as for our sons, they may well be proud of Miss Kelly. For the plot of M. Scribe's piece, it is just as intricate as the question of the Corn Laws, and 'The Athenæum' has but eight pages to describe it in; besides, it would not be fair to anticipate the patent English mangle of ———, for it will no doubt be subject to the operation until all interest and wit be fairly *pressed* out of it. *The original* (not M. ———, but the piece) is a composition of good things, taken from olden plays, in place and dialogue; but we can yet bear to laugh at what our fathers laughed at before us. It is abundant in wit, tenderness, interest, and plagiarisms, and has deservedly been applauded. If ——— has it on the London boards, and he hopes for favour, let him render all the *personæ* dumb, as the 'Orpheline Russe,' and mayhap he may have one chance in his favour.

Matrimonial Numerals.

'So lately wedded, yet so quarrelsome grown:
Reflect, my friend, your wife and you are *one*;'
'*One*, Sir,' cried Tom, 'pray, *one* was it that meant ye?
List when we're *at it*: and you'd swear we're *twenty*.'

M. Roy.

All goes on merrily in France since the change of Ministry, and hearts are light and gay since the country has been relieved from the night-mare sway of M. de Villèle. The present Minister of Finance, sharing in the joy of his compatriots, has, with the production of the budget, announced his intention of adopting *ways and means* to procure himself a wife, and has turned his thoughts towards Mademoiselle De Baville, the lovely daughter of M. l'Architecte du Théâtre du Gymnase. Mademoiselle is said to be 'of the first *order* of fine forms;' while Monsieur has opened his approaches, relying more on *D'or-ique* qualities, than on his sixty-three years and two daughters, for success. Notwithstanding the minister's peerage, and his accumulation of eight hundred thousand francs of *rentes*, it is more than probable, that, were she to consult her own inclination, Mademoiselle would prefer small change, as the young lady, who, having a sexagenarian proposed to her as a husband, dutifully replied, 'Dear mamma, if it be all the same to you, instead of a spouse of sixty, I would prefer *two* at thirty each.' 'De gustibus non est disputandum.'

Le Duc de Rovigo.

Bossange, the bookseller, having purchased the manuscript of the 'Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo,' this work is announced as nearly ready for publication. There can be nothing more calculated to excite curiosity than the history of Savary's life, which has been, throughout, of the most eventful character. After the fall of Buonaparte, he was sent prisoner to the island of Malta, and was for some time confined there, in Fort Emanuel, being, however, freely permitted to take exercise to the utmost extent of the fortifications, whence he might be seen, from the city La Valette, walking on the ramparts, with his companions in captivity. I believe Sir Thomas Maitland, Governor of the island, paid him a visit once or twice; but preserved, it was said, a far too dignified manner towards one who had been so largely affected by reverse of fortune, whatever might have been his errors and his crimes. Why he was selected for punishment I know not; and, perhaps those who had directed it were as little capable of telling, for the mode of liberating him was somewhat curious. The vessel of Captain Llewellyn, in the Smyrna trade, had cleared out from the port of Malta one morning; but although the wind was fair for his voyage to the Levant, those who knew him (and who did not know the best boon-companion and singer that ever sailed the Mediterranean?) were surprised that the brig stood on and off the entire day: and evening set in, while she still practised the same manœuvre. The night had somewhat advanced, when Llewellyn appeared at a party, where he was heartily rallied for his not taking advantage of the westerly breeze to prosecute his voyage: but he drank his wine, and sang his song—and midnight was long past ere the jovial sitting was concluded. At day-light, however, he was out of sight, and Fort Emanuel was deserted by its former tenants, (for with Savary were Lallemand, Polowski, and others,) and it was whispered, (for it is wonderful the degree of mystery that prevailed in little things under the then colonial regime,) that the Duke had been embarked at midnight in the brig for Smyrna. There he arrived safely; but was near being assassinated, if I remember well, on his landing. A manuscript of his Memoirs was reported, after his departure from Malta, to be in the hands of a Mr. Corner, captain of the port there; but whether they were confided to him by the author or the Government, I know not. Probably it is the same which now promises to be so productive to M. Bossange.

Gall the Craniologist.

The Germans are far more tenacious of a good thing than their sprightly neighbours the French, or ourselves. The skull of Adam himself is about now as interesting to the latter, as a research of their craniums to find indexes of the soul—if a Frenchman's spiritual nature be not rather what Dryden silly enough, in his *emendations* of 'The Tempest,' called 'a little blue thing that flies about on a frosty morning.' A German is, however, serious in what he undertakes, whether it be love or war, sentiment or eating. Like the ancient Egyptians, his life and faculties are devoted to one, and but one, object; therefore, they perfect, but seldom invent; and patience and perseverance supply the place of thought or enterprise. Lord Clanwilliam—a Greek youth—a Highlander—an Air of Rossini (and he has plenty, Heaven knows)—a new quadrille—are all capable of producing a *sensation* at Paris; but pork and sour-crout forefend, that such toys should move a German's soul! When *he* feels, it must be for what may well justify the earthquake-like emotion in him; it must be important in itself and to him; no less interesting to his own generation than to posterity; it must involve the present and the future—life, death, and immortality. At Vienna, cant is less endurable, as it is more enduring; and, if consistency be a virtue, they have it in perfection in all things, good, bad, and indifferent. Gall took it into his head, a short time since, to visit one of the prisons of this country, where he was unknown to its inmates as they were to him. One man, who, under a shabby exterior, gave signs of having seen better days, with difficulty submitted to the craniological attempts of the Professor; but, being induced, after some persuasion, Gall addressed him by observing, 'that it was to be deplored that he had attempted to gain subsistence by vile or iniquitous means, as the faculties of a comedian were so largely developed in his globe, that fame and fortune would undoubtedly have attended his histrionic efforts.' The prisoner, taken by surprise, burst into tears, confessed his name and origin, and proved himself to be one who had long shared no limited portion of public favour as a comic actor, but whom vicious pursuits and profligacy had now consigned to a shameful abode. This circumstance has revived ancient predilections in favour of the system, and heads are once more worked at, from the Emperor to the cottager, from Metternich to his serf, to ascertain the legitimate claims of unfledged and yet unconscious statesmen, poets, and warriors. Let the First Lord of the Treasury look to it, for it is reported that Gall intends to revisit England. If ever there were a case where the Alien laws should be severely enforced, it would be in his, as he might, haply, let the vulgar into Cabinet secrets well worth [illegible]

Casimir De La Vigne.

'La Princess Aurelie,' a Comedy in five acts and in verse, has been announced as in preparation at the Théâtre Français, at Paris; and, if we are to form a judgment of its possible success by the merits of the dramatic pieces as yet produced by the talented author, it will be equally honourable to himself and his country. A chasteness of conception, regularity of plot and purity of style, have distinguished the compositions of M. De La Vigne hitherto; and, if deprived of that broader character of farce which a British public now demands, they are only the more calculated to endure beyond the ephemeral existence allotted to our more modern dramas. We have often heard it drawled out by some *lognette*, the affecting professor of 'our land's language,' in the *Cafés* of Paris, that De La Vigne's comedies would not be suffered in England, to the inexpressible horror of some shoulder-elevating Frenchman. We believe it; but, without intending the slightest compliment to British taste, and can even suppose, that those who admire the productions of Reynolds, Morton, Diamond, and Hooke, might feel some difficulty in duly appreciating the merits of Casimir De La Vigne. Since the above was written, the piece has been produced; but with an effect far inferior to what the friends of the poet had anticipated, and which the name of the author might have augured. The style and expression of the sentiments are equally elegant and forcible, but there is a defect of plot and dramatic situation. These would have been no obstacles probably to the success of a drama on the London boards, but the French are unconscionably fastidious.

Haroun-al-Raschin.

The caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, having fallen in love with a female slave belonging to his brother Ibrahim, desired to purchase her, and offered an enormous price for her person. Ibrahim was by no means disinclined to accede to his brother's wish, but he had *sworn* never to dispose of her, and was therefore at a loss how to oblige the monarch without violating his oath. Abu-Joseph, a learned and cunning scribe, being called in to advise, speedily hit upon an expedient. The caliph was to offer double the sum first tendered, but Ibrahim was only to accept *one-half* of it, and make him *a present* of the other, by which means he could not be legally said to have *sold* the slave. This arrangement, however, was not sufficient 'to turn the corner' of the impediments, which Abu-Joseph next discovered; the law forbids a Musulman to touch even the garment of his brother's concubine, until she shall have been transferred to some third party. Abu-Joseph was too dexterous a hand to 'stick in this new morass,' and whispered into the caliph's ear, that 'he should marry her to one of his slaves, on condition that he should instantly cast her off.' The espousal took place; but a fresh and unanticipated obstacle threatened to baffle all their calculations: the slave took a sudden fancy to his seductive bride, and, when the ceremony was completed, would not suffer his passion to be cooled either by threats or entreaties, so obstinately was he bent on *not* casting off his 'new beloved.' The caliph was bursting with rage, whilst Abu-Joseph was cogitating on the means of escaping the bow-string; at last his lips moved. 'The man is thy slave, most potent caliph,' he observed: 'thou hast the right of bestowing him on another; such being thy privilege, give him to his wife. As soon as this is done, the parties must be divorced; for our holy laws forbid a woman from contracting marriage with her slave.' The scribe's cunning succeeded. The poor ad-interim bridegroom became subject to his betrothed, and was compelled to resign her, without a murmur, to the delighted monarch. Every party came out of this concatenation of dilemmas to their heart's content, save and except the disconsolate, interpolated, and cast-off husband. The caliph was enraptured with his acquisition; his brother, with having legally violated his oath; the female, with seeing the 'father of the faithful' at her feet; and Abu-Joseph, with the heavy contributions he had levied on his three clients.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Cambridge, May 2.—On Saturday, 27th ult., Mr. R. Clutton, B.A., of Emmanuel College, was elected Fellow of that Society.

Oxford, May 2.—M. A.: C. H. Turner, Christ Church.—T. Paley, University College.—Rev. T. Penrudduke, Wadham College.—Rev. R. Shuckburgh, Trinity College.—B. Estcourt, Fellow of Merton College.

B. A.: The Honourable Viscount Encombe, New College.—T. Spears, Pembroke College.—G. H. Goodwin, Queen's College.—E. C. Harrington, Worcester College.—W. M. Dupre, Christ Church.

On the same day, R. T. Tucker, of Queen's College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The number and variety of the Public Exhibitions, just now opened for the gratification of the crowded world of wealth and fashion at present thronging the metropolis, compel us to postpone several interesting communications until our next, especially a letter from that unhappily 'clever man,' whose 'Misfortunes' were noticed in our last; and a Third Letter from Cambridge to the Lord Bishop of Chester on the London University.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

By some neglect on the part of the manufacturers, which was not discovered until too late to be remedied, the Paper supplied for the last Number of 'The Athenæum' *was of a different size and quality to that on which it is usually printed. Measures have been taken, however, to secure greater uniformity in this respect in future.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. M'Cormac, of Belfast, announces for immediate publication, an Essay on the Causes and Cure of Stammering or Impediments of Speech; by the perusal of which he professes to place it in the power of the most confirmed stammerer to effect his own cure in a few days, and often in a few hours.

Early in this month will appear 'The Reign of James II., or the Revolution of 1688;' a Tragedy, with Historical Notes, &c. By John Crawford Whitehead, M.D., author of 'Considerations upon the Present State of Medical Practice in Great Britain.'

A third edition is in the press of the 'Correspondence and Memoirs of the late Lord Collingwood,' by G. L. Newnham Collingwood, Esq.

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The British Farmer's Quarterly Magazine, No. VII. 4s.
Edwards's Botanical Register, or Ornamental Flower Garden and Shrubbery, No. III. for May, 4s.
Farewell to Time, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
Guiot's Course of French Lectures, 12mo., 7s.
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Much Ado about Nothing, or Illustrations of Old Sayings, 5s. plain, and 9s. coloured.
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Memoirs of Lord Burghley, by the Rev. Dr. Nares. vol. 1., 4to., 3l. 3s., large paper, 4l. 4s.
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Dugald Stewart on the Active and Moral Powers of Man, 2 vols., 8vo., 1l. 4s.
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Leslie's Vision of the Heavenly World, 12mo., 3s.
The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, and the Prize Essays and Transactions of the Highland Society. Part I., 5s. 6d.
The Gentleman's Magazine of Fashion, No. 1., 2s.
Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages, Part 31.
Brockedon's Passes of the Alps, No. 6.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 8 A.M. and 8 P.M.	Month.	Therm. A.M.	Therm. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Cloud.
	April 28	65½°	60½°	30. 10	S.W.	Serene.	Cirrostratus
	Tues. 29	66	63½	30. 07	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cumulus.
	Wed. 30	62½	55½	30. 09	N.E.	Fair. Cl.	Cirrostratus
	May 1	56	56½	30. 12	NW.toN	Serene.	Cirr. Cum.
	Fri. 2	55½	53	30. 07	E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
	Satur. 3	53½	55	29. 80	E.toSW.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus
	Sun. 4	57	56½	29. 50	Variable	Rain.	Cum. Nimb.

Nights fair, except on Saturday and Sunday. Thick fog and heavy dew on the mornings of Thursday and Friday. Rain on Sunday morning. Thunder on Sunday afternoon.

In proof of the comparative mildness of the past and present season, vegetation and foliage are fully three weeks in advance of their growth this time last year.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun and Saturn in opposition on Wed., at 10½h. P.M.
The Moon and Jupiter in conjunction on Wed., at 11h. P.M.
The Moon and Mars in ditto on Sunday, at 6½h. A.M.
The Moon in perigeum on Sunday. Sun's place on Sunday, 12° 54′ in Taurus. Length of day on Sunday, 14h. 58 min.

This day is published,

THE HISTORY OF ROME, by B. G. Niebuhr. Translated by Julius C. Hare, M.A., and Connop Thirwall, M.A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge.—Vol. I., 8vo. Price 15s.

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Cambridge: printed by John Smith, printer to the University, for John Taylor, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, bookseller and publisher to the University of London, and sold by James Duncan, Paternoster Row.

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THE ATHENÆUM.

London Literary and Critical Journal.

No. 29. LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1828. Price 8*d*.

ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE MODERN ELEGY.

[Communicated for The Athenæum, by M. Tissot, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, and late Professor of Latin Poetry at the College of France.—V. p. 415.]

The province of elegiac composition has been cultivated with equal care and assiduity by the moderns, as by the writers of antiquity. During the early ages of the Church, Lactantius and St. Ambrose composed elegies on the passion of Christ; Victorinus sang the martyrdom of the Maccabees; and Prudentius celebrated, in strains of pity, the holy heroes that shed their blood for the faith. In more modern times, the artless compositions of the Troubadours that have come down to us, betray a character of natural and plaintive melancholy which equally charms and melts the heart. Afterwards, when the modern tongues of Europe were divested of the rust of the Middle Ages, when the dawn of learning began to re-appear after a night of seemingly interminable length, the imaginations of the poets were deeply impressed with a tinge of pathos and melancholy displayed in their compositions, which seem to assign them over to the elegiac tribe.

The Homer of Portugal manifested the power of his genius in elegy, as in epic poetry. His long train of misfortunes, his banishment of bitterness and sorrow, his lamentable and unsuccessful amours, and the chivalric adventures of a life shared by the vicissitudes of poetry and war, explain the double direction of the genius of the eloquent painter of the woes of Inès de Castro, equally gifted with the pathetic and the sublime. Camoens has also composed a paraphrase on the 137th Psalm, which bears a high degree of celebrity in Portugal, and which, owing to the singular circumstances under which it was written, is always read with never-failing interest. The poet was on his return from Macao, when he was shipwrecked on the coast of Camboya; and, in that afflicting position, exposed on a dreary and a distant shore, he still breathed his love for his native country in strains that emulate the pathos of the Hebrews who sat on the banks of the waters of Babylon.

Saa de Miranda belongs as much to Spain as to Portugal, and he generally writes in the dialect of Castile. The elegy written by this poet on the death of his son, who perished on the field of battle in Africa, is distinguished by a vein of religious feeling which well accords with a heart wounded in its dearest sympathies. Antonio Ferreira, whom his contemporaries styled the Horace of Portugal, devoted, in the same way, his elegiac powers to the memory of his own friends, and that of the heroes of his age. This author aimed at a correctness of diction and sentiment, that seemed more estimable in his eyes than the impetuous sallies of genius which sometimes transport a poet beyond all ordinary bounds and transgress the limits of art. Next to him we meet with Andrade Caminha and Diego Bernardes, both disciples of Ferreira; Rodriguez Lobo, and Jeronymo Cortereal, who wrote a poem on the misfortunes of the same Manuel de Souza Sepulveda, whose shipwreck on the coast of Africa had been previously described by Camoens. Spain is fully deserving of honour on account of its numerous ballads of chivalry, which may be considered as elegiac songs of sensibility and superior merit. We cannot, however, enlarge on a species of composition which belongs to the ruder efforts of the art. The first poet regarded by the Spaniards as a classic model, is Juan Boscan Almogaver, who, like his friend Garcilasso de la Vega, imitated the poets of Italy. Boscan, especially, imitates Petrarch, but with a greater degree of energy and animation of style. He frequently exhibits the correctness, though not the harmony, of the Tuscan bard. Garcilasso, also, is an imitator of the poet of Vaucluse, and, by his delicacy, grace, and fancy, surpasses Boscan in approximating to their mutual model. The literature of Spain contains many other poets who have written elegies; and among them we meet, not without some surprise, with the most fruitful and indefatigable of all dramatic authors, Lopez de Vega. The sonnets and canzonets of the swan of Vaucluse enjoy a high reputation throughout Europe, and, independently of their real merit, they have strong claims on attention as the earliest essays of modern literature. Nothing, certainly, can be more pure and celestial than the Poet's passion for Laura; and many have been inclined to suppose that the existence of such a person is problematical and questionable. But the poet has classical authority on his side for a passion of such wonderful constancy and sincerity; and the muses of Mimnermus, Tibullus, and Propertius, justify the propensities of Petrarch, though his poetry is essentially different from the amatory elegy of the ancient writers. The principle of chivalry, which philosophers assign to modern times only, had given rise to ideas of exalted and enthusiastic love and admiration. Thus this passion became a species of religion, mingled with the fervour of Platonic contemplation, and invoked in a strain of mysticism which frequently occurs in the compositions of Petrarch. Alammani, Guarini, and Chiabrera, have also produced, with more or less success, and under different titles, several little pieces, which may be considered as genuine elegies. The Italians, especially, have preserved in their elegiac strains that gravity and majesty which are produced by great miseries, either public or private; as we find Castaldi, lamenting the eclipse of the glories of Italy, has composed a hymn which breathes the true spirit of poetry and patriotism. In the same way, Filicaja, in the seventeenth century, followed the footsteps of Castaldi. More recently, Pindemonti has diffused over his poetical compositions an air of musing and melancholy, which comes nearer than any similar essay to Gray's admirable 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.'

According to the example of the great epic poets of ancient Rome, as well as those of Italy and Portugal, Milton has left behind him several poetical effusions, full of the most interesting sensibility. A more considerable work, which may be regarded as a series of mournful elegies, is the well-known 'Night Thoughts' of Young; but it is not easy to conceive how this English Doctor, who had experienced real misfortunes, and possessed indisputable talent, could be so very forced and unnatural, as he frequently is, in the description of his own woes. He sometimes gives way to the most ridiculous declamations, and the most intolerably tedious apostrophes, as well as the most unpardonable disorder and incongruity, so that the reader is prevented from feeling any sympathy with the sentiments of the poet. These terms may appear against the [illegible] whose judgments are dazzled by the great success of the 'Night Thoughts;' but let them recollect, that the most severe criticisms that have been passed on the work, have proceeded from the author's own countrymen. It must be acknowledged, however, that the Fourth and the Sixth Nights contain excellencies of a superior order, such as appear frequently in Young, and effusions of poetical sentiment, which harmonise with the natural feelings of the heart. Among the English, Lord Lyttleton, William Mickle, and Miss Seward, have equally distinguished themselves by elegiac productions that do honour to the literature of their nation. But, among all the poets of England that have attempted elegy, the most celebrated, and justly so, is Thomas Gray, the author of the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard.' Some of the odes of this poet possess, also, a considerable portion of the elegiac spirit. In proportion as man advances in life, he beholds the fond illusions vanish that interested his youth and manhood, and the sensations naturally felt by a heart disenchanted of the dazzling visions of early life, are invested with a peculiar charm of poetical sensibility. In his fine ode 'on a distant Prospect of Eton College,' the same turn of mind predominates to the fullest extent. But in the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' the poet has soared to an elevation far beyond the pretensions of any other poets of his country who attempted the elegiac style. Accordingly, this composition is Gray's masterpiece; it breathes a sweetness of melancholy sensibility, and of gentle unassuming philosophy, that has excited the admiration of all Europe. In every country, writers of every class have attempted to infuse it into their respective languages: several of these translations have appeared in French, but none of them have done full justice to the original. It would be unjust, however, to refuse acknowledging the merit of Cherier's attempt, who has also given us a fine elegy, entitled 'The Promenade.'

It is a circumstance highly honourable to France, that, next to the stanzas of Malherbe, addressed to Duperier, the first elegy ranked among the records of her literature, as a model of poetry and eloquence, is an effort, inspired by one of the noblest sentiments of the human heart, that is, devotion to deposed eminence. In spite of numerous malversations, Fouqué owes it, perhaps, to Pellisson and La Fontaine, that his memory is not loaded with all the odium that is justly attached to dilapidating and peculating Ministers. But it is a matter of surprise, that Louis XIV. did not imitate the magnanimity of Cæsar, who, overcome by the eloquence of Cicero, let fall from his hands the papers that doomed Ligarius to condemnation. The courageous conduct of Pellisson, and even of La Fontaine, merited a triumph of that description.

The little piece of Voltaire on the death of his friend Genonville, deserves to be ranked among the best elegies in the world of letters, and perhaps it merits a preference over the ode of Horace on the death of Quintilius Varus.

Every one is acquainted with the pathetic strains that have escaped from Gilbert, who, justly conscious of his own talents, saw with anguish the approach of death, that was coming to cut off all the honours to which he might reasonably

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sive than the sorrow of disappointed genius; and such a feeling dictated to Gilbert some very fine stanzas, which are deserving of the utmost admiration. When we read them, we are tempted to repeat the words of Fenelon: 'Woe to him that feels not the beauty of these lines!'

The elegiac Muse inspired only a scanty number of our poets, and those only on peculiar occasions; when she suddenly re-appeared, such as she was in the times of Tibullus and Propertius, in the melancholy strains with which blighted and disappointed love inspired the author of 'Eleonore.' The ancients had no idea of the sentiments and expressions which give an inexpressible charm to the plaintive song of Parny, whose happiness was forever gone. This author has surpassed himself in the songs of the poem of 'Israel and Aslega,' which are real elegies, that are not to be read without shedding tears. Bertin never soared so far, nor is he to be classed among the genuine composers of elegies.

A young favourite of the Muses, who perished before his time, and was cut off in a cruel manner,—one who possessed abilities enough to revive the Grecian pastoral among us,—became also desirous of emulating Tibullus; but, in spite of the praises heaped on him by his admirers on the score of his elegies, the most beautiful of them all, though it carries the title of an idyl, is the piece called 'Le Malade,' a real masterpiece, that describes so well the pangs and agonies, the delirium and melancholy of love.

An interval of short duration, but pregnant with mighty events, now separates us from the epoch at which this young poet perished, to whom we are paying this last tribute of respect. A monarchy of fourteen centuries' standing, fell to the ground in the midst of uproar and confusion, and brought down with it an immense assemblage of abuses, prejudices, and wrongs, the accumulated crust of ages. Europe, enslaved and combined, directed its efforts against one nation, and was defeated by the arms of Liberty; when a man arose, the greatest captain ever recorded, and, making himself the inheritor of all the struggles, efforts and virtues of the Republic, contrived to falsify the wishes of the nation, and gained a series of successes for twenty years unparalleled in history. Suddenly a reverse arrived, and his fall was as rapid and unexpected as his elevation; and the barbarians of the North encamped in the capital of a people, that, like an armed traveller, had made Europe and even Africa resound with his hymns of victory. In the crisis of our glory, our poets, whose imaginations seemed to have been overpowered by the greatness of the subject, were silent; but, in the moments of reverse, the sacred flame of patriotism revived in their bosoms, and the public grief found a vent in the eloquent effusions of their genius. It was in this spirit that the youthful Casimir Delavigne produced his 'Messeniens,' a tribute of sympathy to a great people overwhelmed by the disasters of the day, which would have been converted into an incredible triumph, had not the caprice of fortune betrayed the interests of a mighty genius superior to itself, in the last struggles of its power. In the same way, Beranger came to embrace the statue of his wretched country, and to chaunt her glories in the midst of her triumphant enemies. It may, therefore, be asserted that what Jeremiah said of Jerusalem is not applicable to France, that 'of all those that loved her, not one came to her consolation.'

Such is the effect which great political agitations have generally had in calling forth the highest and noblest intellects, and in compelling them into patriotic exertion. France, however, is the only country where, at present, it can be said to be known. In England it is the least cultivated of all the branches of metrical composition, and we know of no English author who has any pretensions to the name of an

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

LIFE OF LORD BURGHLEY.

Memoirs of the Life and Administration of the Right Honourable William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Secretary of State in the Reign of King Edward VI., and Lord High Treasurer of England in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Containing an Historical View of the Times in which he lived, and of the many eminent and illustrious Persons with whom he was connected; with Extracts from his Private and Official Correspondence, and other Papers, now first published from the Originals. By the Rev. Edward Nares, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. 4to., pp. 792. Saunders and Otley. London, 1828.

Doctor Nares has undertaken, in the work before us, a task of great use and importance, but one which is of proportionable difficulty. The memoirs of Kings and Statesmen, in whatever age they have lived, form a material part of the history of their times. They require, consequently, the authenticity and the fulness of the general narrative with the particularity of individual biography; and the author who devotes his attention to this species of composition should be in possession, not only of the amplest materials which history may furnish for his Memoir, but also of such matter as may render his work an additional illustration to the pages of history itself. There are, however, two distinct objects, either of which he may with propriety have in view as the principal aim of his writings. He may either compose his work to delineate the character of the individual whose actions he commemorates, in which case it will come under the class of private biographies; or he may send it forth as professedly designed to throw light upon the transactions or events in which the subject of his Memoir was actively engaged, and then it will be properly considered as one of a political or historical nature. These separate objects of writers of this class will necessarily often meet each other, but they may always be sufficiently defined to enable us to class a Memoir with this or that kind of biographical works. The one before us comes, as far as the present volume extends, under the latter species, and may be regarded as hitherto affording a commentary on a particular portion of history, rather than as a life of Secretary Burghley. Considering his work in this light, the learned author has imposed upon himself a labour far surpassing that of ordinary literary undertakings. Elizabeth's Minister was himself a man of great and extraordinary character; but the times in which he lived, and in which his talents were so conspicuously called into action, were still more extraordinary. They were the period of events which agitated not merely our own country, but the whole of continental Europe, and to the influence of which belongs one of the most astonishing revolutions which the world has seen produced both in the opinions and situation of mankind. From the latter half of Henry the Eighth's reign to the firm settlement of Queen Elizabeth on her father's throne, every year was fruitful in important circumstances, and both churchmen and statesmen had their abilities put to the test, in struggles that have, to this day, determined the condition of Protestant Europe. Mankind were awakened from a dream, but they were as yet not certain whether it had spoken truth or falsehood; there were thousands who heard of reformation, as the signal for the destruction of all religion, and of those who promoted it, as of men instigated by the evil spirit of anarchy and atheism. This would have been still more the case, had the change in religion been independent of every thing else. But the Reformation was associated, in its spirit and principles, with renovated learning and new political sentiments. The balance had been altogether turned in favour of human freedom, and of emancipation from the trammels which had hitherto held the intellect of mankind in bondage. It was not so much the rising of parties to cure this or that particular evil, as it was the resurrection of the world from the darkness of a thousand years that was taking place; and the new spirit which animated it, embraced every object on which men place their hopes or conceive to be connected with their destinies. Religious reformation and the gradual alteration of political systems were the great results of this event; but they were so because they comprehend every thing which can engage human attention. Had the new principles been less universal in their tendency, the Court of Rome might have easily satisfied her clamorous opponents; and the Council of Trent, by a little determined attention to the improvement of ecclesiastical discipline, would have greatly retarded all the innovations which it had reason to fear. But the reformation of neither learning, religion, nor government could have been stopped by any partial success in only one of the three. The revival of letters was a most prosperous introduction to the more important one of unabused Christianity; but yet we greatly err, if we regard it in that light alone, or suffer ourselves to view it as detached from the mighty revolution which was ensuing. Each improvement, each object of moral or political importance, as it presented itself to men's minds, arose out of the change which had been taking place in the whole system of public opinion. It was this universality of the excitement, this general awakening of attention, that was, in fact, the origin of every subsequent event. Thousands, however, nay, the greatest number, perhaps, of those who gradually embraced the new opinions, regarded them, at first, as we, have said, with dread and suspicion. They were aroused; they were unsettled in their old opinions; they were convinced of the existence of strong and dangerous error; but it was only the boldest and the sternest-minded that dare at once fix the charge of error on those they had been taught to venerate, or desecrate the men and objects they had held sacred from their youth. It is well observed, therefore, by Doctor Nares, that Luther added liberty to the light which had burst forth; and it certainly deserves to be considered, whether or not any of the substantial improvements which modern times have seen, would have taken place without the spur which he gave to the already commenced revolution in public opinion. Learning would, it is probable, have gone on diffusing its light; but it would never have been strong enough to penetrate into the secret holds of private superstition and corruption; and, if it had done away with scholastic logic and philosophy, it might never have been able to confute opinions which had taken hold of men's hearts and imaginations. Luther and his coadjutors spoke to them of things which all could understand, and they shew the truths and errors in opposition, which regarded the hopes and welfare of all. The instrument they used, was strong enough for the work of pulling down the fortifications of error. Learning had attacked them with its jewel-hilted weapons; but the reformers came to the charge, coated in iron mail, and armed with battle-axes and battering-rams. But we must let Doctor Nares speak to the truth of this opinion.

'But Luther's opposition to the papal power, being the boldest and most direct that had ever yet occurred, if it happened not to concur exactly in point of time with the first revival of learning, did, fortunately, exactly concur with the spirit of *inquiry*, which the revival of learning had stimulated and provoked. And though the latter, notwithstanding the discovery of printing, might, after all, have been stifled or checked in its course, had no higher principle than the mere desire of knowledge stepped in to its support; though the power of the Emperor and the Pope, intimately *combined*, which *might* have been the case, for *such* purposes, would in all likelihood have easily found means of putting limits to the diffusion of knowledge, on the least appearance of danger to the established authorities in church *or* state (for such intellectual thraldom is not even now at an end); yet, when called to the aid of a reformation, which struck at the very root of the

too hard to bear, and which made an appeal to the noblest faculties and highest principles of the human mind, the restoration of letters was calculated to give a surprising force and strength to the reformed party throughout Europe, by enabling it, not only to hold up its head against its opponents, but to loosen, dissolve, and scatter in the air, those visionary chains by which it had hitherto been held captive, the forgeries of the canonists, the servile tenets of the civilians, and, above all, the insidious (because ingenious and plausible) subtleties and sophistry of the schoolmen, especially their casuistical morality. If, as has been well argued, the restoration of letters, beginning amongst the Romanists, brought *light*, it was Luther's Reformation that brought *liberty*.

'This is not mere matter of conjecture; the case is proved by the sudden alarm taken by the court of Rome, so soon as ever the danger of the "*New Learning*," as it was called, came to be understood. The restoration of letters appeared to have had its beginning exactly where it was most wanted, if it had but been allowed to take its *free* course there, as in most favoured places. But, though Italy was the country where the new light began first to spread its rays over a benighted world, and no small progress was made there in the cultivation of literature, before other countries had begun to taste of its salutary and invigorating fruits, yet it seems to have been through *an oversight* of the Popes, as far as regarded the stability of the papal throne, that it was even suffered to proceed so far. The early reformers, in their appeals to Scripture, often made use of translations that had actually been sanctioned by the Popes. "In surveying this portion of history," says Dr. M'Crie, "it is impossible not to admire the arrangements of Providence, when we perceive monks, and bishops, and cardinals, and Popes, active in forging and polishing those weapons which were soon to be turned against themselves, and which they afterwards would fain have blunted, and laboured to decry as unlawful and empoisoned." Works were actually printed at Venice, with the privilege (*cum privilegio*) of the *Inquisitors*, strongly favouring some of the reformed doctrines, but which their ignorance prevented their discovering.

'There is a letter, said to be still extant, from Cardinal Pole to Leo X., in which, after particularly congratulating his Holiness on his success in the propagation of the sciences, the wary Cardinal does not omit to remind him, that it might be of dangerous consequence to make mankind too learned. Even earlier than this, and in our own country, Rowland Philipps, Vicar of Croydon, and Warden of Merton College, Oxford, "esteemed," as Holinshed says, "a notable preacher," foreseeing the probable consequences of the discovery of the art of printing, had publicly denounced it from the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral, as likely to be the bane of the Roman Catholic religion. "We must root out printing," said he, "or printing will root out us." That Leo X., after the example of his father and grandfather, was a promoter of learning, cannot be questioned; it was he who granted a special (though certainly an exclusive) privilege to Aldo, for printing and publishing the Greek and Roman authors; and, though his attention was chiefly confined to the restoration and recovery of the classical writers, for which, indeed, he founded an academy, yet we must not deny him the credit of some attention also to the promotion of theological learning, as may be seen in the dedication of the famous Complutensian Polyglot, by Cardinal Ximenes, addressed to him in 1514. But the alarm began, not with the mere revival of ancient literature, but with what was more emphatically called, the "*New Learning*;" and the effect of this alarm was very curious. At the period of the Reformation, the heads of the Catholic religion, who had at first discovered nothing in the revival of letters but glory and pleasure, or some tendency towards the refinement of manners, began to perceive their own danger, so that an opposition soon sprang up, where the rigour of Catholic policy would be employed to restrain the operations of the mind, which distinguished such countries greatly, and still do distinguish them from those in which no such interposition could avail: this will appear from comparing Italy, Austria, Spain, and the Netherlands, with Saxony, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, England, and Holland. Indeed, after the minds of men in *Italy* had begun to be awakened to a sense of the corruptions of the Romish church, many political reasons led them to stand up in its defence, as the source of much wealth, drawn from all other parts of Europe.'—Vol. i. pp. 29—32.

With the country in this situation, in regard to the most momentous circumstances that could influence its destiny, it was no ordinary talents that could stem the tide of opposition which ignorance, superstition, and an incongruous mixture of anarchy and intolerance drove against the bulwarks of national peace. To Lord Burleigh is the praise due of having acted with more patient and determined firmness, in times like these, than other statesmen have possessed in those of no comparative difficulty; of having effected that, by a grave and experienced wisdom, which others would have resorted to craft and subtlety to accomplish; and of having passed his youth, manhood, and old age at court, distinguished, in each period, more for his learning and accomplishments as a statesman, than for his skill and management as a courtier. But this great man had difficulties of the worst kind to cope with; he stood in situations in which the ordinary maxims of state policy served him nothing; he had to control the mischievous designs of one party, and the hasty, untempered zeal of another; and his opinions, both religious and political, were at first those of a new sect, exposed to obloquy and suspicion,—afterwards, of one doomed to suffer the flames of persecution,—and, at length, those of a nation, but of one which it required all wisdom and foresight to keep in the happy situation it had obtained. Both Lord Burleigh's times and character, therefore, while they furnish the biographer with a subject richly deserving his attention, are such as require no ordinary pen to delineate. To say nothing of party prejudices and controversy, which may find food for debate in every chapter of such a work, there is no period or character in history which, either for usefulness or interest, requires more careful study and ability in the writer. Of Dr. Nares' work, public criticism ought, as yet, to give no decided opinion, as the first volume reaches only to the commencement of Lord Burleigh's most eventful career as a statesman. So far as its contents carry us, it appears to have been the result of careful and extensive research into the ample materials which exist for the undertaking. With regard to style and sentiment, it is written, in general, with great vigour and earnestness. Its author has declared in a very excellent and manly preface his opinions, and seems to have written his book in that honest spirit of mind which keeps a man faithful to his own ideas of right, without suffering him willingly and blindly to leave out what makes against his sentiments. We look with anxiety for the remainder of this work, which, we trust, will confirm our ideas of Dr. Nares' qualifications for the undertaking. Its appearance does credit to every party concerned in the publication; and, as forming a valuable addition to former works on the period of which it treats, it deserves to find an immediate place in every good historical library.

RECORDS OF WOMAN.

Records of Woman: with other Poems. By Felicia Hemans. 12mo. pp. 318. William Blackwood. Edinburgh, 1828.

We have been long wishing to see these exquisite productions of Mrs. Hemans collected into a volume, and they now meet us at the very season best fitted for their appearance. There is something in this lady's poetry which always associates it in our minds with the sweet breathings of summer. It is soft and musical as their gentlest echoes; and not unlike them, because its sweetness and tenderness are sometimes touched with mournfulness. Her images are drawn from all that is fairest and brightest in nature or humanity; and the characters that people her fairy scenes are of the pure and noble-hearted race, alike beautiful in their death and in their love. The spirit that inspires every line, has its impulse from the thoughts of a gentle heart, elevated almost into grandeur by its admiration of a sublime moral purity and greatness; and, read which of her compositions we may, the same delight is manifested in the development of this feeling.

Another striking characteristic of Mrs. Hemans' poetry, is the tone it acquires from the devout love of solitude which uniformly seems to possess its author and inspire her happiest strains. The leafy, deep green shade; the vallies and solitary hills, where the echo and ever-springing fountains have their birth; the isles of the sea, the lone bowery islands of the sea; the river's bank, or the deserted temple:—from haunts like these she has drawn, not merely the illustrations of her verse, but the very spirit of song itself, that seems to have held communion with her in these romantic solitudes. With so many of the characteristics of genuine poetry, there is no doubt the composition of this amiable authoress would have attracted general admiration, had they possessed no higher quality. But it is not either on their mere beauty or pathos they depend, but on their impressive morality. Several other writers may have given occasionally as exquisite delineations of female love, as noble and inspiring pictures of high, self-devoting bravery; but none but the greatest geniuses have ever equalled her, in blending the tenderness of female love with the dignity of all female graces, or the bravery of man with so many of the virtues of patriotism.

In the volume now before us, the highest excellencies of Mrs. Hemans' poetry are displayed in their strongest light. The Records of her own sex, of those who have perished in the devotedness of their souls to their faith and love, furnished her, without fiction, with themes in every way suited to her pen. She has selected those the best adapted to show woman in her loveliest character; and never were the charms of the most exquisite verse strengthened by sentiments more beautiful, or fitter for a pure and an exalted soul. We give the following specimens of this delightful volume: the first, from the 'Records of Woman;' the others, from the minor poems which form the latter part of the collection:

The Switzer's Wife.

Nor look nor tone revealeth aught
Save woman's quietness of thought;
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and might.

M. J. J.

* * * * * * *

Wer solch ein herz an seinen Busen drückt,
Der kann fur herd und hof mit freuden fechten.

Wilhelm Tell.

'It was the time when children bound to meet
Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
And when the herd's returning bells are sweet
In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,
And the last note of that wild horn swells by,
Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

'And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,
Touched with the crimson of the dying hour,
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierced its lattice thro' the vine-hung bower;
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first look'd mournful in its green repose.

'For Werner sat beneath the linden-tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
Ev'n as man sits whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
Th' accustom'd joy in all which evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

'His wife stood hush'd before him,—sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mien;—he mark'd it not.
The silvery laughter of his bright-hair'd child
Rang from the greensward round the shelter'd spot,
But seem'd unheard; until at last the boy
Raised from his heap'd up flowers a glance of joy,

'And met his father's face: but then a change
Pass'd swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
And a quick sense of something dimly strange
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
So often climb'd, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

'Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook;
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look,
Thro' tears half quivering, o'er him bent, and said,
"What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart its prey,
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away?

' " It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!
Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
Missing the smile from thine? Oh! cheer thee! bend
To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en now!
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care."

' He looked up into that sweet earnest face,
But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band
Was loosen'd from his soul; its inmost place
Not yet unveil'd by love's o'ermastering band.
" Speak low!" he cried, and pointed where on high,
The white Alps glitter'd thro' the solemn sky:

' " We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
And their free torrents; for the days are come
When tyranny lies couch'd by forest-rills,
And meets the shepherd in his mountain-home.
Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear,
Keep silence by the hearth! its foes are near.

' " The envy of th' oppressor's eye hath been
Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
Under my household tree, if not serene,
Yet with the faces best-beloved in sight:
To-morrow eve may find me chain'd, and thee—
How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see?"

' The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek;
Back on the linden-stem she lean'd her form,
And her lip trembled, as it strove to speak,
Like a frail harp-string, shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness pass'd,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

' And she, that ever thro' her home had moved
With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and stedfastly that hour,
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

' Ay pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gather'd might
As it found language:—" Are we thus oppress'd?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

' " I know what thou wouldst do,—and be it done!
Thy soul is darken'd with its fears for me.
Trust me to Heaven, my husband, this, thy son,
The babe whom I have born thee, must be free!
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

' " Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,
My hunter of the hills! thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!
I can bear all, but seeing *thee* subdued,—
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

' " Go forth beside the waters, and along
The Chamois-path, and thro' the forests go;
And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that midst the hamlets glow.
God shall be with thee, my beloved!—Away!
Bless but thy child, and leave me,—I can pray!"

' He sprang up like a warrior-youth awaking
To clarion-sounds upon the ringing air;
He caught her to his breast, while proud tears, breaking
From his dark eyes, fell o'er her braided hair,—
And " Worthy art thou," was his joyous cry,
" That man for thee should gird himself to die.

' " My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!
Now shall thy name be armour to my heart;
And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
Be taught of thee to choose the better part!
I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell,
Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps—Farewell!"

' And thus they parted by the quiet lake,
In the clear starlight: he, the strength to rouse
Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
Singing its blue, half-curtain'd eyes to sleep,
With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.'

The Spirit's Mysteries.

And slight, withal, may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside forever;—it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's breath, or spring—
A flower—a leaf—the ocean—which may wound—
Striking th' electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

Childe Harold.

' The power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailor's for the shore,
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more;
Is not this all a mystery?—Who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way?

' The sudden images of vanish'd things,
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why;
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,
Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by,
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar—
A flower scent floating past our parents' door;

' A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone;
A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown;
Are not these mysteries when to life they start,
And press vain tears in gushes from the heart?

' And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread;
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear,—
These are night's mysteries—who shall make them clear?

' And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
That oftimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low tone which nought can drown or still,
Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest:
Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus?—'tis mystery all!

' Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of viewless worlds, and know it not;
Yes! it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom death has parted from our lot!
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, but undismay'd!

' Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
Her way amidst these marvels of the mind;
Yet undismay'd—for do they not reveal
Th' immortal being with our dust entwined?—
So let us deem! and e'en the tears they wake
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake.'

The Sunbeam.

' Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall,
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee?

' Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles—
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

' To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on thro' their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fire-flies glance to the pools below.

' I look'd on the mountains—a vapour lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou brakest forth—and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

' I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;—
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.

' To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

' Thou tak'st thro' the dim church-aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bath'd in a flood as of molten gold.

' And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

' Sunbeam of summer! oh! what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!—
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven!'

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

[Concluded from page 434.]

THE whole history of this campaign is full of the most important lessons: it was in this school of adversity that our officers first learnt what it was to be soldiers. Most deeply we lament that their able master did not live to see the fruits of his discipline, and to confound the malice of his detractors; it would sooner have been known, that, though a more fortunate leader has reaped and deserved the full harvest of glory, it was Sir John Moore who sowed the seeds of success, by the system which he introduced into the service. It is true that the first workings of that system were broken in upon in his last campaign; but he is not the less entitled to its merit, because the incapacity of others rendered it abortive.

We cannot follow our noble author through all his subsequent details; the reader will find him accurate in his facts, generally frank in his confessions, and always lively in his descriptions.

He sketches his battles well, as one who has fought, and yet feels, while he only wields the pen, no inconsiderable portion of the excitement which he experienced when he brandished the sabre. The victory of Vimeiro is, therefore, described in a bold and animated style, of which we will give an example:

'In the mean while, a tremendous contest was going on among the hills, on the British right, and in the direction of the Lourinho road. The enemy forced their way in this quarter, as they had done on the other flank, through the body of skirmishers which covered the British line; nor did they make the slightest pause, till they beheld the 36th, the 40th, and 71st regiments in close array before them. Their line was likewise formed in a moment; and several terrible discharges of musketry were exchanged at a distance, which hardly allowed of a single bullet passing wide of its mark. At length, the 82d and 29th regiments came up to the support of their comrades, and the word was given to charge. One cheer, loud, regular, and appalling, warned the French of what they had to expect; but the French were men of tried valour, and they stood to the last. That was a tremendous onset. The entire front rank of the enemy perished; and the men, who composed it were found, at the close of the action, lying on the very spots where each, during its continuance, had stood. Instantly the line gave way; and, being pursued with great impetuosity, six pieces of cannon were captured on the field. An attempt was, indeed, made to recover these, at a moment when the 71st and 82d, who had halted in the valley, were lying down to rest after their labours; but it was made to no purpose. These regiments only fell back to a little rising ground, from whence their fire could be given with greater effect; they gave it, and, once more bringing the bayonet into play, carried every thing before them.

'The French fought well in this action. They fought like men who had been accustomed to conquer, and had not yet learned to suffer defeat. The grenadiers of their reserve, in particular, performed prodigies of valour, advancing under a cross fire of musketry and cannon, and never giving way till the bayonets of the British troops drove them down the descent. But they were routed at all points, and that with a slaughter far greater than usually occurs to armies of a similar magnitude. Out of twelve or thirteen thousand men, whom they brought into the field, three or four thousand fell; besides a large proportion of prisoners, of whom several were prisoners of rank. On the side of the British, the total loss amounted to 783, in killed, wounded, and missing; among the former of whom was Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, commanding the 20th Light Dragoons. He was shot through the heart whilst leading a brilliant charge which his detachment made; and in which, after committing terrible havoc among the enemy's infantry, it suddenly found itself beset by a whole brigade of French cavalry.'—*Lord Londonderry*, pp. 117—119.

At this time, especially, it is interesting to be informed on the subject of the Spanish and Portuguese characters, and, therefore, we subjoin the accounts given by two observers; if called upon for our own, we should probably differ in a few points, giving to the Spaniard some advantages in the comparison, throwing out of our consideration the unpleasant remembrances of denied rations, and attributing the character and credit gained by the Portuguese to the credit which they, from greater intimacy, gave to us and our character. The Spaniards had for ages been our enemies, and could not in a day convert hereditary hatred into cordial confidence;—the Portuguese had been our constant allies, or more constant dependents, were in the habit of looking

to us for support, and threw themselves almost unreservedly on our protection; the knowledge of their weakness became the source of their strength. Not so with their prouder neighbours; hence, most officers, looking only to a disagreeable result, and not to its honourable cause, have lauded the Portuguese, because they disliked the Spaniards.

Lord Londonderry then describes his passage of the frontiers between the two kingdoms:

'Having halted at Elvas during the night, we marched next morning soonafter dawn, and, passing through a plain of considerable extent, crossed the Guadiana at Badajoz, the capital of Estremadura. This movement introduced us at once into Spain; and the contrast, both in personal appearance and in manners, between the people of the two nations, which was instantly presented to us, I shall not readily forget. Generally speaking, the natives of frontier districts partake almost as much of the character of one nation as of another; the distinctions between them become, as it were, gradually blended, till they totally disappear. It is not so on the borders of Spain and Portugal. The peasant who cultivates his little field, or tends his flock, on the right hand of the Guadiana, is, in all his habits and notions, a different being from the peasant who pursues similar occupations on its left bank: the first is a genuine Portuguese—the last, a genuine Spaniard. Nor are they more like to each other in their amities than in their manners. They cordially detest one another; insomuch, that their common wrongs, and their common enmity to the French, were not sufficient, even at this time, to eradicate the feeling.

'It was not, however, by the striking diversity of private character alone which subsisted between them, that we were made sensible, as soon as we had passed the Guadiana, that a new nation was before us. The Spaniards received us with a degree of indifference, to which we had not hitherto been accustomed. They were certainly not uncivil; they poured no execrations upon us; nor did they hoot, or rudely annoy us; but they gave themselves no trouble to evince to us, in any way, their satisfaction at our arrival. Whatever we required they gave us, in return for our money; but, as to enthusiasm, or a desire to anticipate our wants, there was not the shadow of an appearance of any thing of the kind about them. How different all this from the poor Portuguese, who never failed to rend the air with their *vivats*, and were at all times full of promises and protestations, no matter how incapable they might be of fulfilling the one, or of authenticating the other! The truth is, that the Spaniard is a proud, independent, and grave personage, possessing many excellent qualities, but quite conscious of their existence, and not unapt to overrate them. On the present occasion, too, they seemed to be more than ordinarly self-important, in consequence of their late achievements; they were quick to take offence even where none was intended, and not indisposed to provoke, or engage in broils with our soldiers. Not that any serious disturbance occurred during our stay; the discipline preserved in our own ranks was too good to permit it; but numberless little incidents were continually taking place, which served sufficiently to make us aware of the spirit which actuated the natives. Yet, with all this, there was much about the air and manner of the Spaniards to deserve and command our regard. The Portuguese are a people that require rousing; they are indolent, lazy, and generally helpless; we may value these our faithful allies, and render them useful; but it is impossible highly to respect them. In the Spanish character, on the contrary, there is mixed up, with a great deal of haughtiness, a sort of manly independence, which you cannot but admire, even though aware that it will render them by many degrees less amenable to your wishes than their neighbours.'—*Lord Londonderry*, pp. 151—153.

Colonel Napier's description is yet more *tranchante*, and serves as a key to much of his subsequent argument:

'The Spanish character, with relation to public affairs, is distinguished by inordinate pride and arrogance. Dilatory and improvident, the individual as well as the mass, all possess an absurd confidence, that every thing is practicable which their heated imagination suggests; once excited, they can see no difficulty in the execution of a project, and the obstacles they [illegible] ments, but bitter in his anger, the Spaniard is patient under privations, firm in bodily suffering, prone to sudden passion, vindictive, and bloody; remembering insult longer than injury, and cruel in his revenge. With a strong natural perception of what is noble, his promise is lofty; but, as he invariably permits his passions to get the mastery of his reason, his performance is mean.

'In the progress of this war, the tenacity of vengeance peculiar to the nation, supplied the want of cool, persevering intrepidity; but it was a poor substitute for that essential quality, and led rather to deeds of craft and cruelty, than to daring acts of patriotism. Now, the abstraction of the Royal family, and the unexpected pretension to the crown, so insultingly put forth by Napoleon, aroused all the Spanish pride.

'The tumults of Madrid and Aranjuez had agitated the public mind, and prepared it for a violent movement; and the protection afforded by the French to the obnoxious Godoy, increased the ferment of popular feeling: a dearly-cherished vengeance was thus frustrated, at the moment of its expected accomplishment, and the disappointment excited all that fierceness of anger which, with the Spaniards, is, for the moment, uncontrollable.

'Just then, the tumult of Madrid, swollen and distorted, wrought the people to frensy, and they rose with one accord, not to meet a danger, the extent of which they had calculated, and were prepared, for the sake of independence, to confront, but to gratify the fury of their hearts, and to slake their thirst of blood.'—*Napier*, pp. 38, 39.

But the space already occupied, reminds us that we must draw to a close; much remains on which we would willingly comment; and, if we consulted our inclination only, we should continue to make Colonel Napier's History a running comment on Lord Londonderry's Narrative; but our unmilitary readers have a claim on us for variety, and we must therefore content ourselves, for the present, with recommending both works to the attentive perusal of our professional readers. In point of type, paper, and margin, the publisher of our quarto has done his duty; but we must hold him responsible for the map, apparently printed in the infancy of lithography, which is prefixed to a volume of which it is utterly unworthy; a more indistinct chart never puzzled an inspector: it does no credit to the English press, and we are almost induced to suspect that it is of foreign origin. The author must take some share of this blame. The map of a campaign should never be crammed by the insertion of secondary places, which are unconnected with the movements of the troops: it is enough that great cities are marked as points of bearing; minuteness should be reserved for the lines of march and the *champs de bataille*, that the eye of the reader may fix upon them at once; and these, again, should be repeated on separate and enlarged scales, whenever the work is intended for military instruction.* The Marquis has only afforded us six plans, each of which, or its counterpart, if we are not much mistaken, has been common in the print-shops; but they do not include one which we certainly expected to find in the work of an Adjutant-General. There is no plan of the lines of Torres Vedras, no detail of the forces occupying them, or of their distribution; this, in a work purporting to be intended for the instruction of young officers, and especially for the information of those lately sent to Portugal, is an unpardonable omission. Lord Londonderry was well aware of the importance of this position, and ought to have furnished his readers with the means of estimating and understanding its strength. In lieu of this, we have some twenty or thirty pages of returns of casualties, all of which either have been gazetted, or are of too little importance for special notice. Authors ought not to be encouraged in emptying their portfolios by way of appendix, nor booksellers in enlarging their volumes by this superfluous matter. In the instance before us, the addition bears so small a proportion to the work, that we should not have specially noticed it, but for the palpable omission to which it was necessary to draw attention. We will take the opportunity, however, of advising all military writers to consult compactness in the composition of their works, both as relates to the writing and the printing. 'Present yourselves to the public in close column—the critics will deploy you.'

We have thus passed Lord Londonderry in review, in quicker time than the regulation prescribes for movements of parade, but yet in that which will best suit his habits and school of study. We heartily wish that there were more of the Tenth who could be 'trotted out' on similar occasions; perhaps others of this distinguished corps may be encouraged to follow hereafter the example of their gallant colonel; it will be well for them to know, that the studies of a scholar are not inconsistent with the character of a soldier or the habits of a gentleman.

A word now to commanding officers generally: it has been their habit to neglect, if not to discourage, literary talent in their junior officers. A man who could write has usually been considered, if under the rank of a field-officer, as little better than an incendiary: the ordinary run of lieutenant-colonels dread the presence of a well-informed subaltern, as a reproach on their own want of acquirement. Nor does their objection extend to polite or classical learning only: it is a point of faith with the minor part of our martinets, that military talent is only to be acquired by experience, that nothing is learnt in books but pedantry and impertinence, that the amount of a man's capacity must be measured by the date and nature of his commission. Nor is this feeling confined to those mere soldiers, who, previous to 1810, for the most part, commanded our regiments. There were a few instances of superior officers, who, though themselves possessed of some talent and military learning, yet, from a feeling of jealousy, discouraged in their subalterns those very acquirements, of the value of which they must have been personally conscious. We could name a General, now in very high command in the Mediterranean, in whose practice, and disposition of patronage, this vice was peculiarly conspicuous. By this time, perhaps, he may have seen his error, and may be convinced that it is more honourable to a leader to be surrounded by talent, than to shine by contrast of neighbouring darkness. Real gems require no foils.

We hope yet to see the day, when it shall be part of the instructions of a reviewing General to inquire into the talents of the junior officers; not only to ask whether they have got the books required by regulation, but whether they understand them; to made a return of linguists, draughtsmen, and mathematicians; and that, from such only as had been reported for proficiency, should be selected the officers for staff appointments. Such a system might break in upon patronage, but it would greatly forward the interest and honour of the service.

Even the work before us, strange as it may seem, is said to illustrate the neglect of unpatronised talent in our army; but, as the report is vague, we will not lightly accuse the noble Marquis of hoisting false colours.

PELHAM.

Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman. 3 Vols. post 8vo. pp. 366. Colburn. London, 1828.

So MANY are the novels at present issued from the press, that it is not more difficult for an author to find a new plot, than for a reviewer to use new expressions in giving their several characters. Pelham is a very superior novel, but it is of the same class as many scores of others; and its only characteristic difference is, that its author has done that well which those of the others do weakly and badly; that the personages described, [illegible]

made up out of the boarding-school dreams of the author or authoress. This difference is a very important one, of course; and the author must be commended for having done—what it is undeniably very difficult to do—given a series of fashionable portraits, and preserved the fashionable air of the originals without, in this part of the work, degenerating into tameness or insipidity. With so much liveliness of description, and a dialogue which is occasionally even brilliant, there is little doubt this novel will soon become a favourite of its class. This, however, must not hinder the expression of our regret, that so many of its pages should be devoted to several displays of its hero, which are sometimes the very essence of silliness, and might have been left out without any detriment to the development of the character. But objections of this kind, we fear, according to the present style of such works, will weigh little either with authors or readers; and the eternal cant words of 'light reading,' and 'fashionable display,' seem to have persuaded some people of even moderate good sense, that they refer to something else than mock conversations of people of rank, or descriptions of scenes, that, if they ever existed, ought never to have been described. We trust such writers as the author of 'Pelham,' will be soon convinced of the folly of ministering to a taste in the public which has been created, partly by a bad condition of society, and partly by the labour of writers, who, not being possessed of sufficient genius for the composition of works of genuine imagination, have endeavoured to write themselves into notice, by the use of means which the passions or inexperience of their readers can alone render successful. Let a few authors of real good sense and ability employ themselves in writing naturally, and describing human character, without clothing it either in foppery or harlotry, and far more than half the novels which have been circulated through society, as worthy of praise and attention, will be left to merited oblivion. But we turn to the work before us, from which we had selected specimens of the powerful style in which the author has delineated character, but the following chapter is so truly humourous, that we are induced to give it, entire, in preference to the smaller extracts we had intended taking. It describes the adventure of Pelham's French tutor, in Paris, whose portrait may be gathered from the hints given in the scene.

'We took our way to the street in which Madame Laurent resided. Meanwhile suffer me to *get rid of myself*, and to introduce you, dear reader, to my friend Monsieur Margot, the whole of whose adventures were subsequently detailed to me by the garrulous Mrs. Green.

'At the hour appointed he knocked at the door of my fair countrywoman, and was carefully admitted. He was attired in a dressing-gown of sea-green silk, in which his long, lean, hungry body, looked more like a river pike than any thing human.

'"Madame," said he, with a solemn air, "I return you my best thanks for the honour you have done me—behold me at your feet!" and so saying the lean lover gravely knelt down on one knee.

'"Rise, Sir," said Mrs. Green, "I confess that you have won my heart; but that is not all—you have yet to show that you are worthy of the opinion I have formed of you. It is not, Monsieur Margot, your person that has won me—no! it is your chivalrous and noble sentiments—prove that these are genuine, and you may command all from my admiration."

'"In what manner shall I prove it, Madame," said Monsieur Margot, rising, and gracefully drawing his sea-green gown more closely round him.

'"By your courage, your devotion, and your gallantry! I ask but one proof—you can give it me on the spot. You remember, Monsieur, that, in the days of romance, a lady threw her glove upon the stage on which a lion was exhibited, and told her lover to pick it up. Monsieur Margot, the trial to which I shall put you is less severe. Look, (and Mrs. Green threw open the window)—look, I throw my glove out Margot. "I will go forthwith," and so saying, he went to the door.

'"Hold, Sir!" said the lady, "it is not by that simple manner that you are to descend—you must go the same way as my glove, *out of the window!*"

'"Out of the window, Madame!" said Monsieur Margot, with astonished solemnity; "that is impossible, because this apartment is three stories high, and consequently I shall be dashed to pieces."

'"By no means," answered the dame; "in that corner of the room there is a basket, to which (already foreseeing your determination) I have affixed a rope; by that basket you shall descend. See Monsieur, what expedients a provident love can suggest."

'"H—e—m!" said, very slowly, Monsieur Margot, by no means liking the airy voyage imposed upon him; "but the rope may break, or your hand may suffer it to slip."

'"Feel the rope," cried the lady, "to satisfy you as to your first doubt; and, as to the second, can you—*can* you imagine that my affections would not make me twice as careful of your person as of my own. Fie! ungrateful Monsieur Margot! fie!"

'The melancholy chevalier cast a rueful look at the basket. "Madame," said he, "I own that I am very averse to the plan you propose: suffer me to go down stairs in the ordinary way; your glove can be as easily picked up whether your adorer goes out of the door or the window. It is only, Madame, when ordinary means fail that we should have recourse to the extra-ordinary."

'"Begone, Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Green; "begone! I now perceive that your chivalry was only a pretence. Fool that I was to love you as I have done—fool that I was to imagine a hero where I now find a——"

'"Pause, Madame, I will obey you—my heart is firm—see that the *rope* is——"

'"Gallant Monsieur Margot!" cried the lady; and, going to her dressing-room, she called her woman to her assistance. The rope was of the most unquestionable thickness, the basket of the most capacious dimensions. The former was fastened to a strong hook—and the latter lowered.

'"I go, Madame," said Monsieur Margot, feeling the rope; "but it really is a most dangerous exploit."

'"Go, Monsieur! and the God of St. Louis befriend you!"

'"Stop!" said Monsieur Margot, "let me fetch my coat; the night is cold, and my dressing-gown thin."

'"Nay, nay, my Chevalier," returned the dame, "I love you in that gown: it gives you an air of grace and dignity, quite enchanting."

'"It will give me my death of cold, Madame!" said Monsieur Margot, earnestly.

'"Bah!" said the Englishwoman: "what knight ever feared cold? Besides, you mistake; the night is warm, and you look so handsome in your gown."

'"Do I?" said the vain Monsieur Margot, with an iron expression of satisfaction; "if that is the case, I will mind it less; but may I return by the door?"

'"Yes," replied the lady; "you see that I do not require too much from your devotion—enter."

'"Behold me!" said the French master, inserting his body into the basket, which immediately began to descend.

'The hour and the police of course made the street empty; the lady's handkerchief waved in token of encouragement and triumph. When the basket was within five yards of the ground, Mrs. Green cried to her lover, who had hitherto been elevating his serious countenance towards her, in sober yet gallant sadness—

'"Look, look, Monsieur—straight before you."

'The lover turned round, as rapidly as his habits would allow him, and at that instant the window was shut, the light extinguished, and the basket arrested. There stood Monsieur Margot, upright in the basket, and there stopped the basket, motionless in the air.

'What were the exact reflections of Monsieur Margot, in that position, I cannot pretend to determine, because he never favoured me with them; but, about an hour afterwards, Vincent and I (who had been delayed on the road) strolling up the street, according to our appointment, perceived, by the dim lamps, some opaque body leaning against the wall of Madame Laurent's house, at about the distance of fifteen feet from the ground.

'We hastened our steps towards it; a measured and ance; I am the victim of a perfidious woman, and expect every moment to be precipitated to the earth."

'"Good heavens!" said I, "surely it is Monsieur Margot, whom I hear. What are you doing there?"

'"Shivering with cold," answered Monsieur Margot, in a tone tremulously slow.

'"But what are you *in?* for I can see nothing but a dark substance."

'"I am in a basket," replied Monsieur Margot, "and I should be very much obliged to you to let me out of it."

'"Well—indeed," said Vincent, (for *I* was too much engaged in laughing to give a ready reply,) "your *château-Margot* has but a cool cellar. But there are some things in the world easier said than done. How are we to remove you to a more desirable place?"

'"Ah," returned Monsieur Margot, "*how*, indeed! There is to be sure a ladder in the porter's lodge long enough to deliver me; but then, think of the gibes and geers of the porter—it will get wind—I shall be ridiculed, gentlemen—I shall be ridiculed—and, what is worse, I shall lose my pupils."

'"My good friend," said I, "you had better lose your pupils than your life; and the day-light will soon come, and then, instead of being ridiculed by the porter, you will be ridiculed by the whole street!"

'Monsieur Margot groaned. "Go, then, my friend," said he, "procure the ladder! Oh, those she-devils! —what *could* make me such a fool?"

'While Monsieur Margot was venting his spleen in a scarcely articulate mutter, we repaired to the lodge—knocked up the porter, communicated the *accident*, and procured the ladder. However, an observant eye had been kept upon our proceedings, and the window above was re-opened, though so silently that I only perceived the action. The porter, a jolly, bluff, hearty-looking fellow, stood grinning below with a lanthorn, while we set the ladder (which only just reached the basket) against the wall.

'The chevalier looked wistfully forth, and then, by the light of the lanthorn, we had a fair view of his ridiculous figure—his teeth chattered woefully, and the united cold without and anxiety within, threw a double sadness and solemnity upon his withered countenance; the night was very windy, and every instant a rapid current seized the unhappy sea-green vesture, whirled it in the air, and threw it, as if in scorn, over the very face of the unhappy professor. The constant recurrence of this sportive irreverence of the gales, the high sides of the basket, and the trembling agitation of the inmate, never too agile, rendered it a work of some time for Monsieur Margot to transfer himself from the basket to the ladder; at length, he had fairly got out one thin, shivering leg.

'"Thank God!" said the pious professor—when at that instant the thanksgiving was checked, and, to Monsieur Margot's inexpressible astonishment and dismay, the basket rose five feet from the ladder, leaving its tenant with one leg dangling out, like a flag from a balloon.

'The ascent was too rapid to allow Monsieur Margot even time for an exclamation, and it was not till he had sufficient leisure in his present elevation to perceive all its consequences, that he found words to say, with the most earnest tone of thoughtful lamentation, "One could not have foreseen this!—it is really extremely distressing—would to God that *I could* get my leg in, or my body out!"

'While we were yet too convulsed with laughter to make any comment upon the unlooked-for ascent of the luminous Monsieur Margot, the basket descended with such force as to dash the lanthorn out of the hand of the porter, and to bring the professor so precipitously to the ground, that all the bones in his skin rattled audibly!

'"My God!" said he, "I am done for!—be witness how inhumanly I have been murdered."

'We pulled him out of the basket, and carried him between us into the porter's lodge; but the woes of Monsieur Margot were not yet at their termination. The room was crowded. There was Madame Laurent, —there was the German count, whom the professor was teaching French;—there was the French viscount, whom he was teaching German;—there were all his fellow-lodgers—the ladies whom he had boasted of—the men he had boasted *to*—Don Juan, in the infernal regions, could not have met with a more unwelcome set of old acquaintance than Monsieur Margot had the happiness of opening his bewildered eyes upon in the porter's lodge.

the house was attacked; the Russian general is at this very moment loading his pistols; lucky for you that you did not *choose* to stay longer in that situation. Pray, Monsieur, what could induce you to exhibit yourself so, in your dressing-gown too, and the night so cold? An't you ashamed of yourself?"

'All this, and infinitely more, was levelled against the miserable professor, who stood shivering with cold and fright, and turning his eyes first upon one, and then on another, as the exclamation circulated round the room.

'"I do assure you," at length he began.

'"No, no," cried one," it is of no use explaining now!"

'"*Mais, Messieurs*," querulously recommenced the unhappy Margot.

'"Hold your tongue," exclaimed Madame Laurent, "you have been disgracing my house."

'"*Mais, Madame, écoutez-moi*—"

'"No, no," cried the German, "we saw you—we saw you."

'"*Mais, Monsieur Le Comte*—"

'"Fie, fie," cried the Frenchman.

'"*Mais, Monsieur Le Viscomte*—"

'"At this every mouth was opened, and, the patience of Monsienr Margot being by this time exhausted, he flew into a violent rage—his tormentors pretended an equal indignation, and at length he fought his way out of the room, as fast as his shattered bones would allow him, followed by the whole body, screaming, and shouting, and scolding, and laughing after him.

'The next morning passed without my usual lesson from Monsieur Margot; that was natural enough; but, when the next day, and the next, rolled on, and brought neither Monsieur Margot nor his excuse, I began to be uneasy for the poor man. Accordingly, I sent to Madame Laurent's to inquire after him: judge of my surprise at hearing he had, early the day after his adventure, left his lodgings with his small possession of books and clothes, leaving only a note to Madame Laurent, enclosing the amount of his debt to her, and that none had since seen or heard of him.

'From that day to this I have never once beheld him. The poor professor lost even the little money due to him for his lesson—so true is it, that, in a man of Monsieur Margot's temper, even interest is a subordinate passion to vanity.'

MEXICO IN 1827.

Mexico in 1827. *By H. G. Ward, Esq., his Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in that Country, during the years* 1825, 1826, *and part of* 1827. 2 vols., 8vo. pp. 1321, with maps and plates. Colburn. London, 1828.

Owing to its insulated situation from the different states of Europe, and its possession of a naval force, which lays the world under tribute, England, while it is engrossed by industry and commerce, is also indebted to its geographical position, as well as the eager and ardent passion for riches which influences its population, for that strong propensity for distant voyages and travels, which is a uniform characteristic of its inhabitants. There is scarcely a family in the three kingdoms, some of the members of which are not dispersed over the different regions of the globe. An Englishman speaks in the same style about a voyage to India, as a Parisian talks of an excursion to St. Cloud, or a citizen of Rome, of a trip to his villa. Hence arise the numerous publications of voyages, that appear every day, descriptive of distant and unknown countries. Parry and Franklin penetrate to the frozen regions of the north, while Weddell is engaged in discovering a new ocean in the other extremity of the world. Cruise visits the almost unknown inhabitants of New Zealand; and Anderson, the cannibal hordes of the shores of Sumatra. Dupuis proceeds to study the savage tribes of the Ashantees; Clapperton, Denham, and Laing, explore the still mysterious course of the Niger. Gray pursues his travels on the burning sands of Western Africa; while the Rev. Dr. Philip takes up his abode among the native Hottentots. Finlayson traverses the opulent regions of Southern Asia; the missionary Ellis, conveys the Holy Scriptures to the idolaters of the Sandners of the nomad population of Korasan, under the hospitable tent of the Turcoman of the desert; Duncan describes the frozen tracts of Upper-Canada. Leake, the classic lands of Asia-Minor; Buckingham, that cradle of the creation, the Plains of Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia, which so strongly recal to our recollection the earliest history of mankind. Finally, Proctor, Mathison, Stephenson, Cochrane, Caldcleugh, Miers, Hamilton, Head, Andrews, and Lyon, make us acquainted with the rising and glorious republics of the New Hemisphere.

It is, we must observe, more especially within a few years that publications of this kind have multiplied upon us beyond any former example. The general peace that has prevailed in Europe during the last twelve years, has proved favourable to scientific expeditions; and the recognition of the Republics of South America could not fail to invite numerous visitors to that distant continent. Unfortunately, few of these travellers were men of science; they were, generally speaking, men engrossed by projects of commerce and industry, instigated by the allurements of lucre and the hope of fortune; and their publications display more of the writer of romance than of the publicist, and more of the speculating merchant than of the inquisitive philanthropist. Accordingly, their works are frequently full of curious details about men and things; but it will be in vain to look for any of those comprehensive observations which distinguish the philosophic traveller, or those scientific researches which are to be met with in the books of the profound and contemplative observer. The mere external state of these Republics is exhibited to the reader with a sufficient degree of exactness; but, either from carelessness or want of information, the author fails to describe their internal organisation, their hidden resources, their approaching development, and their future magnitude. The late publication of Mr. Ward, though far superior to these productions, nevertheless affords, in some points, a fresh proof of the justice of this criticism.

Yet what country more than South America feels the want of a bold and profound describer, and an accurate, and yet imaginative, surveyor? He that would encounter this task, must combine in himself the spirit of the cosmopolite, with the free and unbiassed mind of the philosopher, totally divested of antiquated prejudices and trite ideas: he should possess a profound conception and a vivid imagination, otherwise he will fall below the standard of the object to which he aspires. The decrepitude of Europe is no model for the juvenility of America; every thing is totally different; external nature, both men and governments,—and, in traversing the vast extent of 1700 leagues, from Cape de la Vela, in the 11° 50′ north latitude, to Cape Horn, its southern extremity, we behold neither brilliant courts, military pomp, nor over-bearing nobility;* but we meet with new and frugal governments, the tendency of which is to promote civilisation and happiness amidst a population hitherto ignorant and oppressed. No ancient Gothic cathedrals are to be seen, no ruined castles, no royal parks and magnificent palaces; but nature appears in all her magnitude,—in forests in their primitive majesty, in gigantic mountains and rivers, in the beds of which gold is discovered, in immense plains and valleys, and in all that mighty extent of territory which, in the hands of the Spaniards, was uncultivated, unproductive and unpeopled, but which now acquires vigour from the warm embraces of liberty.

The external features of the New World have derived from nature more bold and striking outlines than are displayed in the ancient hemisphere; the chains of mountains are continued to a greater length than in any other quarter of the globe—the Andes, which begin at Cape Horn, the utmost extremity of the southern continent, spread themselves to the farthest limits of the north, and are equally conspicuous for their magnitude and altitude. Chimborazo would exceed the elevations of Mount Etna, if it were placed on the summit of Canigon, or that of St. Gothard, were it placed on the peak of Teneriffe. From these majestic mountains flow down rivers still more majestic, and compared with which, the rivers of the Old World are only paltry rivulets. The river of the Amazons, the Magdalena, the Oronoko, the river de la Plata, and even the Rio Bravo, in Mexico, fill such immense and spacious beds, that, long before they feel the influence of the tide, they resemble rather arms of the sea, than rivers of fresh water. The river Amazon traverses a space of territory of more that 1,050 leagues in extent, and, as well as the river de la Plata, is not less than sixty leagues broad at its mouth. The equatorial regions of America present at once the most towering elevations, the most extensive rivers, and the most boundless plains in the universe. The immense space of ground that is crossed by the Oronoko, and is called the *Llanos*, has an area of more than 2,000 square leagues; its soil, that is alternately scorched and inundated, at one time like the deserts of Libya, at another overspread with a verdant carpet, like the *steppes* of Upper Asia, forms a contrast with the *paramos*, which are placed on the ridges of the Andes at an elevation of 10,000 feet, and likewise with the table-lands of Mexico, the elevation of which is 7,000 feet, where are found smiling valleys, towns built nearly on a level with the peak of Teneriffe, and farms 6,000 feet above the most elevated villages of the Alps.

We shall not now enlarge on the original discovery of America, nor on the frightful miseries that Mexico, and all South America, have endured under the Spanish yoke; nor shall we describe, with Mr. Ward, the long and sanguinary struggle that the former colony has sustained against the mother-country. We have had occasion to allude to those events in a former Number of 'The Athenæum,' when we reviewed the work of Don P. Mendibil on the 'Historia de la Revolucion de los Estados Unidos Mejicanos;' and, although the able sketch of Mr. Ward is more complete, as it continues the narrative to the year 1824, five years later than M. Mendibil's account, yet we will pass over, without any reluctance, those scenes of bloodshed and violence, however glorious may have been the result, to fix our attention on the actual state and the probable future destinies of the rising Republic.

The Republic of Mexico, which comprises the whole of the vast territory formerly subject to the vice-royalty of New Spain, is bounded on the east and south-east by the Gulph of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea; on the west, by the Pacific; on the south, by Guatemala; and, on the north, by the United States. Its length, from north to south, is 1,876 English statute miles; its greatest breadth, 364 leagues; and its surface, according to Humboldt, 118,478 square leagues of twenty-five to the degree. 36,500 square leagues are within the tropics, or, what is usually denominated, the torrid zone; and 82,000 square leagues are without the tropics, or under the temperate zone. The whole extent of the republic is equal to one-fourth of Europe, or to France, Austria, Portugal, and Great Britain put together.

The external physical appearance of Mexico is highly remarkable and picturesque. The Cordillera of the Andes, after traversing the whole of South America, and the Isthmus of Panama, separates into two branches on entering the northern continent, which, diverging to the east and west, leave in the centre an immense platform, or table-land, where Mexico lies, being intersected by the higher points and ridges of the great mountainous chain by which it is supported, but raised, in the more central parts, to

* The empire of Brazil presents but a slight excep-

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of the sea. This table-land is divided by the Natives into three divisions, called: *tierra caliente*, (the hot country,) a term which implies that portion of the country, which is full of hot and low ravines, sufficiently warm to produce the tropical fruit, and, with them, the diseases of the tropics; *tierra fria*, (the cold country,) which is applicable to the mountainous districts, that rise above the level of the capital, up to the limits of eternal snow; and *tierra templada*, (the temperate region,) which embraces all that is not included under one of the other two divisions.

'Nature has bestowed upon Mexico a soil teeming with fertility, and a climate, under which almost every production of the old and the new world finds the exact degree of heat necessary in order to bring it to perfection. But the peculiarity of structure in which this variety of climate originates, neutralises, in some measure, the advantages which the country might otherwise derive from it, by rendering the communication between the table-land and the coast extremely difficult, and confining, within very narrow limits, the intercourse of the states in the interior with each other. On the Table-Land there are no canals (with the exception of that from Chalco to Mexico, about seven leagues in extent) and no navigable rivers; nor does the nature of the roads allow of a general use of wheel-carriage, which, when applied to the more bulky agricultural produce of the country, increases enormously the price of articles of most general consumption before they can reach the principal markets. Thus, in the capital, which draws its supplies from a circle of perhaps sixty leagues, comprising the valley of Mexico and the fertile plains of Toluca, as well as the great corn-lands of the Baxio and La Puebla, wheat, barley, straw, maize, and wood, are not only dear, but the supply is uncertain; while, in the districts immediately beyond this circle, but which, from their distance, are excluded from the market, the same articles are a mere drug, and may be purchased at a fraction of the price.'—Vol. i. p. 16, 17.

We may easily conclude, from the diversity of temperature which prevails in Mexico, that its vegetable productions must possess a great variety. The most important of these, (and of which Mr. Ward gives the characteristics,) are maize, wheat, and barley, bananas, rice, olives, the vine, sugar, coffee, tobacco, indigo, chocolate, and cotton, besides vanilla and cochineal, of which nature seems to have given to New Spain the almost exclusive possession.

'I do not conceive,' says Mr. Ward, 'that the exportations of Mexico in corn will ever be considerable; but, in those articles which we term colonial produce, for which there is a constant demand in Europe, and which a large portion of her territory is so admirably qualified to produce, she has a source of wealth as inexhaustible as her mines themselves. The whole eastern coast of Mexico, extending in length from the river Guasacualco to the northern frontier, and in breadth, from the ocean to that point upon the slope of the Cordilleras, at which tropical fruits cease to thrive, is susceptible of the very highest cultivation; nor can any part of the now exhausted islands sustain a competition with the fertility of its virgin soil. The state of Vera Cruz alone is capable of supplying all Europe with sugar. Humboldt estimates the produce of its richest mould at 2,800 kilogrammes per hectare, while that of Cuba does not exceed 1,400 kilogrammes; so that the balance is as two to one in favour of Vera Cruz. Coffee is produced in a ratio almost equally extraordinary. Indigo and tobacco succeed as well; while, a little to the north, the state of Texas, which enjoys nearly the same climate as Louisiana or South Carolina, is equally well adapted to the growth of cotton, the great staple of the United States.'—Vol. i. p. 20, 21.

The federal republic of Mexico is distributed into nineteen states. These states commence on the south-east, with the Peninsula of Epicatan or Merida, and, on the south-west, with Tabasco, Las Chiapas, and Oaxaca; which are followed in regular succession, towards the north, by Vera-Cruz, Tamalipas, San-Luis, Potosi, New-Leon, Cohahuila, and Texas, which comprise the whole territory as far as the frontiers of the United States on the gulph. La Puebla, Mexico, Valladolid, Guadalajara, Sonora, and Cinaloa, the western extremities of which border on the Pacific, and Quesetaro, Guanajuato, Zacatecar, Durango, Chihuahua, and New-Mexico, which occupy the centre of the country, and extend, between the two oceans, towards the northern frontier.

According to Mr. Ward's estimate, the whole population of Mexico, which was, in 1806, six millions and a half, must be, in 1827, eight millions. Of this number one-third is Indian; another belongs to the mixed races; a sixth is nearly composed of Creoles; and the remainder is either free, or slaves, Negroes, or Europeans: the number of the latter amounted, in 1803, to 80,000. Before the revolution, this population was divided into seven distinct castes; and it was the policy of Spain to promote a constant rivalry between them, by creating little imaginary shades of superiority amongst these different classes, which prevented any two from having a common interest. The whiteness of the skin was the general criterion of nobility. The King reserved to himself the power of conferring the honours of whiteness upon any individual, of any class, which was done by a decree comprised in the words, 'Let him be considered as a white;' and the greatest pains were taken to impress the people with the importance of these distinctions.

The form of government adopted by the population of Mexico, was that of a federal republic. The principles of this system, a fair account of which Mr. Ward has given in the first section of Book iii. of his work, are too generally known to require comment; and it will be sufficient to say, that most of the articles of the federal act are transcripts of the corresponding articles in the Constitution of the United States, and that the Mexican constitutional act displays the most laudable anxiety for the general improvement of the country, by disseminating the blessings of education, opening roads, establishing copyrights, patents, and the liberty of the press; founding colleges, promoting naturalisation, and throwing open the ports to foreign trade; abolishing the torture, arbitrary imprisonment, confiscation of property, special commissions, retractive laws, and all the abuses of absolute power.

The Republic of Mexico is divided into eighteen *comandancias generales*, each under the orders of a military commandant. The army for the present year consists of 58,955 men, of whom 32,161 are actually under arms; the remainder are ready to be called out, should their services be required. In January, 1827, the navy consisted of one ship of the line, two frigates, one corvette, four brigs of war, one schooner, four gun-boats, four large launches, and two pilot-boats. The expenses of the war department, for the year ending June, 1828, were estimated at 9,069,633 dollars, and those of the navy at 1,309,045 dollars:—Total, 10,378,678, about four-fifths of the whole annual expenditure of the Republic. Mexico possesses, on the Atlantic side, no harbour of sufficient magnitude to become a fit station for any considerable maritime force; her ports on the Gulf are barely sufficient for the purposes of commerce; most of them are insecure, and some, mere roadsteads. But, on the western coast, the case is different: from Acapulco to Guaymas, there is a series of magnificent ports, many of which no vessel has ever yet entered; and Acapulco is, perhaps, the finest harbour in the whole world. Mexico possesses only five fortresses: St. John of Ulloa, Campeche, Perote, Acapulco, and San Blas. In most of them, the works are in a bad state; but, according to Mr. Ward, who strongly and justly contradicts, in this and many other points, the remarks of Mr. Beaufoy, there is little prospect of their being necessary.

'Notwithstanding the nominal war with Spain, few countries are so well able as Mexico to dispense with the existence of a large permanent force. There is hardly a single point upon her long-extended line of coast, upon which it would be practicable to disembark an invading army; and, were it even landed, such are the difficulties with which it would have to contend, upon the ascent to the interior, from the want of roads and provisions, and the deadly nature of climate, that its destruction would be almost inevitable. A month's detention in *tierra-caliente* would be equivalent to the loss of a pitched battle; and, even supposing every natural defence to be successively carried in the shortest possible time, a month would hardly, under any circumstances, suffice to reach the table-land. There the struggle would commence anew; and, such is the horror entertained at present of foreign dominion, that I am convinced that a levy, *en masse*, of the whole population, would be the consequence of any hostile aggression.—Vol. i. pp. 315, 316.

The Republic of Mexico is divided into one archbishopric and nine bishoprics. In 1826, the number of the secular clergy was estimated at 3,473, and, in 1827, at 3,677. The number of those who took orders during each of these years, is not supposed by Mr. Ward to have amounted to one-fourth of those who were ordained in 1808. The regular clergy is divided into fourteen provinces, possessing 150 convents, which contained 1,918 friars. Within the last twenty years, the clergy has diminished one-half, and so of the revenues of the church. In 1805, they amounted to forty-four millions, and in 1826, they did not exceed twenty-millions of dollars. But this is not their only riches; the clergy derive an additional income from the tithes, and fees on baptisms, marriages, and burials, and likewise on many other superstitious but lucrative ceremonies. 'Not a hut or garden,' says Mr. Beaufoy, in his 'Mexican Illustrations,' 'not a pigstye, or a footpath, can be used, until blessed and ornamented with a wooden cross. Each separate working in the mines, each heap of stones, and utensil for amalgamation, must be similarly honoured, with the addition of fresh nosegays, wild flowers, and green branches every morning; and all these bring grist to the mill.' We must acknowledge, that, in no country, is superstition more degrading and more deeply rooted than in New Spain. Religious toleration does not exist there; and the influence of the priesthood exerts a sway unknown in any other American Republic. The causes that Mr. Ward assigns for this propensity are perfectly correct and judicious; but they are not the less disgraceful, and they demand a speedy and effectual reform on the part of the legislative body.

The finances of Mexico, especially at the commencement of a new republic, and at the close of a civil war, cannot be in a very flourishing condition. The receipts in the year 1826, amounted to 13,667,637 dollars, and they have been estimated, for the year 1828, at 13,938,830. The expenditure, which rose in 1825 to 20,096,274 dollars, has been reduced, for the year 1827, to 14,363,098, including the interest of the two loans made in England for a sum of 6,400,000 pounds sterling, or about 30,000,000 of dollars.

'This is a result which ought to afford more satisfaction to those whose interests have been affected by the late want of remittances from Mexico, than the most specious attempt to demonstrate, upon paper, the existence of a surplus revenue, from which no practical benefit can be derived. It proves that the resources of the country are unimpaired; that, with very limited assistance from foreign capitalists, the revenue department has been re-organised, the complicated machinery of former times simplified, and a system established, which has already produced, in *ten* months, eleven millions and a half of dollars; and that, although the receipts do not yet quite cover the expenditure, there is every prospect that they will do so in 1828, since that expenditure can hardly exceed the estimates of the present year; while a lamentable change, indeed, must take place, in order to prevent the revenue from producing the *fourteen millions* of dollars, at which, upon the most careful and dispassionate computation, I have estimated it in the preceding pages.'

In the next article, in which we shall conclude our account of Mr. Ward's valuable publication, we shall offer some details respecting the actual state of the commerce and the mines of Mexico.

NUPTIAL POETICS.

'My friend,' said C., 'you know I marriage hate—
And, to speak truth, unto your wedding *fête*,
Unwillingly at all I come.'

'Believe me, as a guest, no one's more fit
A-verse to marriage you're most requisite
For an *Epithalamium*.'

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VON HAMMER'S HISTORY OF THE TURKS.

[The first volume of this work has been recently translated from the German, and received high and deserved commendations from all the Reviewers under whose notice it came at the period of its publication. The second volume of the same work is in a forward state of preparation, and will, from what we have seen of its contents, be not at all inferior in interest or value to its predecessor. From this unpublished work, we have been permitted to make a selection of some striking passages; which, as they will possess all the attractions of novelty and originality for the reader, and, at the same time, give an accurate idea of the general character of the forthcoming volume, and show its claims to public attention, we present without further preface or comment.]

Siege of Constantinople, in 1453—*Greek Infatuation.*

There is a remarkable coincidence between the blindness and presumption which accompanied the fall of the last Byzantian Emperor and the headlong obstinacy with which, perhaps, the last of the Sultans appears, at the present moment, to rush into the jaws of destruction.

Mohammed the second, whose father, Murad, had, from his Adrianopolitan capital, over-run the whole Byzantian dominions, up to the very walls of the seat of the Greek empire, was scarcely one-and-twenty when he ascended the throne of the Sultans. His first act in politics was to close the campaign in Caramania, in order that his ardent and warlike temper might devote itself, unfettered and exclusively, to the execution of his darling project on the European side of the Bosphorus.

It was at so ill-starred a moment as this, that Constantine the elder, as if unconscious of his own debilitated and dismembered power, had the temerity to despatch ambassadors for the purpose of reproaching Mohammed with his want of punctuality in providing the stipulated subsistence-money for Prince Urchan, and to threaten him with setting up their captive as his rival, if he did not immediately pay down double the amount. To this foolhardy menace Chalil, the Grand Vizier, who was friendly to the Greeks, not only because he was of a kind and lively disposition himself, but was by no means averse to the immense bribes thrust upon him, made the following reply:

'Ye unreasonable and besotted Romanists! I have long seen through your sly and perfidious attempts. I know that our deceased master, a man of integrity and peaceable disposition, looked graciously upon you, but not so our present master, Mohammed. If Constantinople should escape his well-known, daring, and untameable impetuosity, I will then confess that God is still merciful to your intrigues and backslidings. Fools as ye are! the ink of the treaty you have signed is scarcely dry, when you make your way into Asia, expecting to terrify us with your usual bombastings. However, you will not find us a race of inexperienced, powerless sucklings; if you can do any thing, pray do it; if you think fit to proclaim Urchan sovereign of Thrace, let him be so proclaimed; if you choose to invite the Hungarians to cross the Danube, let them come; or, if you are inclined to re-conquer the territories you have lost to us, pray make the attempt; only I would have you to remember, that you will fail in each and every one of these undertakings; and, moreover, that even what you fancy you possess will be torn from you. Nevertheless, I shall take care to acquaint my master with what you have represented, and whatever he wills, that shall be done.' *

Mohammed, not having at that time brought his Asiatic campaign to a close, and being apprehensive of Urchan's release, until that was effected, dissembled his indignation, and bade the ambassadors meet him on his return to Adrianople. The answer he here gave, consisted in laying hold upon the revenues from the towns on the Strymon, which had been reserved for Urchan's subsistence, and expelling their inhabitants *en masse.*

Castle of the Bosphorus built.

At the setting in of the winter of 1450, Mohammed issued circular orders throughout the whole of European and Asiatic Turkey, that the chiefs of provinces should supply him with a thousand masons, carpenters, &c., and the usual complement of bricklayers and labourers, as well as the materials requisite for erecting a castle on the European bank of the Bosphorus, on a spot situated at its mouth. Such tidings as these were well calculated to awaken in the breasts of the Greek Emperor and his whole metropolis a painful misgiving of their approaching end. Instead of any longer insisting upon Urchan's subsistence-money, or on the doubling of its amount, the imperial ambassadors now implored the Sultan to abandon his enterprise, and accept tribute from their sovereign. Mohammed, bursting out into a fit of rage, replied, 'that the Greeks were a race of traitors; that they had courted an alliance with the Hungarians, (his deadly enemies;) that, before the battle of Warna, they had endeavoured to prevent his father from crossing over into Europe; that the latter, even at that time, had sworn to erect a castle on the European shore; and that, impediments having arisen to prevent his father from fulfilling his vow, he himself had resolved to accomplish it.' 'And who is to come between me and my right to build upon my own soil?' exclaimed the Sultan. 'Tell your Emperor, that the Sultan now upon the throne will bear no comparison with his predecessors; what they were incapable of achieving, becomes a work of ease in my hands; and what might never be their will, I choose to will in all the plenitude of my might! Let such an embassy be repeated, and the messenger shall be despatched forthwith.'

By the end of March the various materials were collected; timber was brought from Nicodemia and Heraclea in Pontus, and stone from Anatolia. The Beglerbegs of Europe and Asia, together with other Beys and Subaschi, assembled on the eastern side of the Bosphorus, and the Sultan himself left Adrianople to meet them. The site which he had fixed upon for the erection of his castle was opposite to that where Ildirim Bajazet had built the fort of 'Güfelhissar;' it was situated at the point where the Bosphorus is narrowest, and is hence called the '*throat*,' in the same way that its extremity is termed the '*mouth*,' where that channel is contracted to a breadth of five stadii between the two opposing promontories, and near to the spot where Androcles, of Samos, had thrown over the bridge on which Darius crossed with the Persian forces on his march to Scythia. Here stands the lofty eminence, in ancient times known by the name of *Hermaion*, in honour of Hermes, to whom a temple was raised on its summit. From this eminence, Darius watched the passage of his army from Asia into Europe; a fact which was recorded by inscriptions, in the Assyrian character, engraven upon columns erected there in memory of that event. At the foot of this eminence or promontory, Mohammed traced the outline of his castle, of which, with a species of superstitious prejudice, he resolved that the walls should describe the form of the word Mohammed, (his own as well as the Prophet's cognomen,) as written in the Arabic character, and that a tower should be raised wherever the M occurred, this letter having in the Arabic an annular form. Hence the circuit of the edifice, with its three towers, displayed a most incongruous appearance; two of them starting up at the foot of the promontory, and the third being turned towards the sea. The construction of the latter was entrusted to Chalil-Pasha, the Grand Vizier, whilst that of the two former was left to the Vizier Sarganos and Saridsche-Pasha, who had grown grey in the service of the Court and Harem. The Sultan himself undertook to build the walls which should connect the towers into one structure. A thousand masons, each having two assistants under him, carried on the labour without, and an equal number within, the walls. Not only was Asia tributary of the materials needed, but the dismantled walls and churches of the Bosphorus, nay, even the pillars of the immense and splendid church of Michael the Archangel, on the Sosthenian Sea, were rendered subservient to the purpose in hand. By such means as these was the castle of the Bosphorus completed within a space of three months; its rampart being twenty-five, and the walls of its towers thirty, feet in thickness.

Being erected at the gullet of the canal, and so placed as to be capable of cutting all navigation short, Mohammed conferred upon it the name of *Boghafkesen*, or 'Gullet-chopper.' The Greeks, who were accustomed to the process of decapitation, confounding the first two syllables with the word *Basch*, or head, resolved the name into that of the 'cutter off of heads.' Its first governor was Firufaga, who was ordered, with the four hundred Janissaries under him, to stop every description of vessels, and compel them to pay tribute before they were released. As a means of effectually securing the object contemplated, that of commanding the Bosphorus, the tower which lay upon the sea was furnished with Chalil-Pasha's enormous cannon.

On the 28th of August, 1452, Mohammed quitted the spot, made a reconnaissance round the ditches of Byzantium, and on the 1st of September returned to Adrianople.

First Hostilities between the Turks and Greeks.

During the preceding summer, the Greek Emperor had had recourse to the mistaken policy of endeavouring to attain by unmanly humiliation, what he had failed in obtaining by empty menace. With this view he sent ambassadors to implore safeguards for the villages situated on the Bosphorus, and protection for their corn fields during the approaching autumn. At the same time, he daily supplied the Sultan's table with the choicest viands and beverages. Instead of acceding to the request, or returning the Emperor's civilities, Mohammed issued orders that no one should venture to impede his troops in driving their horses, mules, or beasts of burthen into the corn-fields of the Greeks, and, if resistance were offered, that recourse should be had to force of arms. Now, Isfendiar's son, (who had married the Sultan's sister,) having driven his cattle into the gardens and fields about Epibaton (*Bivados*), a blow given by a Turkish groom to a Greek, who was abetted by his countrymen, brought on a skirmish, in which several lives were lost on both sides.* A report of this affair being laid before Mohammed by the *Kiajabeg* (or Minister of the Interior), he was directed to retaliate, by cutting the inhabitants of Epibaton to pieces. The Turkish soldiery consequently fell upon the reapers of the town, as they were going forth to their morning labours; such was the dawn of the last war in which the empire of Byzantium was engaged. Constantine, hereupon, closed the gates of the city, and incarcerated the whole of the Turks who were found within its walls. Amongst these were several young eunuchs belonging to the Sultan's Harem; yielding to their earnest representations, that, if they were not instantly set at liberty, nay, even if released subsequently, their lives would become forfeit, the Emperor bade them go free on the third day, and took the opportunity of sending Greek envoys to Mohammed, by whom he made known to him, that the Emperor relied upon the help of God in all that concerned the fate of the city, of which he had closed the gates only

* Ducas's Hist. Byzant., xxxiv, p. 132. We have given the speech as reported by the accurate Ducas, who has probably preserved it in the exact form of words in which it was delivered by Chalil, of whom, indeed, its expressions are singularly characteristic.

* Ducas's Hist. Byz., xxxiv. p. 137.

after peace had been violated, and that he would protect its inhabitants to the utmost extent of his power, should it not please Heaven to inspire the Sultan with friendly dispositions.'† Mohammed was loath to trouble himself with the task of seeking either pretexts or apologies for his violence, but instantly declared war, and, from that time, (June, 1452,) until the Cross was replaced by the Crescent, all ingress into the proud metropolis of the East was barred.

THE WORKS OF THE O'HARA FAMILY.

Among the herd of novels, in the eyes of some the curse, in those of others the glory, at all events the peculiarity, of our day, there is much to distinguish these productions. If they be in any quality different from scores of others published every year, they must be the fruits of no common degree of talent; for a larger portion of second-rate ability was never applied to any department of literature in any country than has, in our time, and in England, been turned to novel-writing. A very uncommon share of talent is, indeed, in our opinion, discernible in these writings,—and we wish to say a few words on the singularity of the whole series. In the first place, they are, especially, national novels. Every thing about them is Irish; the humour, sometimes coarse, always real and vigorous—the startling alternations of crime and virtue, ferocity and tenderness—the characters often so natural, yet, at the same time, consistent only in inconsistency—merriments that dance on to such fearful catastrophes—horrors big with a jest, and plots that only the wildest imagination could have conceived, and only Ireland could have realised. There are no other novels with any thing approaching to the power which these have displayed, in the employment of such elements. Lady Morgan seldom seems full of her subject, and is more occupied in writing pleasantly about the scenes and personages she introduces than in representing them bright and moving to the reader. Besides, her pictures are far too often merely grotesques, in which we scarcely can trace any thing more than absurdity, instead of wearing an outside garb of oddity, with much of truth and substantial nature beneath it. Miss Edgeworth exhibits her countrymen not as a philosopher, but as a *philosophe;* or, as Coleridge would say, a *psilosopher;* and this makes all the difference between drawing them as they are, and as neither they nor any human beings ever can have been. Her mind is so artificial, that is, so incapable of worthily pursuing Art, that she has failed in describing, not merely Irishmen, but men; and, with all her ingenuity and labour, and ostentatious tact, and real talent, her books are very unsatisfactory, though very entertaining. The author of 'To-day in Ireland' is obviously a clever man, and an excellent writer. If he fails at all, it is in that intense power which is so conspicuous in the works of the O'Hara Family; though he in some degree makes up for the deficiency by a greater purity of taste than belongs to his more voluminous and more popular rivals. The writer of 'The Munster Tales' has much of evidently immature ability, which will require long and careful training to make it all that it may be. Some of his sea-side sketches are particularly true and vivid. His characters are irregularly sustained, and his plots wretchedly put together; while some of his scenes are immoderately extravagant, and others intolerably feeble. Yet we look forward with much pleasure to the fulfilment of the promise which his works have given; and, judging from the few specimens of his published verse, poetry is like to yield him her honours as well as prose. These are really all the Irish novelists we remember, and we have not leisure at present to pay them any more attention. As pictures, then, of Ireland, we hold the works of the O'Hara Family to be, on the whole, superior to any others we could name. They exhibit, in perfection, a mastery over the two extremes, which make up so much of the mind of the country—terror and laughter. The most effective scenes are always either those of the most high-wrought and tremendous excitement, or of the broadest humour; and in these no one, not even Scott, is superior to him. The intermediate steps from merriment to despair are less accurately given; and the scenes which depend for their interest on a tone of light and fantastic trifling, or on some thin colour of gentle feeling thrown over the ordinary circumstances of life, are comparatively ineffective, and sometimes tedious. A somewhat similar remark is applicable to the personages. Those in the upper classes of life, from whom, except in some few moments of passion, we expect a graceful carelessness and polished indifference, are often cumbrous and awkward in their attempt to be elegant.

On occasions which call forth the wildest passion, in agony, hatred, and death, the previous dulness of such beings is completely forgotten and lost in the strength and absorbing interest of the situation. In the lower ranks of characters, whose very differenee from ourselves supplies us with entertainmeut and study, success is almost uniformly attained. There is among these a fulness of delineation, a richness, and breadth, and unflagging spirit, filling every word of the most casual dialogue, and bringing before us the peasant jesters or heroes, or, more commonly, both in one, with a truth and vivacity which no human pen can excel. We strongly suspect that this difference between the merit of the sketches from the opposite extremes of society arises, in a great degree, from the state of society in Ireland. There is no body of Irish gentry. The good among the upper class are merely Englishmen. There has not been time for an upper class of Roman Catholics to arise: and those of the Protestants who, in any material point, differ from Englishmen, are not such as would furnish a novelist with heroes and heroines. They are imperfect, half-formed beings, with a good deal of the tyrant, something of the knave, and much of the profligate. It is not from these elements that a romance-writer would form his gallants or his beauties. At the same time, to preserve the nationality of the works, it was necessary to represent very different persons from those of Fielding, Richardson, and the author of 'Tremaine;' who are the only amiable class of gentry the elements of which are to be found in Ireland, and that very sparingly. The specimens of the genuine Milesian gentleman are so few, and with much of really respectable, have at the same time so large a share of what, to modern and English eyes, is purely absurd, that they are not such as to supply a writer with the persons on whom he wishes to concentrate our interest.

Hence it is that the superior classes in Miss Edgeworth's novels, except in that one delightful exception of 'Lady Geraldine,' are purely English. Hence the fantastic inconsistencies of those who play the *grands rôles* in Lady Morgan's pleasant extravaganzas; and hence it is that the authors of the O'Hara Tales have been compelled to draw upon their fancy, not only for the form, but for the very material of many of their foremost characters. This is the greatest evil in their writings. Another springs from a very different cause. They are not only national, but also political, novels. The politician attaches interest to many things, which, to the novel reader, are merely tedious; and this has given rise to the admission of many prolixities which would otherwise doubtless have been omitted. There are redundancies in every volume of the series, and mere pruning would get rid of many of the most

PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

Royal Academy.

Whatever question may be made as to whether the Exhibition at Somerset House be a good one or not, two things respecting it are beyond all doubt. First, that it is the dirtiest and most rudely conducted picture-gallery in the universe. This happens, we presume, because the office of dispensing tickets and catalogues, which should be assigned to persons of some degree of address, is executed by bearish and liveried menials, whose proper duty should be to sweep the floors and stairs. Our second undisputed point is, that the Exhibition ought to be a good one; for who can read an account of the proceedings at the Artist's Benevolent Fund Society, which took place on Saturday, without acknowledging that all the requisites set forth in the Academy's excellent motto, and which we had occasion to notice in our last, abound. Con over the speeches of Lords Lyndhurst, Goderich, and Durham, and pronounce if there be wanting to our artists either *fautores* or *commendatores;* the want of *materia* and *occasio* nobody complains of. We are grateful to their Lordships for their encouragement; but injudicious praise is as pernicious to the artist as to the child. There cannot be a more praiseworthy use of the immense wealth of our Nobility and Gentry than the patronage of the arts, and the affording employment and means of subsistence to deserving and talented men, who follow a calling which, by contributing so mainly to the refinement of society, exercises so desirable an influence on the happiness of mankind. But their Lordships do ill to flatter our artists in any other way than by encouraging them. Our professors of the arts are truly worthy of patronage, but their performances as a school are not so good as they might, and as they ought to, be. To express ourselves satisfied with their efforts, is as preposterous as to avow ourselves contented with the fashionable reading of the day, as a model of national literature. These works meet with commendation, and they deserve it; but, in applauding them, we measure them by a low standard. The same is the case with our works on art. What praise could be claimed by a single exhibitionist, were his work examined by comparison with an ancient master? The artist himself does not aspire to any such honour; and the critic who desires to be sparing, knows this, and never thinks of examining the modern works of his countrymen by such a test. But he does not, on that account, sigh the less to see a grand work from a British pencil;—to behold a painting that might really and literally deserve to be placed by the side of a Raphael or a Titian.

Lord Durham deserves the gratitude of the country for the encouragement he affords to native art, by forming a collection of the works of modern painters: and even the observations of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Goderich should not be objected to, were it not that they seem to proceed from that general taste for low art—for works of humour, in preference to those of imagination, which is but too prevalent in England at present, and which operates most prejudicially on the arts. Whether the taste of our patrons be influenced, in this respect, by the nature of the talents of our painters, and low art is patronised, because, in that humble walk, our professors are most successful; or whether, on the contrary, our artists do not soar aloft, because they are more sure of obtaining subsistence and patronage by hovering near the earth, and because, if they took a lofty flight, their patrons would be neither able nor willing to follow them, remains to this day a question. The opinion of artists in general inclines, we are aware to the latter explanation; but for ourselves, we cannot and will not doubt that were a real Milton or Shakspeare to appear in our age, he would find readers and admirers; and that, were a British Raphael to shine forth, his works would find encouragement and purchasers. We despair, however, of seeing the day; and, until we do, must make ourselves as happy as we can be with the treasures we possess.

We resume our notice of the Exhibition, which we left last week, at No. 193, Mr. Etty's *Composition from Milton.* This is a most favourable specimen of English art; the subject is well and poetically imagined and composed, and the picture is richly and cleverly coloured; the dark and light parts are harmoniously and very effectively blended. The story is well expressed, and the details are made to lend great aid to the general effect: the bacchanal dance is brilliant and joyous, and its gaiety is heightened by contrast with the sedate repose of other figures regarding the sport without partaking of it. The forms are in general good, although

Herculean figure, in the right hand corner of the picture, is remarkably fine. The dark head and figure of the bearded man seizing a nymph, produces a very effective contrast with the more delicate tints of the female: the head itself is excellent, and breathes a truth and life not common in modern paintings. The group in the left-hand corner of the picture displays another happy effect of contrast, and is full of sentiment. The sky and landscape are in the manner of Titian, and by no means an unsuccessful attempt. The objections to which this picture is open, are perhaps too great a positiveness of colour; an awkward and slovenly arrangement in the hair of some of the females, an inelegance of attitude, and a too general resemblance in the features—all the figures appearing to be of one family.

Besides those pictures we have mentioned in the first room, there are several very attractive pieces, which have accidentally escaped our notice, but not our attention. First of these, we may mention the *Lady Anne Vernon*, No. 120, by Jackson, R. A., a very clever and expressive portrait. *Esther approaching Ahasuerus*, No. 99, by Jones, R. A., is a clever piece, in the manner of Rembrandt, but without the vigour and force of that master. Stothard's *May Morning*, No. 98, in illustration of 'Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar,' *May*—is in that artist's usual delightful classical style of grace and elegance. *Doubtful Weather*, No. 59, and *Taking out a Thorn*, 86, both by W. Collins, R. A., are delightful English landscapes, void of all false effect, yet warm and full of expression and truth.

The notice of the remaining rooms we reserve for our next Number.

The Vision of Joseph,—a Painting by Mr. Lane.

We were favoured with a private view of this Picture on Saturday, and, in common with a vast concourse of visitors, were surprised at its imposing effect. The room in which it was placed, however, was so ineffectively lighted, that it has been deemed advisable again to close the exhibition, in order to make some better arrangements. We should be guilty of injustice, therefore, both to the artist and to ourselves, were we to enter on a criticism of the work at present. We reserve it, therefore, for a future occasion, merely observing, that, from the idea we were enabled to form of 'The Vision of Joseph,' we doubt whether the whole range of English art possesses a work of similar character and merit.

The Fall of Nineveh,—a Painting by Mr. Martin.

The title of this picture, the name of the artist, and the remembrance of his 'Belshazzar's Feast,' will suggest the manner in which the new subject is treated. The picture represents the moment when the wrath of Heaven falls on the devoted capital of the Assyrian empire,—when the elements, and the efforts of mortal enemies, prevail against Sardanapalus. The lightning flashes—the bolt strikes the massive walls—the prophecy is already accomplished, secure in the impossibility of the fulfilment of which, the monarch had abandoned himself to luxury and repose, while the hostile army was at his gates—THE RIVER HAS BECOME THE ENEMY OF NINEVEH! it overflows the breach, and with it enter the galleys and armed multitude of the besiegers. The vast city is in flames—the conflagration approaches the palace of the monarch on the one side—the countless host of the enemy, with their chariots and horses, rush towards it on the other. There Sardanapalus, conscious of his inevitable doom, has collected his vast treasures,—his couches of gold and vases, changes of costly raiment and precious stones. He stands there himself, attired in his most gorgeous apparel, in the midst of his terrified harem: the vast pile is under their feet, and he orders the torches, already approaching, to be applied to it.

The upper part of this picture is a wonderful work, and bespeaks the powerful imagination of the artist; the effect of the conflagration, and of the sublime extent of the city—of its piles of massive architecture, is grand and imposing beyond conception. The lightning and conflagration are awful: the terror they inspire is astonishingly heightened by the appearance of the moon and a portion of the bespangled firmament, in a corner where the clouds have partially broken off, and where the fire has not yet reached. The host of enemies entering through the breach, and rushing on to the fight, is most skilfully executed; the general mass is grandly designed and effective, while the parts are defined with wonderful labour and minuteness. The foreground of the picture we cannot bring ourselves to praise—all is overwrought and extravagant; danapalus may be excepted; the attitude is beautiful, but misplaced, and would have better suited a dancing group. The colouring is most gorgeous, but not to be recommended for imitation.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

King's Theatre—Tuesday.

'Il Don Giovanni' was repeated, on Tuesday the 6th inst., in a style rather superior to the performance on Madame Caradori's benefit; and, as far as regards the vocal portion, equal to the generality of representations in former seasons. This masterpiece, which, like many of the productions of Shakspeare, blends the sublime and serious with the comic, was composed at Prague as early as 1787, a date which has already procured for the music of Mozart the equivocal distinction of admission to the *ancient* Concerts in this country. The magnificent and scientific overture is another instance among many, to prove that the happiest efforts of musical genius are not always the offspring of elaborate thought or of frequent revisions. The score of 'Don Giovanni' was finished, the last rehearsal gone through, and the opera advertised for the morrow, ere Mozart penned a note of the overture. The intreaties of his friends and the manager were disregarded, and constantly put off with the assurance that he would write it in sufficient time for the performance on the next night. Conviviality held Mozart in such chains that it was late in the night before he returned to sit down to compose this overture. Ideas will not always flow at the moment most wanted, and he quickly felt the necessity of lying down, at least, for an hour or two, and afterwards returned to the task. The attempt was repeated with the reinforcement of a bowl of punch; and, although interrupted occasionally, as his progress would naturally be, by fits of somnolency, a disposition to which may be traced in several passages, the score was completed before breakfast, the parts copied before evening, and the overture performed and encored the same night.

The opening *lento* of this *chef-d'œuvre* is generally taken, at the King's Theatre, somewhat slow; indeed, such was the duration of the pause in the second bar, that an amateur rose inquiringly to ascertain whether any unforeseen calamity had befallen the instrumentalists. In the first finale, the *lusus musicæ*, (it scarcely deserves a higher name,) of three orchestras performing the same piece of music in different measures, we have never yet heard perfectly executed; and the present performance formed no exception to our experience. In this original device all parties have the same *motivo;* but the orchestra divides itself into three distinct bands, of which two are generally on the stage; one of the divisions executes the subject in 3-4, the second in 3-8, and the third in 2-4 time. When well executed, we have no doubt the effect is novel if not pleasing; but it requires such skill and attention on the part of the artists, that it has been little else than a confused mass of tone whenever we have heard it. The execution of the instrumental portion generally, in the present revival, appeared to us inferior to the performances of former years. There seemed a want of strength in the numbers of the stringed instruments, especially of violins, a department the efficacy of which is of such paramount necessity for the complete execution of Mozart's music. We fancied also a want of precision; certainly not from any dearth of first-rate professors, although, for the quality of the second-rates, we cannot so surely vouch; if these latter are not of strictly comparative force and talent, the correct exertions of the former will ever be neutralised.

The acquiescence on the part of Mademoiselle Sontag to appear in the character of *Donna Anna*, however we might estimate the professional kindness which prompted it, was little calculated to raise her vocal fame in the British musical world; more especially as the final opinion of many connoisseurs has no doubt been deferred until her appearance in a second character. But actors and singers are generally the worst judges of their individual *forte;* and Mademoiselle Sontag, however she may deem the part calculated for her voice, ought not, with a due regard to the fame she has realised in this country, to have undertaken a character so decidedly opposed to the line of her histrionic talent, and far less should she have suffered her good-nature to volunteer the acceptance of the part of *Desdemona*, in which Madame Pasta seemed but a few days ago to have determined to set all competition at defiance. It affords us the greatest satisfaction, notwithstanding this, to acknowledge that the conception and por-

In acting and singing, she evinced throughout a laudable and complete study of the part. Were we inclined to throw out a hint for improvement, we might, perhaps, recommend the lowering of a forced intonation of a considerable portion of the music. She is too apt to execute it occasionally at the utmost pitch of her voice; whether we shall place this ultra-exertion to the charge of the school which has produced her, wherein we know, from experience, that sudden *fortissimo's* are too much in vogue, or whether we shall ascribe it to an anxious desire to reach the extremity of this spacious house, we confess ourselves in doubt. Her action and execution of the recitative, solo and duett upon her father's murder, 'Ma qual mai s'offre oh dei,' was an excellent and touching performance; the highly pathetic piece in which she informs *Ottavio* of the circumstances preceding that catastrophe, was by no means so effective or so feelingly delivered. Mademoiselle Sontag concluded her part with the recitative, 'Crudele ah no mio bene,' and bravura, 'Non mi dir.' They were correctly and tastefully given; but, after the variations of Rode, the generality of bravuras will appear for some time mere milk-and-water.

In the choruses and throughout the finale of the first act, which exceeds, in our opinion, any composition of the kind, Mademoiselle Sontag exerted herself in a most praiseworthy manner, and in a style which might serve as an example to other *prime donne*, who are too apt to consider any marked effort in choruses, not only *infra dig.*, but even injudicious, as tending to exhaust their capability of future exertion.

This lady's performance of *Donna Anna* deserves also the greatest commendation, for the fidelity with which she invariably adhered to the music of Mozart. We could not detect a single deviation from the authentic melody. True it is, that in Germany, however indulgent they may be towards interpolated passages in foreign masters, neither a note more nor less would be tolerated by an audience, who, nineteen out of twenty, have waded through the score as an integral portion of their education. If Mademoiselle Sontag will endeavour to subdue certain portions of her execution, (none more particularly than in the trio, 'Protegga il giusto Cielo,' where, from the inefficient support of Signor Torri and Madame Castelli, the excess of *forte* on her part was doubly perceptible,) the performance of the character may be considered a satisfactory effort and calculated to increase her reputation in this country.

Those of our readers who have once heard the unrivalled execution of his bass passages by Zuchelli, need not be told that the music of 'Don Giovanni' could not have been in better hands. As regards acting, we can never forget Ambrogetti in the character, although, when we heard him, his voice gave evident tokens of speedy extinction. Zuchelli's action is a little redundant, especially in the finales where he exerts himself in the French *genre* most strenuously. His 'Deh vieni alla finestra,' and Spagnoletti's accompaniment, we have already noticed as equally delicious; they drew forth a general *encore*. 'Fin ch'an dal vino,' since the days of Ambrogetti, is taken so immoderately quick, as to render it impossible for any singer who does not possess a similar extraordinary volubility of speech, to execute it with any effect. The duett with Madame Caradori, 'La ci darem la mano,' was well and sweetly sung by both parties, and, of course, entailed another encore. It is, however, in the passages of the numerous trios and concerted pieces, that the flexibility of Zuchelli's voice is most especially valuable; in the *tutti*, it is somewhat deficient in strength.

Madame Caradori, as *Zerlina*, has little, in the way of intricacy or study, to contend with; but the part is neat and pleasing, and is generally rewarded with greater applause than the more difficult and laborious characters. 'Batti, batti,' was sung *un poco lento*, quick enough, we dare say, for Mr. Lindley, whose masterly performance of the accompaniment must be as fatiguing as his execution and tone stand unequalled by any violoncello it has been our fortune to hear. In one of the passages of 'Vedrai carino,' Madame Caradori arrived a crotchet too late for the orchestra, who received rather a severe rebuke, in the looks of the lady, for their want of complaisance.

Pellegrini's voice gives, occasionally, symptoms of departure; his acting is excellent, and, notwithstanding the many *Leporello's* we have seen, on the English, French, German, and Italian stages, we recollect none more satisfactory and pleasing. 'Madamina, il catalogo questo,' was irresistibly comic.

Porto sings correctly, but he overacts the part of

much less for the spirit of the dead; otherwise, we see no reason for depriving him of the latter characters, and giving them to De Angeli. In 1824, Porto played both the spectre and the rustic, and truly sorry are we to find him already, in 1828, giving up the ghost. The strength and timbre of De Angeli's voice is unequal to the solemn denunciations of the statue; strains which are as awful as original, and which it requires but little effort of the imagination to fancy almost superhuman. The accompaniment of the wind instruments, however, would have speedily put to flight any illusion, which some of the auditors might have been disposed to indulge in. No half-dozen trumpets at a fair could have been more discordant, and the barbarous and random sounds which accompanied 'Di rider finirai pria dell Aurora,' were a disgrace to the theatre.

Of Signor Torri, in *Don Octavio*, and of Madame Castelli, in *Donna Elvira*, the less said, perhaps, the better. Their voices are not equal to the separate characters; and, in many of the concerted pieces, they might often have been absent from the stage, without the ear feeling sensible of the deficiency. Curioni ought to have taken the part of *Don Octavio*, but, as he is the only prominent member of the establishment who has not had an Opera night of repose since the commencement of the season, it is but fair to excuse his absence on the present occasion.

The choruses and finales were fairly executed, sufficiently well to permit a proper appreciation of these masterpieces. In scenery and decoration, there was, of course, nothing new; but the opera, on the whole, appeared to give satisfaction to a most crowded house, more numerous, however, than *distinguée*.

King's Theatre—Saturday.

'La Donna del Lago' had been advertised for Thursday, but a mutilated act from 'Semiramide,' and one from the 'Barbiere,' were substituted. On this postponement we shall simply remark, that, had the Managers consulted the reputation of the establishment, they would certainly have still further deferred the reproduction of 'La Donna del Lago,' as we never recollect even a new opera, far less a revival, to have been so carelessly and imperfectly executed. This deficiency has probably in some measure arisen from the variety of interpolations imported, we presume, from the head-quarters of Rossini, by the numerous late arrivals from the *Théâtre Italien* in Paris. Still this circumstance forms no excuse for the gross want of rehearsals, palpable in almost every scene. The opening chorus was imperfect. In the first duett between Curioni and Mademoiselle Sontag, and in many other instances, the latter kindly acted as *souffleuse* to the Royal Wanderer. The fair choristers in 'Dinibica Donzella,' started off with the melody in the symphony, and it was only by the threatening gestures of M. Spagnoletti's bow, that they were gradually reduced to silence, to await their turn for exhibition. All these, however, were trifling peccadilloes in comparison with the grand and *sublime* chaos of sounds in the latter portion of the finale of the first act, and in which neither key nor time could be detected; nay, the principal performers were unable to restrain their smiles at the incongruous mass. The instrumental performance deserves little better testimony; the opening movement, which, *par parenthese*, did not commence till half an hour after the usual time, was well executed. In the first duett between *Uberto* and *Elena*, our enemies the trumpets were again most woefully out of tune; and, as to the military music on the stage, we really pitied the master of the band; for, what with his musical exertions, the sawing motion of his clarionet in beating time, and the lateral movements of his head directed to the leader of the Orchestra, by way of telegraphing his helplessness of the disorder, the poor man had no enviable station throughout the evening. We have said enough to give our readers a faint idea of the style in which 'La Donna del Lago' was produced this evening, and, with our best hopes for the lady's general convalescence, we shall turn to a more pleasing theme.

Mademoiselle Sontag appeared in the character of *Elena*, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing the best of the three *debuts* which she has as yet made in London. Her conception of the part seemed to us a little too heroic, and so much the less calculated for the lively and playful expression of the individual: a large circular plaid hat, vying in circumference with the monstrosities we see in the front of the house, and surmounted by no despicable plume of white ostrich feathers, tended by no means to render the character more domestic or more consonant with an Englishman's ideas of the 'Lady of the Lake.' Her study of the part formed a most laudable contrast to certain other portions of the opera; indeed, she effectively assisted the choruses and action in more than one instance. The strong intonation to which we have adverted in our report of Tuesday's performance, occasionally burst out in the present character; a fact which rather surprises us, considering that we have nothing of the sort to complain of in 'The Barbiere.' 'Oh mattutini albori,' to hear which half a dozen times in one opera, however exquisitely sung, has become almost a penance, was perfectly executed; and, in the latter part, a few cadences were put forth, in which a vast deal of expression was introduced. In the first duett with *Uberto*, and accompanying chorus in the first act, Mademoiselle Sontag will, we are sure, be gratified by our styling her execution of the lines,

'Le mie barbare vicende
Che te giova penetrar?'

a perfect 'gem à la Pasta.' We have before now watched the intensity with which Mademoiselle Sontag, in one of the boxes, has listened to the execution of the former lady, who, as to style and action, may be placed as a model to all rising vocalists. In the succeeding couplet,

'Ah! mi tolse un solo istante
Del mio cor la libertà,'

our German artist took entirely her own ground, and gave as finished a specimen of her *savoir-faire* as her warmest friends could desire; it was received with such continued applause, as to render Curioni for some minutes inaudible.

In the duett in the second act, with *Malcolm*, and in the subsequent quartett with *Malcolm*, *Rodrigo*, and *Douglas*, both of which, we understand, belong to an earlier production of Rossini, Mademoiselle Sontag's portion was ever distinguished by a most correct ear, considerable taste, and extraordinary flexibility in the softer passages: the quartett was sung perfectly by all parties, and forms one of the most effective *morceaux* in the present performance of the opera. The varied and difficult bravura at the close of the finale of the second act, presented to this lady a magnificent field for the display of her knowledge of music, and of her execution of divisions, of which she fully availed herself; it formed a happy climax, and the curtain fell amidst applause, which we feel convinced was as sincere as it was unanimous. We are confident that this young lady's musical acquirements are even at this time not fully before the public.

Madame Schutz, as *Malcolm*, was another novelty of the evening, and rendered the character of far greater import, than we had been hitherto wont to attach to it. Her singing was very correct, occasionally a little flat as to tone, and often neutralised by circumstances, over which she had no control. That original cavatina, 'E a tante pene' was tastefully sung; and the following bravura and chorus, 'Che sento! oh me infelice,' had a magnificent effect, it being one of the few instances in which the '*Guerrieri*' were at all perfect. The oftener we hear and see this lady, the more we feel sensible of the acquisition which the theatre has made in her engagement. Italian operas present so many *contralto* parts, the non-importance of which, we feel assured, will never be demurred at by Mlle. Sontag, that she is likely to become one of the most useful members of the establishment. Zuchelli has but a small character in *Rodrigo*, which he executes perfectly. Curioni, although the original *Uberto* in this country, was occasionally at a loss for his part. His 'Aurora ah sorgerai' from within was deservedly encored, if such distinctions must be awarded.

Porto's *Douglas* is unquestionably one of his best characters, and 'Taci, lo voglio' the most effective bass song we have ever heard him execute. His low notes, down to F, reach the farthest tier, and are always as correct as they are sonorous.

Once more, nothing new in scenery or decorations, not even our full share of canvas. 'Another part of the Lake,' in the first act, is one and the same with the former; and the entrance to the Hall of the Throne is most effective, provided contrast be a desideratum.

We must briefly notice in the divertissement the first appearance of Madame Dupuis, from the 'Académie Royale!' She danced a *pas de deux* with Daumont, and displayed much elegance and talent, occasionally tinged with a little affectation. Her figure is *petite*, with a pleasing face, and she reminds us strongly of little Leon, who danced on these boards some twelve years since.

English Opera House.

A young débutante, Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpré made her appearance at this Theatre, on Wednesday last, before a numerous and fashionable audience, and her superiority in her own line of acting has acquired for her the title of 'La Mademoiselle Mars du Vaudeville.' Her person, though under the middle size, is elegantly formed; her face, though not very juvenile, is animated and expressive; and her eyes sparkle with vivacity and sprightliness. Her deportment is easy and graceful, her voice so clear and articulate as to make her language perfectly intelligible to those who are but moderately versed in the French tongue; and she possesses a perfect knowledge of the business of the stage, a quality which Perlet alone possesses in an equal degree.

The pieces selected for her first appearance at this theatre were, 'Les Premières Amours,' et 'Le plus beau Jour de la Vie.' In the former she appeared to great advantage, and was well seconded by Laporte and Pelissié; but in the second, in which she personated a young bride, she was still more successful, and drew down the unanimous applause of the audience.

On Friday, Mademoiselle Vertpré, made her second appearance in 'La Chatte métamorphosée en Femme.' Nothing can be more extravagantly burlesque and absurd, though at the same time, lively, poetical, and entertaining, than this little piece. A young German, whom the reading of Werter and Faust has disordered in his intellects, becomes captivated with his cat; and, being provided by an Indian who pretends to possess a talisman that will render him master of the object of his affections, he thereby transforms his favourite cat into a beautiful young damsel. This proves to be his own cousin, who makes use of the instrumentality of the pretended magician, in order to cure him of his foolish attachment. The stratagem succeeds; and the young German, finding his passion still more invigorated by this metamorphosis, concludes the piece by marrying his cousin, who discloses to him the secret of her manœuvre, and thus ultimately extricates him from his dilemma.

The character of this piece is sufficiently wild and extravagant; it has, besides, only two or three songs worthy of recollection, so that its attraction consists entirely in the skill of the performers. The scene opens with the representation of the residence of the young German: Puss is removed from the lap of his old house-keeper and placed respectfully on a couch. The young lover enters, and, while in soliloquy, he expresses his passion in the most tender and pathetic terms. An Indian sorceress then arrives and presents him with a talisman, which is to render him master of the object of his affection. He immediately puts it to use:—the magic words begin to operate—the curtain of the couch is drawn aside;—but is it Puss or a lady? It is both—a beautiful young creature is beheld—she mews not, but sings, she even speaks; while the whiteness of her covering and its fine ermine borders bring Puss to our recollection—her motions, gestures, postures, and attitudes, all tend to keep up the deception: there is the same gaiety, vivacity, and gentleness, that distinguish the furry tribe. Puss herself could not be more active, agile, neat, and luxuriant; nor could she be more attentive to her own ease, or repose with more complacency on beds of down. The natural dispositions and the peculiar manners still remain; there is the same selfishness, the same propensity to mischief, and the appetite for petty plunder. She is equally artful in stealing cream, in playing with balls of thread, in laying siege to the canary-bird, in catching mice, in the dexterous protension of her paws, in caterwauling on the tiles; in short, it was Puss herself complete, but under another shape.

Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpré performed the part in the most admirable manner; indeed, it is owing to her exquisite style of acting that such a piece was tolerated at all—nay, more, was crowned with success. The address and sprightliness, the shrewd and artful refinement, which, this evening, she again threw into the part, were fully appreciated by the audience, who greeted her with long-continued plaudits. This new piece has now become in London, as it had previously been at Paris, a species of triumph to Mademoiselle Vertpré. She certainly appeared in it to greater advantage than in 'La Chercheuse d'Esprit,' which terminated the entertainments of the evening, and in which, we feel ourselves compelled to say, that Laporte, contrary to his usual practice, discovered neither ability nor art. This may, possibly, have been the reason that Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpré seemed to us rather behind her Parisian performance of the same piece, which we ourselves had an opportunity of witnessing; for, as Piron has observed, 'an actor rises or falls to a certain [illegible]

Argyll Rooms.

A 'Morning Concert' was held at these Rooms, for the benefit of Signor De Begnis, on Monday last, at two o'clock, and attended by a very elegant and fashionable audience. The performances were principally vocal, and, in general, pleasing and effective. Madame Pasta, Caradori, Puzzi, Stockhausen, Schutz, and Brambilla, each sang with their accustomed and characteristic power and sweetness. De Beriot also performed, magnificently, a solo of his own composition, on the violin, and Signor Puzzi was successful in a Fantasia on the horn. The aria from Paccini, as sung by Madame Pasta, was the highest treat that could be enjoyed of musical power and expression. The duett, 'Lasciami non t'ascolto' of Rossini, was given by Madame Caradori and Mademoiselle Brambilla, with infinite grace and sweetness; and Madame Ronzi de Begnis sang an aria of Mozart's in the most captivating manner: all these were very loudly applauded. The most delightful piece of the Concert was, however, the duett, 'Non temer mio bel cadetto,' from 'Mercadante,' which was sung by Signor De Begnis and his wife, with a degree of vivacious and expressive suitability of character, which displayed the highest *dramatic* as well as *musical* talent. Madame Ronzi's reception by the audience (after her long and regretted absence) was most enthusiastic; and the graceful and engaging manner in which she returned these congratulations, made the interchange of feeling, between herself and her auditors, almost affectionate. This was subsequently alluded to in an Improvisation by Signor Pistrucci, who, on demanding a subject from some one of the audience, had proposed to him, 'The power of Dramatic Music,' in illustration of which he indirectly alluded to the principal-singers of the day, describing their chief characteristics, distinguishing Madame Ronzi de Begnis, however, by name, while her husband accompanied this poetic effusion on the piano, and gave evidence of his grateful and delighted feelings. They are both decidedly and deservedly favourites of the public; and we were, therefore, highly gratified to find, in addition to a very excellent Concert, this unequivocal testimony of cordial and general approbation.

Education and Travels of an Unfortunately 'Clever' Man.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Sir,—I return you my best thanks for your ready attention to my sufferings, and shall now proceed to redeem my pledge of giving you a full account of my education. Falstaff alleges his being born 'with a white head, and something like a round belly,' to justify his corpulence and grey hairs; and I think I may, in like manner, date from the hour of my birth the fatality by which I am pursued. Sir, I came into the world, canopied by a caul; and my mother, in the blind confidence of parental love, imagined that a head, which nature had so liberally fortified from without, must contain something more than usually precious *within*. From such slender evidence, did my fond mother presume I was born to be a judge or a bishop; and, ridiculous as it may appear, I was, from that hour, predestined, in her imagination, to the highest honours that Lawn or Ermine can bestow. These sentiments and forebodings were openly smiled at, but secretly applauded, by my father, who had been called, when young, from the drowsy dignity of a college life, to active employment in a great commercial establishment, which he has quitted some years, having amassed a considerable fortune. Though by long habit he became a good man of business, he never ceased to regard commerce as *infra dig.* for a person of his finished classical education; and I am sure he rejoiced at the prospect of my taking the rugged road to fame and honours, in preference to the flowery path of wealth and ease. His own school-boy dreams of enviable glory, he hoped to see realised in the elevation of his son; and his wish to support, with the wealth it deserved, any dignity I might attain, gave a greater zest to his pursuits after wealth, forgetting that the success of his own exertions would probably diminish the ardour of mine.

Passing over the enumeration of all the nurses who were sent away on account of *my* intractability, and all the gingerbread alphabets which I (even then, *savant jusqu' aux dents*) so eagerly devoured; I must inform you, Sir, that, when eight years old, I was sent to a private school in the neighbourhood of London, and, having made some progress under my father in Clarke and Æsop, I was more advanced for my age than most of my thick-headed companions. Before I was eleven, I had reached through the twelfth book of the Iliad, which I believe the Doctor chose in preference to any other from its being a few lines shorter; and, after divers attempts upon Horace, Xenophon, and Livy, I found myself at thirteen holding a a very respectable station in the most celebrated for learning of all our public schools. Here I passed four years; and, though the master always mentioned my gentlemanly conduct in his half-yearly reports, and frequently dined at my father's during the vacations, still he was quite silent as to my precocity of talent and vigorous imagination. The fact is, I possessed neither; and, if I had any claims to distinction, they were owing to a superiority of manner, which I certainly possessed over most of my school-fellows, probably from the very good society I always found myself in at home. At the age of seventeen, I left ——; and had I, according to the received opinions of the class to which I belong, been sent to finish my education at one of the Universities, I might now have been eating my dinners at the Temple in undisturbed repose: the men might have thought me capable of Greek Iambics and Billiards; the women, guilty of logic and green tea: thus, an object of indifference, if not aversion, to both, I should have been allowed peacefully to pursue the bent of my own inclinations, and might have slumbered through youth in correct mediocrity, without being suspected for a single moment of one liberal feeling or one gentlemanly accomplishment.

But far otherwise was it ordained. My father, who wished me to begin life at twenty, and who remembered his own idleness at College, determined on sending me abroad; and long and anxious were the debates, as to the town I was to select for head-quarters, during my absence from home. Since the days of Homer, no individual has had so many cities competing for the honour of being connected with him. Gottingen, Dresden, Paris, Milan, Heidelberg, Lausanne, and Geneva, were all named, canvassed, and rejected; and it was at last settled, that I should pass one year at Dijon, for the purpose of perfecting myself in the French and other languages, not forgetting the pleasing and useful accomplishments of music, dancing, and fencing. The other two years were to be spent on my travels, in the direction of which I was left entirely to myself, with this solitary piece of advice, that 'I had better keep a journal, and see all I could.'

Twelve months glided away most pleasantly at Dijon. I became a welcome visitor at the chateaux of many of the *ancienne noblesse* who now reside in the environs of that city; being too poor to enter into the expensive gaieties of the capital, and too proud to resort there to be eclipsed by the *parvenus* of the Revolution. Being *en pension* in one of the most respectable families, and liking much the society which I frequented, I made rapid progress in the French language; and, before I had been absent three months, I sent home, well written in my newly-adopted tongue, several letters, which my friends (confound them!) showed to all who had ever heard the name of any member of my family. Sir, I really believe my departure was much regretted at Dijon; for I always felt it a duty to endeavour to please, in return for the kindness and hospitality I experienced. For instance, when I entered a room, I not only bowed to the lady of the house, but I seldom failed to make some civil remark to every one whom I had seen before. I never stared at myself in the glass, creasing my neck-cloth, or arranging my hair, for want of knowing what else to do. I never stood in the corner of a drawing-room, whispering ill-natured remarks to any grinning unlicked cub of a countryman:—no, Sir; I took another course; and, so successful were my endeavours to assimilate my habits to the customs of those I lived with, that, before I quitted Dijon, I could take *eau sucrée* and potato-salad, without feeling sick, or making a wry face; I could wade through the deepest dinner with the same knife and fork; and, on the birth-day of my amiable hostess, I consummated my triumph, in the amalgamation of *gruyère* with grapes.

A man of your liberal feelings, Mr. Editor, will applaud these victories over national prejudice; and, I can assure you, I went through much personally irksome to myself, from a sense of duty to the character of my countrymen: convinced that, however humble, each individual is regarded by foreigners as a sample of his race, and may, by his conduct, bias the opinions of hundreds in their estimate of the worth of the country to which he belongs. But to return. Though I am sure I was a general favourite at Dijon with all who knew me, yet my abilities were *there* never over-rated; and, perhaps, you can form the best idea of the estimation in which I was held there, from the following observation made on me by a lady: '*Il danse comme un François, il est trop aimable pour un Anglois, il n'a pas d'esprit, proprement dit; mais, à trente ans, il sera savant, s'il travaille.*' These are safe remarks, but they were sincere and just.

I will not detain you, Sir, by any description of my travels through Germany, Italy, &c. &c.; the press has been teeming with such productions ever since the Peace; and I trust she is at last (as *they* have long been) past bearing; for what chance is there of novelty, till the high-roads on the Continent are changed? I confess I enjoyed my tour very much: and, with the assistance of Eustace, Forsyth, and Reichard, I wrote home some very decent letters. They were full and accurate, particularly in the dimensions of columns, mountains, and roads, though, I must own, I occasionally saw with the eyes of a traveller; and some of my accounts of Hungary would astonish the natives of *any* land—my postscript on the horned cattle has never been thoroughly digested to this day. At Brussels, on my way home, I met an old friend of the family; a dull, heavy man, but brave, and a K. C. B., one of the 'thousand-and-one *knights*,' who are to be seen in every corner of Europe, and who have fairly divided all the capital letters of the alphabet among them. This gentleman took a liking to me, and has done me a great deal of harm ever since; for he proved by far the most noisy of all my heralds, and got me, before I was aware of it, into a Club, to which, at that time, authors alone were said to be eligible.

My parents were both delighted with their only son; and, certainly, even the moderate additions I had made to my stock of knowledge, in the acquisition of a little of the history and languages of modern times, were sufficient to impose upon a lady and gentleman so very deficient in bibliographical attainment. My good mother's entire library consists of a Court Guide, Companion to the Altar, Debrett's Peerage, and three Bibles; and my father, who boasts of never having had occasion to read a book since he left College, has no acquaintance with any literature on this side of the Augustan age. With him, all are Goths, from the death of Seneca to the birth of Voltaire, whom he calls the first of the Vandals, the reigning dynasty. In such society, all my remarks had an appearance of novelty; and experience has since taught me that my parents do not differ from others in this respect so much as I at first imagined.

For two months after my return, I went through a regular routine of balls, routs, and dinners, the eternal sameness of which, in all matters, was insufferable. The same noisy music, the same stiff figures, the same opinions, rarely any fish but turbot,—and no signs of a sheep but the saddle,—and this in a maritime and commercial nation!! I allow, I found a great variety in wines; and I have tasted all sorts excellent in London, from imperial Tokay down to base Barsac. I was tired of all this long before the end of the season, and was rejoiced when my father desired me to choose between diplomacy and the law. I confess, I should have preferred the Guards to either; the officers of these fine corps possessing, in my estimation, less pretension, and more real information, than any set of men I could name. My friend too, the K. C. B., promised his assistance; but my father would not listen to it; so I accepted a place in the Foreign Office, which I relinquished in the short space of four months, absolutely overpowered by bad French and conceit.

Out of humour with every thing, I then entered myself at the Temple, where I remained immured for nearly two years; and there I should have been reading at this hour, (though I cannot regret the change, Sir, when communicating with you,) had not some horrible paragraph found its way into the newspapers, mentioning my finished education—my extraordinary talents—my seclusion from the world—and the consequent benefit that world was to derive from my application. This 'untoward event' happened the week before the battle of Navarino. Annoyed beyond any power of description, I solemnly declared to my father, that I would renounce for ever all learned professions, and would take to some business, in which, from its nature and repute, talent is rarely met with, and never expected. My father immediately proposed banking, and I should have accepted the offer without hesitation, had I not been intercepted by the proposal of a gentleman to sell me his share in one of the great breweries, which would, he said, give me more leisure and equal consequence. But I found all the brewers who were not engaged in politics, so confoundedly literary or scientific, that I was obliged to give it up; and, much as I disliked the affected dress and manner of the juvenile bankers of the present day, yet such was the state

of my mind, that I preferred the military millinery of these Lombards of the west to the probable consequences of an enrolment among the wise men of the *yeast*.

You have now, Sir, as I promised you, the history of my education, and a full account of the whimsicality of my lot. From my former letter you will perceive that I am still unrelieved from the pressure of my reputation; for the weight of which I can hardly yet, with satisfaction, account; but which, as I told you before, I am labouring in every way to diminish. Nothing to my mind is so odious as praise undeserved; and I fear I am more singular in my abhorrence of it, than in being the object of its application. I could tell you a laughable anecdote about myself, relating to an embassy at one of the European Courts, and which occurred since I troubled you with my last; but I feel I have occupied so much of your time already, that it would be unjust to encroach upon it more. The recapitulation of my past life, and of my present annoyances, has afforded some solace to myself, and, perhaps, some amusement to others. At any rate, if my friends suspect *me* of writing these letters, they will surely have humanity enough to forego their persecutions, and allow me to enjoy that tranquillity of mind which I covet, and which all the wit they force upon me never could bestow.

Thus hoping, Sir, permit me to take my leave of you, with warm thanks for your attention to my miseries, and with sincere wishes for the continued success of 'The Athenæum,' to whose account (I speak *en banquier*) I would readily transfer all those praises, which to me are intolerable, but which are easily supportable when deservedly obtained.

May 3, 1828. E. HUGH FITZ-SAPIO.

NOTE OF THE EDITOR.

We are extremely sorry to return evil for good, but our conscience will not permit us to do otherwise. If our ingenious and agreeable Correspondent had contented himself with merely asserting his misfortunes, and attributing them to the cause assigned, we might have pitied his sufferings, and written a lecture on the cruelty of tormenting our fellow-creatures by undue eulogium. But the *manner* in which he has narrated his 'tale of woe,' has, of itself, converted us to the opinion of his tormentors, and makes us so desirous of hearing further from him, that, even at the hazard of making him 'suffer all his troubles o'er again,' we must invite him to prove the sincerity of his wishes for the success of 'The Athenæum,' by doing that which is sure to occasion its being read with pleasure, namely, making it the medium of his future correspondence. We should be very unwilling to add by this step to the embarrassments which he has so feelingly pourtrayed; but he may delight the town, and yet keep his own secret, so that the importunity of his friends may be kept at bay; and he may himself, in many a dinner and quadrille party yet to come, enjoy the pleasure of wondering, with the rest of the world, who that agreeable creature Mr. HUGH FITZ-SAPIO *can* be that tells the 'tale of his misfortunes' in a strain of such entertaining melancholy, in the pages of 'The Athenæum.'

LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF CHESTER.

No. III.

MY LORD,—The Cambridge system separates at a touch into two parts—the arrangement for instruction, and the machinery which, though not of the same kind, yet operates on the characters of the students. Of the plan of teaching, I have said something. I shall now say something more to the same effect. I presume your Lordship will not dispute the proposition, that knowledge, if good at all, is either good for itself, or as useful to some other and farther end. If it be not good at all, it is inconsistent with religion to communicate it; and the state of mind which religion, that is God, prefers, is one destitute of knowledge. If this could be the belief of any man, then, in the opinion of such a person, the Universities exist only for an evil purpose. But, if it be said that knowledge is good in itself, religion, which is essentially truth, requires that it should be so represented. It is, besides, of far more consequence towards producing the general acquisition of knowledge, that a general eagerness for it should be excited by the exhibition of its excellencies, than that it should be taught on any particular system, or recommended by external advantages, which must be of momentary and partial influence. Now, is knowledge presented at Cambridge as a thing to be loved for its own sake? Can your Lordship persuade yourself for a moment that such is the case? Is it not, I will not say notoriously known, but is it not strongly felt, by every one at our University, that the purpose of learning and science is the attainment of subsistence and of distinction? Is not all the stream of energy which flows through the Colleges, except so much (it is indeed the main current) as runs to waste on the most frivolous or criminal objects, directed to these ignoble ends? And is it not the impression of all those dignitaries to whose guidance the pupils are committed, that to pay attention to any thing but the 'regular course,' is a neglect of duty and of prudence, even though the mind were diverted to the lectures of authorised professors, such as those who fill the chairs of history and geology? Can any thing, in short, be conceived more utterly worldly and unchristian, than the whole class of motives which influence the competitors for University success? Knowledge is set before us, not as a bride to be wooed and worshipped for her beauty, her talents, and her virtue, but as a withered beldam, whose service can only be made endurable by the wealth and rank to which she can elevate her lovers. I do not suspect your Lordship of having read 'Don Juan,' except as Voltaire studied the Bible, to learn the devices of the enemy; but, if I may allude without offence to the story of that impossible invention, Lord Byron's Hero, I would say, that just as different as are our feelings in reading the tale of his passion for Haidee, and that of his intrigue with Catherine, just so opposite are the sentiments of a healthy mind, in weighing the love of knowledge against the greediness for college emoluments and Cambridge honours.

But, again, if knowledge be desirable for some ulterior purpose, I maintain, that, as your Lordship is determined to take a religious view of the question, you must grant the purpose to be the formation of religious character. Religion includes in itself morality, and, if the Cambridge system tends to produce immorality, it tends to produce irreligion. What, then, can be said in answer to the accusation, that one of the mainsprings of the consecrated mechanism is the wish to excel others,—in short, the feeling which, if analysed, reduces itself to envy and jealousy, and all the most evil forms of malignant selfishness. Extract as many commonplaces as we please from ancient rhetoricians, this is the plain fact; nor could all the acquirements on earth compensate for this degradation, or rebuild a nature thus ruined. But these acquirements never can, to any valuable degree, exist, where they are only sought after from such motives. Knowledge must not be introduced into the mind to lie there a dead lump of barren ore, nor be fastened on its surface in attenuated leaves; but we ought so to nourish and strengthen the soul, that it shall put forth a crop of golden fruits, springing forth from its own healthy strength, and maturing themselves in the light of Heaven. How can the mind be assisted to do this, but by cherishing all its better impulses, by educing all those principles which manifest themselves in love for God and for his creation, by applying ourselves to those feelings which render men generous, self-denying, humble; instead of working by the bad passions, which may make a juggler, a fencer, a jockey, or a sophist, but can never produce Christians or philosophers? What is the meaning of this word 'philosopher,' but one who is a lover of wisdom? And shall it be said that he is in truth a lover of wisdom, who loves more than wisdom the paltry pre-eminence in the eyes of men, which the credit of being wise produces? Shall it be said that he is worthy to touch the hem of her garment, that he can stand in her presence, even afar off, who would listen to her teaching, not from love to her, but from hatred to his brother? This system proclaims that the human mind lives not by the word of God, but by bread alone, the bitter bread which is leavened with vanity, and poisoned by contention. This system is the offspring and servant of the Church of England. Is it likely to profit the Church of God? This system is the admiration of a bishop of our establishment; think you, my Lord, it is surveyed with an eye of favour by the Bishop and Shepherd of our souls? When he shall come to purge the threshing-floor, will there be no employment for his fan in the colleges of Cambridge?

It is easy to disguise envy under a smooth name, and call it emulation, and so raise an outcry in defence of it; yet, even thus, I doubt whether it will be ventured to say much in vindication of this matter. Mere assertion, probably, will be urged in support of the plan which makes the hope of subsistence part (and a main part) of a course of religious education. No one shall lay a finger on the shekels! Is it not the duty of all men to provide themselves with the means of support? And what more harmless than that derived from the high-minded and large benevolence of former ages? Yes, these things are almost as easy to say as to believe. But will your Lordship pretend that a course of theological lectures would be sufficient to spiritualise a mind corrupted, during several years, by the habit of looking at every thing with regard to profit and loss, and of weighing science and thought in the scales of the usurer; of considering every hour, and the whole energy of the mind, as devoted, not to the service of God and the advantage of men, but solely to the gaining a prospective income? What is this, my Lord, but to make the noblest powers panders to the most trivial and vulgar objects; and to turn reason and imagination, discovery and history, the universe which is studied and the comprehension which embraces it, into the mere implements of a workman's bread-craft? Alas! is it not enough that the rules of a debased society, in which religion itself is subordinated to worldliness, and Christ becomes the servant, not the overthrower, of the money-table,—is it not enough that the laws of opinion subject all the maturer years of existence to vanity, ambition, and the cares of life; but must these chartered Institutions also enslave the free-hearted and aspiring times of youth to the same wretched policy? Surely we might at least take care that our establishments of education, whether including or not those theological instructions which are but as the dust in the balance, should at all events be watchful and conscientious for the fostering of a faith in higher things than corn-sheaves and fatted calves, and might lead them to feel, that Truth has in itself a glory, a better illumination to its worshipper, than the riches of oil-jars can supply.

You doubtless perceive, my Lord, that it is my object to show how infinitely more important these considerations are, in estimating the influence of Universities on the religious character, than those which relate to theological lectures. I am of opinion that the passage which I quoted at the beginning of these letters exhibits a disposition to elevate into vastly undue importance the mere naked fact of nominal religious instruction; and that this would not have been the case, except for the sake of letting the world suppose that the system at Cambridge had a tendency to make the students Christians, which tendency would not exist at the London University. The last point I do not touch upon. I can neither assert nor deny that the new Institution will exert one kind of influence or another. In so far as it will have no endowments, I think it will have a great superiority. But with this I have now nothing to do; and I have sufficient present employment in making some observations on the only directly religious part of the scheme to which we have both been subjected—I mean the obligation to attend prayers at the College chapel; which brings me to the second part of the subject, namely, that University mechanism which is not designed for the communication of knowledge.

Some of my readers may possibly be ignorant, that every student at Cambridge and Oxford is obliged to be present about eight times in the week at the reading of the Liturgy. Nor is any part of the discipline so strictly enforced as this. For what purpose? Some authorities assert that it is by way of a general muster of the forces, which secures the presence of the youths in the college: others, wild and visionary theorists, pretend that it is really for the sake of the devotional exercises to which it subjects the minds of the pupils. I need not waste time in showing, that, as a mere roll-call, chapel-going is not necessary; for no one, even though protected by privilege of Parliament, will venture to say that the names might not as well be taken in the hall as in the chapel. What then is the religious effect of this system on the minds exposed to its operation? What must the effect be? What but a habit of indifference and contempt for the forms of prayer and thanksgiving, what but scorn for surplices, ridicule of altars, and hatred to all those names and ceremonies arranged and instituted of old by the piety of the founders of the Church of England? If any one be compelled to attend a religious service to which he has been led by no exaltation of feeling, which does not obtain a meaning and a holiness in his eyes from the devotion which he himself connects with it, what must the result be? what but that his mind will be wandering away to every thing the most trivial that chance can offer, or the most criminal that the contrast can suggest? What, in the case of young men so circumstanced as those at Cambridge, but that one will be scribbling equations in the Prayer-book, another scratching caricatures on the wainscot, a third reading Harriet Wilson, and a fourth making bets with his neighbour for the next Newmarket Meeting? And all this time what are the words which are passing through their ears, what the sounds which are becoming desecrated by habit? what but those which express the being and the attributes of God, the reliance of men upon his goodness, the character and the sufferings of Christ, the names which should never be uttered without awe, never heard but with mental adoration? At these seats of sound learning and religious education, the students indeed kneel,—to discuss the boat-race, or the cricket-match;—and read

the prayer-book,—to make it the subject of profane parodies and ribald comments. Nor would the matter be remedied, if, by more vigilant inspection, all breaches of outward decorum could be prevented. The evil is neither in that which is done nor in that which is said; but in the state of mind to which the system leads, and of which conversation and conduct are merely symptoms and evidences. I do not go one hair's-breadth too far, when I say that an immense proportion of all the indifference to religious worship which we almost all feel in after-life, and which many of us sincerely lament, is attributable to these enforced attendances at chapel, this much-praying ordered by law, these statutory genuflexions. The habit which is epidemic at Cambridge, of connecting no devotional feeling with the pretence of devotion, of hearing the names of religion without the slightest religious consciousness, of assembling for worship while the heart worships not at all,—this habit influences the mind for years after the cause which produced it has ceased; and men who are neither doubters nor scorners, yet feel that they have no comfort in praying together with others, and that the old accustomed rites, and ancestral phraseology of Christianity, are to them but empty ceremonies and worthless sounds, wearisome, senseless, hypocritical formalities. Can your Lordship deny that this obviously must be the result, that it actually is the result, of the scheme of discipline I refer to? And, wherefore, except from the desperate delusion of mistaking names for things, of believing that Jehovah never can desert the temple of Jerusalem, and that it is sufficient to cleanse the outside of the platter, and to whitewash the sepulchre; wherefore, but from this error, can proceed the obstinacy in supporting a system so adverse to all religious feeling? and, wherefore, but from the same cause, the affectation, if not the fraudulence, which pretends to discover, in the mere word-knowledge, derivable from theological lectures, the whole that is necessary for the making men Christians in the living depths of their bosoms?

Of directly legal institutions, there is nothing more which I have now time to mention. But there is a kind of moral influence from the Cambridge system, which is so important as to demand some attention before I leave the subject. Remember, my Lord, that you complain of the London University, because it is not to make its students religious. Let us, then, look at another portion of that scheme which your Lordship's speech meant nothing, if it did not assume to make the students of Cambridge pious. Can it be pretended that I am unfairly disclosing the secrets of the prison-house, when I state that every young man who goes to our University, the moment he sets foot within the holy precincts, finds himself the master of unbounded credit with cook, fruiterer, tailor, and wine merchant? The consequences may readily be imagined. A few of the wealthier set the fashion; the weak and inexperienced, that is, a vast proportion of the whole, follow it. The youths contract inveterate habits of expense and luxury, which probably degrade and ruin them for life; and all this for whose profit? Can your Lordship feel any thing but indignation, when you remember that the gainers by this scheme are not merely the tradesmen of the town, and the menials of the colleges, but the lights and guides of the University, the tutors, in science and letters, of the English gentry and aristocracy, the aspirant dignitaries and future bishops? I will not leave this assertion open to cavil, and lay myself at the mercy of those who may take advantage of the ignorance of my readers. The mode in which this profitable conspiracy (I use a strong word because it is a just one) is managed, is this. The bills for the expenses of the students are sent to the tutors, who receive the payment; and, if the assertion of every tradesman in Cambridge can be credited, many months, nay, sometimes years, intervene, before they can withdraw their money from the hands of the college magnates, whose profits thus depend on the largeness of the sums disbursed by their pupils, and on the length of time they can be retained at interest in their bankers' possession. My Lord, as to this point, I have done. I have not the leisure nor the space to dilate upon the subject; I believe I may safely trust it to the thoughts of all my readers. There are innumerable other memorable things in the social system of Cambridge. I must abstain from them all, and merely occupy a very few moments in speaking of the kind of character which is likely to grow out of these institutions, when the mind is planted there for life.

The habits of a college, if long continued, are, in my opinion, more unfavourable than almost any that could be named; and it is no slight argument for a change, that the education of the legislators, the lawyers, and the clergy of England, is now committed to those who have been subjected for years to the worst moral and intellectual culture. One cannot look at a court, inhabited by the fellows of a college, without imagining oneself in an hospital of mental maladies; and these the more desperate, because the patients are almost uniformly unconscious of their own diseased condition, and only know the discontent and pain which result from it. The fellow has been educated on a plan whereby the object of exertion is not the improvement of the faculties, but the attainment of a definitive outward prize. The prize is won; and the exertion ceases. He remains a narrow and shallow reservoir, in which a certain quantity of words and formulas may stagnate and corrupt. The only strong emotion to which his college career has ever subjected him, is the wish to outstrip his competitors, and thereby, after the three or four years of probation, obtain a sinecure for life. To this period of excitement he fondly looks back through all the subsequent languor of his listless being; and cherishes the conviction that the spirit of rivalry is the noblest, the happiest, and the holiest of motives. In the mean time, he has no longer any race to run, any reward to struggle for: and the whist-table, the college scandal, the dull carouse of the combination-room, the getting up a petition against Roman Catholic conciliation, the forming a plan for destroying some obnoxious debating-club, supply their utmost of degrading stimulant to all that is left of his decaying sensibilities. He has made himself a minister of the gospel, because he would lose his fellowship if he continued to be a layman; and God is called upon to erect his tabernacle among the crumbling and weed-clad ruins of a wasted mind. Is it more likely that we should see there the glory of the Shechinah, or the gleam of some vapour which only springs from corruption, and dwells in desolation? The fellow has perhaps been made a tutor. Knowing nothing of the human mind, but that it contains the faculty of memory, and, in under-graduates, a tendency to rebellion, he has undertaken a task which requires the most intimate acquaintance with the whole nature of man. Having lived in circumstances which tend to deaden all his affections, he is put into an office which requires the strongest and most flexible sympathy. He is to teach languages and sciences, and knows nothing of language but vocabularies, nothing of science but formulas; and thus prepared, he is to educate, for the Parliament and the Pulpit, a number of young men of different tempers, tastes, talents, and acquirements, collected from a vast variety of schools and teachers, and, of course, accustomed to as many and as widely various modes of cultivation and instruction. What is it he does? What *can* he do? In some rare instances, as he knows not how to teach the mind, he drills it; as he knows not how to educe the faculties, he represses them. But, if he be not a wonder, or rather a miracle, he lets the idle learn nothing and the industrious just what they please; while the idea of educating, not for the greatest quantity of instruction, but for the highest degree of improvement, has never been heard of by lecturers, or Heads of Houses. The fellow is out of the way of all society but that of his own corporation. There is not in most instances even a casual intermixture of women: and, if there were, or, if he stray in the vacations beyond the blasted circle, he knows too well the penalty that awaits him, should he permit but that first light clinging of interest which might, by any possibility, grow into a strong and consoling affection. All the persons with whom he habitually lives have their own petty jealousies. Some college post, some wretched matter of precedence, some relic of former rivalry, supplies the repellent; and he lives shut up in his own personal feelings, restrained from every sphere of active exertion, and cut off from every object which could call forth his warmer and more expansive feelings. He is at last a feeble and broken old man. When he looks back to his past existence, he sees nothing but a sandy desert, in which he has opened no fountains, nor planted any vineyard. There is not a single source of hope or comfort around him; and he either continues, in his unhappiness, to wander through his old accustomed haunts till he drops, half peevish at the shock, half grateful for the relief, into his grave in the ante-chapel, or carries the palsied remnant of his days to some long-expected rectory and withered bride, and undertakes the guidance of hundreds of human souls, with no more knowledge of human nature than he has learned from his own wretchedness. The lesson might be of more use to others than it possibly could be to himself; but the fault is not so much in the deluded public, or the miserable victims, as in the very system which is so fraught with evil to both.

What, my Lord, can be so different as this from the vital energy and widely-benevolent direction given to all the faculties by true religion? Could courses of theological lectures remedy these evils, and give life to the mind which is dead, and decaying, and buried for ever in a college? Or, is it not possible, that a plan, in every thing the opposite of this, may prepare men better for the reception of Christianity than does the present course of rivalry and Greek Testament, of fellowships and Paley's Evidences?

I have no interest in saying these things, but very much the contrary. Had I consulted my own profit, comfort, and advancement in the world, I should have written very differently; but I trust your Lordship will remember that others have duties as well as clergymen, and are as answerable for the neglect of them. I hope your Lordship will believe that it is from this impression I have written; and, so confiding, I remain, my Lord, your Lordship's obedient servant,

A Member of the University of Cambridge.

WATER COLOUR PORTRAIT.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Sir,

There is in the present Exhibition, at Somerset-House, a picture, which has been most disadvantageously placed, but which will, probably, not only attract the especial notice of the pictorial doctors of the Sorbonne, but also of the more sedate critics, and, by its complete illusiveness, secure very general attention. It is No. 548 in the Catalogue, and called simply 'A Portrait,' painted by Mr. Bowyer, of Pall Mall. There are certain peculiarities attending this portrait, which seem to defy scientific calculation; and, while I do not by any means wish to detract from its merits as a work displaying the skill of a first-rate portrait-painter, I, at the same time, conceive, that the complete illusion which the artist has produced, is still more striking. A portrait the size of life, in *water colours*, appears to me to be quite a novelty in the Exhibition at Somerset-House; but these *water* colours have given an 'expression of the texture of surface,' (to use a phrase of Mr. Landseer, in his Lectures at the Royal Institution,) which, with reference to the 'human face divine,' comes nearer to the appearance of flesh than even oils; and the dark back-ground being without the glare which is necessarily attendant on the use of oil pigment, seems to absorb the rays of vision as we gaze. The eye is bent on *vacancy*; that is to say, on an unsubstantial back-ground, as it ought to be; and the sight seems to penetrate—as in looking at indefinite darkness in nature—into space, instead of being arrested against a shining dark wall, as in oil pictures generally. I cannot close my notice of this singular performance, which, added to these peculiarities, has all the force of an oil painting, without saying that it is the nearest approach to complete illusion, which is the true end of all pictorial representation, of any thing I have ever met with, either in the ancient or modern schools of portrait-painting. It is the more necessary to point out its merits, as I do in this especial manner, from its being placed so low, and so near the door of the room in which it is hung, as to be scarcely likely to attract the notice of the visitor.

An Amateur.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

An Essay on the power of Rectors and Vicars to leave their Glebes and Tithes for Twenty-one years, or three lives, so as to bind their successors, is preparing for publication, by a Barrister.

The Rev. G. S. Faber will shortly publish, a supplement to his Difficulties of Romanism, in reply to an answer by the Bishop of Strasbourg, (late of Aire.)

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	*May.*	*Therm.* A.M.	*Therm.* P.M.	*Barom. at Noon.*	*Winds.*	*Weather*	*Prevailing Cloud.*
	Mon. 5	59½°	55°	29. 40	WtoNW	Shry.	Cum. Nimb.
	Tues. 6	60	51	29. 42	Variable	Cl. Fair.	Cum. Cuml.
	Wed. 7	50	51½	29. 47	N.E.	R. *p.m.*	Cum. Cirr.
	Thur. 8	50½	51½	29. 55	Ditto.	Fair.	Cumulus.
	Frid. 9	55	57	29. 80	NWtoW	Ditto.	Ditto.
	Satur. 10	60½	57	29. 90	WtoSW.	Cl. Fair.	Cirrostratus.
	Sun. 11	61		29. 95	S.W.	Ditto.	Ditto.

Mornings fair, except on Thursday. Nights fair, except on Monday and Wednesday. Loud thunder, rain, and hail, on Tuesday, *p.m.* During the storm, there was a diminution in the temperature of 10 degrees.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon in her last quadrature on Tuesday, 5 h. 32′ *p.m.*
Sun's place on Sunday, 20° 42′ 30″ Taurus.
Length of day on Sunday, 15 h. 20 min.
Increase of day on Sunday, 7 h. 36 min.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Jacob's Second Report on the Corn Laws, 8vo., 13s.
The Literary Character, by J. D'Israeli, fourth edition, revised, 2 vols., post 8vo., 18s.
Mexico in 1827, by H. G. Ward, Esq., 2 vols., 8vo., plates, 1l. 18s.
Gray's Operative Chemist, 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Comic Minstrel, 32mo., 2s.
The Common Place Book of Romantic Tales, 24mo., 4s.
Rev. E. Beren's Thirty-three Village Sermons, new edition, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Compendious View of the Proofs of the Authenticity and Inspiration of Old and New Testament, 12mo., 3s.
Sarratt's New Treatise on the Game of Chess, second edition, 2 vols., 8vo., 21s.
The Fables of Phædrus, with a Literal English Translation, as used at the Hazelwood School, 2s. 6d.
Select Sentences, from Justin, Cæsar, Nepos, and Eutropius, 2s.
Atherstone's Fall of Nineveh, a Poem, 8vo., 12s.
Chronicles of the Canongate, Second Series, by the Author of Waverley, &c., 3 vols., post 8vo., 31s. 6d.
Coleridge's Poetical Works, 3 vols., crown 8vo., 1l. 16s.
Thomson's Lectures on Scripture, second edition, 1 vol. 12mo., 8s.
Rev. W. S. Gilley's Horæ Catichetieae, crown 8vo., 5s. 6d.
James's Christian Charity Explained, 12mo., 6s.
Nimrod, 3 vols., 8vo., 31s. 6d.
Rev. J. Stewart's Sermons, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Rev. J. Jowett's Sermons, 2 vols., 12mo., 10s.
Mrs. Heman's Records of Woman, and other Poems, fc. 8s. 6d.
Captain Ross on Steam Navigation, 4to., 30s.
Bainbridge's Fly Fisher's Guide, second edition, 8vo., 16s.
Three Days at Killarney, with other Poems, 8vo., 7s.
Gibbon's Roman Empire, 8 vols. 8vo., 3l. 4s.
Fincher on Prayer, 2d edition, 12mo., 6s.
Bartlett's Discourses, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
The Romance of History of England, by Henry Neele, 2d edit., 3 vols, 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Mortimers, or the Vale of MacLynllaeth, 3 vols., 12mo., 1l. 1s.
Bennett's Fishes of Ceylon, No. I. (to be completed in 6 Numbers,) royal 4to., 1l. 1s.
Recollections of Royalty, by C. J. Jonek, Esq., 2 vols., 8vo., 1l. 5s.
Manual of Rank, 8vo., 15s.
Continental Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims of Foreign Locomotion, by Dr. A. Eldon, 2 vols. fc., 15s.
Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman, 3 vols,, post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen, by Walter Savage Landor, 3 vols., 8vo., 14s.

THE EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS of the Most ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES of ENGLISH HISTORY, from the Galleries of the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is now open at Messrs. HARDING and LEPARD'S, No. 4, Pall Mall East.

Admittance by *Tickets only*, which may be had on application as above.

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MR. MARTIN'S Painting of the FALL of NINEVEH will be open to the Public on Monday, May 12, at the large room in the Western Exchange, Old Bond-street.

Admission from eight o'clock till dusk.

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London Literary and Critical Journal.

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LITERATURE.

ON THE ROMANTIC IN HISTORY.

It requires little exercise of metaphysical skill to discover the cause which makes the love of romance a principle, more or less strong, in the intellectual constitution of every human being. The romance of history, or of human life, is made up of the changes wrought on individual fortunes by events that outstripped men's hopes or calculations, or by the energy of their passions being rendered more powerful than ordinary. One or the other of these it is which sometimes gives the muse of history the deeper-toned voice of her more inspired sisters, and which, still leaving us in the proper province for the exercise of our human feelings and prejudices, raises our sympathies to a state of supernatural excitement. It is not as some isolated passages, therefore, in the great book of existence, we must read what is commonly called romance, whether real or fictitious, but as the record of human life, rendered more interesting and more worthy of attention for its clearer manifestation of the causes which render men happy or miserable, or its display of their feelings under the weightier pressure of extraordinary occurrences. True romance requires the aid of no superhuman agent to aid its details; and, in applying the terms of romantic interest, either to an event or a composition, we do but acknowledge it to have had a greater power over our sympathies than those with which we generally meet. It is not the simple strangeness of the occurrence which entitles it to this consideration, but the influence it has in awakening the deepest and most powerful feelings of our nature. Our pity or our love, our hatred or fear, must be strongly excited, or the most novel and unexpected event that ever happened would be in no ways romantic. Let emotions of this description be awakened, and let them result from the representation of events that are sufficiently unusual to unite hope, fear, or love with curiosity, and the romance is complete.

Such being the requisites of romance, whether presented to us in the actual events of life, or in the pages of a poet, (it requiring, on the one hand, the strangeness which engages curiosity, and, on the other, more especially, the appeal to our passions which may awake ourhearts and affections,) it is not difficult to understand how far history may be considered as fraught with romantic interest. Regarded in the form of a connected and lengthened narrative, it is obviously of too general a character to answer our ideas of romance. The objects it presents are too multitudinous, and their career too briefly told, to give either passion or curiosity time for its growth. The human cosmorama passes from our gaze, and leaves us with the feelings of unwarmed spectators. We have seen mankind rather than men, and been unable to imagine ourselves connected with the scene, till we begin the calculations of self-interest, and, with that, lose all higher sensations.

But, although history, in its general character, makes little or no appeal to the feelings which are excited by romance, it has, when considered more narrowly in its details, many passages of deep and most stirring interest. The characters which figure in its pages, and which we have had arena, are sometimes seen in the closer relations of life, and struggling with the common destinies of humanity, fearing, loving, and desiring objects which they only thus regard from the natural impulses of their hearts. We look at them, when thus seen amid the promiscuous crowd, with awakened curiosity and interest. They are the witnesses which prove the legitimacy of our relationship with the generations that have passed away. They speak, from the abysses of time, of the deep, and the pure, and the sorrowful emotions that are attached to existence, under every external circumstance; and, having the busy report of worldly events ringing in our ears, as we leave the high-road of history to follow their private fortunes, the truth of their adventures becomes more easily impressed upon our minds, and affords a surer foundation for our imagination. Whatever glimpses, therefore, history affords of the merely personal or domestic circumstances and fortunes of the characters she introduces, are important aids to romance, and serve to form materials from which the skilful writer composes his most fascinating works.

The style of history is romantic in a great variety of degrees; it is not, however, in its records of the most distant, or of the darkest periods, that it assumes this character. The æra preceding the full glory of Greece and Rome, as well as the earlier part of the middle ages, are less likely to awaken romantic interest, than others of later date, and more enlightened. Romance is distinct from fable, and every intermixture of the fabulous with a romantic narrative lessens its power upon our feelings. The fable demands the resignation of our judgment, with regard to its probability; and we grant it, and are conscious of the resignation. But the union of curiosity and strong emotion which belongs to romantic feeling, is never produced, unless we are convinced that the objects presented are under the power of circumstances that apply to human natures and conditions. Again; the characters or events in history which are to be deemed of a romantic nature, must be sufficiently well defined and clear, or our hearts will be uninterested, and the romance will be in our own imaginations, rather than in the glowing pages of the narrative. It is for these reasons, in different proportions, that the periods we have alluded to, are less properly romantic in their character than we should at first sight suppose. They are too dimly seen by the light of tradition, to awaken our sympathies, and are too glaringly visible, under the light of fable, to interest the imagination. The times, the records of which are really most redolent of romance, are those of which the principal historical characters are known to us by strong individual traits, and of which the manners and state of society were sufficiently marked to render the description of them bold and picturesque. In the history of times like these, the remoteness of the age does not efface the features by which we recognise individuals, and we become deeply interested in their personal fortunes. The memorials which remain of their deeds or their sufferings call forth the strongest feelings of the heart; and the broad lights and shadows with which the scenes of their adventures are coloured, give sufficient scope to the exercise of the imagination. But, in viewing history in this light, and examining how we must separate the obvious inventions of poetry and fiction from accredited traditions. It is not to the bard or the romancer that history owes all its romantic interest. In its records of human life, it has unfolded many a tale that has not been bettered by the additions of fiction; and we shall be mistaken in our view of the subject, if we suffer ourselves to attribute the greater part of its powerfully romantic passages to her hand. The noblest deeds which fancy ascribes to her heroes have been performed by real personages; and the fairest beings with which she peoples her paradise have had their prototypes in the world. The history of every country has records of the acts of the one, of the love and beauty of the other; and the pages which are thus devoted to memorialise their fortunes, have, in themselves the true elements of romance.

There are, however, two ways in which history has a romantic character. The one, when it presents objects which have in themselves certain features that awaken in us a deep and lively interest; the other, when the very period of which it treats tinges and embues its pages with the spirit and pathos of romance. The observations we have already made apply to it in the former point of view; in the latter, many considerations arise in the mind of the inquirer which belong to the philosophy of human nature itself. The passions of mankind are differently developed in different eras. The power and energy of the mind is not always answerable to the wealth or poverty of its possessions; and, when its strength or activity is superior to its knowledge and experience, it seems but to give a fiercer glow and a wilder vigour to every passion that can agitate the heart. It is when this is the case, when men are led to the desperate pursuit of whatever they love or desire, by the light of strong but untrained intellect, that the boldest deeds are done, the wildest enterprises undertaken, and the strongest occurrences brought to light. Men's natures are wrought upon by all the contending passions of love, hatred, hope, and sorrow; their boundaries are not discerned, their lawful objects not discriminated, and the moral harmony of their proper subjection to each other not comprehended. They are thus let free by turns to ravage and beautify the world; and, during their career, the stream of human existence is a torrent, sometimes dried in its bed by the summer's sun, and at others, overflowing its banks, lashed into foam by the tempest. It is in periods of this kind, that history, without departing from truth, has a highly romantic character; and that it not only presents various particular objects of this sort, but that its whole narrative is animated and coloured by the spirit of romance.

Many and various are the circumstances which contribute to give a people, and the age in which they live, a romantic character. Among these, may be reckoned, especially, an unsettled state of civil government, which, by rendering the most precious of men's possessions precarious, gives a sort of holiness to the heroism which defends them. Another, is the natural condition of the country which, while wild and picturesque, affords opportunities for adventure, that communicate the fervour of romance to both the language and feelings of the people; and above all, the religious sentiments which prevail, often give birth to a spirit which, failing to be that of holi-

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REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

LIFE OF WYCLIFFE.

The Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe, D. D., illustrated principally from his Unpublished Manuscripts; with a Preliminary View of the Papal System, and of the State of the Protestant Doctrine in Europe, to the Commencement of the Fourteenth Century. By Robert Vaughan. 2 vols. 8vo., pp. 896. B. J. Holdsworth. London, 1828.

Wycliffe is one of those extraordinary men whose character commands our veneration, independently of the good their virtue or energy has effected. Bold, and of a free and comprehensive intellect, he was capable both of loving, and of declaring his love of truth, when she had scarcely a single disciple besides himself. He learnt to value and expound the true principles of religion, when, it is universally agreed, the grossest corruption had confounded and perverted them; and, when learning was so confined to the narowest systems of reasoning, that she became the foster-mother of prejudice and error, he turned his acquisitions to the purposes most useful to mankind. Such a character, in such an age as that in which Wycliffe lived, may well demand our respect; and, had the events which took place two centuries after not taught his countrymen the value of his labours, we should, nevertheless, in these times, have been obliged to acknowledge his pre-eminence, in wisdom and learning, above all his contemporaries. But the exertions of this great man, in the propagation and defence of truth, were of the greatest importance to its cause. He was, there is little reason to doubt, the first of that noble band of heroes to whom the world owes its present freedom from intolerant superstitions; and that he led the way in England to the changes which followed in the succeeding age, no question can be made. Besides the effect produced by his noble assault on the most corrupt of the monastic institutions; his publication of purer doctrines in regard to the essential parts of the Christian scheme; and his endeavours to introduce the people in general to a knowledge of the records of their religion, by his translation of the Scriptures: consequences followed his exertions, which extended their influence far beyond the times he laboured in, or which could have been looked for by himself. Although failing in producing the reformation which he sought for, and which it was reserved for the scholars of Germany to effect, he taught numbers the truths of an unadulterated faith; but, what was more, he had set up the standard of truth so firmly, that it remained as a signal to others, who, though not having the courage or intellectual vigour to commence such a struggle, were enabled to throw off many of their errors, when they had the works or the reputation of a man like Wycliffe to assist their resolution. The numbers which, in a few years afterwards, suffered under the name of his disciples; the pains which were taken by their persecutors to destroy his theological treatises, and the horrid, but puerile, malignity manifested by them when they decreed his exhumation,—afford abundant evidence both of the power of his name and of the dread which the enemies of the Reformation had of it. It is singular that we should hitherto have had no proper history of this celebrated man, with the exception of one by a clergyman of the name of Lewis, which was published a hundred years back, and which, it appears from Mr. Vaughan's account, was so imperfectly written as to afford the opponents of Wycliffe's opinions the most fruitful materials for slandering and blackening his character. With regard, however, to nearly all the most interesting particulars in the life of the Reformer, the reader of ecclesiastical history has a great variety of works from which to collect the information desired. Mr. Vaughan's, therefore, is principally to be commended as affording, at one view, whatever can be discovered, illustrative either of the opinions or character of Wycliffe. But, in one point of view his publication deserves a much higher praise; and, while it will, from the former consideration, be highly useful to the general reader, it will, for the one we are about to mention, deserve the attention of the more erudite and curious student. It is much to the author's praise, that he has devoted a very considerable portion of time and labour to the diligent and unceasing study of the Reformer's writings in their original copies. This has enabled him to speak with proper confidence on controverted points, and, throughout his work, to write in the style of a man who has become acquainted with his subject from sources of information, into which others of less industry would not have looked.

There are several passages in the work of great interest, and calculated to throw much light on the state of learning and society in the fourteenth century. The following account of Wycliffe's early studies is of this character, and contains some interesting hints on the state of learning in the Universities at that time:

'While, however, we are left to imagine the success which marked the attention of the youthful Wycliffe to the usual elements of learning, the character of the instructions, which the institutions of the fourteenth century presented, is sufficiently ascertained. At this period, the improving state of society had extended the means of education beyond the precincts of the Cathedral and the monastery. Not only in the larger cities, but in every borough and castle, schools are said to have been established. In these seminaries, the Latin language was taught with a zeal, somewhat proportioned to its importance, as the only key of knowledge. Thus initiated, the pupil passed to the study of certain approved works on grammar, rhetoric, and logic; also on music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. These sciences, which, it will be observed, were seven in number, were thought to be so explained, as to include, within their mystic circle, whatever was deemed important, or even possible to be known. But a knowledge of grammar was usually the extent of the learning acquired in these provincial institutions; the more complete study of rhetoric and logic, and of the various departments of natural philosophy being, in general, reserved for the advanced scholarship of University students.

'Having passed through this probationary discipline, it remained for Wycliffe, or his connexions, to determine whether Oxford or Cambridge should be the place of his future studies. The former was preferred. In that university, Wycliffe is first known as a commoner in Queen's college; a seminary founded in the year 1340, and which has numbered our Reformer with its earliest members. The establishment in which he thus commenced the maturer discipline of his capacities, had risen in part from the munificence of Phillipa, the Queen of Edward the Third, but still more from the laudable zeal of Sir Robert Eglesfield, her chaplain. This clergyman was a native of Cumberland, and the college formed by his influence was intended chiefly for the benefit of students from the northern counties, a circumstance which may account for its being chosen by a youth from the borders of Westmoreland and Durham. But the infancy of such institutions is inseparable from many disadvantages, and such as must be deeply felt by a mind ardent in its pursuit of knowledge. Wycliffe had not yet passed the seventeenth year of his age; but it is fair to suppose that this feature was already conspicuous in his character, and his dissatisfaction may be read in his speedy removal to Merton, a college in the same University, but founded in the preceding century. At this period the society of Merton was the most distinguished in Oxford. It had produced some of the most scientific scholars of the age, and had supplied the English church with three metropolitans: its divinity chair had been recently filled by the celebrated Bradwardine, and within its walls Ockham and Duns Scotus had disclosed that genius, the fame of which was at this time commensurate with Christendom, and was believed to be immortal.

'While we contemplate Wycliffe as engaged in those grammatical studies to which the years of boyhood are commonly devoted, Oxford appears as the residence of thirty thousand students. Previous to his appearance as probationer of Merton, this number, from causes which will be explained, was greatly reduced. His connexion, however, with the most distinguished scholars of a seminary, yielding but to the University of Paris in its fame, could hardly fail to diffuse the most important influence over a mind, remarkable alike for its thirst of knowledge, and the capacity of acquiring it. Without wholly neglecting any of the more important branches of science, the studies of Wycliffe appear to have been regulated by a conscientious regard to such qualifications as were demanded by the solemn office which he was about to assume. In the received doctrines on natural philosophy, he in consequence felt but a partial interest. It was sufficient, however, to induce that attention to them, which rendered him in some instances sceptical, where less thoughtful inquirers had relinquished suspicion. That he was perfectly familiar with the rules of rhetoric, then so sedulously taught, is certain, from his known acquaintance with authors who had treated on them, and with others in whose style they were most laboriously exemplified. His own writings, however, betray none of the appearances of art. It is plain, that his mind, when approaching any question connected with piety, was ever too much occupied with the error to be eradicated, or the truth to be established, to admit of any material solicitude respecting the cadence or the niceties of language. Hence, most of his works bear the marks of hurried composition, but are at the same time distinguished by that free use of vernacular terms, that reiteration of important sentiment, and that general obviousness and strength of expression, which conferred on them a charm of novelty, and an efficiency to shake the faith and customs of a nation. It may be safely affirmed, that his writings contributed far more than those of any other man to form and invigorate the dialect of his country. But this effect, though important, was of subordinate interest in the mind of Wycliffe, and was among other benefits which arose incidentally from that ardour in the best cause of the community, which his religious opinions had excited, and which, he knew, could prove subservient to the popular welfare but through the medium of the popular language. Had our Reformer written elegant Latin, or possessed any considerable acquaintance with Greek, it would have been to surpass his contemporaries in literature, scarcely less than in his views of the religion of the Bible. In the west, at this period, the language of Greece may be considered as unknown; and that of Rome was no where written in its purity. Terms and phrases derived from the former, are of frequent occurrence in Wycliffe's more learned productions; the latter he wrote with fluency, and with as much of correctness as the taste of the age had judged to be important. A very imperfect acquaintance with this language, was the only attainment in philology, required, at that period, from candidates for the clerical office.

'With this study, however, that of the civil and canon law, and that of divinity, as taught by the schoolmen, had long been associated. By Wycliffe, these branches of knowledge were closely investigated. But, with the laws of the empire and of the church, he united those of England, as not less deserving his attention; and his information, relating to each, was soon to be effectively employed in the cause of national freedom, and of a purer christianity. The canons of the church were collected principally from the decrees of councils and of pontiffs, and formed an authority, by which a multitude of causes, once pertaining solely to the magistrate, were at length attached to the exclusive jurisdiction of the Christian pastor. A spirit of rivalry hence arose between the courts of princes and those of the bishops, and such as to render it a proverb, that to excel as a canonist, required the learning of a civilian. There were also numerous provincial and national customs opposed to that imperial system of legislation, which had disappeared with the civilisation of the empire, and to that dominion of canonical law which churchmen had reared upon its ruins. This was considerably the case in England; and it ought not, perhaps, to excite surprise, that the ambition, aided by the pedantry of the times, should be found struggling to exclude the native jurisprudence from the class of liberal studies. But the independent mind of Wycliffe was not to be thus deterred from ascertaining the merit of customs which had descended with the generation of his father-land, nor, at length, from preferring them openly to the decree of Gratian, or the code of the empire.

'Conforming to usages which the practice of more than two centuries had contributed to establish, he also became early devoted to the study of scholastic theology, and was soon distinguished by his acquirements and skill. Among schoolmen, Aristotle was revered as the only safe guide to the meaning of St. Paul. Aided by the logic and metaphysics of their master, there was nothing either known, or supposed to have being, which these disputants did not attempt to describe

and analyse. No truth was regarded as established, until the errors opposed to it had been formally assailed; and extemporaneous debate on the questions of nature and law, of morals and religion, conducted with the forms and technicalities prescribed by the Stagyrite, was an employment to which the most cultivated minds addressed their whole capacity; and in which to excel, was to afford the most unquestionable evidence of extraordinary genius. These discussions became, to the inmates of colleges, what the tournament had long been to the knight and the baron, and too frequently had about as little connection with a spirit of devotion, or an improvement of morals. It must, at the same time, be conceded, that these debates were not without their use; and that Wycliffe should begin his career, by treading in the steps of men who were honoured as the luminaries of their time, can neither excite surprise, nor merit reproof. The study of Aristotle as the only certain preceptor of truth, in revealed theology, in the duties of life, and in the system of nature, was alone dignified with the name of philosophy; and that our Reformer knew no superior, as a master in this science, is manifest, both from the plaudits of partisans and the concessions of opponents who were alike his contemporaries. Scholastic exercises, or the public disputations already noticed, were justly regarded as subjecting every pretension to mental superiority to the most unequivocal test. The ever-changing aspect of these discussions, demanded a readiness of perception, an extent of knowledge, and a facility of communication, which left no room for the triumphs of the feeble. To state, that in such contests, John de Wycliffe was unrivalled, would be to adopt the language of praise, but a language colder than that which his genius extorted from one of the most relentless of his foes, who affirms his powers of debate to have been almost more than human. This proficiency in a science having respect to such a diversity of objects, and burdened with so frightful a nomenclature, supposes ardent application, and a conviction of its general usefulness. While, however, it would have been indeed surprising if Wycliffe had not imbibed the sentiment of the age, respecting the importance of this philosophy, it was almost impossible that such a mind should have become so completely versed in its principles, without some misgivings as to the justice of its vast pretensions.

'It is at the same time due to its votaries to state, that, in the writings of schoolmen, amid much that is sceptical in its tendency, and more that is useless or puerile, the truths of the gospel are not unfrequently to be discovered: and that they are sometimes exhibited on a scale of correctness, and marked by a purity of application, which would have done honour to men of any later period. That the mind of Wycliffe derived a portion of its light from this source, is certain; and it is equally evident that others were thus in some degree prepared to receive his more peculiar doctrine. From his writings we learn that he never wholly abandoned the scholastic topics of discussion, nor its methods of reasoning. From the same source, however, we also learn, that, in the art of wisely separating the precious from the vile, he far surpassed the most enlightened of his countrymen. To remove the errors which treachery or ignorance has been long employed in interweaving with the truth, and to preserve the latter uninjured, must ever be a work of difficulty. In the age of Wycliffe, when the false had acquired so complete an ascendancy over the true, it was a task of eminent peril. His ardent attachment to the sacred scriptures, which at length procured him the appellation of "The Gospel Doctor," could not have been disclosed without considerable hazard to his reputation as a scholar. For such was the prevailing contempt of the sacred writings, or the mistakes of men induced by the papal doctrine of infallibility as to the uses to which they should be applied, that an adherence to that volume, even as a text-book, was sufficient to induce the leading Universities of Europe to exclude the offender from their walls. Friar Bacon, and Grosteste, the celebrated bishop of Lincoln, honoured the cause of these persecuted teachers with their pleadings; but their arguments and their influence were put forth in vain. In the age of our Reformer, men may have begun to discover that their "seraphic" instructors, in promising them wisdom, had pledged themselves for more than was performed. But it yet seemed to require the whole of Wycliffe's acknowledged talent, to give popularity to the exploded custom of lecturing on morals and divinity from the pages of holy writ. The charge, either of ignorance or of incapacity, as preferred against him, was known to be perilous; accordingly his opponents invariably accuse him of design,

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.

The Fall of Nineveh, a Poem. By Edwin Atherstone. 8vo., pp. 288., 12*s*. Baldwin and Cradock. London, 1828.

In sitting down to the examination of an epic poem, our thoughts are involuntarily carried back to the times when the fathers of modern criticism amused themselves with laying down rules to direct the builders of the 'lofty rhyme,' and when even poets themselves tuned their verse to the naturally unmusical burden of critical science. Whether any of these philosophers in the art of poetry effected any good purpose by their efforts, is matter of considerable doubt; but certain it is, we know of no epic or tragedy to which they can lay the smallest claim as having contributed to its intrinsic beauty or popularity. In our own country, no remarkable attempts have been made at setting forth a compilation of classical rules and institutes for the guidance of the poet. The greatest men in the early days of English literature have occasionally written on the subject; but it is a curious circumstance, that they have written, not with any regard to the technicalities of criticism, but in the clear, bold, and fervid spirit of true practical philosophy; not laying down rules for the composition of certain species of poetry, but ranging with delight through the bright and flowery fields whence it has gathered the very manna of its inspiration. Witness, for example, that piece of excellent, though quaint and forgotten eloquence, in which Sir Philip Sidney, speaking of poets, says, that they only, disdaining to be tied to any of the subjections of other thinking men, 'do grow in effect another nature, in making things better than nature bringeth forth, or quite new forms, such as never was in nature, so as they go hand in hand with nature, not inclosed in within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging only within the zodiac of their own wit:' or that equally beautiful and noble sentiment of Bacon, which describes poetry as 'having something of divineness; because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things.' Nothing was ever written on the subject which contained a finer or more philosophical description of the true nature of poetry than this. But, while the founders of English literature thus early taught us to value its highest branches for their abstract worth, or excellency, both France and Italy had their popularly received masters in criticism, who, instead of lifting the veil from the divine form of poesy, and leaving men to worship her for her beauty and perfection, endeavoured to secure the love and imitation of the old models of classic composition, by proving their construction to be in perfect accordance with certain discoverable principles of the poetic art. This, in reality, effected nothing but the encouragement of a few writers of no genius to attempt the higher walks of poetry, which their false guides had seemed to make plain and of easy access. The men of superior talent who pursued the same track were neither assisted nor influenced by the treatises that were written on the subject of their attention. Dante and Ariosto, our own Shakspeare and Spenser, the master-spirits of their respective ages, set rules at defiance, or, rather, worked after such as, not critics, but poetry itself, had taught them. Milton is, perhaps, a still more conspicuous instance. He was a most accomplished classical scholar; he had been acquainted from his youth with the writings which were best calculated to make him respect the rules of epic composition; but, notwithstanding this, it is easy to see that the free and romantic genius of his native Muse had a greater share in the management of his principal poems, than the classical one of antiquity. In the examination, therefore, of Mr. Atherstone's poem, it is not the strict rules of the epic we should apply to its several pages, in the first place, the portion before us will not enable us to judge of the completeness or consistency of Mr. Atherstone's plan, and, in the next, as the first six books are sent forth as a specimen of the work, it will be at present more useful to follow the author's example, and produce specimens of his style and versification. The following extracts are distinguished by great beauty of language and poetical imagery:

'The Priest withdrew.
Upon the summit of the hill arrived,
Amid the holy trees,—his falchion first,
And glittering spear upon the ground he laid:
His brazen helmet next, and shining mail:
Then, in his priestly vestments clad alone,
Fell prostrate on the earth. Uprising soon,
His arms he lifted, and his kindled eye
Turned towards the dazzling multitude of heaven,
And the bright moon. His pale and awful face
Grew paler as he gazed, and thus began:—
"Look down upon us from your spheres of light,
Bright Ministers of the Invisible!
Before whose dread Supremacy weak man
May not appear: for what are we, earth worms,
That the All-Holy One to us should stoop
From the pure sanctuary where he dwells,
Throned in eternal light? but yet his face
Behold, and in his presence stand, and hear
His voice divine; and his commands obey,—
Vicegerents of the sky. Upon your priest
Look down, and hear his prayer. And you the chief,—
Bright Mediators between God and man,—
Who, on your burning chariots, path the heavens,
In ceaseless round,—Saturn, and mighty Sol,—
Though absent now, beyond the ends of earth,
Yet hearing human prayer,—great Jupiter,—
Venus—and Mars—and Mercury—O! hear,
Interpreters divine! and for your priest,
Draw the dark veil that shades the days to come!
Do not the nations groan? Is not this land,
This proud Assyria, drunken with her power?
Yon giant city, where the tyrant dwells,
Is she not steeped in guilt unto the lips?
Are not her women foul?—her men debased?
Is there, on earth, a monster like to him
That sitteth on her throne, and holds in bonds
Millions, and tens of millions, whose loud cry
Ascendeth daily to the sky for help?—
And will ye then not help?"

'He paused, and gazed
Long time in silence on the starry host;
His face like marble; but his large dark eye
Lit as with fire: Then,—as upon him shone
Heaven opening,—and the vision of the years,
Shadowy, before him passed,—with hollow voice,
Broken and tremulous. "I feel ye will—
I see the dark veil drawn—I see a throne
Dashed to the earth—I see a mighty blaze
As of a city flaming to the heaven—
Another rises—and another throne—
Thereon a crowned one, godlike—but his face
With cloud o'er-shadowed yet—ha! is it thou?—
Hark! hark! the countless nations shout for joy!
I hear their voices like the multitudes
Of Ocean's tempest waves—I hear—I see"'——

The following description of Sardanapalus' approach to battle is very highly wrought:

'He comes at length:—
The thickening thunder of the wheels is heard:
Upon their hinges roaring, open fly
The brazen gates:—sounds then the tramp of hoofs,—
And lo! the gorgeous pageant, like the sun,
Flares on their startled eyes. Four snow-white steeds,
In golden trappings, barbed all in gold,
Spring through the gate;—the lofty chariot then,
Of ebony, with gold and gems thick strown,
Even like the starry night. The spokes were gold,
With fellies of strong brass; the knaves were brass,
With burnished gold o'erlaid, and diamond rimmed:
Steel were the axles, in bright silver cased;
The pole was cased in silver: high aloft,
Like a rich throne, the gorgeous seat was framed;
Of ivory part, part silver, and part gold:
On either side a golden statue stood:
Upon the right,—and on a throne of gold,—
Great Belus, of the Assyrian empire first,
And worshipp'd as a God; but, on the left,
In a resplendent car by lions drawn,
A Goddess; on her head, a towers and, round,
Celestial glory: this the deity

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Astarte, or Derceto, men have named,
And Venus, queen of love. Around her waist
A girdle, glittering with all radiant gems,
Seemed heaving to her breath. Behind the car,
Full in the centre, on the ebon ground,
Flamed forth a diamond sun; on either side,
A horned moon of diamond; and, beyond,
The planets, each one blazing diamond.
Such was the chariot of the king of kings.
'Himself in dazzling armour stands aloft,
And rules the fiery steeds. His shield of gold,
His spear, his helm, his bow and quiver hang
Within the roomy car. Thus, like a God,
From forth the gates he comes,—and every knee
Bends to the ground, and every voice cries out,
"Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
May the king live for ever!" Thrice he smiles,
And waves his hands to all; and thrice the shouts
To heaven go up. Then on his starting horse
Springs every rider; every charioteer
Leaps to his car; and through the sounding streets
The pageant flames, and on the dusty plain
Pours forth: and evermore, from street to street,
Runs on the cry, "The king! the king comes forth!
The king of kings in his war-chariot comes!
Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
May the king live for ever!"
'To the walls
The cry flies on,—they hear it on the plains,—
The plains cry out,—they hear it in the heavens.
On through the bowing host the monarch drives;
High over all conspicuous, the bright crown,
Like an ethereal fire, through all the field
Flashing perpetual light. From rank to rank,
From nation unto nation, goes he on;
And still all knees are bent, all voices raised,
As to a deity.'

Nehushta's Bower.

'Twas a spot
Herself had chosen, from the palace walls
Farthest removed, and by no sound disturbed,
And by no eye o'erlooked; for in the midst
Of loftiest trees, umbrageous, was it hid,—
Yet to the sunshine open, and the airs
That from the deep shades all around it breathed,
Cool, and sweet-scented. Myrtles, jessamine,—
Roses of varied hues,—all climbing shrubs,
Green-leaved and fragrant, had she planted there,—
And trees of slender body, fruit and flower;—
At early morn had watered, and at eve,
From a bright fountain nigh, that ceaselessly
Gushed with a gentle coil from out the earth,
Its liquid diamonds flinging to the sun
With a soft whisper. To a graceful arch,
The pliant branches, intertwined, were bent;
Flowers some,—and some rich fruits of gorgeous hues,
Down hanging lavishly, the taste to please,
Or, with rich scent, the smell,—or that fine sense
Of beauty that in forms and colours rare
Doth take delight. With fragrant moss the floor
Was planted, to the foot a carpet rich,
Or, for the languid limbs, a downy couch,
Inviting slumber. At the noon-tide hour,
Here, with some chosen maidens would she come,
Stories of love to listen, or the deeds
Of heroes of old days: the harp, sometimes,
Herself would touch, and, with her own sweet voice,
Fill all the air with loveliness. But, chief,
When to his green-wave bed the wearied sun
Had parted, and heaven's glorious arch yet shone,—
A last gleam catching from his closing eye,—
The palace, with her maidens, quitting then,
Through vistas dim of tall trees would she pass,—
Cedar, or waving pine, or giant palm,—
Through orange groves, and citron,—myrtle walks,—
Alleys of roses,—beds of sweetest flowers,—
Their richest incense to the dewy breeze
Breathing profusely all,—and, having reached
The spot beloved, with sport, or dance awhile
On the small lawn, to sound of dulcimer,
The pleasant time would pass; or to the lute
Give ear delighted, and the plaintive voice
That sang of hapless love: or, arm in arm,
Amid the twilight saunter, listing oft
The fountain's murmur, or the evening's sigh,
Or whisperings in the leaves,—or, in his pride
Of minstrelsy, the sleepless nightingale
Flooding the air with beauty of sweet sounds:
And, ever as the silence came again,
The distant and unceasing hum could hear
Of that magnificent city, on all sides
Surrounding them. But oft with one alone,
One faithful, favoured maiden, would she come;
At early morn sometimes, while every flower,
In diamonds glittering, with its proud weight bowed;
When through the glistering trees the golden beams
Aslant their bright flood poured, and every bird
In his green palace sitting sang aloud,
And all the air with youthful fragrance teemed,
Fresh as at Nature's birth:—her pastime then,
The flowers to tend,—to look upon the sky,—
And on the earth,—and drink the perfumed air,—
And in the gladness of all things be glad.
But in the placid twilight hour of eve
Not seldom came they: Dara then the harp,
Or dulcimer would touch; or, happier still,
His words of love into her listening ear
Distil with sweeter music than from string,
Or breathing pipe, though sweet.'

After quoting the above, our readers will be enabled to judge of the author's power of language and versification. Mr. Atherstone is evidently a writer of the first ability, and the design of his present Poem appears to be a great and happy one. We warn him against aiming too much at smoothness in over-ornamenting his verse. An epic poem must entirely depend for success on a sort of regal grandeur in its language, and the most noble simplicity of exalted sentiment. The taste of the age is, perhaps, unfitted to give extensive popularity to a composition, depending for its praise on such characteristics; but no epic can be tolerated without them; and it would be a hopeless task in an author to endeavour a successful union between the style which would please popular readers and that fitted for an epic. Mr. Atherstone, we doubt not, will be found, when his poem is complete, to have avoided the errors of such an attempt; and we look forward with pleasure to the appearance of the remainder of his Nineveh.

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE.

Chronicles of the Canongate. Second Series. By the Author of 'Waverley,' &c. 3 vols. Cadell and Co. Edinburgh, 1828.

We have never been among those who considered that the Author of 'Waverley' was overwriting himself, or giving more of his productions to the public than satisfied public curiosity. In the writings of no one author is there so much variety of description; and, notwithstanding all that has been ever said to the contrary, so many different characters delineated with equal power and vivacity. There is something very absurd in the manner in which several of his latter novels have been judged of, and assigned a place very inferior to that occupied by his first. It is, however, a circumstance of which few authors are able to consider themselves proud, that Sir Walter Scott has been always measured by himself alone, and his works compared with each other instead of with those of other authors. But whatever opinion may have been entertained of the tales which more immediately preceded the one before us, the second series of 'The Chronicles of the Canongate,' may fairly be ranked as equal with the best and most admired productions of the author. The true excellency of this most exquisite novel, can only be either understood or enjoyed by a complete perusal of its contents. With our best efforts, therefore, to afford our readers a taste of the banquet it promises, we will not deceive them by leading them to suppose that it is more than a taste, or that they ought to be satisfied with what we are able to offer them. The following extracts, however, are as admirable as the detached portions of any work can be. We therefore give them, and beg to assure our readers, that, in giving them, we have been particularly careful to avoid the barbarous practice of tearing out, as it were, the last leaf of the book for them, and spoiling their future pleasure in reading the novel by letting them into the secret of the plot. With inferior novels it is merciful to do it, because it saves them the trouble of reading pages of insipid nonsense; but to do so with a Waverley novel, would be the perfection of barbarism. For the understanding of the following passages, it will be sufficient to inform the reader, that the time of the story is the reign of Robert of Scotland, and the principal personages the young Duke of Rothsay his son; Ramorny, a pander to the pleasures of the latter, but afterwards his deadly enemy; Dwining, a physician, and the confederate of Ramorny in his schemes; Simon, a glover, of Perth, and his daughter Catherine, the heroine; and lastly, Henry of the Wynde, a stout noble-hearted armourer, who aspires to Catherine's hand; and Conachar, at first Simon's apprentice, but afterwards found to be the son of a highland chieftain. The following introduces us to the scene where Ramorny, having lost his hand in a midnight scuffle with the armourer, and in endeavouring to assist Rothsay in carrying off Catherine, thus submits himself to the cunning but proud physician.

'We have shown the secrets of the confessional; those of the sick chamber are not hidden from us. In a darkened apartment, where salves and medicines showed that the leech had been busy in his craft, a tall thin form lay on a bed, arrayed in a night-gown belted around him, with pain on his brow, and a thousand stormy passions agitating his bosom. Every thing in the apartment indicated a man of opulence and of expense. Henbane Dwining, the apothecary, who seemed to have the care of the patient, stole with a crafty and cat-like step from one corner of the room to another, busying himself with mixing medicines and preparing dressings. The sick man groaned once or twice, on which the leech, advancing to his bed-side, asked whether these sounds were a token of the pain of his body, or of the distress of his mind.

'"Of both, thou poisoning varlet," said Sir John Ramorny; "and of being encumbered with thy accursed company."

'"If that is all, I can relieve your knighthood of one of these ills, by presently removing myself elsewhere. Thanks to the feuds of this boisterous time, had I twenty hands, instead of these two poor servants of my art, (displaying his skinny palms,) there is enough of employment for them; well-requited employment, too, where thanks and crowns contend which shall best pay my services; while you, Sir John, wreak upon your chirurgeon the anger you ought only to bear against the author of your wound."

'"Villain, it is beneath me to reply to thee," said the patient; "but every word of thy malignant tongue is a dirk, inflicting wounds which set all the medicines of Arabia at defiance."

'"Sir John, I understand you not; but, if you give way to these tempestuous fits of rage, it is impossible but fever and inflammation must be the result."

'"Why then dost thou speak in a sense to chafe my blood? Why dost thou name the supposition of thy worthless self having more hands than nature gave thee, while I, a knight and gentleman, am mutilated like a cripple?"

'"Sir John," replied the chirurgeon, "I am no divine, nor a mainly obstinate believer in some things which divines tell us. Yet I may remind you that you have been kindly dealt with; for, if the blow that has done you this injury had lighted on your neck, as it was aimed, it would have swept your head from your shoulders, instead of amputating a less considerable member."

'"I wish it had, Dwining—I wish it had lighted as it was addressed. I should not then have seen a policy, which had spun a web so fine as mine, burst through by the brute force of a drunken churl. I should not have been reserved to see horses which I must not mount—lists which I must no longer enter—splendours which I cannot hope to share—or battles which I must not take part in. I should not, with a man's passions for power and for strife, be set to keep place among the women, despised by them, too, as a miserable impotent cripple, unable to aim at obtaining the favour of the sex."

'"Supposing all this to be so, I will yet pray of your knighthood to remark," replied Dwining, still busying himself with arranging the dressings of the wounds, "that your eyes, which you must have lost with your head, may, being spared to you, present as rich a prospect of pleasure as either ambition, or victory in the lists or in the field, or the love of woman itself, could have proposed to you."

'"My sense is too dull to catch the meaning, leech.'

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replied Ramorny. "What is this precious spectacle reserved to me in such a shipwreck?"

'"The dearest that mankind knows," replied Dwining; and then, in the accent of a lover who utters the name of his beloved mistress, and expresses his passion for her in the very tone of his voice, he added the word "REVENGE!"

'The patient had raised himself on his couch to listen with some anxiety for the solution of the physician's enigma. He laid himself down again as he heard it explained, and, after a short pause, asked, "In what Christian college learned you this morality, good Master Dwining?"

'"In no Christian college," answered his physician; "for, though it is privately received in most, it is openly and manfully adopted in none. But I have studied among the sages of Granada, where the fiery-souled Moor lifts high his deadly dagger as it drops with his enemy's blood, and avows the doctrine which the pallid Christian practises, though coward-like he dare not name it."

'"Thou art then a more high-souled villain than I deemed thee," said Ramorny.

'"Let that pass," answered Dwining. "The waters that are the stillest, are also the deepest; and the foe is most to be dreaded who never threatens till he strikes. You knights and men-at-arms go straight to your purpose with sword in hand. We, who are clerks, win our access with a noiseless step and an indirect approach, but attain our object not less surely."

'"And I," said the Knight, "who have trod to my revenge with a mailed foot, which made all echo around it, must now use such a slipper as thine? Ha!"

'"He who lacks strength," said the wily mediciner, "must attain his purpose by skill."

'"And tell me sincerely, mediciner, wherefore thou wouldst read me these devil's lessons? Why wouldst thou thrust me faster or further on to my vengeance, than I may seem to thee ready to go of my own accord? I am old in the ways of the world, man; and I know that such as thou do not drop words in vain, or thrust themselves upon the dangerous confidence of men like me, save with the prospect of advancing some purpose of their own. What interest hast thou in the road, whether peaceful or bloody, which I may pursue on these occurrents?"

'"In plain dealing, Sir Knight, though it is what I seldom use," answered the leech, "my road to revenge is the same with yours."

'"With mine, man?" said Ramorny, with a tone of scornful surprise. "I thought it had been high beyond thy reach. Thou aim at the same revenge with Ramorny!"

'"Ay, truly," replied Dwining; "for the smithy churl under whose blow you have suffered, has often done me despite and injury. He has thwarted me in council, and despised me in action. His brutal and unhesitating bluntness is a living reproach to the subtlety of my natural disposition. I fear him, and I hate him."

'"And you hope to find an active coadjutor in me?" said Ramorny, in the same supercilious tone as before. "But know, the artisan fellow is too low in degree, to be to me either the object of hatred or of fear. Yet he shall not escape. We hate not the reptile that has stung us, though we might shake it off the wound, and tread upon it. I know the ruffian of old as a stout man-at-arms, and a pretender, as I have heard, to the favour of the scornful puppet, whose beauties, forsooth, spurred us to our wise and hopeful attempt.—Fiends, that direct this nether world! by what malice have you decided that the hand which has couched a lance against the bosom of a prince, should be struck off like a sapling, by the blow of a churl, and during the turmoil of a midnight riot!—Well, mediciner, thus far our courses hold together, and I bid thee well believe that I will crush for thee this reptile mechanic. But do not thou think to escape me, when that part of my revenge is done, which will be most easily and speedily accomplished."

'"Not, it may be, altogether so easily accomplished," said the apothecary; "for if your knighthood will credit me, there will be found small ease or security in dealing with him. He is the strongest, boldest, and most skilful swords-man in Perth, and all the country around it."

'"Fear nothing; he shall be met with had he the strength of Sampson. But then, mark me! Hope not thou to escape my vengeance, unless thou become my passive agent in the scene which is to follow. Mark me, I say, once more. I have studied at no Moorish revenge, but yet I will have my share of vengeance.—Listen to me, mediciner, while I shall thus far unfold myself; but beware of treachery, for powerful as thy fiend is, thou hast taken lessons from a meaner devil than mine. Hearken—the master whom I have served through vice and virtue, with too much zeal for my own character perhaps, but with unshaken fidelity to him—the very man, to soothe whose frantic folly I have incurred this irreparable loss, is, at the prayer of his doating father, about to sacrifice me, by turning me out of his favour, and leaving me at the mercy of the hypocritical relative, with whom he seeks a precarious reconciliation at my expense. If he perseveres in this most ungrateful purpose, thy fiercest Moors, were their complexion swarthy as the smoke of hell, shall blush to see their revenge outdone! But I will give him one more chance for honour and safety, before my wrath shall descend on him in unrelenting and unmitigated fury.—There, then, thus far, thou hast my confidence.—Close hands on our bargain—close hands, did I say?—where is the hand that should be the pledge and representative of Ramorny's plighted word! is it nailed on the public pillory, or flung as offal to the houseless dogs, who are even now snarling over it? Lay thy finger on the mutilated stump then, and swear to be a faithful actor in my revenge, as I shall be in yours.—How now, Sir Leech, look you pale—you, who say to Death, stand back or advance, can you tremble to think of him or to hear him named? I have not mentioned your fee, for one who loves revenge for itself, requires no deeper bribe—yet, if broad lands and large sums of gold can increase thy zeal in a brave cause, believe me, these shall not be lacking."

'"They tell for something in my humble wishes," said Dwining; "the poor man in this bustling world is thrust down like a dwarf in a crowd, and so trodden under foot—the rich and powerful rise like giants above the press, and are at ease, while all is turmoil around them."

'"Then shalt thou arise above the press, mediciner, as high as gold can raise thee. This purse is weighty, yet it is but an earnest of thy guerdon."—Vol. ii. pp. 79-88.

The consequence of the conversation above related, was a determination that the armourer should be way laid and murdered. Happily, another citizen is mistaken for him; but the report of his being killed reached the ears of Catherine, who had just before shown him some little pettishness. Her hasty flight to his house is thus related:

'While the trusty Dorothy was putting her prudent resolve into execution, Catherine ran through the streets of Perth in a manner, which, at another moment, would have brought on her the attention of every one, who saw her hurrying on with a reckless impetuosity, wildly, and widely different from the ordinary decency and composure of her step and manner, and without the plaid, scarf, or mantle, which "women of good," of fair character and decent rank, universally carried around them, when they went abroad. But, distracted as the people were, every one inquiring or telling the cause of the tumult, and most recounting it different ways, the negligence of her dress, and discomposure of her manner, made no impression on any one; and she was suffered to press forward on the path she had chosen, without attracting more notice than the other females, who, stirred by anxious curiosity or fear, had come out to inquire the cause of an alarm so general—it might be to seek for friends, for whose safety they were interested.

'As Catherine passed along, she felt all the wild influence of the agitating scene, and it was with difficulty she forbore from repeating the cries of lamentation and alarm, which were echoed around her. In the meantime, she rushed rapidly on, embarrassed, like one in a dream, with a strange sense of dreadful calamity, the precise nature of which she was unable to define, but which implied the dreadful consciousness, that the man who loved her so fondly, whose good qualities she so highly esteemed, and whom she now felt to be dearer, than perhaps she would before have acknowledged to her own bosom, was murdered, and most probably by her means. The connection betwixt Henry's supposed death, and the descent of Conachar and his followers, though adopted by her in a moment of extreme and engrossing emotion, was sufficiently probable to have been received for truth, even if her understanding had been at leisure to examine its credibility. Without knowing what she sought, except the general desire to know the worst of the dreadful report, she hurried forward to the very spot, which of all others her feelings

'Who would, upon the evening of Shrove-tide, have persuaded the proud, the timid, the shy, the rigidly decorous Catherine Glover, that, before mass on Ash Wednesday, she should rush through the streets of Perth, making her way amidst tumult and confusion, with her hair unbound, and her dress disarranged, to seek the house of that same lover, who, she had reason to believe, had so grossly and indelicately neglected and affronted her, as to pursue a low and licentious amour! Yet so it was; and her eagerness taking, as if by instinct, the road which was most free, she avoided the High Street, where the pressure was greatest, and reached the wynd by the narrow lanes on the northern skirt of the town, through which Henry Smith had formerly escorted Louisa. But even these comparatively lonely passages were now astir with passengers, so general was the alarm. Catherine Glover made her way through them, however, while such as observed her looked on each other, and shook their heads in sympathy with her distress. At length, without any distinct idea of her own purpose, she stood before her lover's door, and knocked for admittance.

'The silence which succeeded the echoing of her hasty summons increased the alarm, which had induced her to take this desperate measure.

'"Open,—open, Henry!" she cried. "Open, if you yet live!—Open, if you would not find Catherine Glover dead upon your threshold!"

'As she cried thus frantically, to ears which she was taught to believe were stopped by death, the lover she invoked opened the door in person, just in time to prevent her sinking on the ground. The extremity of his ecstatic joy upon an occasion so unexpected, was qualified only by the wonder which forbade him to believe it real, and by his alarm at the closed eyes, half-opened and blanched lips, total absence of complexion, and apparently total cessation of breathing.

'Henry had remained at home, in spite of the general alarm, which had reached his ears for a considerable time, fully determined to put himself in the way of no brawls that he could avoid; and it was only in compliance with a summons from the Magistrates, which, as a burgher, he was bound to obey, that, taking his sword and buckler from the wall, he was about to go forth, for the first time unwillingly, to pay his service, as his tenure bound him.

'"It is hard," he said, "to be put forward in all the town feuds, when the fighting work is so detestable to Catherine. I am sure there are enough of wenches in Perth, that say to their gallants, 'Go out—do your devoir bravely, and win your lady's grace;' and yet they send not for their lovers, but for me, who cannot do the duties of a man to protect a minstrel woman, or of a burgess who fights for the honour of his town, but this peevish Catherine uses me as if I were a brawler and bordeller!"

'Such were the thoughts which occupied his mind, when, as he opened his door to issue forth, the person dearest to his thoughts, but whom he certainly least expected to see, was present to his eyes, and dropped into his arms.

'His mixture of surprise, joy, and anxiety, did not deprive him of the presence of mind which the occasion demanded. To place Catherine Glover in safety, and recall her to herself, was to be thought of before rendering obedience to the summons of the Magistrates, however pressingly that had been delivered. He carried his lovely burden, as light as a feather, yet more precious than the same quantity of purest gold, into a small bedchamber which had been his mother's. It was the most fit for an invalid, as it looked into the garden, and was separated from the noise of the tumult.

'"Here, Nurse—Nurse Shoolbred—come quick—come for death and life—here is one wants thy help!"

'Up trotted the old dame. "If it should but prove any one that will keep thee out of the scuffle—" for she also had been aroused by the noise,—but what was her astonishment, when, placed in love and reverence on the bed of her late mistress, and supported by the athletic arms of her foster-son, she saw the apparently lifeless form of the Fair Maid of Perth. "Catherine Glover!" she said; "and, Holy Mother—a dying woman, as it would seem!"

'"Not so, old woman," said her foster-son; "the dear heart throbs—the sweet breath comes and returns! Come thou, that may aid her more meetly than I—bring water—essences—whatever thy old skill can devise—Heaven did not place her in my arms to die, but to live for herself and me."

'With an activity which her age had little promised, Nurse Shoolbred collected the means of restori[illegible]

derstood what was to be done in such cases, nay, possessed a knowledge of treating wounds of an ordinary description, which the warlike propensities of her foster-son kept in pretty constant exercise.

'"Come now," she said, "son Henry, unfold your arms from about my patient—though she is worth the pressing—and set thy arms at freedom to help me with what I want.—Nay, I will not insist on your quitting her hand, if you will beat the palm gently, as the fingers unclose their clenched grasp."

'"*I* beat her slight beautiful hand!" said Henry; "you were as well bid me beat a glass cup with a forehammer, as tap her fair palm with my horn-hard fingers. But the fingers do unfold, and we will find a better way than beating;" and he applied his lips to the pretty hand, whose motion indicated returning sensation. One or two deep sighs succeeded, and the Fair Maid of Perth opened her eyes, fixed them on her lover, as he kneeled by the bedside, and again sunk back on the pillow. As she withdrew not her hand from her lover's hold or from his grasp, we must in charity believe that the return to consciousness was not so complete as to make her aware that he abused the advantage, by pressing it alternately to his lips and his bosom. At the same time we are compelled to own, that the blood was colouring in her cheek, and that her breathing was deep and regular, for a minute or two during this relapse.'—Vol. ii. pp. 194—202.

In the mean time her father arrives, and pressing through the crowd which surrounds the door, makes his way into the house:

'Unrestrained by the considerations of doubt and hesitation which influenced others, he repaired to the parlour; and, having overheard the bustling of Dame Shoolbred, he took the privilege of intimacy to ascend to the bed-room, and, with the slight apology of—"I crave your pardon, good neighbour," he opened the door, and entered the apartment, where a singular and unexpected sight awaited him. At the sound of his voice, May Catherine experienced a revival much speedier than Dame Shoolbred's restorative had been able to produce; and the paleness of her complexion changed into a deep glow of the most lovely red. She pushed her lover from her with both her hands, which, until this minute, her want of consciousness, or her affection, awakened by the events of the morning, had well nigh abandoned to his caresses. Henry Smith, bashful as we know him, stumbled as he rose up; and none of the party were without a share of confusion, excepting Dame Shoolbred, who was glad to make some pretext to turn her back to the others, in order that she might enjoy a laugh at their expense, which she felt herself utterly unable to restrain, and in which the Glover, whose surprise, though great, was of short duration, and of a joyful character, sincerely joined.

'"Now, by good St John," he said, "I thought I had seen a sight this morning that would cure me of laughter, at least till Lent was over; but this would make me curl my cheek, if I were dying. Why, here stands honest Henry Smith, who was lamented as dead, and toll'd out for from every steeple in town, alive, merry, and, as seems from his ruddy complexion, as like to live as any man in Perth. And here is my precious daughter, that yesterday would speak of nothing but the wickedness of the wights that haunt profane sports, and protect glee-maidens—Ay, she who set St. Valentine and St. Cupid both at defiance,—here she is, turned a glee-maiden herself, for what I can see! Truly, I am glad to see that you, my good Dame Shoolbred, who give way to no disorder, have been of this loving party."

'"You do me wrong, my dearest father," said Catherine, as if about to weep. "I came here with far different expectations than you suppose. I only came because—because—"

'"Because you expected to find a dead lover," said her father, "and you have found a living one, who can receive the tokens of your regard, and return them. Now, were it not a sin, I could find in my heart to thank Heaven, that thou hast been surpised at last into owning thyself a woman—Simon Glover is not worthy to have an absolute saint for his daughter.—Nay, look not so piteously, nor expect condolence from me! Only I will try not to look merry, if you will be pleased to stop your tears, or confess them to be tears of joy."

'"If I were to die for such a confession," said poor Catherine, 'I could not tell what to call them. Only believe, dear father, and let Henry believe, that I would never have come hither, unless—unless—"

'"Unless you had thought that Henry could not co to you," said her father. "And now, shake hands in peace and concord, and agree as Valentines should. Yesterday was Shrovetide, Henry—We will hold that thou hast confessed thy follies, hast obtained absolution, and art relieved of all the guilt thou stoodest charged with."

'"Nay, touching that, father Simon," said the Smith, "now that you are cool enough to hear me, I can swear on the Gospels, and I can call my nurse, Dame Shoolbred, to witness—"

'"Nay, nay," said the Glover, "but wherefore rake up differences, which should all be forgotten?"

'"Hark ye, Simon!—Simon Glover!" This was now echoed from beneath.

'"True, son Smith," said the Glover seriously, "we have other work in hand. You and I must to the council instantly. Catharine shall remain here with Dame Shoolbred, who will take charge of her till we return; and then, as the town is in misrule, we two, Harry, will carry her home, and they will be bold men that cross us."

'"Nay, my dear father," said Catherine, with a smile, "now you are taking Oliver Proudfute's office. That doughty burgher is Henry's brother-at-arms."

'Her father's countenance grew dark.

'"You have spoke a stinging word, daughter; but you know not what has happened. Kiss him, Catherine, in token of forgiveness."

'"Not so," said Catherine; "I have done him too much grace already. When he has seen the errant damsel safe home, it will be time enough to claim his reward."

'"Meantime," said Henry, "I will claim, as your host, what you will not allow me on other terms."

'He folded the fair maiden in his arms, and was permitted to take the salute which she had refused to bestow.'—Vol. ii. pp. 208—213.

The following is a noble description of the funeral of Conachan's father, the Highland chieftain:

'Simon Glover being thus left to his own painful reflections, nothing better remained, after having seen after the comforts of the dumb companion of his journey, than to follow the herdsman's advice; and, ascending towards the top of an eminence called Tom-an-Lonach, or the Knoll of Yew Trees, after a walk of half an hour he reached the summit, and could look down on the broad expanse of the lake, of which the height commanded a noble view. A few aged and scattered yew trees, of great size, still vindicated for the beautiful green hill the name attached to it. But a far greater number had fallen a sacrifice to the general demand for bow-staves in that warlike age, the bow being a weapon much used by the mountaineers, though those which they employed, as well as their arrows, were, in shape and form, and especially in efficacy, far inferior to the archery of merry England. The dark and shattered individual yews which remained, were, like the veterans of a broken host, occupying, in disorder, some post of advantage, with the stern purpose of resisting to the last. Behind this eminence, but detached from it, arose a higher hill, partly covered with copse-wood, partly opening into glades of pasture, where the cattle strayed, finding a scanty sustenance among the spring-heads and marshy places, where the fresh grass began first to arise.

'The opposite, or northern shore of the lake, presented a far more Alpine prospect than that upon which the Glover was stationed. Woods and thickets ran up the sides of the mountains, and disappeared among the sinuosities formed by the winding ravines which separated them from each other; but, far above these specimens of a tolerable natural soil, arose the swart and bare mountains themselves, in the dark grey desolation proper to the season.

'Some were peaked, some broad-crested, some rocky and precipitous, others of a tamer outline; and the clan of Titans seemed to be commanded by their appropriate chieftains—the frowning mountain of Ben Lawers, and the still more lofty eminence of Ben Mohr, arising high above the rest, whose peaks retain a dazzling helmet of snow far into the summer season, and sometimes during the whole year. Yet the borders of this wild and sylvan region, where the mountains descended upon the lake, intimated, even at that early period, many traces of human habitation. Hamlets were seen, especially on the northern margin of the lake, half hid among the little glens that poured their tributary streams into Loch Tay, which, like many earthly things, made a fair show at a distance, but, when more closely approached, were disgustful and repulsive, from their squalid want of the conveniences which attend even Indian wigwams. They were inhabited by a race who neither cultivated the earth, nor cared for the enjoyments which industry procures. The women, although otherwise treated with affection, and even delicacy of respect, discharged all the absolutely necessary domestic labour. The men, excepting some reluctant use of an ill-formed plough, or more frequently a spade, grudgingly gone through, and as a task infinitely beneath them, took no other employment than the charge of the herds of black cattle, in which their wealth consisted. At all other times, they hunted, fished, or marauded, during the brief intervals of peace, by way of pastime; plundering with bolder license, and fighting with embittered animosity, in time of war, which, public or private, upon a broader or a more restricted scale, formed the proper business of their lives, and the only one which they esteemed worthy of them.

'The magnificent bosom of the lake itself was a scene to gaze on with delight. Its noble breadth, with its termination in a full and beautiful run, was rendered yet more picturesque by one of those islets which are often happily situated in Scottish lakes. The ruins upon that isle, now almost shapeless, being overgrown with wood, rose, at the time we speak of, into the towers and pinnacles of a priory, where slumbered the remains of Sibilla, daughter of Henry I. of England, and consort of Alexander the First of Scotland. This holy place had been deemed of dignity sufficient to be the deposit of the remains of the Captain of the Clan Quhele, at least till times when the removal of the danger, now so imminently pressing, should permit of his body being conveyed to a distinguished convent in the north, where he was destined ultimately to repose with all his ancestry.

'A number of boats pushed off from various points of the near and more distant shore, many displaying sable banners, and others having their several pipers in the bow, who, from time to time, poured forth a few notes of a shrill, plaintive, and wailing character, and intimated to the Glover that the ceremony was about to take place. These sounds of lamentation were but the tuning, as it were, of the instruments, compared with the general wail which was speedily to be raised.

'A distant sound was heard from far up the lake, even, as it seemed, from the remote and distant glens, out of which the Dochart and the Lochy pour their streams into Loch Tay. It was in a wild and inaccessible spot, where the Campbells, at a subsequent period, founded their strong fortress of Finlayrigg, that the redoubted commander of the Clan Quhele drew his last breath; and, to give due pomp to his funeral, his corpse was now to be brought down the Loch to the island assigned for his temporary place of rest. The funeral fleet, led by the chieftain's barge, from which a huge black banner was displayed, had made more than two-thirds of its voyage, ere it was visible from the eminence on which Simon Glover stood to overlook the ceremony. The instant the distant wail of the coronach was heard proceeding from the attendants on the funeral barge, all the subordinate sounds of lamentation were hushed at once, as the raven ceases to croak and the hawk to whistle, whenever the scream of the eagle is heard. The boats, which had floated hither and thither upon the lake, like a flock of water-fowl dispersing themselves on its surface, now drew together, with an appearance of order, that the funeral flotilla might pass onward, and that they themselves might fall into their proper places. In the mean while, the piercing din of the war-pipes became louder and louder, and the cry from the numberless boats which followed that from which the black banner of the Chief was displayed, rose in wild unison up to the Tom-an-Lonach, from which the Glover viewed the spectacle. The galley which headed the procession, bore on its poop a species of scaffold, upon which, arrayed in white linen, and with the face bare, was displayed the corpse of the deceased Chieftain. His son, and the nearest relatives, filled the vessel, while a great number of boats, of every description that could be assembled, either on Loch Tay itself, or brought by land-carriage from Loch Earn and otherwise, followed in the rear, some of them of very frail materials. There were even curraghs, composed of ox-hides stretched over hoops of willow, in the manner of the ancient British; and some committed themselves to rafts formed for the occasion, from the readiest materials that occurred, and united in such a precarious manner as to render it probable, that, before the accomplishment of the voyage, some of the clansmen of the deceased might be sent to attend their Chieftain in the world of spirits.

'When the principal flotilla came in sight of the smaller group of boats collected towards the foot of the lake, and bearing off from the little island, they

each other with a shout so loud and general, and terminating in a cadence so wildly prolonged, that not only the deer fled from their caves for miles around, and sought the distant recesses of the mountains; but even the domestic cattle, accustomed to the voice of man, felt the full panic which the human shout strikes into the wilder tribes, and like them fled from their pasture into morasses and dingles.

'Summoned forth from their convents by those sounds, the monks who inhabited the little islet, began to issue from its lowly portal, with cross and banner, and as much of ecclesiastical state as they had the means of displaying; their bells, at the same time, of which the edifice possessed three, pealing the death-toll over the long lake, which came to the ears of the now silent multitude, mingled with the solemn chant of the Catholic church, raised by the monks in their procession. Various ceremonies were gone through, while the kindred of the deceased carried the body ashore, and, placing it on a bank long consecrated to the purpose, made the Deasil around the departed. When the corpse was uplifted to be borne into the church, another united yell burst from the assembled multitude, in which the deep shout of warriors, and the shrill wail of females, joined their notes with the tremulous voice of age, and the babbling cry of childhood. The coronach was again, and for the last time, shrieked, as the body was carried into the interior of the church, where only the nearest relatives of the deceased, and the most distinguished of the leaders of the clan were permitted to enter. The last yell of woe was so terribly loud, and answered by so many hundred echoes, that the citizen of Perth instinctively raised his hands to his ears, to shut out, or deaden, at least, a sound so piercing.'—Vol. iii. pp. 77—86.

THE GOLD-HEADED CANE.

The Gold-Headed Cane. Second Edition. Murray. London, 1828.

The reputed author of the present volume, (Dr. Macmichael,) appears to have taken considerable pains to embody, in a work of fiction, much historical information founded on facts. The following notice by the Editor will account for its appearance:

'A short time* before the opening of the New College of Physicians, Mrs. Baillie presented to that learned body a gold-headed cane, which had been successively carried by Doctors Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and her own lamented husband. The arms of these celebrated physicians are engraved on the head of the cane, and they form the vignettes of the five chapters into which the present volume is divided.'

The following extract from the last chapter of the work, relating to the last possessor of the gold-headed cane, Dr. Matthew Baillie, will be perused with interest, even by unprofessional readers:

'When I (the Gold-headed Cane) passed from the hands of Dr. Pitcairn into the possession of Dr. Baillie, I ceased to be considered any longer as a necessary appendage of the profession; and, consequently, the opportunities I enjoyed of seeing the world, or even of knowing much about the state of physic, were very greatly abridged and but of rare occurrence.

'Once only was I introduced into a large party. It was on a Sunday evening, when I was taken to one of the scientific meetings, held at the house of Sir Joseph Bankes, in Soho-square. How different from the gay conversaziones in Ormond-street, in the spacious library of Dr. Mead, filled with splendid books, and ornamented with antiques of the most costly description. On entering the house of Sir Joseph, I was ushered up a sort of back staircase, and introduced into two gloomy apartments, in the further corner of the first of which sat the President of the Royal Society, wearing the red ribband of the Order of the Bath, in a gouty chair. Here I was passed from one to the other, and considered rather as a curious relic, than regarded, as I was wont to be, as the support and ornament of the Faculty. My only consolation arose, as I was handed about, from the observation, which it was impossible not to make, that among the philosophers present there was a great proportion of medical men, who examined me, as may be supposed with more than ordinary interest. Among others, I did not escape the keen and scrutinising eye of a physician who then held the office of Secretary to the Royal Society, who early relinquished the practice of his profession for other pursuits, but whose name is identified with the history of modern chemistry, and will live as long as science shall be cultivated.

'From what has been stated of the condition to which I was now reduced, it will be inferred, that it was chiefly from the position which I occupied in the corner of the room in which Dr. Baillie received his patients at home, that I became at all acquainted with what was going on in medicine.

'My present was the very reverse, in almost every particular, of my early master, Dr. Radcliffe. In person, Dr. Baillie was considerably below the middle size, with a countenance rather plain than prepossessing, a Scotch dialect, and blunt manners. Than his first address, nothing could be less imposing; and yet, before he had been in company with you for five minutes, he would have convinced you that he was one of the most sensible, clear-headed physicians you had ever listened to.

'From his habit of public lecturing, he had acquired two great advantages; first, a minute and accurate knowledge of the structure of the human body, and, second, the most perfect distinctness and excellent arrangement, in what may be called the art of *statement*. For this latter quality he was very remarkable; and, even when he was compelled to relinquish lecturing, (by which he had acquired it,) in consequence of the growing extent of his practice, it continued to be of daily advantage to him. In examining a patient for the purpose of learning the symptoms of the complaint, the questions he put were so few as to give an impression of haste and carelessness; in conversing on the case with the physicians whom he met, in consultation, he was very short and clear; and it was not until the relations or friends of the patient were admitted, and he proceeded to communicate to them the result of the consultation, that he appeared to full advantage. He then gave a short practical lecture, not merely on the symptoms of the patient, but on the disease generally, in which all that was known on the subject was brought to bear on the individual case; and, in doing this, his utterance was so deliberate, that it was easy to follow him. His explanations were so concise, that they always excited attention, and never tired; and the simplicity of the language in which they were conveyed, where all technical terms were studiously avoided, rendered them perfectly intelligible.

'During his latter years, when he had retired from all but consultation practice, and had ample time to attend to each individual case, he was very deliberate, tolerant, and willing to listen to whatever was said to him by the patient; but, when in the hurry of great business, when his day's work, as he used to say, amounted to *seventeen* hours, he was sometimes rather irritable, and betrayed a want of temper in hearing the tiresome details of an unimportant story. After listening, with torture, to a prosing account from a lady, who ailed so little that she was going to the Opera that evening, he had happily escaped from the room, when he was required to step up stairs again. It was to ask him whether, on her return from the Opera, she might eat some oysters. "Yes, Ma'am," said Baillie, "shells and all."'

The present edition is much enlarged, and, in addition to the former biographical sketches, it now contains the lives of Dr. Linacre,* Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. William Pitcairn, Dr. Warren, Dr. Heberden, and Sir George Baker. It is embellished with portraits of the eminent characters who are described, and is well worth the perusal of the professional as well as the general reader.

* According to the commencement of chap. i. p. 1, [illegible] deposited *a day* before the opening of the New

SCOTT ON DISEASES OF THE JOINTS.

Surgical Observations on the Treatment of Chronic Inflammation in various structures, particularly as exemplified in the Diseases of the Joints. By John Scott, Surgeon to the London Opthalmic Infirmary, and Assistant Surgeon to the London Hospital. 8vo. Pp. 291. Longman and Co. 1828.

When we consider the great success that has attended the practice of Mr. Scott of Bromley, in diseases of the joints, we can only feel surprised that he should have kept his method of treatment a secret; more especially as he could not be unacquainted with the number of his fellow-creatures, who constantly fill the wards of our hospitals, in the hopes of obtaining relief, if not a cure, of the lingering diseases under which they labour. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we perceive the son stepping forward on liberal principles, and imparting information to his professional brethren, on a subject particularly interesting to the welfare of the community at large.

'The object of this work,' observes our author, 'is to communicate that mode of treatment which my father, Mr. Scott of Bromley, has, for many years, employed in diseases of the joints, with complete success, in a *vast number of cases*, in which the *methods ordinarily* employed had proved ineffectual. It is now many years since I learnt it from him. I have seen its efficacy verified in numerous cases; first, under the care of my father, and since under my own; and I feel it to be too important to be confined to an individual.'

This is the intention of our author; and we can only express our wish, that the medical director (a Mr. Whitlaw) of an institution founded under royal patronage (we believe) at Bayswater, which is said to be very successful in the cure of *scrofula*, considering the many thousands in Great Britain who are afflicted and daily fall victims to this disease, will copy his example. We consider it not only a species of *quackery*, but *cruel*, to keep those remedies a *secret*, which would benefit a suffering community.

We insert this, as a hint to the subscribers to that institution, to imitate the noble example set them by Mr. Scott, and to compel Mr. Whitlaw and his colleagues to throw open their practice to the medical profession generally, and to let all those suffering under this malady stand a chance of obtaining a release, by those means said to be successful in the hands of the individuals already mentioned, and which, doubtless, would be similar in the hands of their contemporaries.

In conclusion, we beg to observe, that Mr. Scott, jun., deserves the thanks of a liberal public, and we most cordially recommend a perusal of his interesting volume to our professional readers.

The History of London, &c. By Thomas Allen. 8vo. 8s. 6d. each vol. Cowie and Strange. London, 1828.

Mr. Allen has laboured very successfully in his researches into the antiquities of the Metropolis, and his work is valuable for the curious as well as useful information it contains. He has commenced his narrative with the earliest records, and continued it through the reigns of the different monarchs to modern times, noting every thing that can be amusing to the general reader, or useful for the more inquisitive inquirer. The publication is altogether one of great merit, and is well calculated to become one of popular reference.

The Wards of London; comprising an Historical and Topographical Description of every Object of importance within the boundaries of the City, &c., &c. By Henry Thomas. 8vo. J. Gifford. Numbers 1—12. 1828.

The present Numbers form a part of very brief but interesting history of London, being arranged alphabetically, so that the account of each Ward is complete in itself, and can be purchased separately. It exhibits much historical research, and the wood-engravings are excellent.

Principles of Self-Knowledge. By the late Stephen Drew, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Jamaica. Longman and Co. 2 vols. 8vo. Price 20*s*. London, 1828.

This publication originated in the author's observation of the course taken by Mr. Carlile in the defence he set up on his late trial. Mr. Drew conceived his pen might be usefully employed in meeting Mr. Carlile on his own ground, and replying to the theological part of his defence. The work which was the consequence of this idea, is now before us, and deserves praise of the highest kind, both for the piety and learning displayed in its pages. Mr. Drew died, we lament to say, before its publication; but the Editor has done it justice by his attention to its correctness and appearance.

The College Album, a Selection of Original Papers, edited by Students in the University of Glasgow. pp. 216. Smith. Glasgow.

We had occasion, on the appearance of a little volume similar to the one before us, to express our approbation of the good taste which the Scotch Students were evincing in their lucubrations. In looking over the present collection of their essays, we have found no reason to pass a different opinion. They show a good feeling and literary ingenuity; and the College Album, we predict, contains papers that will be one da[illegible] ed.

ENGRAVINGS.

Views of the West Fronts of Fourteen English Cathedrals, with the Plans and Arms of each. Arranged by J. Britton, F.S.A., &c. Priestley and Weale. London, 1828.

WITHIN the compass of a single folio plate of about 20 inches by 14, Mr. Britton has brought, with great taste and effect, a collection of the most striking architectural beauties that our country can produce. The scale is sufficiently large to admit of a perfect elevation, and even to allow the introduction of the picturesque; while the space allotted for the plans and arms being taken from portions of the plate that could not be well occupied by the views, does not at all intrude on the general effect, though seeming to give great additional interest to the whole. It is, in short, as pleasing an addition to the portfolio of the artist or amateur as any collector could make.

The Bride, engraved by David Lucas, after a Painting by J. J. Masquerier. Brooker, Southampton-row, London, 1828.

THE intention of this Picture is to represent the extreme of contented happiness ,and joyous satisfaction, resulting from the complete fulfilment of human wishes:

'Her's is the sunshine of the breast;'

And both the painter and engraver have succeeded in accomplishing that end. In the figure, there is a union of grace and repose, which is quite in harmony with the situation of the lady pourtrayed, and the face is full of benignity and sweetness, yet totally exempt from any but the most chaste expression of delight. The fine disposition of the lights and shadows add greatly to the general effect, and the whole is well worthy of general approbation.

Venus and Hebe. Engraved by J. Thomson, after Drawings by T. Harper. Brooker. London, 1828.

NOTWITHSTANDING the thousand-and-one representations of these beautiful mythological personages, which have appeared in all countries and in all ages, there appears to us to be something new in the manner of treating them here, and that is saying a great deal in their favour. The Venus, with her lower half obscured in a cloud, has, in the upper portion of her form, as much youth and loveliness as can be desired, and a voluptuousness of expression in the face that sufficiently betokens the predominant sentiment, without the index of the cooing doves, which she holds by a silken cord, in amorous captivity. The Hebe, though still represented as the cup-bearer of Jove, and feeding the immortal Eagle, is also new in form and expression; and, both taken together, form as interesting a pair of prints as we have for some time seen. It should be added, that the engraving, which is in the stippled manner, is of the very highest excellence in that style, and so finely wrought as to fall little short of the best line-engraving in the bolder parts, while it possesses a softness that line-engraving cannot reach in the more delicate portions of the fleshy surface.

Salvator Mundi, from the Original, by Carlo Dolci. Engraved by H. R. Cook, and printed in Gold, by J. G. C. and Co. Published by J. W. Cook, 37, London Road. London, 1828.

THE act of rendering the surface of paper as hard, as smooth, and as finely polished, as that of the most beautiful porcelain, and then of printing it in gold, instead of ink or colours, is one of recent introduction, and was first used in some of the most popular Annuals, for titles and dedication-pages. It is here appropriated to a more elevated class of art, as well as of subject, and, we must say, successfully so appropriated. The original we should conceive to be among the very first rank of human productions. The copy is is quite worthy of the original; and it would be difficult to conceive a form, a face, and an expression of greater beauty and benignity combined, than this exquisite Engraving presents; while all the subordinateparts of the picture are in the chastest style, and most accurate keeping.

The Guardian Angel, designed and executed by D. Morrison, Modeller to the Royal Family. Published by Thomas Flint, 28, Burlington Arcade, London, 1828.

THIS is an extremely beautiful medallion, of a circular form, about four inches in circumference, with the subject in a bold alto-relievo, sufficient to give the details with all the fineness of sculpture, and yet preserve the character of a medallion. The figures represented are a lovely and innocent female, attended by its guardian angel; and, both for beauty of form and delicacy of expression, they are unexceptionably perfect. Being framed in a style to harmonise with miniatures, or enamel paintings, we do not know of a more appropriate ornament to any collection of this description.

NEW MUSIC.

No. I. of the Musical Album, for the Piano Forte and Flute (ad libitum); containing the Fairy Rondo, composed by J. B. Cramer. Published by the Author. 3*s.* 6*d.*

THIS very pleasing production has also the following title prefixed to it:—*Lord Mornington's favourite Glee, 'Here in cool grot,' arranged and dedicated to his much esteemed friend, Miss Stephens, by J. B. Cramer.* These descriptions may be quite sufficient recommendation to the work, without any additional compliment on our part. The whole is not difficult of performance, and is truly *English*, whether we take the well known and admired theme, or the Rondo worked from it; in keeping with this, Cramer generally employs the words '*slow*,' '*lightly*,' and '*in a lively manner*,' to indicate the time and character of the different movements, instead of the Italian phrases usually employed for the purpose; so that we almost wondered at meeting afterwards with the words '*simplice*,' '*scherzando*,' &c. The air chosen is of the very description suited to Cramer's taste, and he has illustrated and adorned it most successfully.

'The Tyrolese Peasant's Song,' arranged by Joseph Hart; the words written by Harry Stoe Van Dyk. Mayhew. 2*s.*

A VERY graceful 'andante con expressione innocente,' and one of the prettiest Tyrolean melodies. The same air was exceedingly popular as far back as the year 1826! when it was introduced in a piece called 'The Sleeping Beauty,' written by the Hon. Lumley St. George Skeffington, and sung as a duett to the words commencing 'Our sweet dancing days,' by Mrs. Mountain, and Miss De Camp (now Mrs. C. Kemble.) The present revival is well adapted to the words, is easy to be sung, and has over its title a pleasing lithographic vignette.

Rossini's celebrated Quintetto, 'Oh! guardate che accidente,' arranged as a Concertante Duett, for Harp and Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Flute. Composed for, and inscribed to, Miss Grant and Miss Isabella Grant, by N. B. Challoner. Cramer and Co. 6*s.*

THIS very delightful composition of Rossini's, which was so excellently performed by De Begnis and his wife when they first appeared in this country, and which always commands admiration on account of its singular playfulness, melody, and taste, is excellently fitted for the purpose of a Duett for Harp and Piano Forte; and with, or without the addition of the Flute. The adaptation now offered is peculiarly interesting. The arrangement is well fitted for the respective instruments, and the work exceedingly well engraved and 'brought out.'

Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with Embellishments, for the Flute. Dedicated to Amateurs. (No. 2.) Cocks and Co. 3*s.*

IN our last review, we experienced pleasure in recommending the first number of this very desirable, cheap, and pleasing work; and now fulfil our promise of giving a notice of the pieces offered in the second book, which is equally worthy of patronage with the first. No. 1. 'With verdure clad;' Hayden's beautiful song in the Creation, arranged by Dressler. 2. An Allegro Scherzando, by Berbiguier, (a very playful, characteristic piece.) 3. 'The Blue Bonnets over the Border,' very tastefully embellished by the editor. 4. A German Air, in F, 6-8, with four variations, also by Dressler. 5. 'O Dolce Concento,' with six shewy variations, by Berbiguier. 6. 'Il piu bergere,' varied by Farrenc. 7. 'Cease your Funning,' with four variations, by Dressler. 8. A pleasing Melody, varied by Tulon, and presented as performed by himself. A note informs us, that, to the last piece, 'An Accompaniment for the Piano,' may be had for 1*s.* 6*d.*

Duetto, 'My Ornaments are Arms!' A Martial Air; the Words taken from Bouring's Romances of Spain; the Music by a Lady. Ewer and Johanning. 1*s.*

VERY short, very bombastic, and deserving of very little description; it requires a singer that can reach the note A on the ledger-line above the stave, and, therefore, we apprehend but few can attempt the task successfully.

Folly and Feeling; a Ballad. Written by F. Thornhill. Composed by Josiah Ferdinand Reddie. Dale. 1*s.* 6*d.*

A PRETTY song, and easy of performance; (the highest note where it ought to be, for the generality of vocal performers, especially amateurs, viz.—F on the fifth line.) The thema commences so immediately similar to 'Robin Adair,' as to destroy its claim to originality; but it is still a very pleasing ballad.

POETRY.

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is fled.
When the lute is broken
Sweet sounds are remembered not;
When the words are spoken
Loved accents are soon forgot.

SHELLEY.

THROUGH the clouds the lightnings glide,
The arrow through the air;
Ships cut through the ocean tide,
Yet not a trace is there.

When the sun is set and gone,
The blush of day is o'er;
And when beauty's song is done,
The strain is heard no more.

But the heart doth not forget—
Time may come and go:
And there are things in memory yet,
Like living spirits glow.

The vivid joys of youthful days—
The happy school-boy spot—
The room, the time, his songs and plays,
No, never are forgot.

The parting look, the endearing word
Of her, the best loved one—
Still, still is seen, and still is heard,
Though she for aye be gone.

The brightest visions of our youth,
When all things yet were new,
Of friendship, love, and endless truth,
Our ardent fancy drew;

The blighted hope, the vain regret,
The grief, the tear, the sigh;
Oh! that I could all forget—
Oh! would that these could die. P——L.

MAN'S FIRST LOVE.

HE oped his eyes at first upon a land
That was surcharged with beauty—in the air,
And on the earth, all fragrant was and fair;
While with a sweet sound o'er the golden sand
Gush'd forth the living founts of Paradise;
And there were forms of blameless loveliness
Floating in light around him, who did bless
With the fond languor of their glancing eyes
His joy-bewilder'd spirit. Upon one
He turn'd his gaze, and passion's headlong power
Came like a tempest o'er him—'neath the sun,
He valued nothing, save her beauty's dower,—
And this was bliss!—o'ercharg'd though this may seem,
Many have known the madness of such dream.

THE CORONAL.

(*Translated from a Sonnet written, in Modern Greek, by the late Ugo Foscolo, and Addressed by him to Lady* ——.)

FAR from my native Heaven, a wreath I wove
Of mingled odour, and of various hue.
Smiling and sad—my own heart's emblem true—
The violet pale—the rose that blooms for love.
The delicate hyacinth, and myrtle green,
Embracing the soft lily's virgin sheen.
And, oh! still dearer, from Hesperian bower,
The laurel shadowing each subject flower,
My Heliodora! thou wilt haply wear
This votive coronal I wreathed for thee,
To twine the tresses of thy golden hair,
Thy sunbright locks, proudly and gracefully,
Bright as thy polished brow, and perfumed as thy sigh.

CARLO PACE,

A youth of thirteen years of age, has just appeared as an *Improvisatore* at Naples, and has astonished all who have listened to him by his remarkable performances. He was presented to the King and Queen, when his Majesty gave him as subjects of dissertation, 'The Sacrifice of Abraham,' 'The Meeting of Æneas and Anchises in the Elysian Fields,' and 'Coriolanus at the Gates of Rome.' He treated each theme with admirable skill, eloquence, and taste, and concluded with extemporaneous and happy compliments to the Royal family. He was handsomely rewarded by their Majesties, who have further assured him that they mean to improving, if it be possible, the wonderful talent he possesses.

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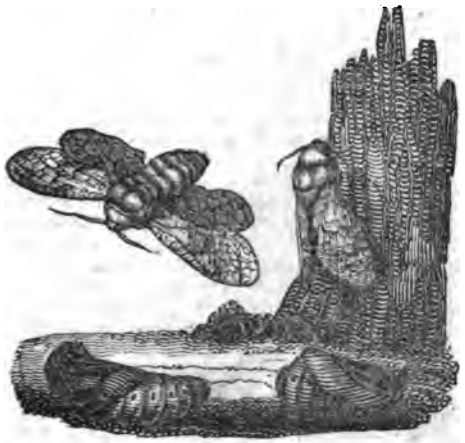
POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy,
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Appollo's lute.'
Milton's Paradise Regained.

I.—ANIMATED NATURE.



1. Animal Mechanics.

Singular Movements of the Goat Moth.—In a recent number of 'The Verulam,' was given an engraving, with some remarkable details, respecting the caterpillar of the Goat Moth (*Cossus ligniperda.*) We have here shown the form of the pupa, into which the caterpillar has just been transformed, previous to its acquiring wings,—a transformation which usually takes place in the holes which it has eaten in the wood of the trees where it is found. The pupa, besides, is not only, in such cases, confined to the narrow hole in the tree, but is enclosed in a strong web of grey silk, somewhat like the cocoon of the silk-worm, (*Bombyx mori,*) intermixed with bits of wood, and lined with a white filmy substance like satin. Now, as the moth, which is of a large size, could never get out of this silky envelope, and much less from the narrow hole in the tree, it becomes a curious problem how its escape can be effected. On examining the figure of the pupa, above given, it may be observed, that there are not only several sharp points on the head, but also circular bands of points in form of a saw. With the latter, the pupa pushes itself forward in the cocoon, while, with the former, it cuts a passage through the silk. By means of the numerous efforts necessary for this purpose, it also moves forward the cocoon to the external entrance of the hole, as is seen above. As soon as enough of the pupa is projected to permit the escape of the moth, it instantly stops its movements, for another jerk might bring it to the ground and destroy it. In this position it remains, till the enclosed moth presses up the lid of the pupa, and frees itself from its imprisonment.

By searching old willow or poplar trees during the next three or four weeks, the curious may verify our facts for themselves,—as the insect is not uncommon in such situations. Their holes, which are large enough to admit the little finger, will be the best indication of their presence.

2. Entomology.

Method of Killing Insects for Collectors.—It is mentioned in the 'Bulletin Universel,' that M. Ricord kills his specimens of insects for the cabinet, by confining them in an atmosphere of ether. The chief objection to this is, that a collector cannot always have an air-tight apparatus ready for this purpose. The method which we have found most efficient and expeditious, is to enclose the insect in a chip or paper-box, and hold it for a second or two near the fire. The heat instantaneously kills even those insects which are most tenacious of life. We never found that it injured the most delicate colours; but if continued too long, the wings and other parts will shrivel.

Showers of Blood explained.—The miraculous stories, to be found in old writers, of showers of blood, have been popularly explained, in modern times, by referring to the excrements of insects. This vague explanation we shall render more precise, by mentioning, that the only instance known to us which bears upon the point, is, when any of the butterflies or moths, which have red markings on their wings, emerge from their pupæ. The [illegible] wings; and, before it attempts to fly, ejects a quantity of red fluid from the anus, similar to the meconium of new-born infants.

The insects which we have frequently observed to eject red fluids, are the peacock butterfly (*Vanessa Io,*) the great and small tortoise-shell (*V. polychlorus* and *V. urticæ,*) the painted lady (*V. cardui,*) the red admirable (*V. Atalanta,*) and the tiger moth (*Phalæna Caja.*) We are not aware that insects eject any red fluid after this period, or when they have begun to fly.

3.—Conchology.

British Pearls.—We intended, in an early page, to give some remarkable facts relative to the formation of pearls. In the meantime, we have met with the following curious notices of British pearls in our antiquarian reading:

'In the rivers,' says the venerable Bede, (*Hist. Eccles.* I., i,) 'many sorts of shell-fish are taken, particularly mussels, in which are often found excellent pearls of all colours, that is, reddish, pale, violet, and green, but most white. There is also great store of shell-fish, of which the scarlet dye is made, the fine colour of which never fades with the heat of the sun, nor the washing of rain; but the older it is, the more beautiful it usually becomes.' Suetonius and Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, ix. 35) say, 'that the search for pearls was one of the reasons for Cæsar's expedition to Britain; and that he gave a breast-plate, covered with British pearls, to Venus Genatrix, which was hung up in her temple at Rome. Pliny says, that those British pearls were small and ill-coloured; in which opinion Tacitus agrees, calling them dusky and purplish, (*subfusca ac liventia.*) Origen, again, seems to agree with the description of Bede. Not very many years ago, a patent was granted to fish for pearls in the river Jut, in Cumberland. (See Gibson in Camden's *Britannia.*)

4. Ichthyology.

Malthus's Principle of Population among Fishes.—On looking over, the other day, the splendid volumes of 'Donovan on British Fishes,' we were struck by the singular illustration afforded by the following facts of the much-contested doctrines of Malthus. After a dreadful carnage between the Turks and Austrians, on the banks of the Danube, barbels (*Cyprinus barbus*) were found in such numbers, and of so vast a size, as to have become matter of record. The circumstance was attributed to the supply of human flesh, for which barbels are said to manifest a partiality. The barbel is in shape somewhat like a trout, of a very light lead-grey all over, and with four beards, like a rock-cod.

A similar fact is recorded of the hake, (*Gadus Merlinus,*) which increased prodigiously after the engagement between the French and English, off Belle Isle, in 1759.

We may reasonably infer from this, that, if the fish in our ponds and rivers were well supplied with beef, mutton, or even horse-flesh, they would increase both in size and in number. Whether their flavour would be improved is very questionable.

Hybernation of Fishes.—Two very celebrated French Naturalists, MM. Bloch and La Cepede, are of opinion that such fish as the mackarel, herring, &c., never leave their respective seas, as is commonly believed, but merely quit the vicinity of the shores at the approach of winter, and lie amongst the mud, at the bottom of the deep water, till revived by the warmth of the ensuing spring.

We think this opinion is not much better founded—(notwithstanding the authority of such celebrated names)—than the notion of the winter submergence of swallows in pools and ponds, which was believed in by no less a man than Klein, the rival of Linnæus.

5. Ornithology.

Anecdotes of the Cow-Bird.—Except the common cuckoo, (*Cuculus canorus,*) no other bird besides the American cow-bird, (*Emberiza pecoris,*) is known to lay eggs in strange nests. Mr. Wilson, the talented author of the American Ornithology, first suspected the cow-bird, by finding a solitary strange egg in various nests of *small* birds, and by seeing young cow-birds following these foster-parents for food. At length he detected a female cow-bird in the very act of laying an egg in the nest of a red-eyed fly-catcher (*Sylvia Olivacea,*) and afterwards he found a young cow-bird actually fed by a Maryland yellow-throat (*Sylvia Marylandica.*) Besides these, he found, as nurses, the blue-bird, (*Sylvia sialis,*) the chipping sparrow, (*Fringilla socialis,*) the golden-crowned thrush, (*Turdus Auro-capilla,*) the indigo-bird, (*Tanagra æstiva,*) the blue fly-catcher, (*Muscicapa cærulea,*) and the chanting fly-catcher, (*Muscicapa [illegible]*) all of them less in size than the cow-in the ground, some in bushes, some on trees and in hollows of trees, and some have pensile nests. The cow-bird's egg also is hatched a day or two sooner than the other eggs, which are, in consequence, deserted, and become addle, and are removed nobody knows whither. The cow-bird never drops more than one egg in the same nest. The cow-birds do not appear to pair like other birds, who build nests, but live in a sort of promiscuous concubinage.

Rare British Birds.—The greater part of what are called rare birds may be considered rather as having accidentally straggled into this country, than as being natives. The cream-coloured swiftfoot, (*Cursorius isabellinus,*) was shot in Charnwood Forest, in October last. This is only the fourth or fifth specimen which has been found in Europe. The olive gallinule, (*Gallinula Baillonii,*) was shot at Spondon, in Derbyshire, in November 1821. The fork-tailed petrel, (*Procellaria Leachii,*) was shot in November 1823, both on the Essex coast and in Derbyshire. The spur-winged goose, (*Anas Gambensis*) was shot in Cornwall, in June 1821. The blue-breasted warbler, (*Sylvia Suecica,*) was taken on Newcastle Town-moor, in May 1826.—G. T. Fox, *Durham.*

6. Mazology.

Anecdote of Instinct in the Ass.—The following is given by the Rev. Mr. Kirby, on the authority of Lieut. Alderson, of the Royal Engineers. An ass, the property of Captain Dundas, R. N., was shipped at Gibraltar, on board the *Ister* frigate, for Malta. The vessel having struck on a sand-bank, off the Point de Gat, at some distance from the shore, the ass was thrown overboard, to give it a chance of swimming to land—a very poor one, for the sea was running so high, that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days afterwards, however, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the ass presented himself for admittance, and proceeded to the stable which he had formerly occupied, to the no small surprise of his quondam landlord, Mr. Weeks, who imagined that, by some mistake, the ass had never been put on board the *Ister.* On the return of the vessel to repair, the mystery was explained. The ass had not only swam safely to shore, but, without guide, compass, or travelling-map, had found his way from Point de Gat to Gibraltar, a distance of more than 200 miles, through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams, which he had never traversed before; and, what is most wonderful, in so short a period, that he could not have made one false turn. His not having been stopped on the road, was attributed to the circumstance of his having been formerly used to whip criminals upon, the peasants having a superstitious horror of such asses, which are always known by certain holes made in their ears for the purpose.

II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

1. Botany.

Ergot of Rye.—A brochure, by Dr. Adam Neale, of Guildford-street, has just been published on the nature and virtues of the spur or ergot of rye, with an accurate figure, of which we have here given a copy. On the grain of rye, particularly when exposed to

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oblong shape and dusky purplish hue, of whose nature a number of conflicting opinions have been published. The view of the celebrated botanist, De Candolle, appear to us to be the most plausible, namely, that the ergot is a sort of parasite fungus of the genus *sclerotium*. In a certain stage of its growth, M. Léveillé discovered that another fungus, which he names *Sphacelaria segetum*, forms on the ergot.

The ergot, when accidentally mixed with rye, is apt to produce deleterious effects in countries where it is used for food, and particularly a sort of gangrene or mortification. When used medicinally in small doses, it has been found to have powerful effects in hastening delivery in the case of tedious labours, and to be both more safe and speedy than instrumental interference. This has been extensively proved in America, and more recently in France, Germany, and England. But here we cannot enter into the minutiæ of this highly-important subject—though this is the less necessary when those who are interested in it, will find very full, clear, and satisfactory details in Dr. Neale's able publication, to which we may confidently refer as a work of genuine science.

Age of Trees.—In cold climates, the age of trees may be known by counting the circles which appear upon making a transverse section. In warm climates, this cannot be done, for there the tree is *always* growing, and is not, as in cold countries, interrupted in its vegetation by the cold of winter. We may even, indeed, distinguish hard winters, by the appearance of the circular layers, which are also generally found to be thicker on the south than on the north side. Linnæus counted no less than 300 layers in a common oak, (*Quercus robur.*) In the fir, (*Pinus sylvestris,*) 400 have been counted. If the tradition is to be believed that the Scots patriot, Wallace, planted at Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, the oak which bears his name, it ought to exhibit more than 500 layers; but we think it extremely doubtful whether any trees were planted in Scotland during so turbulent a period. In old trees, there are often hollows which prevent the counting of the layers.

2. Vegetable Mechanics.

Floating Seeds.—The beautiful contrivance of winged seeds, and of those which are furnished with down, is matter of common observation; but the mechanism of the seeds *tillandsia*, is much more remarkable. The tillandsia is a parisite plant, growing on trees as the miseltoe does. The seeds of this singular plant shoot out long threads which float about till caught by some branch suited to their re-vegetation.

Cedars of Lebanon.—M. de La Roque, an intelligent French traveller, informs us, that the celebrated cedars of Lebanon, as soon as the winter snows begin to fall, change their irregular diffusion of branches into a regular uniform pyramidal cone. When the spring returns and the snows melt, they again spread their branches out into summer diffusion.

2.—Mineralogy.

Analysis of the water of St. Ronan's Well.—Dr. Thomson, the celebrated professor of chemistry at Glasgow, has begun an admirable series of papers in 'The Glasgow Medical Journal,' on the Mineral waters of Scotland. We select, as a specimen, the analysis of the two springs of Inverleithen, the St. Ronan's Well of Sir Walter Scott's novel. The analysis is by Dr. Fyfe, of Edinburgh, of the contents of an imperial gallon:

Strongest Spring.	Grains.	*Weakest Spring.*	Grains.
Common Salt . .	150.712	Common Salt . . .	101.787
Muriate of Lime .	91.320	Muriate of Lime . .	45.612
Carbonate of Magnesia	49.107	Carbonate of Magnesia	25.447
	291.139		172.846

Dr. Thompson suspects, that from the quantity of carbonate of magnesia detected in that analysis, it will prove to be an acidulous water of which there has hitherto been no known example in Britain. He also supposes that there must be about 55.2 cubic inches of carbonic acid gas in the first spring, and 28.6 cubic inches in the second, besides what exists in the carbonate of magnesia.

New Minerals.—Professor Bhreithaupt has given a description of three new minerals in Schweigger's 'Journal der Chimie.' 1. Karphosiderite, named from its straw-yellow colour, is similar to oxalite and iron sinter. It occurs in Greenland in kidney-shaped masses, with a resinous lustre, and shining in the streak. 2. Mesitine-spur occurs in small rhombohedral crystals, in the rhombohedral quartz of Traversella, in Piedmont It has a vitreous lustre, a greyish or yellowish colour. and is transparent and translucent. felspar rocks in the vicinity of Lake Laach Lea. The crystals are prismatic, of a velvet black colour, and vitreous lustre.

We are sorry to see these descriptions mystified with the absurd algebraic signs of Professor Mohs, which we have not consulted our readers by copying; and we are not ashamed to confess that we cannot translate them.

3. Geology.

Temperature of the Earth.—It is a fact universally known, that the water of springs seldom freezes, even in our hardest winters, unless it be removed from the spring, when it will freeze as readily as rain or river water. This can only be explained by the fact, that the interior of the earth is of a higher temperature than the surface. M. Cordier, of the 'Jardin des Plantes,' at Paris, has lately made inquiries and experiments on this subject, from which he concludes:

1. That there is an interior heat in the earth not caused by the sun's rays, which increases rapidly with the depth.

2. That the increase of this heat is not uniform, but may be twice or thrice as much in one country as in another.

He is also of opinion that an intense heat exists in the interior of the earth, which, as he supposes, consists of a molten mass of matter, covered with a hard crust, from 50 to 100 miles in thickness. He assumes, besides, that the whole globe was at first molten, and is now going on cooling and extending the thickness of this hard crust, by throwing off its heat into the regions of free space; that the earth, in fact, is a *cooled star.*

We think M. Cordier's facts useful, though many of them are not novel; but we look upon his molten mass to be pure romance.

Traces of Ancient Currents.—In the interior chains of Mount Jura, and in other mountainous districts, the vestiges of ancient currents of great volume and force may often be distinctly traced. In the deep valley, for example, in which the town of Ornans is situated, there is an extensive and deep channel parallel to the horizon, and other excavations, which it is impossible to refer to any other cause than the action of running water. The little brook of the Loue, which runs through it, could never have hollowed out so wide and deep a channel. The same remark will apply to the route between Béfort and Pœrentrui, and to the passage of Pierrepertuis.

4.—Acoustics.

Motions of Sand on Metallic Plates, and Agitated Membranes.—Chladni, of Berlin, is well known to have performed a series of curious experiments, by observing the arrangement of sand on metallic plates made to vibrate. M. Savart, of Paris, and M. Weber, of Halle, have repeated these experiments, and extended them to membranes, &c. Weber, for example, took a wooden square frame, which measured, in the hollow, six Paris inches in length and breadth. Upon this he glued a sheet of wet wove letter-paper, free from wire-marks, thin places, or other defects, and over this he glued small laths, so that it was equally stretched, and its edge every where moveable. Paper thus prepared will sound when the frame is pushed, or when any one blows gently on it. Sand was strewed upon this paper, held horizontally, and a small disk of glass, or the bell of a watch, was held over it near the edge, and made to sound by means of a violin bow. The sand immediately began to move, and collected in the lines described by M. Savart, and of which numerous figures have been published.—*Schweigger's Jahrbuch*, xx. 176.

5.—Meteorology.

North-east Winds.—The direction of north-east winds may arise from two causes. In one case, they may arise from a current of air flowing from due north, (in which quarter much air seems to be produced,) but having an apparent direction from the east, because it has not yet acquired in its journey the increasing velocity of the surface of the earth. Such winds, therefore, became analogous to the trade-winds between the tropics; and, during the vernal months, frequently continue for four or six weeks together, with a high barometer and fair weather, generally cold, and even frosty, at least at night or at sun-rise, which is always the coldest part of the twenty-four hours.

In other cases, north-east winds consist of south-west currents of air, which had passed by us or over us, but had been driven back by a new accumulation of air in the north. When north-east winds arise from this cause, they seldom continue more than a day or two, and are generally attended with rain.

Method of dissipating Storms.—It is not uncommon to fire a broadside at the mass. In the Maçonnais, in France, they sometimes make use of a similar expedient, to dissipate destructive storms of hail or rain, by explosions of gunpowder. This experiment was first tried at Varenard, by the Marquis de Cheviers, a retired naval officer, who had got the hint at sea, by observing the effect which discharges of ordnance produced upon the atmosphere. It was found so beneficial, that for several years an annual appropriation of 1,600lbs. of gunpowder was made for the purpose.

6.—Optics.

Coloured Shadows.—When a shadow is projected by the light of the sun, and illuminated with the light of a candle, it assumes a pale yellow colour; but when a ray of solar light is thrown upon a shadow projected by the light of a candle, it is tinged with a beautiful blue. When shadows are much compounded, the colours are uncommonly various and brilliant. Sometimes they exhibit that sweet violet tinge which is diffused over the distant valleys and snowy mountains of the Alps at sunset. The phenomena may be plausibly explained by the principles of ocular spectra.

Test of Microscopes.—To procure a good microscope, it is necessary to test it in order to ascertain its powers, both of magnifying and of distinctness,—a method first proposed by Dr. Goring. The tests best adapted for proving the magnifying or penetrating power of a microscope, are the scales or minute feathers from the wings of butterflies and moths, such as those of the *Papilio Menelaus*, and the white cabbage butterfly (*Pontia brassica*). A still more delicate test are the lines on the scales taken from the diamond beetle, (*Curculio imperialis,*) which require a very good instrument to develop them. The most delicate tests, however, yet discovered, are the hexagonal lines on the scales from a species of *Podura*, which are barely discernible by the very best instruments. One of the best tests of the distinctness or defining powers of a microscope, are the markings on the hair of the bat, or the lozenges in the fabric of the leaves of mosses belonging to the genus *Hypnum*.

7.—Astronomy.

Return of Comets.—Were the astronomical doctrine of comets correct, we should be no less certain of the return of any particular comet, than of the revolution of any particular planet. The orbits of comets are mathematically calculated, and their returns are confidently predicted; yet the fact is certain, that out of above 500 comets recorded to have appeared, not more than two or three are supposed to have returned regularly; we say *supposed*, for, even when a comet has appeared *nearly* at the time astronomically foretold, it has not been satisfactorily proved, in any case, to be the identical comet expected. Professor Encke, indeed, has determined the orbit of what he designates a comet, which returns in three years, and has already been seen swice, if not three times; but we are inclined to suspect, that Encke's comet has more affinity to the planets Ceres, Juno, Pallas, and Vesta, than to the comets hitherto observed. J. R.

III.—USEFUL ARTS.

1.—Agriculture.

Utility of Moles.—In our attempts to improve our nature, we frequently defeat our own purposes. Farmers are extremely anxious to get rid of moles, whose hillocks, it must be confessed, destroy the smooth level of grass and corn fields, when they are very abundant; but it has been found, in some farms, by experience, that when moles are extirpated, worms increase so prodigiously, that the moles have been wished for again, as the least evil of the twain.

2.—Gardening.

Slugs.—The most destructive and insidious pest of the garden, during the tender growth of seedlings, is the small greyish white slug, or shell-less snail. It is often so small and inconspicuous, that it cannot be discovered, and as it feeds like its congeners, by night, valuable seedlings disappear as if by magic. We have found it an almost infallible trap for these depredators, to make small thimble-holes, about an inch in depth, near the plants attacked; into these holes the slugs are certain to retreat during the day, where they may be destroyed, by sprinkling a little quick-lime into the holes. J. R.

3.—Medicine.

Narrow Lanes and dirty Streets free from Malaria.—We perceive that Dr. James Johnson has mentioned, in the last number of his 'Medico-Chirurgical Review,' the very curious fact, that malaria is more readily propagated along spacious terraces, than through the dense population of crowded streets and dirty lanes.

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Giles's, or Petticoat-lane, in London, &c. Dr. Macculloch accounts for this, by supposing malaria to be a chemical compound, decomposable by fire and smoke. This, however, will not account for the singular and somewhat analogous fact, that the rich and comfortable more rarely recover from epidemic fevers than the half-starved poor,—a fact, well ascertained in Ireland, Glasgow, &c., during the prevalence of typhus.

Nicholson's School of Architecture and Engineering.—We should not have required the high authority of the name of Mr. Peter Nicholson to perceive the utility of this valuable publication on architectural science and construction. To the planner, the draughtsman, the master-builder, and the workman, it must be equally valuable. The three first Numbers of the work are now on our table, beautifully printed, and illustrated with numerous copper-plate engravings, besides an excellent portrait of the author. The subjects are, the method of projecting a hemispheric dome; new mode of squaring hand-rails; way to construct geometrical stairs; tables of circular and elliptic arcs; and the elements of orthographical projection. The latter, in particular, strikes us as being a subject of paramount interest to builders and architects, and it is here laid down with all the clearness and precision which distinguish the celebrated author. We have no doubt of the success of so useful a work.

FINE ARTS.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF THE METROPOLIS.

The King's Palace, Pimlico.

'La causa principalissima che produce la decadenza, o impedisce il progresso delle arti, e delle scienze, è l'ignoranza di chi le professa. Nell' architettura concorre un altro potentissimo motivo—l'ignoranza di chi le fa professare. Non bastano gli intelligenti architetti: è necessario ancora che chi gl'impiega, intenda bastamente, anch' egli l'architettura.' 'E come può scegliere buoni architetti e buoni disegni chi dell' architettura è all'oscuro? Sarà un caso l'urtare in bene. Quante deformità di meno si vedrebbero nelle fabbriche, se chi le ordina fosse intendente di architettura! E quante lagnanze si risparmierebbero agli architetti, i quali spesso debbono porre da canto i buoni principj, per secondare le bizarrie de' padroni ignoranti!'

'The principal reason of the decline of the arts and sciences, and the chief impediment to their advancement, is, without doubt, the ignorance of those who profess them. In architecture, however, another very powerful cause contributes to the same effects—the ignorance of those who employ its professors. It is not sufficient that we have able architects; patrons, also, should be conversant with the art. For how should he choose good architects, and good designs, who himself has no knowledge of architecture? Should he adopt what is good, it must be by stumbling on it by chance. How many deformities the less should we have to complain of in our edifices, if the persons who cause them to be erected understood architecture! And how much blame would in such a case be spared to our architects, who are often obliged to sin against sound principles to humour the vagaries of ignorant employers!'

In what degree, and in what manner, these reflections of a celebrated Italian critic on the arts, find an illustration in the new palace, into which Buckingham House has been converted, or is in progress of conversion, and which we propose to make the subject of the present notice—what portion of them attaches of necessity to the unhappy architect, at whose door the faults of this condemned edifice are so undeservedly (!!) laid—what parts will apply to the members, most noble, noble, honourable, or simple, of the superintending Committee—what to any one connoisseur or smatterer in the arts, exercising a fatal influence in matters of taste; or to any yet more exalted and munificent patron—what share, in short, of the faults so universally perceived and condemned, in the alterations of Buckingham House, are to be ascribed to the ignorance of the professor—and what to the want of taste in architecture of those who employ such professor,—it is not our purpose here to inquire. We have no intention even of further developing our text, or of following up the reflections which it suggests. We set it forth simply as conveying an admirable general lesson, as containing hints to be pondered with profit by more than one class of influential persons, and as affording most natural explanations of the origin of the many architectural absurdities, in the erection and demolition of which, the public money, (and not, as it would seem, from the discoveries of a certain Committee, the public money only,) has been, and is at this moment, so lavishly wasted, and of which the Royal construction at Pimlico is so striking an instance. Rather than run the risk of diminishing the force of the quotation we have made, by any comments of our own, we prefer leaving to our readers the satisfaction of exercising their sagacity, in drawing from it their own proper quarters, according to their insight into the mysterious circumstances of which this monstrous example of courtly and national taste is the offspring.

In this instance, therefore, although the case is not an ordinary one, and the question of responsibility is more than usually important, not less on account of the very gross errors in taste, which the building displays, than of the wanton abuse of the public resources which have been committed in its construction, we waive, as on other occasions, all inquiry on the point of accountableness, and confine ourselves to that of the merits of the production before us. On the task, even thus restricted, we enter reluctantly; we would gladly avoid it altogether; for, to use harsh terms, and to call names, is foreign to our taste; and the building on which we undertake to comment, scarcely admits of being treated in any other manner, being of that class of works which, from the obvious and absurd nature of their defects, defy serious and detailed criticism. Having, however, intimated our intention of comprising the alterations of Buckingham Palace in our reviews of the Buildings of the Metropolis, we cannot reconcile ourselves to pass to the consideration of other edifices, without first disposing of this.

We are as ready, as the most indulgent and enthusiastic, to pardon, even to relish, the eccentricities of genius, to overlook extravagancies, conceits, inaccuracies of detail, inconveniences of all kinds, absurdities themselves, when the whole combination presents a magnificent general effect; where, whatever cause we may see to deprecate the faultiness of the means, we are forced to exclaim, How sublime the result! Vanburgh, whose mind was cast in a mould too imaginative and poetical to allow him to descend to attention to detail, produced Blenheim; and where is to be found the petty critic who would or could be guilty of descanting on the particular errors of that glorious building? Only among that heartless crew, who would condemn the works of Shakspeare for a play on words, and the sublime productions of Salvator Rosa for a tint too strong for nature. But, for the Palace at Pimlico, no consideration on the score of the general effect can be claimed: there the *ensemble* is as ineffective as the details are faulty; and the errors in the latter are so numerous and so obvious, and partake so much more of the artisanship of the builder than of the art of the architect, that they scarcely deserve to be treated as appertaining to the class of the fine arts. To comment on them minutely, therefore, is not worth the time and space it would require.

The tribunal of ridicule is the only one suited for the cognizance of such absurdities, and to that test they would be universally subjected, but that the loss of an opportunity so noble, of producing a work which might have done honour to the national spirit and taste, is too vexatious to admit of pleasantry, and that all who have a spark of patriotic pride feel more disposed to indignation than to merriment at this ostentatious and costly scandal. Never before was so vast a pile composed of such littleness of parts; never yet was there traced by the hand of art such an extent of unpicturesque outline; never has there been imagined such a jumble of bodies and members of buildings, orders, and materials,—such an assemblage of inharmonious combinations,—such an union of poverty of design with elaborate decoration,—such a juxtaposition of incongruities,—so repugnant an admixture of lightness and severity, of florid Corinthian with stern iron Doric. The whole is a heap of general deformity, with one only consistency, which is—that every part is petty, and the whole is petty. We award it, therefore, the praise—the only praise it can possibly claim—of affording a happy illustration of the shrewd remark of our intelligent Sir Joshua, that, 'however contradictory it may be in geometry, it is true in taste, that many little things will not make a great one.'

And that blessed *bomb-proof* dome, with ribs of lath and coat of compo', curving over the apex of the pediment!! Did it ever before enter the head of a Goth, whether modern or ancient, to conceive so barbarous, so unsightly an object—a distortion so vile and so void of purpose? To what end can it serve, but to suggest to a Landseer or a Cruickshank, or some second Hogarth, a fit subject for a pendant to the well-known caricature of the steeple in Langham-place, (on the point of which an admirable resemblance of our architect is poised sprawling aloft,) by setting on this cupolous excrescence, the presumed architect, squatted en Mandarin, moustached à la Tártare.

Nor would such a figure, if really executed and so placed, be out of keeping with the wretched statues stuck about this royal and magnificent edifice, and fully harmonising with its character, while they remind us of 'The Groves of Blarney.'

'There's statues gracin
This nauble place'in
All Hathen goddesses so fair,
Bauld Neptune, Plutarch,
And Nicodamus,
All standing naakid in the open air.'

Other works of Mr. Nash, and for this we have, on a former occasion, given him full credit, display much invention, ingenuity, and admirable hardihood in the general arrangement; but the new distribution of Buckingham House is a total failure in this respect also. The plan, as it existed before the demolition of the bonnet-boxes, as the corps of building lately taken down have been very appropriately denominated, appears to have been suggested by the view of the Horse Guards on the Whitehall side; while the style of decoration, so far from being original, is a sorry imitation of the Louvre, and an imitation so vile and so degenerate, that it serves only to heighten the disgrace of this *capo d'opera* of our national architecture, by calling to mind the unrivaled façade of the Lutetian physician.

The works in the interior of this palace are not sufficiently advanced to justify the pronouncing an opinion. The decorations, it may, however, be stated, will be most costly: no regard has been had to the expense in rendering the whole as magnificent as possible. The hall will be adorned with lines of columns of real marble, and with a chimney-piece of such rich workmanship, that the cost of the labour alone will be as near to two, as to one, thousand pounds. The cielings are all most elaborately decorated; but the same corrupt taste which is observable in the outside of this barbarous erection, prevails still more extravagantly in the interior.*

When we reflect on the sums of money that have been irresponsibly squandered in raising this monument of our shame, can we help invoking the famous law of Ephesus, which rendered the estate and chattels of the architect liable to so much of the expense of a building as exceeded the estimate, and a fourth beyond it? 'Oh, ye immortal gods! that such a law were in force' in BRITAIN!

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE crowd constantly collected on one side of the room attracts immediate attention, on entering the 'School of Painting,' to the *Attempt to illustrate the Opening of the Sixth Seal*, No. 340. F. Danby, A,—a picture sublimely imagined and powerfully executed. The general convulsion of mundane nature is admirably conceived; the rocks are rent and rending, the burning lava issues from the earth's entrails, its flames ascend and mingle with the gloom of the 'heavens departing as a scroll when it is rolled together,' and columns and towers and cities are tottering to their fall; while groups of mortals, dead and dying, and desperate, share the universal doom. The treatment is bold and grand, and the effect is consequently great. The subject, however, is too difficult; and the attempt to illustrate it only affords another proof, that poetry has many flights in which painting should not pretend to follow her; and that the senses, through which painting addresses herself to the fancy, cannot reach the heights to which imagination unrestrained will often soar with the vaguest suggestion. *The Merchant of Venice; Scene, Belmont, in the Garden of Portia's House; Lorenzo and Jessica*,—234, F. Danby, A., with the motto,

'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!'

is another very effective picture by the same artist, but somewhat too ambitious of effect.

The Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his Wife to Olivia, 243, G. S. Newton, is a very interesting picture, cleverly composed, and well painted. The mother's struggle between pride and tenderness, is admirably expressed, not only in her face and features, but throughout the whole figure; not more in the stiffness and erectness of carriage, than in the clenching of the hand on the knee. The patient and benevolent Dr. Primrose, of Goldsmith, is finely characterised in the figure and head of the father: the affectionate sister, kneeling by her mother's side, and anxiously interceding, is a picture of amiable loveliness; while Olivia, abandoned to shame,

* We understand that there is to be in front of this palace a triumphal arch, to be composed of marble of various kinds and colour, and to be decorated with sculpture designed by the immortal Flaxman. We trust, but doubt, that the arch will be worthy of the ornaments designed for it. If it act as a screen and a veil to the building behind it, it will not be

sorrow, and penitence, neglected in her attire, and with face averted, and concealed on her father's shoulder, while her hand is most expressively held by his, forms, with the figure of the indulgent parent, a group replete with delightful expression. The hobbard-de-hoy simplicity of Moses, and the pouting and vague consciousness of the younger urchins, must not be overlooked; they are also most happy. The whole picture, in short, is full of truth, sentiment, and feeling.

Of the paintings executed in Rome, by J. Severn, *Cordelia watching by the bed of Lear*, 239.; *The Roman Beggar*, 270; and *A Roman Peasant Girl praying*, 326; the last is the best. The form and head, and eye, and hair, are beautiful beyond telling: and the painting is glowing and mellow; but the flesh is in too unvaried a brown, and suggests a caution to our Anglo-Roman artists, while they abandon the crudeness and whiteness so prevalent in England, to be careful to adopt the *true* style of the models, which it is the object of their travels to study. In the two first-mentioned pictures, the figures are formal, lengthy, flat, and mannered, and the colouring wants brilliancy and harmonious blending.

View of Rome from the Barbarini Gardens, 246; and *A Tour in Switzerland*, 347, P. Williams; are both clever pieces. The former is the more highly finished, and is injured by its too precise definition; the other is simple, clear and natural, free from all forcing and false effect.

Henry the Third of France, surrounded by his Monkeys and Parrots, receiving Don John of Austria, 248, R. P. Bonnington, is a very clever and skilful picture, somewhat deficient in force, as it appears in its present situation, which is very unfavourable.

In *Boccaccio, relating the tale of the Birdcage*, No. 262, J. M. W. Turner, R. A., has gone beyond himself and all others; we do not mean to say he has excelled himself or them; but that this is the *ne plus ultra* of yellow, and gaudiness, and of corrupt art; and having attained the climax, we trust the *English Claude* will begin to descend and take up his sojourn, for the rest of his life, just below the point where the region of extravagance commences.

While before it, we cannot help again noticing the *Portrait of Sir Astley Cooper*, No. 263, by the President, to observe with how much better effect the head comes forth than that of Lady Agar Ellis opposite, which, with all its elegance and feeling, has a crudeness which strikes forcibly on turning to it, from its pendant over the way.

Portrait of Mrs. Warren Hastings Anderson, 277, J. Partridge. We have seen this portrait elsewhere, to much more effect, for it is here badly placed: it is cleverly painted, and full of characteristic expression.

There are pictures in this room, and in the anteroom, which excite a very natural curiosity to know what description of works are rejected from this exhibition.

From the quantity of canvass, and space in the exhibition room, allotted to No. 298, R. Ward, R.A., we should conclude it to represent a Consul or an hereditary Senator at least. *L'amour du Cheval* is more within bounds, and is a very spirited and effective performance.

THE VISION OF JOSEPH,—A PAINTING BY MR. LANE.

A more favourable situation having been obtained for this picture, the public exhibition of it commenced on Monday, in a room attached to the King's Mews. It is now much better, although still imperfectly, lighted. The whole of the painting is discernible, which was not the case in the situation in which it was last week exposed to view; and it has the further advantage of receiving the light from the proper direction. We see no reason to retract the opinion we have already expressed of Mr. Lane's performance. It is an effort with which we know nothing in English art that can be put in comparison. The general effect of it is grand, imposing, and impressive. The greatness of its dimensions, the number of the figures, the force of the colouring, the prominence of the principal group, excite interest and admiration. It displays much and effectual study of the ancient masters. The heads of the Virgin and child are after the manner of Correggio, and have the delightful and graceful repose of the heads of that master. In the upper part of the picture, may be traced further signs of the school of Parma, of Correggio, and Parmegiano. The right-hand corner is after the Venetian manner, (rather, however, in the yle of the disciples of Titian than of that great master himself,) intermingled with a feeling of the Bolognese school, and the manner of Domenichino.

We have said enough to show that this is an extraordinary production, and a work of very great merit. It is, at the same time, an eccentric picture, and its eccentricities (and what eccentricities are otherwise?) are very open to cavil. On the point of invention, Mr. Lane anticipates criticism, and not without reason. Joseph, and Maria, and the infant Jesus, are reposing together on a couch: an irradiated angel, surrounded by a choir, chaunting hosannahs, appears above, and announces to Joseph the danger that awaits the sacred infant, and warns him to flee into Gallilee. For the purpose of more effectually explaining the danger, the cause of the Divine interposition, the right-hand corner of the picture is occupied with the commencement of the massacre of the innocents: the ruffianly instruments of Herod's cruelty are tearing the children from the arms of distracted mothers, and are about to begin the slaughter: but they are momentarily prevented by a general panic, and are palsied by the appearance of the celestial messenger; for not only is the angel visible to them as well as to Joseph, but the trouble and astonishment of the reputed father of the infant Saviour is also perceived by them. Hence arises the first objection to the treatment of this subject,—the want of the unities in time and action. Mr. Lane, in his printed description, justifies himself on the authority of Raphael; but it is rejoined, first, that the twofold subject of the Transfiguration has never yet been made one of the grounds for commending that work; and that, in the study of the ancient masters, they are to be followed in what they are excellent, and not in what they are faulty: secondly, that, although the Transfiguration transgress the unity of action, and, (in that instance, the peculiarity of the miracle and of the story removes the subject beyond the common pale, and suggests for it excuses which are wanting in others,) it does not sin against that of time; that the unsuccessful attempts of the disciples to rid the child of the evil spirit, during the absence of the Saviour on the Mount, was simultaneous with the Transfiguration itself. Mr. Lane, therefore, even supposing Raphael's authority to be conclusive, is not borne out by his master's example.

It is further objected, that the placing the virgin and child on the same couch with Joseph, lowers the subject, and debases the attributes and character of the mother of the second person of the Trinity. By the Court of Rome, as we are told by Mr. Lane himself, this manner of treating the subject was considered irreverent and derogatory to the dignity of the Virgin, in such a degree, as to render the picture unsuitable for public exhibition. That it should have been so regarded, will not surprise those who reflect on the sacred light in which the Virgin is viewed as the mother of God by Catholicism; * but without pronouncing on the reasonableness or philosophy of the apostolical authorities, we think the objection holds in point of taste in art, and that the composition of the picture, in this respect, has a leaning to the bathos.

The mass in the right-hand corner of the picture is active and bustling, and, by being so, gives great effect to the repose and quiet of the principal figures; but it is too confused. And here Mr. Lane has shown an injudicious predilection for those masters who set an example which led to the corruption and decline of the arts, while he has neglected the lessons to be drawn from the works of those of a more simple and purer taste. In this part of the picture, the figure overthrown is grand and masterly, and is powerfully coloured. It is, however, too much out of proportion for the rest of the picture. The female child near, with one hand indicating the fallen giant, while the other is uplifted in expression of admiration of the celestial interposition, is a delightfully sweet and simple figure. The head of the horse is fine and spirited; but whence his legs come, and where they are going, must be guessed. The figure of Saint Joseph is on a grand and large scale; the head bespeaking somewhat the style of Fra Bartolomeo di San Marco, but inferior in expression of vigour and intellect to the heads of St. Marc of the Florentine Friar. Were the sprawling figures in the upper part of the picture, some floating with face upwards, others with face downwards, by the hand of Correggio himself, we could not commend them.

Another objection to which this picture subjects the artist, is, that instead of imbuing his mind with the excellences of the masters he has, certainly not ineffectually, studied, and producing a work, the effort of his mind and taste so formed, he seems to have assigned different parts of his pictures to the manner, if not the imitation, of the respective masters; thus, in one part, we are reminded of Correggio, in another, of Parmegiano; a figure here bespeaks the study of Domenichino; the wildness and confusion and ornamental colouring there, displays an admiration of Tintoretto; in one shoulder and attitude, we have a smack of Raphael, but without his breadth of colour; the style of Michael Angelo is announced, but the learned drawing of that *divine* master is not discoverable. This defect arises, we presume, from the circumstance under which the picture was painted, and the length of time its execution required; and from the fact, that Mr Lane's taste and experience, and study of the old masters, was progressing while he was engaged in this great work, which, if it betray not those symptoms of genius which throw a veil over the greatest eccentricities, is a very meritorious attempt, and displays extraordinary talent and power.

Mr. Lane, we understand, did not confine his attention, while in Rome, to the study of colouring in oil. He devoted much labour to the investigation of the mode of fresco painting followed by the most renowned of the old masters; and has now, on the voyage to England, a specimen of his success in that pursuit. The skill of our artists in water-colours leads to the conviction, that the art of painting in fresco might be introduced with effect into England. We should rejoice to see it flourishing here.

* As for the gossip about the horns on St. Joseph's head we wish Mr. Lane had not repeated it in his description of the picture; for the tale, after all, tells as much against himself, as against the dreaded Inquisition; and even those who are most disposed to believe in the absurd bigotry of the 'Pope and the Cardinals,' will think that there must have been something very remarkable in the folds of the pillow, to be mistaken for horns, by persons habituated from their infancy, as are the lowest of the Romans, to the contemplation of works of art.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre—Thursday.

On Thursday evening, Rossini's *Opera Seria* of 'Otello,' was performed for the benefit of Madame Pasta. The attractive novelty of this lady herself being to personate *the Moor*, and Mademoiselle Sontag to sustain the part of *Desdemona*, added to the universal admiration of Madame Pasta's unrivalled talents, and the desire, on the part of all who ever witnessed her splendid performances, to pay their homage on this personal and peculiar occasion, drew crowds to all the doors of the Theatre, long before the hour of opening them; and every part of the house was filled to its utmost limits long before the curtain rose.

Of the merits or defects of this opera, either as a dramatic or a musical composition, it is not our present purpose to speak, except briefly to say, that, although deficient in the progressively increasing interest, gradual development, and eloquently powerful delineations of Shakspeare's tragedy, it has parts of most skilfully arranged and touching denouement; and, though greatly inferior, in the general style of its music, to any of Mozart's operas, and to most of Rossini's own, it has yet portions of the most affecting pathos, and some of tremendous sublimity; which produce the stronger effect, when contrasted with the meagre and inexpressive overture, the least effective piece of instrumental music, perhaps, that Rossini ever composed.

Madame Pasta's entrance was greeted, as she herself deserved it should be, and as it became an audience of intelligent minds and cultivated tastes to receive the first dramatic character of the age. She looked *the Moor* before a single accent escaped from her lips: her complexion was of that fine and fervid *brown*, which, without being in the slightest degree revolting to the fairest people, indicates the wearer to have been born beneath a torrid sun, and to partake, in all his nature, of its fiery influences. Her dress was as strictly *Moorish* as it was possible to make it; and we have seen, in the streets of Cairo, among the Moorish Mamelukes of Egypt, of which there are many from Tripoli and Algiers, young and handsome horsemen in the suite of the Beys, from whom Madame Pasta might have been supposed to have copied, not merely her garments, but even the mode of displaying them to advantage. This strict accuracy of complexion and costume, however, (though worthy of mention, in contrast to the general violation of both, by other persons and in other places,) becomes quite insignificant, compared with the splendid vocal powers, and, if it were possible, still more transcendant histrionic skill, with which she supported the character of *Otello* throughout. We have no hesitation in saying, that no human

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effort *could* be crowned with more complete success. No one, without having witnessed this, could possibly imagine, that an opera could be made capable of rending, as it were, the very hearts of the audience,—of inspiring the most intense interest in the fate of the personages of whom the tragedy was composed, and almost obliterating the admiration of the performers, by exciting the deepest and most overpowering sympathy for the sorrows and sufferings of the characters they represented. Never, indeed, did we witness so complete and entire a possession, by dramatic illusion, of the feelings of an operatic audience; and we are quite sure, that neither Kean nor Miss O'Neil, nay, neither Garrick nor Mrs. Siddons, ever rivetted the attention, or moved the hearts, of their admiring beholders more powerfully than did Madame Pasta on this occasion. Her appearance, as we have said before, was truly Moorish; her attitudes, such as a sculptor might make the study of his life, for their dignity and grace; her fiery, impassioned agitation, that of a bosom torn by the whirlwind of love and jealousy; her alternately tender, tremulous, and eloquently terrible enunciations, those of one who had all the powers of a magician at her command, and could wield the whole range of human passions at will. Of such a performance to particularise in detail, would be to recapitulate the greater part of the opera. We must not pass over, however, the following very striking portions:

1. 'Vincemmo o Padri,' in the opening scene before the Palace of St. Mark's, at Venice; 2. 'Che feci?' in the first scene of the second act, in the garden of Otello's house; 3. 'E a tanto giunger puote,' in the second scene of the same act; and 4. The whole of the scene in Desdemona's chamber, from the entry of Otello alone, to the final and dreadful catastrophe. In these, we speak of Madame Pasta's solo parts. In the duetts with Desdemona and Iago, we may mention, as among the most striking: 5. 'L'ingrata! Aimè che miro?' in the fourth scene of the first act; 6. 'Vendicarmi, o morir,' and 'Ma non tremenda e fiera;' 7. 'Che fiero punto è questo!' and 'Tra tante smanie e tante,'—the whole of which were exquisitely given.

It would be injustice not to say that Mademoiselle Sontag's *Desdemona* was most interestingly and effectively sustained. The gentleness of feminine affection, and the alternations of timid apprehension and confiding innocence, were beautifully marked. She was such a *Desdemona* as any Moor might be supposed to love with the intensest passion, and of the slightest abatement of whose affections he might be jealous, even to madness. Her support, in the more tragical part of the story, towards the end of the Opera, was greater than most persons imagined her to be capable of affording; and her sorrowful abandonment and dreadful death were each as affecting as language, music, and acting could make them.

Altogether, we doubt whether so splendid a performance as this was ever witnessed on these or any other boards. For ourselves, we are free to confess, that it far outrivals all we have ever beheld any where; nor will it be easy for those who had the good fortune to be among the audience on this occasion, soon to forget the enchaining influence exercised over their feelings by the spell of Madame Pasta's dramatic, as well as vocal powers.

As a singular proof of the different opinion of critics, we cannot resist the inclination to transcribe the *whole* of the report given of this extraordinary performance, from the last Number of 'The Literary Gazette.' It is as follows:

'On Thursday night, Pasta's benefit took place, and an overwhelming audience contributed to swell her receipts. Pasta and Sontag appeared together in *Otello* and *Desdemona*, and were evidently performing *out of their accustomed walks*. Pasta's part (*Otello*) is the one usually assigned to Curioni: and Sontag, in *Desdemona*, could not have been placed in a situation *less suited* to her line of talent. NOTWITHSTANDING this, the performance *went off well*; and, indeed, the mere appearance of the two *prime donne* together, being "a sight," was enough to fill the house.'

Is it possible that the writer of this paragraph could have been present at the performance? Or, if so, to what is this report to be attributed, want of knowledge, or want of taste?—or both? We are glad to find that 'The Literary Gazette' stands alone in its attempt to 'damn with faint praise,' one of the most sublime conceptions of dramatic character ever witnessed on these boards. Even 'The John Bull,' never remarkable for its courtesy to females of any rank, says of this performance, 'Pasta's benefit on Thursday at the Opera, was a complete overflow. Sontag, as *Desdemona*, was perfection. Pasta was equally successful in *Otello*. The audience were in raptures, the ladies were 'The Times' of Monday says, 'Never were Kean's happiest efforts productive of more complete success than was obtained by Madame Pasta in *Otello*. Every word, every look, every gesture, were so many specimens of the most perfect dramatic action. Madame Pasta's *Medea* and *Desdemona* had raised her reputation as a tragedian of her own sex, to a height which could not be surpassed. Her genius had combined a versatility of musical and dramatic power in so equal a manner, that it was hardly possible to say to which her title to pre-eminence was more particularly applicable. The most extraordinary feature in the history of her theatrical life, is now her complete success in the principal male character of one of the best tragic subjects that were ever brought upon the stage. We do not recollect to have been present at any theatrical exhibition wherein the attention of the audience was so intensely rivetted on the business of the stage as at this memorable performance.' This is what 'The Literary Gazette' characterises as being a misplacing of the characters, NOTWITHSTANDING which, *it went off well!* Verily, the writer must be one of that race of, whom it is said, 'They have eyes, but they do not see; ears have they also, but they hear not;' we cannot add, 'they have souls, but do not feel;' for the person who could witness, and then write thus of such a performance, must be destitute of that faculty of perception and sensibility which we usually characterise by this name.

Since writing the above, we find that Mademoiselle Sontag, who had fixed on 'Tancredi' for her benefit, has changed her intention, and resolved on a repetition of 'Otello,' which all those who have *not* seen are so desirous of witnessing, and all those who have seen, are so eager to enjoy over again. This is the strongest proof that could possibly be given of the effect produced by its first representation. We would certainly advise the Opera Critic of 'The Literary Gazette' to attend by *deputy* on this occasion, and not trust to himself the task of judging whether this shall also 'go off very well,' *notwithstanding* the unsuitableness of the characters to those who undertook the task of representing them.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Argyll Rooms.

THE sixth Concert, on Monday, was as successful as any of the previous performances, and composed of similar materials. Loder, from Bath, was the leader for the evening, and he displayed all his usual coolness, precision, and propriety. Neate conducted with his accustomed urbanity and ability.

The Concert commenced with Beethoven's 7th sinfonia in A, (op. 92,) and which is more eccentric than pleasing; although exhibiting very considerable genius, it is of extreme difficulty, particularly for the wind-instruments, and the performers exerted themselves to the utmost to do it justice. '*Beethoven never played the flute*,' said Nicholson; '*Nor the oboe either*,' said his neighbour, at the end of the very fatiguing finale, 'Allegro con Brio,' which movement concludes with forty bars, marked *sss*, and is of unaccountable length, without one redeeming bar of melody to give the ear rest from the unceasing clamour and exertion; but the preceding allegretto (which is undoubtedly a fine piece of composition) was received with rapturous applause, and, to the credit of the dilettanti, encored.

No. 2,—Duetto, Madame Stockhausen and Signor de Begnis, 'Se, un istante,' from Mercadante's 'Eliza e Claudio.' Madame Stockhausen made her first appearance at these Concerts, with complete and deserved success; and the duetto was very pleasing and well performed. The 2d movement (in A, 3-8th time) reminded the auditors, in a remarkable manner, of the Tyrolese air, (of Vauxhall celebrity,) adapted to the duett, 'Polly Hopkins!'

No. 3.—Fantasia, piano-forte, Mr. Neate, by C. M. von Weber. This is an elaborate and classical composition, with voluminous and obligate accompaniments for the wind-instruments, making it a sort of concertante; and Neate's undertaking to perform it, evinced a sort of musical patriotism, greatly to be admired; for the same exertion, talent, and practice, necessary to conquer its difficulty, applied to ANY other piece extant, would have met with success, and probably have produced more striking effect as a concerto. Poor Weber's ideas were generally of a gloomy, obscure, and sombre cast, and but seldom enlivened by sweetness of character, although his little romantic gleams of melody shone out perhaps the brighter in consequence. The Fantasia is composed of the following in F minor; 2, Allegro *passionate*; 3, an Adagio of five bars, with a *sorrowful* and *complaining* bassoon solo, introducing No. 4, a Marcia, in C major, of a military character, with clarionets, horns, &c.; obligato, 5, the concluding Presto assai in F, (6-8th time,) which was galloped through with as much rapidity as possible, the Pianiste being forced to the utmost speed, which velocity, perhaps, constituteed the chief and most striking merits. The movement, however, was gay and *pantomimical*, and created a sensation of surprise; each listener appearing as it were *breathless*, in endeavouring to follow the agile performer.

No. 4.—Aria, Miss Childe, 'Ah! Me forse,' by Pacini and Bonficchi. This song, which is of a very pleasing character, was introduced by Madame Pasta in this country, successfully, has been since sung by Caradori, and now seems established as a favourite. Miss Childe received deserved applause for her performance; she sang very clearly and well in tune up to the note C, on the 2d ledger-line above the stave, but failed a little in a rapid and difficult passage near the conclusion of the scena. The unison solos for flute, clarionet, and bassoon, are of a very agreeable and soothing character; and the horn solo, performed by Schunke, (who plays the principal horn alternately with Platt at these Concerts,) was admired, the whole being well effected.

No. 5 concluded the first Act, with Sphor's beautiful dramatic overture to 'Jessonda.' The first movement in E flat minor, is so exceedingly chromatic, (being in so unusual a key,) that it becomes almost impossible that the wind-instruments should 'go in tune together' in the various unison passages; and the romantic eccentricity of changing the time alternately from 3-2 to 3-4, increases the difficulty, and makes it appear that the movement is compiled from some peculiar themas in the opera it precedes. The subsequent vivace is singularly striking, and exhibits Sphor's peculiar sentiment, elegance, and learned harmonies.

The second Act commenced with Mozart's magnificent sinfonia, in G minor, a most perfect specimen of all that is beautiful in instrumental music, and which was (as usual) excellently performed and justly appreciated.

No. 7.—Scena, Madame Stockhausen, 'Inabitato luogo,' from 'Elena e Malvina,' composed by Soliva. This was altogether new, and therefore well chosen for the Philharmonic Concerts; the thema of the Aria, 'Parmitra fronda,' resembled Rossini's effective song in E, 'Porgi la destra amata,' in the cavern scene of 'Mosè in Egitto,' but was not followed up as an imitation. Madame Stockhausen's chaste style, neat execution, and general performance, excited deserved applause. Her singing more nearly resembles Madame Caradori than any other performer; her delicacy and feeling being highly polished, though her tones are not quite so good.

No. 8.—Quartetto, two violins, viola, and violoncello. Messrs. Oury, Watts, Guynemer, and Lindley, composed by Mayseder.—This performance went off tolerably well, and exhibited the usual elegant playfulness of Mayseder, whose style forms the most eminent example of the French musical school, which produces the most interesting, brilliant, and gay violin music extant. The striking and unaccountable peculiarity, inseparable from all Mayseder's music, is a sort of Scotch character, both in harmony and melody. This is eminently conspicuous in his admired arrangements of 'Le Petite Tambour,' and his favourite Polonaise, both of which were so admirably performed by the late lamented Kieswetter. The concluding movement of the quartett, performed on Monday, was almost too grotesque for public performance, and the whole piece might be rather denominated a concerto, with compressed accompaniments, than a quartetto; in fact, many deplored that Lindley's extraordinary talent should not have been employed to better purpose. Monsieur Gaynemer, who played the tenor, naturally enough entered fully into the spirit of the composition, (he being a French teacher of dancing;) but his enthusiasm led him occasionally to play so loud, as to obscure the leader, at least to all who were placed nearer to the tenor than the first viola.

No. 9.—Terzetto, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Childe, and Signor De Begnis. 'Io dirò se nel gestire,' composed by Fioravanti, was *not* a very estimable composition or performance, although, perhaps, the vocalists did the best they could for it. Most likely, it was selected (per force) because it suited the selection of singers; and we are fully aware of the difficulties the Directors are subject to in this respect.

Winter's well-known Overture to Tamerlane was the 10th and concluding piece; and the whole Concert was

LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF CHESTER ON THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

No. IV.

My Lord,—In the foregoing letters of this series, I attempted to explain to your Lordship the considerations drawn from the nature of religion, and from the effects of theological instruction, which lead me to believe that the establishment of lectures on Christianity at the London University, would not be advisable. I also endeavoured to maintain, that the ordinary impugners of the New Institution, and your Lordship among the number, have no just ground for asserting the old Universities to be at all efficacious in producing religious character, or to have any superiority over the infant establishment as to the means of inculcating Christianity. I have lastly sought to show, that there are habits and systems at Cambridge, either instituted, or permitted, which powerfully tend to produce irreligion, both directly and in the shape of immorality. In the present letter, which I earnestly hope to make the final one, I design chiefly to examine whether the peculiar circumstances of the London University would make it desirable to give theological instruction within its walls, and as a part of its course of education.

In the first place, it is worth while to remark upon the great sophism which is urged against the London University, by all those who have an interest or a prejudice to serve in attacking it. This is the fallacy whereby it is pretended, that, because religion is not to be taught there, its pupils will necessarily be irreligious. Now people do not become less religious than they were without a cause; and I should like to inquire from my opponents, what cause is at work to produce the effect in this case? Is it really supposed, that, if you teach young men Greek and mathematics better than they were previously taught, and make no difference in their religious instruction, they will necessarily be devoid of Christianity? Might it not reasonably be urged that every thing which makes men better acquainted with the human mind and with the universe, will indirectly tend to manifest to them the being and character of God? If a man be not more pious for knowing natural philosophy, there is no reason why he should be less so. The principles of every science are the products of the divine existence; and all facts of consciousness, history, or experiment, are mere evolutions of those principles. Religious truth, though the highest and most essential, is yet of the same nature as is all other truth; and he who would establish that there is any hostility or incongruity between them, must maintain that God is not one, the single and harmonious life of all things, but a compound of heterogeneous and warring elements, some of which display themselves in Christianity, while the antagonist portions of his being furnish out all other truth. If *any* science be taught on these, that is, on irreligious principles, it must be ill taught. If taught with the other views to which I have alluded, though unaccompanied by theological instruction, instead of making men less religious, it must tend to make them far more so; and, if the students be initiated into such doctrine, after having been at ordinary places of education, public or private, I will venture to say, that they will perceive a connection, a strength, in short, a truth, in knowledge, and a living value in Christianity, of which they will previously have had scarce any experience. The young men who make use of the London University will not have fewer opportunities of learning theology than they had before; and the outcry, therefore, can only mean, that every accession of knowledge is so much weight thrown into the unchristian side of the scale. No one will dare to state this openly; and yet, upon this assumption, must proceed the whole argument against the young Institution.

If the plan of the founders, or the character of the professors, could be shown to be such as made it probable that the connection between the outward world and its creator, between the mind of man and its God, would be kept out of view, it would require a large overbalance of other advantages to persuade me to place a son of mine under such a system: but not a larger overbalance than is necessary to outweigh the many evils of the old Universities. No one will go farther than myself in eagerness for the display of knowledge to all the world, as entirely founded upon and filled with the Divine attributes, and in the most complete harmony with Christianity. But this is not very much attended to at Cambridge; and I do not see how the question as to theological lectures is connected with it. Your Lordship would make religion a separate department of study. Well, be it so; unless *insurmountable difficulties* can be proved to interfere with the design. I would imbue the whole course of education with religion: while to this, I will not say your Lordship, but the great body of opponents, seem utterly indifferent. The remedy of the evil, if evil shall be found to exist, is in the hands of the community. If philosophy be taught at the London University, as a mere heap of phenomena, or if its laws be exhibited as derived from a different source, and under a different sanction from the true one,—if this be done to a greater degree at the London University than at the older seats of education, (which is scarcely possible,) let its halls be deserted, and its professors left idle. But if, as I pray to God may be the case, knowledge shall not be thus abused to wrong, can your Lordship think that the simple fact of the London University not being shut against Dissenters will be sufficient to prevent it from becoming an instrument of the most extensive and important good? If your Lordship could, by possibility, think otherwise,—and I rejoice with an exceeding great joy that your Lordship's admirable conduct in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts debars me from believing it,—I should then be indeed convinced, that the Church of England is running the course of the Church of France with regard to national education, and running as inevitably to its own perdition.

But, my Lord, I turn from this matter, to suggest those circumstances which, in my mind, make it, at least, very questionable whether the proposed religious instruction ought to be introduced at the University. The lectures must either be doctrinal, or ermeneutic, or historical. If doctrinal, who shall decide on the system to be taught? Of course the lecturer must not be an infidel, nor, as the number of the Unitarians is small, and the chasm which divides them immense, ought he to be an impugner of the Divinity of Christ. But allowing this, are not these limits wide enough to permit the growth within them of a vast crop of discussions? Do they not leave sufficient ground for the waging an extensive conflict? The Baptismal controversy, the questions on Church Government, the degree and nature of Inspiration, and all the doubts and schisms of Calvinist and Latitudinarian, the snares and pit-falls which fill the wide area between Augustine and Pelagius, would not these suffice to furnish matter of strife for every one inclined to engage in the struggle as to the sect which should be represented by the Professorial Chair? Why, there is scarcely a religious party which is not split into subdivisions; and, of the five hundred varieties, in what is commonly called orthodoxy, which shall be made the standard for a mass of students of so many different creeds? If a Calvinist be Professor of Divinity, half the youths will be disgusted at the system of irrespective decrees, and their parents will probably withdraw them entirely from the University. The same will take place with every other sect; and the Baptist will not let the ears of his son be polluted by the doctrine of the majority of Christians, nor the Independent neophyte be a docile attendant on the advocate for Prelacy.

Again; supposing all doctrinal instruction to be omitted, and the lectures to be confined to interpretation, how many pious persons are there in England, who would endure to hear the conclusions which have been demonstrated by the ablest biblical critics? Place in the chair any man whose life has been employed in the explanation of the text of scripture, and does your Lordship believe that his instructions will square very well with the authorised version of the Old and New Testament? or, that he will abstain from propounding many things, not indeed at all inconsistent with the general truths of revelation, but shocking to the ears of the great majority of plain, unerudite Christians? Thence clamours, and controversies, and secessions from the University, and long lamentations over the shaking of a faith in every letter of the Bible, as it now stands in our version. These consequences would infallibly result from the establishment of a professorship for any one, Church-of-England-man or Dissenter, who has devoted his mind to the critical study of the Bible. I firmly believe that such study will do nothing to diminish conviction of the main points of Christianity, the Trinity, the Redemption, the history of the successive dispensations of light, as found in the Old Testament; but, as your Lordship is doubtless well aware, it would prove so much of old interpolation, of modern mistranslation, of general misapprehension, as must astound, and, I fear, shock thousands of minds unaccustomed to such researches. I do not say, I do not believe, that, if these results be communicated, with all the grounds on which they stand, and with all the qualifications which limit them from trenching upon the mighty and eternal principles of Christianity, they can do the students any harm. Those principles are laid deep in the foundations of human nature. No critical inquiries can reach them, or in the least degree weaken the evidence of their revelation in the Bible. But, though such studies would be beneficial to the pupils, what would be the consequences, when their parents should hear of the naked results? Would they not amount, in fact, to the destruction of the University? Moreover, to put aside these objections, would it be easy, would it be completely possible, to separate interpretation from doctrine? and, if doctrine be admitted, then recurs the question, what doctrine?

The only remaining kind of theological lecture which I can conceive, is that which should deal with the history of Christianity and of the Bible; and this, also, as it seems to me, would be open to similar objections. The history of Christianity is the history of the degree and ways in which Christians have been unchristian; of schisms, and heresies, of great doctrines perverted, and sophisms masquerading in the disguise of Truth, to mislead nations and centuries. Can this be taught by one who strikes no balance between the opinions he describes, and merely examines with cool indifference the follies of exaggerated quietism, and the miseries which have waited on the Antinomian madness? This cannot be; and, if the reason and conscience of the teacher assume their proper supremacy over his lessons, where shall he stop? Or how will it be possible for him to avoid touching upon modern differences of belief? There is that sympathy in those of the same blood, which will make the modern sectarian writhe while the mummy of his ancestor is dissected; and the lamb of Mr. Irving's flock would feel the blow, if a professor should condemn persecution, and reprove the spirit in which Calvin burnt Servetus. There is no doctrine now held or controverted which has not before been heard of on the dim and bloody battle-fields of theological history; nor would it be possible to describe the cause and the combat which shook the ninth century, without agitating all the sectarian passions of the nineteenth; impossible, at least, for any one whose belief in the importance of Christianity is stronger than that of Bayle or Gibbon. What would be an ecclesiastical history which should say nothing of the dispute as to Church Government? And what could be said on such a subject which would not bear directly upon the passions, the interests, the long-cherished opinions of every Christian and politician in the country? And, if the lecturer be confined to the history of the Bible as a mere book, a study of which Mr. Coleridge has pointed out the vastness and the interest, I can scarcely see how the case will be improved. Is the canon of Scripture a matter of such easy arrangement, and one which has excited so few quarrels, as that it can be made the text for professorial dogmatism or controversy? Would an account of the degree to which the notion of the all-sufficiency of the Bible, without note or comment, without the aid of judgment or the lights of knowledge, has injured religion,—would an account of this be likely to rouse no party feelings connected with the present state of things in England? Are religious men not bitterly divided by the opinions of the German divines, which have been supported abroad by so much learning, and listened to here with so much indignation?

You will perceive, my Lord, that my observations do not apply to any institution in which the members should be of but one sect. Improve as much as possible the theological instruction at Oxford and Cambridge, and I shall feel only satisfaction; but the London University is founded in a city where there are probably more varieties of religious belief than in any other spot upon the globe. It is designed with the noble and most Christian view of embracing them all in the scheme of its wide beneficence; and, to insist that its students, who most needs bring into its bosom a hundred differences of faith, shall receive instruction in but one, would be to ensure at once its futility and its downfall. I remain your Lordship's obedient humble servant,

A Member of the University of Cambridge.

Charing Cross Hospital.

Among the various public undertakings now in progress, we know of no one more worthy of commendation than the intended Charing Cross Hospital, which appears comprehensive in its plan, unexceptionable in its nature, and calculated to produce much undoubted good; and that in a district of the metropolis, where no hospital is now easily accessible.

MEDICO BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

At a Meeting of this Institution, holden on Friday the 9th of May, the Right Honourable the Earl Stanhope, F. R. S., Vice-President, in the chair, the Minutes of the last Meeting having been read, &c., Mr. H. Gibbs announced the presents, amongst which were, Joseph Pitton de Tournefort's 'Elemens de Botanique,' 4 vols. 4to., Paris, 1694, embellished with 489 plates; and the same author's 'Histoire des Plantes de Paris, avec leur usage dans la Medicine,' Bernard de Jussieu's edition, 2 vols. 8vo., Paris, 1725—both presented by Sir John E. Swinburne, Bart., F. R. S., Vice-President. 'The Useful Family Herbal,' 1754, with 8 plates, by the Earl Stanhope. Several Chemical Essays, by Mr. Bonastre, of Paris. A Collection of Hardy Plants, flowering at this season, by Thomas Gibbs, Esq., F. H. S. A Collection of Seeds from the Island of Mauritius, by John Frost, Esq., F.R.S., Ed. Director; and a variety of rare Plants, by Mr. Campbell, amongst which were, *Laurus Cinnamomum, et fulgens; Acacia pulchella; Polygala myrtifolia, oppositifolia, speciosa, and bracteolata; Calathamnus quadrifida; Eutaxia myrtifolia; Epacris grandiflora; Genista linifolia; Aphelandra cristata; Sasiopetalum solanaceum; Melaleuca fulgens*, &c. &c.

Louis Hayes Petit, Esq., M. P., F. R. S., and John Whiting, M. D., were admitted Fellows, by the Chairman. Lord Viscount Exmouth, G. C. B., and the Rev. W. R. Jelf, were elected Fellows.

Mr. Yosy then read a paper, by Dr. John Hancock, of Demerara, on the Heyemarada, or Haimarada, of the natives, or *Vandellia diffusa* of Linnæus. This humble plant, which grows on the road-sides in Guiana, and of which a fine specimen was exhibited to the Members, is, by the Dutch Creoles, called 'Bitter Blairr,' and is announced by the author as most efficacious in several diseases of the natives, but more particularly intermittent fevers. From experiments which he details at length, Dr. Hancock is inclined to believe, that the action of this plant on the human frame depends on a bitter principle peculiar to itself. The entire plant may be employed. Five-and-twenty grains of the dried herb in powder, or thirty grains for an infusion, act as an emetic. When Haimarada is administered in small doses, with common salt, its action is directed upon the intestines and kidneys.

A paper on the Bushmen of the Orange River, and their poisoned arrows, by Mr. Louis Leslie, assistant-surgeon of the 48th regiment, and communicated to the Society by Sir James M'Grigor, President, was also read. The author, who was stationed on the banks of the Orange River, (South Africa,) before the post was abandoned, after giving a short description of the appearance of these miserable beings, who are said by him to live on locusts, ants, and some farinaceous roots, states, that he has not been able to procure one authenticated relation of death in man from the effects of the arrows employed by the Bushmen in self-defence. He had known some cases of horses and dogs dying from the insertion of the arrow into the leg, but some of them seemed rather to die from the effects of violent inflammation in the limb than from any specific power in the poison itself. In one instance of a dog, however, the animal became stupid and insensible in a few minutes, and died in twenty. Some colonists, who have been wounded, assert, that they are subject to periodical attacks of insanity under certain states of atmospherical influence. The poison of the Bushmen of the Stromberg is extracted from plants, only as far as Mr. Leslie had been able to learn. In that quarter they use no mineral poison, nor the venom of snakes. Their treatment of a wound made by a poisoned arrow, consists in their laying it freely open, cleaning out the poison, and applying a horn, in the manner of a cupping-glass, which is exhausted by suction at the smaller extremity. Cupping, indeed, seems to be the Bushmen's favourite mode of treating every complaint accompanied with pain, and so frequently do they resort to it, that by the time they are full grown, they are covered with scars all over. The thanks of the Meeting were ordered to Dr. Hancock and Mr. Leslie for these communications. Mr. Frost expressed his regret that he had not been able to comply with the notice given last Meeting, but that he would have much pleasure in delivering his lecture on the genus *Laurus* at the next Meeting. The Chairman then announced that the First Number of the Society's Transactions would be ready for delivery to the Members after the 20th instant; and adjourned the Meeting to Friday evening, June the 13th.

The anniversary dinner of the Society was celebrated on Saturday the 10th of May, at the Thatched-House Tavern, St. James's-street, and was numerously attended.

THE ARGUS.

'It is well to commit the beginning of all great actions to Argus, with his hundred eyes,—and the end to Briareus, with his hundred hands.'—Lord Bacon.

PROSPECTUS of a NEW LONDON EVENING NEWSPAPER, on a Plan of greater novelty, comprehensiveness, variety, and general convenience, than any hitherto attempted. To be Conducted by J. S. BUCKINGHAM, and to commence on Monday, the 30th of June, 1828.

The extremely favourable reception given to Mr. Buckingham's Political and Literary *Weekly Journals*, 'The Sphynx' and 'Athenæum,' and the desire to render available all the advantages of the complete Printing Establishment, and abundant political and literary materials and talents originally brought together for the two Journals named, and now under his sole direction and control, have led him to yield to a very general request from those who desire to see an improved *Daily Paper*, in compliance with whose suggestions, he has given his attention to the preparation of an entirely New Daily Journal, to be called 'THE ARGUS,' on an original and improved plan, which, from combining all the advantages now scattered through many, will, he confidently hopes, be such as all classes of general readers will deem worthy of their support.

The principal defects of the existing Daily Journals, are the following:—First, that, if Morning Papers, they are of such an unwieldy size, as to be extremely inconvenient for present use, and incapable of being preserved in a form that will make them easy of future reference;—Secondly, that, if Evening Papers, they are so small, as to be obliged to abridge greatly all the reports of public proceedings in Parliament, Meetings, and Courts of Law, giving, therefore, much less perfect accounts of either, than the Morning Papers from which they copy;—Thirdly, that, in both, there is a general want of classification and arrangement, which renders it necessary to search them through, before the particular kind of information sought for is found;—And, Lastly, that, from their being printed on one indivisible sheet, they are calculated only for exclusive use; so that one individual must have entirely finished with the particular Paper of the day, before any other person can succeed him in the perusal of it.

In the New Daily Journal now proposed, 'The Argus,' all these defects will be remedied:—First, instead of the unwieldy and inconvenient size of the Morning Papers, its sheet will be of a form capable of being comfortably used by any individual, and its page of an extent easily embraced at a single view; while it will make a handsome and commodious volume when bound, and have title-pages and indexes for easy and accurate reference at any future period. Secondly, to avoid the abridgments of Parliamentary and other Public Proceedings, which the smaller size of the Evening Papers now compels them to make, 'The Argus' will, instead of 4, comprise 8 pages, of nearly the present Evening Paper size; giving, therefore, 32 columns of matter daily, instead of 16, which will be printed, also, in a clearer and more legible manner. Thirdly, as a consequence of this greater extent of space, it will be distinguished by such an arrangement and classification of subjects, as to enable all classes of readers to find, without difficulty, the particular description of information of which they are in search. And, Lastly, instead of being, as Daily Papers now are, necessarily confined to the use of one person only at a time, it will be so arranged, that each Number, when issued, may, by a separation of its inner from its outer pages, form two complete sheets, each occupied by its own separate department of information, and, therefore, capable of serving two readers at once; so as to make it especially convenient for Families, Clubs, Libraries, Reading-Rooms, Taverns, Coffee-Houses, and all other places of public resort;—answering, in short, the complete purpose of *Two Distinct Journals*, and being, at the same time, more comprehensive, more varied, and more agreeable to read, than any two existing Papers that can be named: as no portion of the contents of either of these separate sheets of 'The Argus' will be, as in any two other Papers, a repetition of matter common to both,—each being quite distinct, and perfectly new, though each, also, so complete in itself, as to be read with pleasure without reference to the other.

When it is stated that all these advantages will be rendered to the public *at the same price as* is now charged for the smallest and commonest Newspaper issued, some incredulity may arise as to the promised superiority of the article to be furnished, as the *cheap* and the *good* are not easily united. To remove these doubts as to the possibility of so uniting them in the present case, it will, perhaps, be sufficient to state, that the reason why a Journal of *Two Sheets*, like 'The Argus,' can be furnished, daily, without any increase of price beyond that charged for the Evening Papers, of one sheet only, now published, is, that it will be produced at an establishment already existing, and amply supported, by the publication of 'The Sphynx,' 'The Athenæum,' and 'The Oriental Herald;' so that the same literary and political aid, the same mechanical power, the same sources of information, the same place of publication, and the same superintendance in all its details,—can be used for this purpose, without the vast expenditure which is indispensable for Papers published at separate establishments for each. It is, in short, the advantage of united powers, co-operating in the production of several articles, at an expenditure which decreases in proportion to the number of articles produced,—a principle which every man in this mercantile and manufacturing country can well comprehend; but which has rarely been applied to Works of this nature,—though quite as productive of benefit to the public, by improving the quality and reducing the price of the production to which it is applied, as in any other department of human labour.

Of the purity, independence, and impartiality of the political and literary character of the proposed Paper, Mr. Buckingham hopes that his former labours will be deemed a sufficient general assurance. His own careful superintendance and control will be unremittingly applied to every department of 'The Argus;' while the maintenance of the existing Publications, which will still be continued under his personal management, and on their present plans, will be so provided for, as that neither of them shall suffer the smallest diminution in merit or value by this more arduous undertaking. This, however, will be best proved by a reference to the Works themselves; and by that he is willing to be judged.

The following is a brief enumeration of the several classes of information intended to be regularly given in 'The Argus,' arranged in the order in which they will follow each other, in the two separate Sheets of that Paper, with the average number of columns (about the size of those of the present Evening Papers) which each class of information will generally occupy: the Letters of Correspondents not being included in this List, as these will be placed wherever *occasional* space for them can best be spared.

I. *Department of Public Records.—Four Pages.*

Advertisements of Public Institutions, Shipping, Commerce, and General Affairs	4
Debates in Parliament, and Public Meetings, with Notes	4
Trials at Law, Police, and Official Records	3
Provincial Intelligence, carefully arranged under its respective heads	1
Leading Articles from *all* the Public Journals	1
Exclusive Intelligence from India, and the Colonies	1
Copious republication of the London Gazettes	1
Shipping, Markets, Births, Marriages, and Deaths	1

II. *Department of General News.—Four Pages.*

Advertisements connected with Literature, Science, and the Arts	4
Editorial Comments on Political Topics of the Day	2
Foreign Intelligence, arranged under the respective countries	1
City Reports of Public Funds, Home Intelligence, and Miscellaneous Information	1
Court and Fashionable World, with Original Anecdotes of Society	1
Proceedings of Courts and Meetings, up to the hour of going to press	1
Public Exhibitions, the Opera, Theatres, and Amusements	2
Reviews of New Books and Periodicals and General Literary and Scientific Information	4

It remains only to be added, that, with a view to illustrate, by an actual specimen, the description of Journal intended to be produced, the expense will be incurred of printing (in addition to 500,000 of these Prospectuses, and Advertisements in every Paper of the Kingdom) 50,000 copies of a Specimen Number, for public distribution and inspection. The date of its intelligence is, of course, not to be regarded, as it will be a mere specimen of the size, manner of division into departments, quality of paper and printing, classification, arrangement, &c., to be observed in 'The Argus' generally. It is, in short, its own advertisement.—As, however, without the previous assurance of a certain number of supporters for such a Paper, it could not be maintained for any length of time,—and its permanence is of the highest importance,—the interval between the issue of this Prospectus and the Specimen Number, and the date fixed for the regular appearance of the Paper itself, (the 30th of June, 1828,)—will be employed in obtaining for it the requisite number of Subscribers, so as to ensure its success beyond all possibility of doubt. Those individuals, therefore, who approve of this plan and deem it worthy of support, (and it is hoped that they will be very numerous,) are respectfully requested to transmit their orders for the Paper, through any News-Agent in London, through the Postmasters and Clerks of the Roads in the Country, or direct to the Offices of Publication named below, whichever may be most convenient to themselves. It is particularly requested also of those, who, though not needing a Daily Paper individually, may think 'The Argus' worthy of admission into the Public Libraries Clubs, Reading-Rooms, Coffee-houses, Institutions, or other places of public resort in their neighbourhood,—that they will recommend early orders for it in such places as may be within the sphere of their immediate influence, so that no disappointment may occur in the supply of early copies of the Paper when it appears.

'The Oriental Herald,' which is confined chiefly to the discussion of questions connected with India and its Affairs, and the communication of Intelligence from all parts of the Eastern World, forming an Octavo Number of 200 pages, and containing more matter than either 'The Edinburgh' or 'Quarterly Review,' will still, as heretofore, continue to be published Monthly, at 5*s.* per Number.

'The Sphynx,' which is a Political and general Newspaper, containing the condensed essence of the News of the Day, for the accommodation of those for whom a Daily Paper is too expensive, and a Weekly one not sufficiently frequent, will continue to be published, as at present, *Twice a Week*; namely, on Wednesday and Saturday Evenings. Price 7*d.* per Number.

'The Athenæum,' which is a Periodical devoted exclusively to Literature, Science, and Art, will also be continued on its original and present plan, and published *Once a Week*, namely, on Wednesday Mornings, when no other Literary Journal appears. Price, if stamped for circulation free of postage, 1*s.*, and unstamped, 8*d.* per Number.

'THE VERULAM,' a Weekly Periodical of the same size and price, originally devoted to Scientific Information alone, being now incorporated with 'The Athenæum,' an additional attraction will be given to this, by their union of interests and powers. Of the character of these two Journals, it will be sufficient to give the following passage, from the last Number of 'The Edinburgh Review,' in an article on the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, understood to be written by Mr. Brougham. In characterising the principal Weekly Periodicals of the day as being of very ordinary merit, he makes the following exceptions:

'*Mr. Buckingham's* 'Athenæum' *is of a much superior cast, and, it may be hoped, will meet with all the success the great merits and persecutions of its excellent Conductor are well entitled to look for at the hands of Englishmen. But* "The Verulam" *professes a higher aim, and, indeed, a wider scope, being devoted to Science as well as Learning.*'

Specimen Numbers and Prospectuses of 'The Argus' may be had of all Newsmen, and at the Principal and Central Office, 147, Strand, near Somerset-House, or at the Branch Office, established at No. 33, Old Bond Street, for the West End of the Metropolis, where Orders, Communications, and Advertisements for each of these Publications will be received,—as well as by the authorized Collectors.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The letter of P. S. K. has been received; and the Work to which he refers will have early attention.

INCORPORATION OF THE VERULAM WITH THE ATHENÆUM.

From 'The Verulam' of Saturday last.

THE Proprietors of 'THE VERULAM' have now to announce to their readers that they have concluded an arrangement with the Proprietors of 'THE ATHENÆUM,' the effect of which is to incorporate the two Journals, whose united resources will accordingly go in future to form one publication. This is an arrangement, the advantages of which will be participated in by the readers of both Papers, and which the Proprietors, therefore, cannot doubt will meet with their cordial acquiescence and support. 'THE ATHENÆUM,' which, under the able management of Mr. Buckingham, has already obtained so distinguished a reputation as a Literary Journal, will now add to its other attractions that information on matters of popular science, which has characterised the pages of 'THE VERULAM;' while those who have hitherto been readers of this Paper will find no subject to which their attention has been wont to be invited neglected in the new publication that will in future be sent to them. To their friends, therefore, of all classes, the Proprietors of 'THE VERULAM' beg respectfully, but earnestly, to recommend 'THE ATHENÆUM,' as a Paper in which they have now the same sort of interest which they have heretofore had in their own, and as one which they are sure, from the stipulations they have made, will be found, in all respects, deserving the encouragement and patronage of those who have been readers and supporters of 'THE VERULAM.' 'THE ATHENÆUM,' in consequence of the union of interests and resources which has thus taken place, will now possess advantages, as a Literary and Scientific Journal, such as it would not be easy to overrate; and the promise held out by the success which it has already enjoyed, it may therefore be confidently predicted, will be greatly more than fulfilled by the increased circulation and influence that await it. 'THE ATHENÆUM' alone will now be what 'THE ATHENÆUM' and 'VERULAM' used to be together; or rather, those exertions which have hitherto been divided will now be combined, and something superior even to all they have yet produced may be fairly looked for as the result of their co-operation. Once more, therefore, the proprietors of 'THE VERULAM' request from their Correspondents, their Subscribers, and their Advertising friends, the continuance of those favours in behalf of 'THE ATHENÆUM,' to which 'THE VERULAM' has been so deeply indebted; nor, in making this appeal, can they avoid indulging the hope that, although now addressing them for the last time under their present title, they shall retain the good wishes and the good offices of all of them in their new connection.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The second edition, enlarged, of Popular Premises Examined, by R. Dillon, will be published early this month.

In a few days will be published, Annotations on the Apocalypse, intended as a Sequel to those of Mr. Elsley on the Gospels, and of Mr. Prebendary Slade on the Epistles; and thus to complete a Series of Comments on the whole of the New Testament, for the use of Students in Prophetical Scripture. By John Chappel Woodhouse, D.D., Dean of Litchfield.

Christian Charity, or the Influence of Religion on Temper stated. By the Rev. J. A. James. 12mo., 6s.

Female Piety and Zeal Exemplified in Memoirs of Miss Ely. By her Brother, the Rev. Jonathan Ely. 12mo., 4s. 6d.

The Missionary Gazetteer. By the Rev. C. Williams. 12mo., 8s.

'The Cheltenham Album,' a new Quarterly Magazine, is announced for publication early in July next.

W. B. Cooke has just completed a new and elegant publication, which will appear on the 1st of June, entitled, 'A Selection of Vases, Altars, Candelabra, and Tripods, from the Louvre, at Paris,' engraved in a beautiful and tasteful style, by Henry Moses, with descriptive letter-press to each plate, by T. L. D., and dedicated to her Grace the Duchess of Bedford.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The Harp of Judah; a Selection of Poems relative to the Conversion of the Jews, &c. 3s. 6d.
Dialogues on Prophecy, vol. 1, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Plain Advice to Landlords, Tenants, &c., by the author of 'Plain Instruction to Executors,' &c. &c., 2s.
The Auctioneers and Brokers' Law Instructor, 12mo., 2s.
Guide to Importers and Purchasers of Wine, 12mo., 5s.
Morrisons' Cases of Mental Disease, 8vo., 7s.
Village Plans and Domestic Sketches, 12mo., 5s.
Bridges on The One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, second edition, 6s.
Ewing's Greek and English Lexicon, 8vo., 18s.
Ewing's Greek Grammar, 8vo., 6s.
Ewing's Lexicon and Grammar, 8vo., 24s.
Erskine's Freeness of the Gospel, 12mo., 4s.
A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, post 8vo., 9s.
Appleton's Poor Girl's Help, third edition, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Dr. Kitchiner's Art of Prolonging Life, sixth edition, fc. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Bretschneider's Reply to Rose's State of Protestantism in Germany, 8vo., 2s. 6d.
Cobbin's Elements of Geography, on a new plan, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Harmoniere's French and English Dictionary, new edition, 8s.
Letters from Cambridge, post 8vo., 8s.
Shobere's Present State of Christianity, 12mo., 9s.
Redford's Memoirs of the late Rev. John Cooke, 8vo., 14s.
Memoires du Duc de Rovigo, (M. Savary,) écrit de Samain, tom. 1, première and seconde Partie, 8vo., 14s.
A Marriage in High Life, a Novel, edited by the authoress of 'Flirtation,' 2 vols., 8vo., 1l. 1s.
Musical Reminiscences, by Earl of Mount Edgecombe, third edition, 12mo., 6s.
Lectures on the History of Jesus Christ, by James Bennett, D.D., 2 vols., 8vo., 1l. 1s.
Phrenological Journal, part 17, 4s.

THE EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS of the Most ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES of ENGLISH HISTORY, from the Galleries of the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is now open at Messrs. HARDING and LEPARD'S, No. 4, Pall Mall East.

Admittance by *Tickets only*, which may be had on application as above.

MADDOX-STREET GALLERY, opposite St. George's Church, Hanover Square.—AN EXHIBITION of PICTURES by the GREAT MASTERS, is open daily, from 10 till 6 o'clock.

The GRAND FRESCOS, by PAUL VERONESE, from the Soranza Palace, are on View at this Gallery; together with some of the finest works of CLAUDE LORRAIN and RICHARD WILSON.—Admittance 1s.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.
Dublin, May 12, 1828.

AT a GENERAL ASSEMBLY held this day, GEORGE PETRIE, Esq., was elected an Academician, and the following Gentlemen elected Associates, of the Royal Hibernian Academy:—W. H. BROOKE, F.S.A., London; S. LOVER, G. NAIRN, and T. H. SWEETMAN.

(By Order,)
HENRY KIRCHOFFER,
Lower Abbey Street. *Secretary.*

Just Published,

THE SAILOR, or the Coquet Cottage; and other Poems. (Some in the Scottish Dialect.) By W. GIBSON. Price 3s. 6d. boards.

London: Cowie and Strange, Paternoster Row; Orange, North Shields; Kelly, South Shields; and Graham, Alnwick.

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PROPAGATION OF CHRISTIANITY.
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THE PRESENT STATE of CHRISTIANITY and of the MISSIONARY ESTABLISHMENTS for its PROPAGATION in all PARTS of the WORLD. Dedicated to the Patrons, Directors, and Members of all the Beneficent Societies engaged in the Diffusion of the Christian Religion and the attendant Blessings of Knowledge and Civilization among the Nations of the Earth. By FREDERIC SHOBERL.

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London: published by Moon, Boys, and Graves, (successors to Hurst, Robinson, and Co.,) printsellers to the King, No. 6, Pall-mall; and sold by F. G. Moon, Threadneedle-street.

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'We conscientiously recommend Dr. Graham's Treatise to the Public, and feel much pleasure in the certainty that it will prove extensively useful. It is very far above the celebrated Buchan's, and we shall preserve the volume as the advice of an invaluable friend, to which we can refer in the hour of need, without any doubt of being benefited by its wisdom.'—*Literary Chronicle.*

'In the opinion of a respectable Physician, well known in our connexion, it is enriched with much of all that modern practice has ascertained to be valuable, and is not only incomparably superior to Buchan's, but also to every similar work in our language.'—*Wesleyan Magazine.*

'It will be found a very valuable acquisition to the Family Library, and no Medicine Chest, at home or abroad, ought to be considered complete without it.'—*Imperial Magazine.*

Published by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-court, London. Sold by all Booksellers.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE (Astley's)—THIS EVENING, May 21, and during the Week, being the last of the present Performances, at Half-past Six, THE GRAND STAG HUNT. Scenes in the Circle—Mr. Ducrow will manage the two Dwarf Horses and the Turkish Mare Beda. The Antipodean Phenomenon. Mr. Wilkinson, Miss Woolford, and a Grand Equestrian Entree. The Conquest of the Amazons. Signor Spelterini, the Roman Sampson's second appearance here. The whole to conclude with the revival of the celebrated Harlequinade of The Enchanted Bay; or, The Flying Dutchwoman.

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A CATALOGUE of BOOKS in VARIOUS LANGUAGES. Consisting of the most useful and valuable Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics, Translations, the Principal Lexicographical, Philological, and Critical Works, History, Antiquities, Voyages and Travels, Theology, Arts and Sciences, Belles Lettres, and Miscellaneous Literature, in very fine condition, for Ready Money, at the Low Prices affixed, by John R. Priestley, 13, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden.

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WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	*May.*	*Therm.* A.M.	*Therm.* P.M.	*Barom. at Noon.*	*Winds.*	*Weather*	*Prevailing Cloud.*
	Mon. 12	61°	55°	29. 96	NW to W	Serene.	Cirrostratus
	Tues. 13	61½	60½	30. 06	E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
	Wed. 14	63	57½	29. 96	NE. to E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
	Thur. 15	66¾	58	29. 85	Ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto.
	Frid. 16	69	62	29. 65	N.E.	Ditto.	Nimb. Cum.
	Satur. 17	68	63	29. 52	E.	Cloudy.	Ditto.
	Sun. 18	67	56	29. 52	N.W.	Serene.	Cirrus.

Mornings fair and clear. Fair during night throughout the week. Thunder and much lightning on Friday evening. A little rain on Saturday evening.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Mercury in conjunction on Monday at 9h. P.M.
The Moon and Venus in conjunction on Saturday at 9½h. P.M.
Venus's geocentric long. on Sunday, at 12° 48′ in Cancer.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 7° 14′ in Scorpio.
Saturn's ditto ditto 16° 59′ in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 27° 27′ in Taurus.
Length of day on Sunday, 15 hours 40 minutes.
Sun's horary motion, 2′ 34″ plus. Logarithmic num. of distance on Sunday, 005275.

London: Printed and Published every Wednesday morning, by WILLIAM LEWER, at the Office, 147, Strand, near Somerset House.

THE ATHENÆUM.

London Literary and Critical Journal.

No. 31. LONDON, WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1828. Price 8*d*.

LITERATURE.

ON THE FORCED POPULARITY OF LITERARY MEN.

No idea can be falser or more absurd than that contained in the celebrated lines of Gray,

'How many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desart air,'

when it is used as a lament over men of talent, whose genius has not brought them before the public; but the sentiment, whether conveyed by the above lines, or through any other medium, is one so consonant with the dictates of human vanity, and in such perfect unison with the common doctrines of the world, that it can hardly fail to lay strong hold of minds untutored in a better philosophy. It has therefore become a received maxim, that the higher powers of mind are bestowed in vain, when they shed no visible lustre on the name of him who enjoys them, and that truly are they the children of misfortune, who have a noble comprehension of the beauty of nature, or the glories of universal truth, but who have not, at the same time, the homage of the public. The fallacy of this opinion is not greater than its tendency is bad. In leading men to imagine that, to be happy, or prove the strength of their minds, they must be successful in the pursuit of fame the best and worthiest motive for the cultivation of the intellect is taken away, and supplied by one base and degrading. The acquisition of notoriety is put before the purification of the heart by the contemplation of virtue; and the praises of mankind, before the deep and holy tranquillity, or the bright and splendid visions, which knowledge bestows, when pursued for its own sake. If truth be of any real worth, they who can find it have a great and ample reward for all their labours. If imagination, in its bright and happy moods, elevates the mind above the every-day objects and cares of life, he to whom she makes her revelations may well be content with the privileges he possesses. The praises of the world may be desired and sought for; popularity may be the prize for which the hard and unceasing battle is fought; or wealth and distinction be the still more desired object: but who will doubt that an ambition of this kind is the leaven of genius; and that, in whatever proportion it mixes with the purer aspirations of the intellect, it deadens or perverts them? Were the maxim to which we are alluding founded only on the idea that all mental endowments should be made serviceable to public good, and that, therefore, they who possess them, but are not brought forward, are unfortunate,—the sentiment would be a noble one, and calculated to animate men with the best and highest motives to exertion; but it is not on such a principle as this that men of talent who live in obscurity, are pitied. Fame is regarded as their birthright, and praise or riches the legal payment of every exercise of their thoughts. It is not the quantity of good they may effect in the course of their lives, but the reputation they leave behind them, that is made the measure of their fair or ill fortune. It is not asked how much brighter shone the light of happiness around them, lit up as it was by fervid thoughts and powerful feeling, but how much evil they suffered from the want of that notice in the world, which, if really necessary to the comfort of men of great minds, renders them more servile, and more the creatures of popular caprice, than any beings that exist. There is no ability to learn, than the true and proper worth of his ability; the aid which it brings to insure and increase his happiness, independent of the world; the importance, in fact, of the gifts of nature unenlarged and undiminished by the casualties of fortune. Superior mental powers are conferred, we may suppose, for the purpose either of increasing the means of happiness to the individual who possesses them, or of endowing him with a power of diffusing happiness and knowledge among his fellow-beings. When the latter is the case, the faculties which enable him to embrace a wide view of things, to collect and harmonise different species of truths, or contemplate external nature with a keener gaze than others, are generally found united with those that propel the mind forward in its destined course, and give activity and hardihood to all the others. Minds of this class are formed for action. They are fitted with a complete intellectual armour for the contest. They have their portion of happiness thrown into the busy and tumultuous world, that they may, in seeking for it, make their voices heard in the defence of truth, or the enlargement of knowledge. Should they meet with repulses in all their efforts; be left to sink under a load of private ill; and, with a consciousness of power, be doomed to live a life of obscurity,—their spirits may well chafe against the tyranny of circumstance, and they who have known their worth, lament over their fate. But there are other qualities of mind besides those which fit a man for the public defence of truth, or which have their proper objects in the world only; qualities of mind which may number their possessor among the gifted ones of the earth, but the genuine fruits of which are happy dispositions, thoughts tuned to the measures of a pure philosophy, and the hopes and aspirations of the heart rendered more sublime and sure. Of such are the powers of the imagination, the intellectual habits which wed the mind to contemplation, and the tendencies of thought which make it find beauty and harmony in whatever part of creation becomes presented to it. There may be added to qualities like these, the endowment of a power to develope them in language; but the one may be possessed without the other, or they may be enjoyed undiminished in value or excellency, though the world should know nothing of their existence. A mind so constituted is 'all glorious within.' It gathers its wealth in its free course through the bright fields of existence, and its strength from an aliment of unalloyed truth. Its legitimate employment is collecting the external images of a higher order of things, and comparing them in its retirement. Its happiness is in communing with universal being.

To suppose that men endowed with minds of this character, must obtain public notice, or miss the great end of their creation, is obviously an absurdity. To suppose that their felicity depends upon it, is, in every way, equally so. The nearer the human mind approaches its proper perfection, and the nobler the qualities which characterise it, the more perfectly are manifested the attributes of its divine Creator; and its developed powers reflect his benevolence in all their operations. Its capabilities are an evidence of its being more perfect in its kind, than others less finely tempered; and its existence, thus endowed, thus having in itself the demonstration written of its high origin, is the primary fulfilment of its Crea- is not deducible from any public reputation, is proved from the nature of the objects they are fitted to pursue. Whatever they admire or venerate is separated from the multitude, or different from the things sought for by men of an opposite character. A light is upon their paths, which shows them nature under a brighter aspect. Their hearts are warmed by passions deeper and intenser than other men's, because their eyes are fixed on lovelier or more brilliant forms; and their fancies create a world of their own, because they look for more fragrant flowers, and a sweeter music, than they meet with in this. To insure their happiness, therefore, it is not publicity or praise that is to be obtained, but the more tranquil enjoyment of intellectual pleasure, and the possession of objects which may harmonise with or assist the creations of their mind. The moment popularity becomes their ruling passion, they have turned, from the glowing prospects and happy valleys of fairy-land, to pursue the track of a sterile desert. They no longer love truth for its own sake, or worship at the shrine of an eternal and unchanging beauty with the delight of faithful votaries. Their spirits may be as strong, their hearts as quick and throbbing; but there is a cloud upon the one, and deceit in the other. They have lost the true secret of their happiness and greatness. The glorious gifts with which they have been enriched from heaven, are become to them of less value than the stray favours of mankind. They were made more independent of fortune than all the other inhabitants of the world; more free, because of nobler natures; and they bow themselves, in the darkest error of selfishness, as the subjects of popular taste.

There are few vices in the literary character which may not be traced to an over-eager desire for general reputation. But, however differently it may act, in this respect, on minds differently circumstanced, its influence, in diminishing the happiness which is proper to their nature, is universal. By making popularity the aim of their existence, the good which belongs to all men of enlarged minds, or possessing any particular endowment, is obtained only by a few, and then not pure and unmixed. One or two disappointed hopes, or baffled efforts at obtaining notice, poison the whole cup of life. The unsuccessful candidate for fame is regarded with a species of contempt by his associates, whom he is, perhaps, very superior to in intellect; and he himself turns in disgust from the exercise of powers, which, if kept to their proper objects, the enlargement of his views, and the ameliorating of his heart, might have ensured him a happiness deep, permanent, and satisfying.

Literary ambition, therefore, unless purified of its evil qualities, by being united with a more than ordinary degree of high morality, is prejudicial to the finest intellects. It is, however, in reference to those who have not originally any strong desire for publicity, or who have been regarded as unfortunate for the want of fame, that our observations have been made. Were we to be able, at one glance, to estimate the greatness or dignity of men's minds, we should, it is certain, find many in obscurity deserving of honour; many without either popularity or wealth capable of enjoying thought in its highest moods. In all that they might benefit the world by their being brought before the public, there is an argument in favour

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gards their felicity, or the enlargement and nobleness of their intellect, there is one against it. He whose heart is warmed with the love of the great and the beautiful, who is the devoted scholar of truth, the delighted votary of nature in all her paths,—has sufficient employment for his mind, and happiness enough for life. Let him be brought into public notice: can he see nature with a lighter heart, or pursue truth with a freer step? The proper office for patronage in such a case, if patronage be wanted, is, to aid the development of whatever is noblest in the intellect, and to enlarge its comprehension of truth, that it may be loved with more ardour, and sought for with more confidence.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

GREEK HISTORIANS.

Scriptorum Veterum Nova Collectio, è Vaticanis Codicibus edita, &c. Pp. 716. Rome, 1828.

The following account of the New Texts of Greek Historians, discovered in the Vatican, appeared, we understand, in some French literary journal a few days ago. It is of great interest to the classical scholar: we therefore give it as we received it. Knowing the source whence it comes, we can answer for its authenticity.

To the indefatigable Mr. Mai are we indebted for having extracted, from the dust of the *Palimpsestes*, these new texts. These manuscripts upon parchment, which were rubbed out many centuries ago, for the purpose of receiving new writing, have not yet restored to us all the treasures of the ancient manuscripts. Mr. Mai, celebrated for many years as a decipherer of these Palimpsestes, has already published a great many works of this kind, which have enriched, to a high degree, the editions of Cicero, Plautus, Symmachus, Fronton, and Marcus Aurelius. The gentleman we speak of is the Prefect of the Library of the Vatican, and, in 1825, he commenced publishing a collection, in quarto, of Greek works hitherto unknown to the world, and extracted from the MSS. confided to his care. The first volume consists of different productions by ecclesiastical authors, among which are several by Eusebius and of Photius. There is only one profane work in the collection, namely, a reply from the rhetorician Aristides to a speech of Demosthenes. This volume, although interesting in elucidating sacred history, could not, of necessity, excite the same feelings of curiosity as the second volume which has just appeared, and, being extracted almost entirely from the Palimpsestes consists only of profane authors. These pieces, which were announced since 1820, are principally taken from the immense collection of Constantine Porphyrogenitus. In the tenth century, a period of profound ignorance in the whole of the Western Empire, this Greek emperor, a protector of letters, but not a very skilful one, caused a number of compilers, under the superintendance of a person named Theodosius, to make methodical extracts from the historians which were arranged under different titles, and formed fifty-three sections, of which a few have been preserved. Two were already known; that of 'The Embassies,' and that of 'Virtues and Vices.' Mr. Mai now publishes a third, 'The Sentences,' which will not prove of less utility than the two others, and will enrich the annals of antiquity with several unknown facts.

Every body will now concur in this opinion; viz., that the Byzantian Emperor, instead of thus mutilating the monuments of history, would have acted much better by employing his money and zeal in multiplying entire copies, which might have been distributed among the libraries of the empire. Since the invention of printing, the best works may be abridged; but, until that period, all curtailing was injurious: thus a part of Athenæus has been lost, and the *Abbreviator* Justin has caused the large work of Trogue-Pompey to be forgotten. However, let us not accuse the weak and unfortunate heir of Constantine; his intention was good, and, although he carried it into effect with little judgment, much honour is due to him for having, in the midst of the corruptions and crimes of the Court of Byzantium, endeavoured to afford instruction to his subjects. Above all, we should be thankful to him for having ordered, that, in 'The Historical Cyclopedia,' the text of the original authors should be respected, and that extracts should be made without altering them.

The title of 'Sentences' is not very favourable o the reputation of inferior historians. Diodorus Siculus has never been considered a profound writer; but the hundred and more pages that are to be found in this collection, contain many new circumstances, principally relating to the Gracchi, to the civil war, and other periods of the Roman history, concerning which Titus Livy leaves us quite in the dark. Dionysius of Halicarnassus, to whose works Mr. Mai had added, in 1816, most precious supplements, extracted from the manuscripts of the Ambrosian Library of Milan, is also not remarkable for correct ideas or powers of criticism; but these extracts, although not so numerous as those from Diodorus, will afford much interest in consequence of the difference in his narration with Titus Livy; and besides, we are of opinion, reading them for the first time, that they are more concise and less absurd than those parts already known of his 'Antiquities.' By these discoveries Dion Cassius, as an historian, will not be a gainer in the opinion of the literati, either for the eloquence of his harangues, or for the interest and impartiality of his narrative. But we now speak of his eloquence; and the following speech, which he attributes to Curtius before he precipitated himself into the abyss which the Oracle had ordered that the most precious object on the earth should be thrown into, is highly curious:

'Romans,' says the Curtius of Dion, 'why do you hesitate in discovering the intention of the Gods? Us they demand, us you must sacrifice. There is no mortal being better or stronger than man. We alone raise our heads towards heaven, alone we communicate with the Gods; and it is on that account that our statutes and our pictures represent them after our image. If I dare express myself with more boldness, man is a god clothed with a mortal body, and a god is only a man without a body; thence his immortality. As to the strength of man, can you call it in question? He surpasses all animals by his speed, or by his cunning; in the water, in the air, everything yields to him; for he overtakes the fish in the water without seeing them, and the birds in the air without pursuing them. Who would not prefer dying by a single blow than by a dropsy, consumption, or hunger? I will gloriously die for the public safety,' &c. &c.

This singular speech, which cannot be equalled by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, even when this rhetorician entirely forgets that he is making Romans speak in person, is not extracted from the Palimpsestes, but from a collection edited by a monk named Flanude, and discovered in the Vatican. Whatever may be the merits of Dion Cassius, it is much to be regretted that Mr. Sturz, who has just published at Leipsig, a new edition of this author, was not able to add to the fragments of Mozelli this more recent matter. M. Boissonade, when he published in 1822 his edition of Eunapius, would have enhanced the value of his work, had he been able to add to it the valuable extracts from history, by this ancient and excellent author, generally but little known. There are several pieces more or less interesting for different historical epochs, such as of Appian, who unfortunately only receives the addition of one page of Dexippus, who lived in the time of Claudius the Goth, of Menander, the annalist, whom the ignorant have mistaken for the poet, &c. To these may be added some parts of an anonymous work upon politics, a speech of Nicephorus Blemmydas, on the duties of a king, and three pages of the *novel* of Jamblicus, which was only known to us by the analysis of Photius. But what will appear more precious than these remains of the Lower Empire are numerous quotations from the ancient poets of Athens, Solon, Euripides and Philemon, several oracles in verse, particularly in Diodorus, and other authentic productions of the best times of Grecian history.

The author who gains the most in this fortunate discovery, is Polybius. We only possessed the first five books of 'The Universal History of his Time,' rather long fragments to the seventeenth, the ancient extracts of Constantine for these books and the twenty-three others. The new extracts, which here fill nearly a hundred pages, extend from the sixth book to the thirtieth. Those which follow most regularly belong to the twelfth book.

We ought to rejoice in now being better acquainted with the son of Lycortas, the pupil of Philopemen,—him, who, after having in his youth borne in his arms the funereal urn containing the ashes of this hero, became the friend and counsellor of the second Scipio, accompanied him to the walls of Carthage and out of gratitude, became the historian of the Roman victories.

All persons of taste have long since appreciated his grave and simple style, his chronological exactness, the positive notions he had acquired in geography by his long travels, and, above all, the importance of his descriptions relating to the de- and secrets of Roman tactics. It is now better known what a tender recollection he always retained towards his first benefactor, Philopemen; and it will be more regretted that the life he wrote of this virtuous defender of liberty should be lost. Plutarch, it is true, gives us a slight idea of him, but, if the following entirely new narrative be compared with that of Plutarch, it will soon be perceived how far the imitation was from representing, in a worthy manner, great and incorruptible virtue, that neither honours nor presents can seduce, and the religious fear it inspires, even in those who endeavour to triumph over it.

'The Lacedæmonians,' says Polybius, in his severe and sometimes harsh style, 'were deliberating who should be sent from among them to bear a golden crown to Philopemen; and, although such lucrative employments, as procure powerful friends are generally sought after, no one presented himself to execute this commission. At length, they elected, by a majority of votes, Timolaus, who was attached to him from motives of hospitality and friendship. Twice he came to seek him at Megalopolis, and neither times did he venture to acknowledge the reason of his visit. The third time he made a strong effort, and had the courage to speak of the present of the Lacedæmonians. Contrary to his expectations, he observed that Philopemen listened to him with mildness, and he already began to congratulate himself in his success. Philopemen told him that he would proceed, in a few days, to Lacedæmon, and that he intended to thank the chiefs of the Government. He arrived, and was introduced before the Senate. "For a long time," said he, 'I have known your kindness towards me, and you now offer me a new testimony of it. I will tell you the reason which prevents my accepting your present. Such crowns should not be given to friends whose brow they would soil with an indelible stain; give them to your enemies. A friend, if he remain free and pure, will have more power to defend you; if an enemy allows himself to be entrapped by this present, either he will speak in your favour, or will serve you by his silence.'

Many of these hitherto unpublished pages of Polybius possess a two-fold interest, as, besides the merit of novelty, they have that of making us know, either by opinions or quotations, some other writers whose works are lost. It was well known that Polybius had spoken in severe terms against the historian Timeus, but we now see this criticism strengthened by a great number of arguments and details, which clearly point out to us the character of both historians. It was also known, that Demetrius, the Phalerian, had written a treatise on 'Fortune,' but nothing remained of it. Polybius quotes a remarkable passage, and the application he had made of it appeared so correct to the ancients, that Diodorus, whose plagiarisms are not often so judicious, not content with transcribing, in one of the new parts of his text, the same passage of

Demetrius, but copies these reflections almost verbatim. Polybius, who has just related the misfortunes of Perseus, King of Macedonia, and the interesting words of Paulus Emilius, whom Titus Livy, as we now perceive, has only translated, expresses himself thus:

'This grand catastrophe recals to my mind a thought of Demetrius, the Phalerian, who, in his work on "Fortune," in order to show its inconstancies and vicissitudes, refers to the time when Alexander destroyed the empire of Persia. "Take in, at one look," says he, "not a number of ages, nor a long succession of generations, but only fifty years before us; you will see what are the sports of Fortune. If, by chance, fifty years ago, a God had disclosed futurity to the Persians and their monarchs, to the Macedonians and their princes, do you think that he would have been able to persuade them, that, in fifty years, the name of Persians, then all-powerful, would be destroyed, and that the Macedonians, whose names were unknown, would be masters of the world? No, the caprices of Fortune, her turns, which baffle all calculation, the unexpected strokes of her power were never more remarkable than in the giving up the empire of Persia to the Macedonians. However, she has only lent them this empire, until she thinks proper to change again.'

'It is this change,' adds Polybius, 'which happened under Perseus. Would not one think that a God revealed future events to Demetrius? Being led by my narrative to the period when the Macedonian dominion terminated, I could not refrain from stopping a moment at this grand revolution, that was accomplished in my own time, and to relate the memorable words of a writer, who, almost by super-human foresight, announced what only happened nearly fifty years after him.'

Polybius admires, in too strong terms, this prophecy of Demetrius; but the whole of this piece will not be less valuable to those who love contemporaneous impressions in history. The style, which is not to be judged of by this translation, is replete with strength and originality. We engage those who delight in these studies, and who will overlook the precipitate manner in which the announcement of such a discovery is made, not to form an opinion from these quotations, selected by chance. England and Germany possess collections solely philological, that will take up with avidity all that is new in these productions. We have not yet had time to examine the whole of the large volume which has just issued from the press of the Vatican, and it is impossible to appreciate this long supplement, or rather all these scattered supplements that Rome adds to her history. It has required many centuries to produce good critical editions of Herodotus, Diodorus, Polybius and Eunapius; even some of them have only appeared in our time; these pieces, which complete them will require a revision, and many years may yet elapse before they are sufficiently spread, examined, and commented. There can be no doubt as to the authenticity of these productions; but they, of course, are not so purely correct as they probably will one day become. Notwithstanding the assistance afforded to the decipherers of the Palimpsestes by the discoveries in chemistry to make the ancient writing appear, in spite of the perseverance of their efforts, they have been unable to read all these remains of lines and words; but they hazard no words, except those they have read, and in the work of M. Peyron he exhibits to the reader the form of all the pages, and the copy of all the letters of the different manuscripts.

OUR VILLAGE.

Country Stories, Scenes, Characters, &c. &c. By Mary Russell Mitford, Author of Julian and Foscari, Tragedies, Dramatic Scenes, &c. &c. Vol. III., post 8vo., pp. 315., 9s. Geo. B. Whittaker. London, 1828.

Miss Mitford is a writer so truly English in her style of composition, and describes English scenes with such exquisite felicity, that we know of no author who stands a fairer chance of going down to posterity without any diminution of popularity from length of years. Throughout the writings of this accomplished lady, there cannot, we believe, be found an instance of affectation or bad taste. Both her poetry and prose are alike distinguished for freshness and vivacity; and nature can be looked at in no truer mirror than in her productions.

The kind of writing which Miss Mitford chiefly delights in, is one which she has made peculiarly her own. The delineation of English character, associated with genuine English scenery, was never before attempted so successfully. 'The Sketch Book' of Washington Irving, abounds in pictures never surpassed for beauty, or, in respect to the scenes they represented, for accuracy. But it was with the eye of a poet, or rather of an enthusiastic but foreign observer, that he wandered among the sylvan landscapes of England. It was the spirit of our olden history he held converse with, rather than with the living inhabitants of our towns and villages; and, exquisitely told as are his stories, we doubt whether a reader, unaccustomed to poetry or romance, would be able to recognise the scenery and character of our country in his descriptions. But the authoress of 'Our Village,' on the contrary, has looked on the landscapes she paints, with an eye long accustomed to their minutest peculiarities,—has conversed and lived among the characters of her different little sketches till not a look or a word is strange to her; and she is too much of a poet to let this familiarity with the objects she describes lessen her power of happy combination. The present volume of 'Our Village' is characterised by all the peculiar excellencies of the former two. The stories are numerous, and as varied as they can be in the limits which the author has prescribed herself. Several of them, however, we think, we recognise as old acquaintances; and we consider ourselves so cruelly treated by Miss Mitford, in thus leading us to suppose we had a nosegay of fresh flowers presented to us, that we award her the punishment of gathering us and the public another as fast as time and reason will allow.

We now proceed to give our readers some specimens of this volume, delightful notwithstanding the censure just passed. Our first extract is

The Two Valentines.

'Valentine's Day is one of great stir and emotion in our little village. In large towns—especially in London—the wicked habit of quizzing has entirely destroyed the romance and illusion of that tender anniversary. But we in the country are, for the most part, uninfected by "over-wiseness," or "over-niceness," (to borrow two of Sir Walter Raleigh's quaint but expressive phrases,) and are content to keep the gracious festival of love-making and *billets-doux*, as simply and confidingly as our ancestors of old. I do not mean to say, that every one of our youths and maidens pair on that day, like the "goldfinch, bullfinch, greenfinch, and all the finches of the grove."—Heaven forbid!—Nor that the spirit of fun hath so utterly evaporated from us, that we have no display of innocent trick or harmless raillery on that licensed morn:—all that I contend for is, that, in our parts, some truth may be found lurking amidst the fictions of those annual rhymes—that many a village beau hath so broken the ice of his courtship—and that many a village belle hath felt her heart throb, as she glanced at the emblematic scroll, and tried to guess the sender, in spite of the assumed carelessness, the saucy head-tossings, and the pretty poutings with which she attempted to veil her real interest. In short, there is something like sincerity amongst us, even in a Valentine;—as witness the number of wooings begun on the Fourteenth of February, and finished in that usual end of courtships and comedies—a wedding—before Whitsuntide. Our little lame clerk, who keeps a sort of catalogue *raisonnée* of marriages, as a companion to the parish-register, computes those that issue from the bursting Valentine-bag of our postman, at not less than three and a half per annum—that is to say, seven between two years.

'But—besides the matches which spring, directly or indirectly, from the *billets* commonly called Valentines—there is another superstition connected with the day, which has no small influence on the destinies of our country maidens. They hold, that the first man whom they espy in the morning—provided that such man be neither of kin to them, nor married, nor an inmate of the same house—is to pass for their Valentine during the day; and, perhaps, (for this is the secret clause which makes the observation important,) to prove their husband for life. It is strange how much faith they put in this kind of *sortes virgilianæ*—this turning over the living leaf of destiny; and how much pains they will take to cheat the fates, and see the man they like best first in spite of the stars! One damsel, for instance, will go a quarter of a mile about, in the course of her ordinary avocations, in order to avoid a youth whom she does not fancy; another shall sit within doors, with her eyes shut, half the morning, until she hears the expected voice of the favourite swain;—whilst, on their part, our country lads take care to place themselves each in the way of his chosen she; and a pretty lass would think herself overlooked, if she had not three or four standing round her door, or sauntering beneath her window, before sunrise.

'Now, one of the prettiest girls in our parish is, undoubtedly, Sally North. Pretty is hardly the proper phrase—Sally is a magnificent girl;—tall, far above the common height of woman, and large in proportion—but formed with the exactest symmetry, and distinguished by the firm, erect, and vigorous carriage, and the light elastic step, peculiar to those who are early accustomed to walk under burthens. Sally's father is an eminent baker—the most celebrated personage in our village; besides supplying half the next town with genuine country bread, which he carries thither himself in his huge tilted cart, he hath struck into other arts of the oven, and furnishes all the breakfast-tables, within five miles, with genuine London rolls. No family of gentility can possibly get through the first meal without them. The rolls, to be sure, are—just like other rolls—very good, and nothing more; but some whim of a great man, or caprice of a fine lady, has put them in fashion; and so Sally walks round the parish every morning, with her great basket, piled to the very brim, poised on her pretty head—now lending it the light support of one slender hand, and now of another; the dancing black eyes, and the bright blushing smile, that flash from under her burthen, as well as the perfect ease and grace with which she trips along, entirely taking away all painful impression of drudgery or toil. She is quite a figure for a painter, is Sally North—and the gipsy knows it. There is a gay, good-humoured consciousness of her power and her beauty, as she passes on her morning round, carolling as merrily as the lark over her head, that makes no small part of her charm. The lass is clever, too—sharp and shrewd in her dealings—and, although sufficiently civil and respectful to her superiors, and never actually wanting in decorum, is said to dismiss the compliments of some of her beaux with a repartee, generally *brusque*, and frequently poignant.

'Of beaux—between the lacqueys of the houses that she takes in her circuit, and the wayfarers whom she picks up on the road—Sally hath more than a court beauty; and two of them—Mr. Thompson, my Lord's gentleman, a man of substance and gravity, not much turned of fifty; and Daniel Tubb, one of Sir John's gardeners, a strapping red-haired youth, as comely and merry as herself—were severally recommended, by the old and the young, as fitting matches for the pretty mistress of the rolls. But Sally silenced Mr. Thompson's fine speeches by a very stout, sturdy, steady "No," and even inflicted a similar sentence (although so mildly, that Daniel did not quite despair) on his young rival; for Sally, who was seventeen last Candlemas-day, had been engaged these three years!

'The love-affair had begun at the Free School at Aberleigh; and the object of it, by name Stephen Long, was the son of a little farmer in the neighbourhood, and about the same age with his fair mistress. There the resemblance ceased; for Stephen had been as incomparably the shortest and ugliest boy in the school, as Sally was the tallest and prettiest girl—being, indeed, of that stunted and large-headed appearance which betokens a dwarf, and is usually accompanied by features as unpleasant in their expression as they are grotesque in their form. But then he was the head boy, and, being held up by the master as a miracle of reading, writing, and cyphering, was a personage of no small importance at Aberleigh; and Sally, being, with all her cleverness, something of a dunce, owed to Stephen much obligation for assistance in the school-business. He arranged, cast up, and set in order on the slate, the few straggling figures which poor Sally called her sum—painted over, and reduced to something like form, the misshapen and disjointed letters in her copy-book—learnt all her lessons himself, and tried most ineffectually to teach them to her—and, finally, covered her unconquerable want of memory by

the loudest and boldest prompting ever heard out of a theatre. Many a rap of the knuckles have Sally North's blunders cost Stephen Long, and vainly did the master admonish him to hold his tongue. Prompt he would—although so incorrigibly stupid was his fair mistress, that, even when the words were put into her mouth, she stumbled at repeating them; and Stephen's officious kindness commonly ended in their being punished in company—a consummation, for his share of which the boy was gallant enough to rejoice. She was fully sensible of this flattering devotion, and repaid it, as far as lay in her power, by taking him under her protection at play-times, in return for the services which he rendered her in school; and, becoming more and more bound to him by a series of mutual good offices, finished by vindicating his ugliness, denying his pedantry, and, when twitted with his dwarfishness, boldly predicting that he would grow. They walked together, talked together, laughed, romped, and quarrelled—in short, it was a decided attachment; and, when our village Romeo was taken as an apprentice by a cousin of his mother's—a respectable hosier in Cheapside—it is on record, that his Juliet—the lightest-hearted personage in the neighbourhood—cried for an hour, and moped for a day. All the school stood amazed at her constancy!

'Stephen, on his side, bore the test of absence, like a knight of Amadis his day. Never was *preux* chevalier so devoted to the lady of his love. Every letter home contained some tender message or fond inquiry; and, although the messages became gradually less and less intelligible, as the small pedantry of the country school-boy ripened into the full-blown affectation of the London apprentice, still Sally was far from quarrelling with a love-message, on so small a ground as not understanding it; whilst, however mysterious his words might seem, his presents spoke his affection in a more homely and convincing language. Of such tokens there was no lack. The very first packet that he sent home, consisting of worsted mittens for his old grandmother, a pair of cotton hose for his sister, and a nightcap for his father, contained also a pair of scarlet garters for Sally; which attention was followed up, at every opportunity, by pincushions, ribbons, thimbles, needle-cases, and as great a variety of female ware as that with which Autolycus's basket was furnished. No wonder that Sally, in spite of occasional flirtations with Daniel Tubb, continued tolerably constant; especially as one of Stephen's sisters, who had been at service in London, affirmed that he was so much improved, as to be one of the smartest beaux in all Cheapside.

'So affairs continued until this identical Valentine's Day. Last spring, a written Valentine, exceedingly choice in its decorations, had made its appearance at Master North's: rather out of date, it must be owned, since, being enclosed in a packet, to save postage, and sent by an opportunity, as the country phrase goes, it had been detained, either by accident or waggery, till the first of April; but this was none of Stephen's fault; there was the Valentine in the newest London taste, consisting of a raised groupe of roses and heart's-ease, executed on a kind of paper cut-work, which, on being lifted up, turned into a cage, enclosing a dove—tender emblem!—with all the rapidity of a change in a pantomime. There the Valentine was;—equally known for Stephen's, by the savour of the verses and the flourish of the signature—the finest specimen of poetry and penmanship, as my friend the schoolmaster triumphantly asserted, that had ever been seen in Aberleigh. "The force of *writing* could no farther go;" so, this year, our "good apprentice" determined to come himself to be her personal Valentine, and to renew, if not complete, their early engagement.

'On this determination being announced to Sally, it occasioned no small perturbation in that fair damsel, equally alarmed at the mental accomplishments and the personal defects of her constant swain. In fact, her feeling towards Stephen had been almost as ideal and unsubstantial as the shadow of a rainbow. She liked to think of him, when she had nothing better to do; or to talk of him, when she had nothing better to say; or to be puzzled by his verses, or laughed at for his homage; but, as a real substantial Valentine, a present wooer, a future husband, and he so ugly, and a poet too—Oh dear! she was frightened to think of it! This impression first broke forth to his sister—who communicated the news of his intended arrival—in a variety of questions, as to Stephen's height, and size, and shape, and complexion; especially as compared with Daniel Tubb's! and was afterwards displayed to that rustic adorer himself; not by words, indeed, but by the encouraging silence and saucy smile with which [illegible] cockney rival, from the top of the B—— stage. "He' tinier than ever," quoth Daniel, "and the smartest dandy that ever was seen. I shall be your Valentine, after all, Sally," pursued her swain; "for I could hide him with the shadow of my fist."

'This was Valentine's-eve. Valentine's-morn saw Sally eyeing the two rivals, through a peep-hole in her little check curtain, as they stood side-by-side, on the green, watching for the first glimpse of their divinity. Never was seen such a contrast. Stephen, whose original square dwarfishness had fined down into a miniature dandy—sallow, strutting, and all over small—the very Tom Thumb of apprentices! Daniel, taller, bigger, ruddier, and heartier than ever—the actual Goliath of country lads! Never was such a contrast seen. At length, Sally, laughing, blushing, and bridling, sallied forth from the cottage—her huge roll basket, but not as usual filled with rolls, carried, not on her head, but in her hands. "I'm your Valentine, Sally! am I not?" exclaimed Daniel Tubb, darting towards her, "you saw me first; I know you saw me first," continued the ardent lover, proceeding to claim the salute usual on such occasions. "Pshaw! nonsense! let me alone then, Daniel, cant't you?" was the reply of his mistress, advancing to Stephen, who perhaps dazzled by the beauty, perhaps astounded by the height of the fair giantess, remained motionless and speechless on the other side of the road. "Would you like a ride in my basket this fine morning, Mr. Stephen?" said the saucy lass, emptying all his gifts, garters, pincushions, ribbons, and Valentines from their huge reservoir, and depositing it on the ground at his feet. "Don't be afraid; I'll be bound to carry you as easily as the little Italian boy carries *his* tray of images. He's not half the weight of the rolls—is he, Daniel?" pursued the unmerciful beauty. "For my part, I think he has grown shorter.—Come, do step in!" And, with the word, the triumphant Daniel lifted up the discomfited beau, placed him safely in the basket, and hoisted the burthen on Sally's head—to the unspeakable diversion of that saucy maiden, and the complete cure of Master Stephen's love. No need, after this, to declare which of the two rivals is Sally North's Valentine. I think, with the little clerk, that they will be married at Whitsuntide, if not before.'—Pp. 71—81.

Among stories of such equal merit, we feel a little at a loss on what to ground our preference in making the extracts. Fortunately, however, for us, the season here helps us, and the following story may be received as a very timely offering:

Whitsun Eve.

'The pride of my heart and the delight of my eyes is my garden. Our house, which is in dimensions very much like a bird-cage, and might, with almost equal convenience, be laid on a shelf, or hung up in a tree, would be utterly unbearable in warm weather, were it not that we have a retreat out of doors,—and a very pleasant retreat it is. To make my readers fully comprehend it, I must describe our whole territories.

'Fancy a small plot of ground, with a pretty low irregular cottage at one end; a large granary, divided from the dwelling by a little court running along one side; and a long thatched shed open towards the garden, and supported by wooden pillars, on the other. The bottom is bounded, half by an old wall, and half by an old paling, over which we see a pretty distance of woody hills. The house, granary, wall and paling, are covered with vines, cherry-trees, roses, honeysuckles, and jessamines, with great clusters of tall hollyhocks running up between them; a large elder overhanging the little gate, and a magnificent bay-tree, such a tree as shall scarcely be matched in these parts, breaking with its beautiful conical form the horizontal lines of the buildings. This is my garden; and the long pillared shed, the sort of rustic arcade which runs along one side, parted from the flower-beds by a row of rich geraniums, is our out-of-door drawing-room.

'I know nothing so pleasant as to sit there on a summer afternoon, with the western sun flickering through the great elder-tree, and lighting up our gay parterres, where flowers and flowering shrubs are set as thick as grass in a field, a wilderness of blossom, nterwoven, intertwined, wreathy, garlandy, profuse beyond all profusion, where we may guess that there is such a thing as mould, but never see it. I know nothing so pleasant as to sit in the shade of that dark bower, with the eye resting on that bright piece of colour, lighted so gloriously by the evening sun, now catching a glimpse of the little birds, as they fly rapidly in and out of their nests—for there are always [illegible] trees, honeysuckles, and China-roses, which cover our walls—now tracing the gay gambols of the common butterflies as they sport around the dahlias; now watching that rarer moth, which the country people, fertile in pretty names, call the bee-bird; that bird-like insect, which flutters in the hottest days over the sweetest flowers, inserting its long proboscis into the small tube of the jessamine, and hovering over the scarlet blossoms of the geranium, whose bright colour seems reflected on its own feathery breast; that insect which seems so thoroughly a creature of the air, never at rest; always, even when feeding, self-poised, and self-supported, and whose wings, in their ceaseless motion, have a sound so deep, so full, so lulling, so musical. Nothing so pleasant as to sit amid that mixture of the flower and the leaf, watching the bee-bird! Nothing so pleasant to look at as my garden! It is quite a picture; only unluckily it resembles a picture in more qualities than one,—it is fit for nothing but to look at. One might as well think of walking in a bit of framed canvas. There are walks to be sure—tiny paths of smooth gravel, by courtesy called such—but they are so overhung by roses and lilies, and such gay encroachers—so over-run by convolvolus, and heart's-ease, and mignonette, and other sweet stragglers, that, except to edge through them occasionally, for the purposes of planting, or weeding, or watering, there might as well be no paths at all. Nobody thinks of walking in my garden. Even May glides along with a delicate and trackless step, like a swan through the water; and we, its two-footed denizens, are fain to treat it as if it were really a saloon, and go out for a walk towards sun-set, just as if we had not been sitting in the open air all day.

'What a contrast from the quiet garden to the lively street! Saturday night is always a time of stir and bustle in our Village, and this is Whitsun-Eve, the pleasantest Saturday of all the year, when London journeymen and servant lads and lasses, snatch a short holiday to visit their families. A short and precious holiday, the happiest and liveliest of any; for even the gambols and merry-makings of Christmas offer but a poor enjoyment, compared with the rural diversions, the Mayings, revels, and cricket-matches of Whitsuntide.

'We ourselves are to have a cricket-match on Monday, not played by the men, who, since a certain misadventure with the Beech-hillers, are, I am sorry to say, rather chap-fallen, but by the boys, who, zealous for the honour of their parish, and headed by their bold leader, Ben Kirby, marched in a body to our antagonists' ground the Sunday after our melancholy defeat, challenged the boys of that proud hamlet, and beat them out and out on the spot. Never was a more signal victory. Our boys enjoyed this triumph with so little moderation, that it had like to have produced a very tragical catastrophe. The captain of the Beech-hill youngsters, a capital bowler, by name Amos Stone, enraged past all bearing by the crowing of his adversaries, flung the ball at Ben Kirby with so true an aim, that, if that sagacious leader had not warily ducked his head when he saw it coming, there would probably have been a coroner's inquest on the case, and Amos Stone would have been tried for manslaughter. He let fly with such vengeance, that the cricket-ball was found embedded in a bank of clay five hundred yards off, as if it had been a cannon-shot. Tom Coper and Farmer Thackum, the umpires, both say that they never saw so tremendous a ball. If Amos Stone live to be a man, (I mean to say, if he be not hanged first,) he'll be a pretty player. He is coming here on Monday with his party to play the return match, the umpires having respectively engaged, Farmer Thackum that Amos shall keep the peace, Tom Coper that Ben shall give no unnecessary or wanton provocation—a nicely-worded lawyer-like clause, and one that proves Tom Coper hath his doubts of the young gentleman's discretion; and, of a truth, so have I. I would not be Ben Kirby's surety, cautiously as the security is worded,—no! not for a white double dahlia, the present object of my ambition.

'This village of our's is swarming to-night like a hive of bees, and all the church bells round are pouring out their merriest peals, as if to call them together. I must try to give some notion of the various figures.

'First there is a groupe suited to Teniers, a cluster of out-of-door customers of the Rose, old benchers of the inn, who sit round a table smoking and drinking in high solemnity to the sound of Timothy's fiddle. Next, a mass of eager boys, the combatants of Monday, who are surrounding the shoemaker's shop, where an invisible hole in their ball is mending by Master Keep himself, under the joint superintendence of Ben Kirby and Tom Coper. [illegible]

and outward deference for his umpire's judgment and experience, but managing to get the ball done his own way after all; whilst outside the shop, the rest of the eleven, the less-trusted commons, are shouting and bawling round Joel Brent, who is twisting the waxed twine round the handles of the bats—the poor bats, which please nobody, which the taller youths are despising as too little and too light, and the smaller are abusing as too heavy and too large. Happy critics! winning their match can hardly be a greater delight—even if to win it they be doomed! Farther down the street is the pretty black-eyed girl, Sally Wheeler, come home for a day's holiday from B., escorted by a tall footman in a dashing livery, whom she is trying to curtsy off before her deaf grandmother sees him. I wonder whether she will succeed!

'Ascending the hill are two couples of a different description. Daniel Tubb and his fair Valentine, walking boldly along like licensed lovers; they have been asked twice in church, and are to be married on Tuesday; and, closely following that happy pair, near each other, but not together, come Jem Tanner and Mabel Green, the poor culprits of the wheat-hoeing. Ah! the little clerk hath not relented! The course of true love doth not yet run smooth in that quarter. Jem dodges along, whistling "cherry-ripe," pretending to walk by himself, and to be thinking of nobody; but every now and then he pauses in his negligent saunter, and turns round outright to steal a glance at Mabel, who, on her part, is making believe to walk with poor Olive Hathaway, the lame mantua-maker, and even affecting to talk and to listen to that gentle, humble creature, as she points to the wild flowers on the common, and the lambs and children disporting amongst the gorse, but whose thoughts and eyes are evidently fixed on Jem Tanner, as she meets his backward glance with a blushing smile, and half springs forward to meet him; whilst Olive has broken off the conversation as soon as she perceived the pre-occupation of her companion, and begun humming, perhaps unconsciously, two or three lines of Burns, whose "Whistle and I'll come to thee, my love," and "Gi'e me a glance of thy bonny black ee'," were never better exemplified than in the couple before her. Really it is curious to watch them, and to see how gradually the attraction of this tantalising vicinity becomes irresistible, and the rustic lover rushes to his pretty mistress like the needle to the magnet. On they go, trusting to the deepening twilight, to the little clerk's absence, to the good humour of the happy lads and lasses, who are passing and repassing on all sides—or rather, perhaps, in a happy oblivion of the cross uncle, the kind villagers, the squinting lover, and the whole world. On they trip, linked arm in arm, he trying to catch a glimpse of her glowing face under her bonnet, and she hanging down her head and avoiding his gaze with a mixture of modesty and coquetry, which well becomes the rural beauty. On they go, with a reality and intensity of affection, which must overcome all obstacles; and poor Olive follows with an evident sympathy in their happiness, which makes her almost as enviable as they; and we pursue our walk amidst the moonshine and the nightingales, with Jacob Frost's cart looming in the distance, and the merry sounds of Whitsuntide, the shout, the laugh, and the song, echoing all around us, like "noises of the air."'—Pp. 146—152.

MEXICO IN 1827.

Mexico in 1827. *By H. G. Ward, Esq., his Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires in that Country, during the years* 1825, 1826, *and part of* 1827. 2 vols. 8vo., with plates and maps. Colburn. London, 1828.

(Concluded from page 454.)

According to Mr. Ward's account, Mexico cannot, during the present century, be a manufacturing country. But her mines and her agriculture will enable her, with only common industry, to enjoy all the advantages of transatlantic arts, and to bring to her own door the luxuries of the highest civilisation.

From the time of the conquest until the commencement of the revolution, the trade of Mexico was confined to the two ports of Acapulco and Vera Cruz. According to Humboldt's estimate, in 1803, the exports of Mexico consisted annually of 21,780,000 dollars, and the imports of 14,650,000. The first effect of the revolution of 1821, was to occasion a sudden decrease in the commercial intercourse of Mexico with Europe; which was reduced, in three successive years, from twenty-one millions and a half of dollars, to nine millions, to which it fell in 1823. This sudden, and apparently unnatural, diminution in the consumption of the country, at the very moment when it was first allowed to taste the advantages of a free trade with Europe, is justly attributed, by Mr. Ward, in part to the simultaneous removal of all those by whom the commercial wants of Mexico had been previously supplied, and to the time which foreign adventurers required, in order to make the necessary arrangements for entering upon a field which was entirely new to them. It was not until the beginning of 1824, that the commercial intercourse with Mexico acquired a new activity. In that year, the trade of Alvarado and Vera Cruz rose from six to sixteen millions and a half of dollars; while that with Tampico, which employed alone 5000 tons of American shipping, must have raised the total amount of the imports and exports of the year to something very near the former average of 21,545,606 dollars. The progress made since that time it is impossible exactly to define, although, from the following produce of the custom-house, and the number of vessels employed in the Mexican trade, it would appear to be very considerable:

	Dollars.
In 1824, the customs produced during the whole year,	4,351,218
In eight months of 1825	4,842,354
In ten months of 1826	7,043,237

In 1823, the number of vessels which cleared out within the province of Vera Cruz, not extending to Tambico, was 116, the tonnage of which amounted to about 10,000 tons. In 1824, 176 vessels entered the ports of Alvarado and Vera Cruz, the tonnage of which amounted to 18,730 tons. In fine, in the course of 1826, 1,273 vessels entered the Mexican ports:

'It must be admitted,' says Mr. Ward, 'that this extraordinary increase of activity in the intercourse between the New and the Old World, taken in conjunction with the rise in the customs from four to eight millions of dollars, (allowing something less than one million for the two months not included in the receipts of 1826,) augurs well in favour of the growing impo-rtance of Mexican trade. It may not, indeed, as yet realise the golden visions of those who, in 1825, regarded the New World as a source of instantaneous wealth; but it certainly holds out, to a well-regulated spirit of commercial enterprise, a prospect of great ulterior advantages.'—Vol. i. p. 445, 446.

And again:

'If changes are judiciously made, and the duties so reduced as to bring the imports more within the reach of the great body of consumers, (who are now either excluded from the market, or forced to purchase their supplies from illicit traders,) I am inclined to believe, that the whole expenses of the Republic may be provided for by the produce of the customs alone.'—Vol. i. p. 474.

Mexico, already so abundantly provided by nature, on account of her agriculture, is still richer by her mineral wealth; and, indeed, 'Mexico, without her mines,' says Mr. Ward, 'notwithstanding the fertility of her soil, and the vast amount of her former agricultural produce, can never rise to any importance in the scale of nations.'—Vol. i. pp. 155.

The annual average produce of the mines of Mexico, before the revolution, amounted to 24,000,000 of dollars, and the average exports to 22,000,000. Since the revolution, the produce has been reduced to 11,000,000 of dollars, while the exports in specie have averaged 13,587,052 dollars in each year. This decrease was, according to Mr. Ward, the consequence of the sudden abstraction of the portion of the Spanish capital, that still remained in the country, after the declaration of independence in 1821. In 1825, the foreign capitals recently invested began to produce some effect; but, in 1826, the total amount of the coinage in the five mints of the Republic did not exceed 7,463,300 dollars, when, in 1819, the amount of the coinage, in the capital alone, was 12,030,515 dollars.

'This,' says Mr. Ward, 'is not to be regarded as indicating a failure on the part of the companies, but merely as proving that the capital introduced by them had not then proved an equivalent for the capital previously withdrawn; or, at all events, that time had not been allowed to repair the ruinous consequences of the sudden abstraction of that capital, and the suspension of all mining works that ensued.'—Vol. ii. p. 39.

There are, at the present moment, seven great English companies, besides one German, and two American companies, employed in working mines in different parts of the republic of Mexico. Mr. Ward enters into very minute particulars on the names and administration of these companies, the nominal capital of each, the capital actually invested, the states in which their labours are carrying on, and the future prospects of every one of these companies. According to his statement, a British capital to the amount of nearly three millions sterling, is actually invested in the Mexican mines, from which at least twelve millions of dollars must have been disbursed in Mexico; and he thinks that, in 1830, that capital will return, in addition to the amount of the silver now raised, 13,000,000 of dollars, which would make a total of about twenty millions of dollars, and should it do so, the increase afterwards will be gradual, but progressive; new mines will be brought into activity as the present scarcity of capital diminishes; and, provided public tranquillity be not disturbed, there is reason to believe that the produce of the mines of Mexico will be, in 1835, nearly equal to the annual average amount derived from them before the revolution. 'In all,' adds Mr. Ward, 'I have given produce, not profits; for these, of course, depend upon the manner in which the operations of the companies are conducted.' The Anglo-Mexican Company alone had expended, in September, 1826, nearly 30,000*l.* in salaries to men, almost all of whom have now been dismissed; and full 100,000*l.* in machinery, not one-twentieth part of which either has been, or ever can be, made use of; while the German Company, by a judicious selection made upon the spot, and by using miners of great experience and activity, has lost nothing, and done more (in proportion) in less time, and with a smaller capital, than any of the foreign companies established in New Spain, and thus has assured its complete success.

As to the ultimate result of the mining operation, we have little hesitation in thinking that it may pay, before three years have elapsed, an interest to the adventurers who have invested their capital in this undertaking.

From the preceding remarks on the population, agriculture, trade, and mines of Mexico, we are inclined to conclude with Mr. Ward, that this country possesses the means of maintaining, in abundance, a population infinitely superior to the present number of its inhabitants;—that, although, from the peculiar position of the country, the agricultural wealth of the table-land is not likely to be brought into the European market, it ensures the general prosperity of the interior; while the cotton, coffee, sugar, indigo, cocoa, and other productions of the coasts, will form, in the course of a few years, a very considerable mass of exportable commodities; that these, in conjunction with the cochineal and the precious metals, must render the external trade of New Spain highly interesting to Europe; while the amount of the population, and the absence of manufactories, give to the internal consumption of the country an importance which none of the other new States of America possesses; that, at last, the ability of Mexico to meet her engagements, under moderately good management, is beyond any doubt, provided the general tranquillity of the republic shall not be again disturbed, and the mines, these very seeds of the opulence of the country, may be restored to their natural level, and produce their former fruits.

After having considered Mexico in an agricultural, commercial, a[illegible]ncial light, we will

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follow our author in his excursions through the interior of the provinces of the new Republic, and endeavour to ascertain, with him, the moral state of the population of New Spain.

A traveller relates, that he journeyed all over Murcia, from Carthagena to Madrid, without seeing a single looking-glass, even in the hair-dressers' shops. Need we, therefore, be surprised, —as we lately asked in citing this circumstance in a Paris periodical,—need we be surprised at the state of ignorance and misery into which South America is plunged, since we know that she has received her civilisation from Old Spain? The immense space of water that lies between them has been no barrier against the introduction of Castilian habits into the bosom of the New Continent. In traversing Old Spain, as well as the New one, we not only listen to the same dialect, but we meet with the same customs, the same vices, and the same intermixture of good and bad qualities. The provinces of the new republic are, at present, as poor as those of the ancient monarchy; not that they want natural resources, but that the inhabitants want that spirit of industry which is necessary to turn them to account.

'We found at Santa Fé the first specimen of the sort of accommodation that we were to expect on our journey through the Tierra Caliente of Mexico. The village was composed of five or six Indian huts, rather more spacious than some which we afterwards met with, but built of bamboos, and thatched with palm-leaves, with a portico of similar materials before the door. The canes, of which the sides are composed, are placed at so respectable a distance from each other as to admit both light and air;—this renders windows unnecessary. A door there is, which leads at once into the principal apartment; in which father and mother, brothers and sisters, pigs and poultry, all lodge together in amicable confusion. In some instances, a subdivision is attempted, by suspending a mat, or two, in such a manner as to partition off a corner of the room; but this is usually thought superfluous. The kitchen occupies a separate hut. The beds are sometimes raised on a little frame-work of cane, but much oftener consist of a square mat placed upon the ground; while a few gourds for containing water, some large glasses for orangeade, a stone for grinding maize, and a little coarse earthenware, compose the whole stock of domestic utensils.'—Vol. ii. pp. 179—180.

The capital of Mexico, and that of Old Spain, bear a striking resemblance to each other; ruins and rubbish obstruct the prospect of the finest buildings—and we behold the inhabitants of Mexico, like those of Madrid, walking in the heat of the sun with the same apathy and indifference. The styles of living in each metropolis are nearly similar—at seven in the morning, they take chocolate,—they breakfast at ten, and go to mass—and afterwards they are engaged in the usual business of the day till two o'clock. They then enjoy the *siesta* till four, when business recommences, and is continued till six: after that, chocolate is again taken; they then repair to the churches for evening prayers. They sup early, and go in the evening to the theatre or to the *tertulia* to sing a *bolao* or dance a *fandango*.

Mr. Ward passes too rapidly over the customs of the countries which he visits, and does not give us a sufficiently clear insight into the peculiarities of the people of Mexico. But, after an attentive observation, it will be evident there exists a very strong resemblance between their manners and those of Old Spain. Like the women of Andalusia, and those of New Grenada, the females of the table-land of Mexico are coquettish, animated, and graceful. Their costume is the same—*la mentilla*—and their features similar—their eyes are black and full of expression—their faces pale, susceptible of quickness and vivacity—their feet are diminutive, their gait is grave and graceful, and, in short, if not completely beautiful, they are, in general, in spite of the dictum of M. Beaufroy, attractive and interesting, even with the disagreeable habit of smoking *el cigar* other imitation of the *senoritas* of Old Grenada. Like the subjects of the monarchy, the citizens of the new republic are vain, slothful, careless, and, at the same time, hospitable, brave, and firm in adversity. The same propensities are visible in both nations; the segar, the nightly serenades, gaming of every description, cock-fighting, the promenades at the *alameda*, of which Mr. Ward gives a very curious account, equally constitute the favourite amusements of the inhabitants of the Peninsula, and those of Mexico. To complete the parallel, the superstitions of both nations are similarly senseless and ridiculous; and as firm a belief exists at Mexico, in the miracles of *Notre Dame de Guadaloupe*, the patron saint of the republic, as is to be found, throughout all Gallicia, in the miracles of Saint James of Compostella.

What we have observed respecting the defects and vices of the Mexicans, would incline us to doubt whether that nation is destined to hold an important post in the world, were we not convinced, as we really are, that it is human institutions that make the man; and, under an active and enlightened Government, any people may become intelligent and industrious. Mr. Ward himself inclines to this doctrine, and even M. Beaufroy, whose book is a continual satire on republican institutions—he who could not discover more than eight lady-like women in all Mexico—is, nevertheless, compelled to confess that, even before his departure from the capital, very rapid and striking improvements had taken place in the manners of society. All travellers agree in describing the Mexicans as strong, vigorous, and rather full of intelligence, and Mr. Ward's book contains a variety of facts, offensive, perhaps, to the rather royalist taste of this gentleman, which prove that this republican equality which is established in Mexico, has powerfully contributed to obliterate the distinction of castes which existed before the declaration of independence, and has tended to elevate the character of the lower classes of the nation.

We have already pointed out the principal improvements carried on in Mexico, subsequent to the declaration of independence; and we shall content ourselves with introducing a fact, which we borrow from the work of Mr. Ward, as a rational ground for our expectations:

'Before the revolution, the streets of the capital were infested with a race of naked lazzaroni, whose numbers were supposed to amount to nearly twenty thousand, and who were, at once, the disgrace and the bane of all public places. This class has now almost totally disappeared; clothing has become so common that none appear without it. In the mining districts, a similar change has occurred; and, as the resources of the country develop themselves, there is little doubt that it will gradually spread into the most remote provinces.'—Vol. i. pp. 22, 23.

The reforms brought about by the Republican Government of Mexico are numerous, though they may be inadequate to produce the prosperity of this new state. The liberty of religious worship is not yet recognised; the judicial system of the republic, which Mr. Ward passes over in silence, a wretched legacy of Old Spain, is inconsistent and incoherent, and calls for a thorough-paced reformation; public institutions, about which, also, Mr. Ward says nothing, fail in receiving encouragement from the executive power; the public roads are abominable; the most fertile lands are still destitute of cultivation; and a population of eight millions of inhabitants is, in a manner, wasted over a surface of more than one hundred thousand square leagues, which might easily sustain one hundred millions of inhabitants. In the actual state of circumstances, the internal conveyance of merchandises is nearly impossible, so that Mr. Ward says:

'The difficulty of communication between the maritime provinces and the table-land, makes wheat an object of luxury to the people of the former; for, strange as the assertion may appear, in the present state of the roads, it would be easier and cheaper for towns, upon the eastern and western coast, to draw their supplies from the United States or California, by sea, than from the nearest corn land on the table-land.'—Vol. i. p. 47.

Thus, while the wheat rots in the wide plains of La Puebla and Valladolid, flour is sold at twenty dollars a barrel at Vera Cruz; and this is a circumstance which completes the parallel between Old and New Spain, since the same and similar effects are manifested in the plains of Castile, and in the mountains of Gallicia.

This review will enable the reader to form an estimate of the importance of Mr. Ward's publication; for, though we have already alluded to some deficiencies, and have reason to complain that the author has not given us sufficiently ample information, respecting the system of administration pursued by the actual Government of Mexico, and some particulars of the men at the head of affairs, yet we consider this work as the best and most complete that has been hitherto published on this subject. The style is perspicuous, the distribution of the matter is judicious, the maps are well executed, and the plates do ample justice to the delineatory talents of Mrs. Ward.

THE ENGLISH IN FRANCE.

The English in France. By the Author of 'The English in Italy.' 3 vols. 12mo. Saunders and Otley. London, 1828.

The class of novels to which 'The English in France' belongs, has originated in the love of travelling, and a superabundance of published tours. The one, carrying men of all tastes and dispositions abroad, where those who have a talent for observation find the most engaging objects to employ it; and the other, inducing them to throw the result of their observations into any other form than that of diaries or travels. The public has gained considerably by this. There is no better method of delineating national character than by a well-told tale; and, by introducing different personages to our acquaintance, every scene has additional brightness and distinctness.

The publication now before us contains a variety of tales, each exhibiting some amusing trait, either of foreign character, or of continental fashions engrafted on English feelings. For the proof of their merit in this respect, we must refer our readers to the work itself, which well deserves a place among the best of the light works of the day. The chapter which best suits our purpose for extract, is that relating the 'Adventure of a Tar,' which is told in a very lively manner. The subject of this little narrative was a Lieutenant in the English navy, commanding a small sloop of war, which cruised off the north-western coast of France, and amused itself incessantly in the most desperate attacks on the enemy's vessels. It was not, however, in skirmishing under a fog with some stray schooner, or in way-laying the fishing-smacks that ventured out to sea, that Lieutenant ——— was left to employ his courage or his invention. Orders were sent him to distribute a number of printed proclamations along the coast. They were full of inflammatory matter against the Emperor, and warm appeals to the people in favour of the exiled Bourbons. The commander of the sloop was too much interested in an affair which seemed to be of such importance, and called for the exercise of so much boldness, to intrust the management of it to another. He accordingly set off to execute the mission himself. He was put ashore one night to the north of Etaples—posted the proclamations on the very sentry-boxes of the guards, on the cannon, and on the door of the Prefecture. But when he had completed his purpose, and was about to return, he found the alarm had been raised, and that he was cut off on every side from escape. His boat was ordered to wait for him off a cape between Wimereux and Ambleteuse. What followed, we leave the author to relate in his own words:

'The daylight at length began to glimmer, and by its aid in vain did the boat's crew of the *Ariel* ender-

vour to descry the figure of their commander on the appointed shore. Fatally separated from them, it found him still in the *garenne*, as it is called, of Wimereux. A more desolate spot could not have been chosen for a brave man to meet his fate. It consisted of a cluster of sand-hills, of which the materials, washed away from the high places of the coast, were here borne in on the flat country by the tide. In this manner the ocean forms a barrier against itself, which alone preserves the valleys and low grounds on this weather-beaten coast from being inundated and converted into so many estuaries at every high tide. Even for this purpose, those hills of shifting materials would not prove sufficient, but for the sea-thistle and marine rush, which, with other shrubs and herbs, take root, and give consistency to the soil. In disastrous and disorderly periods, the wretched inhabitants of the region have torn away these shrubs for fuel; and the consequence has been—it was the case during the early part of the Revolution—that the sea has poured in and overwhelmed the region beyond. Now, however, severe edicts forbid such dangerous larceny, and the sea-thistle and the rush are not only protected, but frequently planted for the security of the barrier.

'Notwithstanding its utility, a more dreary place cannot be conceived; and none indeed are known to enter it, save the hardy sportsmen, who hire it for the season's shooting. Here, then, did the morning break upon Lieutenant ——, who, exhausted with his journey, his watching, and his unsuccessful efforts, had sunk for a short time to seek refreshment in repose. After a survey round, in which he heard the nearing shouts of his enemies on all sides, he thought it best to widen and prepare the aperture of a rabit-burrow for his reception. Into this he sunk himself, covering his lurking-place with a thicket of sea-holly: his enemies soon penetrated in search of him, trod near and around him, poked with their bayonets into rabbit-holes and thickets; but none made the sought discovery. Here he remained until two hours after noon: his stock of biscuit was exhausted. He hoped, however, to find his enemies not so vigilant that evening as they had been the preceding one. They had been gone for some time; all sound and clamour had died away, and the sailor thought he might step forth to reconnoitre. His enemies were too cunning for him: aware that he must be hidden, they lay in wait, silent, and pretending to have departed, expecting, as took place, that he would venture forth. He had taken but a few steps, when the raised cry of one of those on the watch warned the poor Briton that he was discovered, and called his enemies to the capture.

'Fight was madness; Lieutenant —— struck out and ran. His impulse was to gain the sea, and trust himself to it, even swimming. The ambuscade was, however, 'twixt him and it. He ran, nevertheless, southwards, hoping that some ravine, or turn of the coast, would allow him to gain the beach. The French did not fire. The orders of the exasperated commandant were, no doubt, to take him alive. There was no possibility of his escape. The young conscripts enjoyed the novelty of chasing an enemy, and followed with shouts of alacrity and triumph. The commandant himself was at their head, and had the ground permitted him to make use of a horse, he might soon have overtaken the fugitive.

'The latter, in the mean time, gained upon their pursuers, who still, however, keep between him and the coast, and his flight seemed directed towards an old veritable chateau, for it was castle-like in appearance, which seemed built to catch every breath of wind from sea. Some withered trees stood around it, as if to afford a shelter, that they seemed to need. For they stretched landwards, in an imploring attitude, and, indeed, put forth foliage only in that direction. Thither the fugitive directed his course,—why, or with what hope, is not easily conceived. Even if he could enter, he could not hope to defend it.

'The possessor of the chateau, or at any rate his tenant, was the commandant himself, whose family at the very time occupied it, no doubt, for the salubrity of the sea-breezes, and the convenience of its position to his duties.

'With no wiser instinct, however, than that of the over-hunted fox, the unfortunate sailor rushed towards the bleak chateau, entered its court, its door, and rushed up a short stair into the saloon. A lady was seated there, as also a boy, her son apparently, at her feet. Ere she could recover from her surprise, the intruder made known who he was, his imminent danger, and craved refuge and concealment. It was not to be expected, and was perhaps asked without expectation. The lady, not without commiseration, bade him [illegible] where; that it was the residence of the commandant, that she was his wife, and that there was no possibility, no chance. The door below was dashed open; the pursuers rushed up.

'As the commandant himself entered, a legion at his back, the fugitive, taking, as it appeared, an ungenerous advantage of the lady's compassion, seized her son, bore him in her despite to the farthest corner of the apartment, and putting a pistol to the child's temple, called upon his pursuer to desist.

'The terrified commandant, though prepared to close with his enemy, shrunk back from his posture of determination; whilst the mother of the child, unable to move a limb or utter a cry, held forth her hands in agony and powerlessness.

'"A life for a life, if you persist, or move a step," cried the seaman. "I know the fate reserved for me, if taken. Let me spring from this window and gain the beach unpursued, or—"

'"It is mine only son," cried the commandant, hesitating.

'"So much the better," observed the seaman, coolly.

'"I cannot palter," (*transiger* was the word,) "with my duty," said the commandant, hesitating still.

'The mother shrieked, and the shriek went to the soul of the seaman, who menaced a barbarity that he would have died a thousand deaths ere he could have committed.

'"You are a cowardly ruffian to have believed me capable of it," said the seaman, who wronged his adversary by the reproach, inasmuch as his determined look fully bespoke the act he threatened. As he spoke, he flung himself against the window, went through it, but fell, and, ere he could rise, more than twenty fellows were around or upon him, and the gallant Lieutenant was a captive.

'He was conveyed into the town with shouts of triumph, his captors amusing themselves by adorning him with the numbers of his own proclamation that he had scattered; and treated with every ignominy and harshness, he was committed for that evening to the military prison.

'The taking of a spy, and more especially the threatened execution of one, made, of course, a mighty noise and bustle throughout the department of the Pas de Calais. Aware of the progress of the Allies, the inveterate commandant pressed the trial, and every intermediate step that was to precede his final vengeance. The citizens, nevertheless, Bonapartists as they were, had no such sanguinary wishes, but rather commiserated the brave man. The fishermen felt still more sympathy, and resolved amongst each other to return Lieutenant ——'s past kindness and forbearance to them, by rescuing him at any hazard.

'They kept their designs secret with ease, as they form quite a different class from the rest of the population, with whom they hold no sort of intercourse but for the purposes of buying and selling. In order to mask their intentions, they took occasion to display the utmost fury against the spy; and their vociferations for sunken boats and lost cargoes, of which they accused loudly the commander of the *Ariel*, resounded in the ears of the commandant, as also in those of the pretended victim, who was at a loss to account for gratuitous inveteracy.

'From the military prison to the Palais of Justice, or scene of trial, was a considerable distance, and the captive more than once meditated the possibility of escape, as he was brought back and forward. He was not manacled; but the guard was always too strong for the hope or the attempt. As he returned from condemnation, the prisoner and escort were surrounded by an immense throng of fishermen and their wives, and these last were neither the least active nor least vociferous. They cried, "Death to the spy!" "Down with the corsair!" "Cursed Englishman! where are our men and our vessels?"—and a smart volley of stones, seemingly intended for the prisoner, but really overwhelming the escort, made the soldiers think it was most prudent for them to give up the victim of popular fury. And as he was to be hanged on the morrow, the fate that at present was imminent over him, was less ignominious than that which justice threatened.

'The fishermen and women, therefore, carried off their prey without opposition, or rather drove it before them, pelting and shouting, and, in many instances, severely wounding one another, that the earnestness of their rage might not be called in question. The soldiers followed, however, somewhat mistrustful, through the narrow lanes and passages, by which the victim and his apparent assassins, but real rescuers, hurried find the mangled body of their late prisoner at every step; on the contrary, victim and avengers disappeared. They were no sooner out of sight of the military, than the brawny fishermen, seizing Lieutenant ——, bore him at full speed, each holding a limb, through their suburb; again putting him upon his feet, and chasing him before them, as they emerged upon the quay. There, chasing and abusing, they directed him towards a little pilot-boat that lay moored at the extremity of the wooden pier. "There's your home, brother tar," cried they, pointing to the waves. Lieutenant —— shook the hand of the speaker, plunged in, gained the skiff in a trice, unmoored it, hoisted its sail, and swept out of the harbour, ere a single shot could be brought to bear upon him.'—Vol. ii., pp. 143—154.

M'CORMAC ON STAMMERING.

A Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Hesitation of Speech or Stammering, as discovered by Henry M'Cormac, M.D., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, and of the Society of Natural History, Belfast, &c. &c. &c. Post 8vo., pp. 112. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

We remember, about twelve months since, to have seen a paragraph, in a number of the most popular journals, announcing that the King of the Netherlands had purchased, for a large sum, of some individual whose name we have forgotten, the lately discovered *secret* of effectually curing stammering and defects of utterance. Some of our contemporaries, too, mentioned, with an air of mystery, the success which had attended the efforts of a few practitioners in London and elsewhere, who had practised in the wonderful discovery; and we have heard, that one gentleman, who invariably *swears* his patients to secresy, has, on some occasions, received so high a sum as one hundred guineas for the communication of the mystical remedy.

We were inclined to consider that there was a vast deal of quackery in all this, till we received, a few days back, a pamphlet entitled a detail of the 'Progress of the Brosterian System for the effectual removal of impediments of Speech,' &c. This little volume contains a variety of testimonials, from numerous individuals who have been, for the last four or five years, under the care of John Broster, Esq., F.A.S.E., in the treatment of all whose cases he seems to have been satisfactorily, if not thoroughly, successful; but, throughout his book, the method of his singular cure is studiously concealed, so much so, in fact, as to create an intense curiosity in the minds even of those who are so fortunate as not to require his aid. This important discovery, this cabalistic mystery, is now brought to light; and the work before us by Dr. M'Cormac, contains a full exposition of the long-treasured *arcanum*.

We identify the two, because stammering can only proceed from ONE organic *cause*; and, this cause being known, its cure is easy; so that, Dr. M'Cormac having demonstrated the one, we can have no doubt as to the efficacy of the other; and, in fact, all the *hints* obscurely scattered through Mr. Brown's book, apply, without fail or exception, to Dr. M'Cormac's theory.

Before proceeding further, however, it is necessary to do the latter gentleman the justice to say, that the discovery now announced by him is his *own*. He is not declaring a piece of imported knowledge, but the result of personal investigation; let him, however, speak for himself:

'The important information which I have the happiness of announcing in the following pages, is indefeasibly my own, not being acquired from the experience of others, but arising in my own mind, from a consideration of the nature of the complaint. It is true my attention was led to it by accident; but, having been once turned in the direction of truth, it continued so till I had arrived at a satisfactory conclusion, without a communication with any human being.

'I cannot, of course, say that no other person was in possession of the means before me; I do not assert, that I was the first to *make* the discovery; but I allege that I am the first to *communicate* it. If

doubt that some are) of removing hesitation of speech, they have preferred converting their knowledge into a source of mere personal emolument; whilst I, without taking upon myself to blame them, have preferred the mental satisfaction arising from the consciousness of benefiting my fellow-creatures at large, to any other motive, however lucrative or promising.'—Pp. vii, viii.

After this declaration, equally honourable to the head and the heart of the Doctor, he proceeds to detail the circumstances which first induced him to turn his attention to the subject:

'Being in the city of New York, in the latter end of the year 1826, I was given to understand, that a Mrs. Leigh of that city was in possession of means, which she exercised with success, for the removal of stuttering or stammering. I did not pay at first, nor would I subsequently have paid, much attention to this piece of information, (as I should have merely noticed it as a new instance of charlatanism,) but it was also accompanied with the assurance that Mrs. Leigh had obtained, from several of the medical gentlemen of New York, (men incapable of lending their names wilfully to shield an imposture,) certificates declaring their belief in the truth of her allegations; they were also, I was told, admitted into her confidence, after a solemn assurance, on their parts, that they would not betray it. Hence they became, without the possibility of failure, competent judges of her method of proceeding, and of the results. In this, indeed, they could not be mistaken; they saw that the same means invariably produced the same results, and gave their testimony accordingly in favour of Mrs. Leigh's system.

'I was much gratified at the receipt of this intelligence, as it gave me every reason to believe that stammering, which I had hitherto believed incurable, was by no means so, but quite the reverse; at the same time, I was grieved to think, that a discovery of so much importance to mankind should be exercised only for the benefit of those few whose time and fortune permitted their having access to Mrs. Leigh's services.

'This account, indeed, greatly excited my curiosity as to the means by which an affliction so grievous, and hitherto irremediable, could be removed or alleviated; but, unless by the exercise of whatever intellectual sagacity I possessed, I saw no means of arriving at the knowledge I was in quest of, so as to be able to communicate it. My regret at this, however, was much abated, when I considered that what another had done, I might possibly do likewise.

'It occurred to me, that the best way to begin, would be to consider the nature of the disease, and, if possible, to unravel the process of its action. This I did, with the desired result; and, to my satisfaction, found that the cause hitherto so inscrutable, was one, not only easy to be understood, but capable of being annihilated with the utmost facility, in a short time, by any one who was, with myself, aware of the secret.

'My delight at the discovery, though great, was certainly not to be compared with my astonishment, from its extreme simplicity, at its not having been sooner made.

'I began my investigation with the supposition, that stammering was in general a vicious habit of speech, whose origin and real nature remained to be yet discovered. I commenced with calling to mind the mode of utterance attempted by stammerers; and I repeated to myself, with all the correctness of which my imagination was capable, the procedure which stammerers employ when speaking or about to speak. By the practice and consideration of those means, it suddenly occurred to me, that stuttering was such as I have already informed the reader, *an attempt to speak when the lungs are in a state of collapse.* But still it seemed so wonderfully simple, that, although I could trace no fallacy in my deductions, I resolved not to be satisfied, until I had put them to the test of experiment. This it was not in my power to accomplish, the remains of the passing year, and part of the next, being occupied by two successive tours in the United States; during which, the reason will be obvious why I did not choose to communicate my process to any second person by word or letter. Returning at length to Europe, in the latter end of the year 1827, I essayed the truth of my theory on more than one individual,—when my experiments were crowned with perfect success; but, from that time to the present, circumstances did not permit me to lay the results of my discovery before the public.'—Pp. 32—34.

Such is the plain, unvarnished tale of the discovery of this inval[illegible] information; and, in a few pages further, the author gives a more full and satisfactory account of this theory:

'The primary cause of psellismus then,' says he, 'in common with that of many other irregular or abnormal affections, arises from the want of knowledge in the patient to put his organs in the proper train for executing the desired freedom of action; but the proximate cause in most cases *arises from the patient endeavouring to utter words, or any other manifestation of voice, when the air in the lungs is exhausted, and they are in a state of collapse, or nearly so.* In this consists the discovery, hitherto made by none; or, if made, not announced. The patient endeavours to speak when the lungs are empty, and cannot. Why? Because the organs of voice are not struck by the rushing current of air; they do not vibrate; therefore voice or speech cannot take place, whatever position we put them and the organs of speech into; for the organs of *voice* are a distinct apparatus from those of *speech*, though they are commonly confounded; we can utter a voice without speech or words, but not the latter without the former. In vain do we press down the keys of an organ—the many-toned tubes will not vibrate without the air rushing through them: so in vain do we place the *chordæ tendinæ*, and the muscles, and the membranes, and the bones of the air tubes, and of the mouth and the nose, into a proper position; words will not follow our efforts, any more than they can issue *simply* from the moving lips an automaton of departed men, imagined by our ancestors.'—Pp. 14—16.

The slightest reflection or experiment on themselves, will be sufficient to convince our readers of the truth of these simple facts as above detailed; and their announcement leads at once to the method of *cure*, which we give in the words of the author:

'Having now gone through a statement of all the methods of cure, which have at any time been proposed, I shall next proceed to those which a correct knowledge of the disease, in its nature and cause, enables me to point out with unerring certainty. And I have the satisfaction of assuring the reader, that habitual stuttering, however severe and inveterate its form may be, will invariably yield to his efforts, in a greater or less space of time, if he employ with constancy the means which I shall dictate. It would, no doubt, be very desirable that some mode of cure could be devised, whereby the patient might get rid of his malady, while he himself remained passive the while; but it will be evident to him, after a careful perusal of the foregoing pages, that he can expect the operation of no magical or mysterious agency in his favour, as the quickness of the cure must depend solely upon the earnestness of his own exertions.

'If the person who is affected, be very young, he will need another to direct him and superintend the process; but, if not, the help of no second individual will be requisite. The main thing to be attended to, and which, in fact, is the ground-work of the whole system of cure, is, to expire the breath strongly each time when attempting to speak, the lungs being previously filled to the utmost, or, in other words, to reverse the habit of stuttering, which is that of trying to speak without expiring any air.'—Pp. 82, 83.

On the general principle, Dr. M'Cormac grounds a system of treatment equally simple in its operation and rational in its deduction; but for its details, which are too voluminous for quotation in our pages, we must refer our readers to the book itself. From what we see of the theory, and have heard, from good authority, of the effects of the Doctor's practice, we are fully inclined to subscribe to his assertion, that,

'By the most ordinary attention to the information conveyed in his pages, individuals affected with stammering, may, of themselves, remove, with the utmost ease and facility, and, in a very short space of time, the most inveterate and confirmed habits of stuttering, no matter of how many years' duration, or when contracted.'—*Preface to the Treatise.*

The generous feelings which have prompted the publication of a matter, which, if held uncommunicated, might have proved a source of so much emolument, deserves the highest praise; and we have little doubt, that the intrinsic value of the work before us will instantly recommend it to the notice of the public, and procure for its author that distinction to which his talents and philanthropy alike entitle him.

Letters to a Young Person in India. By Lieut. Col. John Briggs, late Resident at Satara. Small 8vo. pp. 241. Price 7*s.* 6*d.* Murray. London, 1828.

This little volume contains much information and useful instruction, adapted to the use of young men going out to, or employed in, India. It is written by a gentleman well acquainted with their wants, whether engaged in a civil or military capacity; and the cautions he gives them against the dangers to which they are exposed on first going abroad, are addressed to them in a vein of great good sense. Some parts of the letters may perhaps be regarded as a little too puerile in the nature of their contents; but they are, on the whole, very useful, and contain a great many particulars not known to much older readers than those for whom they were originally written. The publication should be in the hands of every young person going out to India.

The Prima Donna, a Tale of To-Day. Bull. 12mo. pp. 320. London. 1828.

The subject of this tale is an interesting one. A young and fascinating woman, enjoying a popularity, of which poets and conquerors would be proud, and possessing the most engaging personal accomplishments, may well be expected to attract almost as many lovers as admirers. The heroine of this is, however, presented in the still more interesting situation of a woman loving with all the ardour of unsophisticated youth, and finding her passion returned without the romance of love being disturbed by her notoriety.

The tale of 'The Prima Donna' is written in warm and glowing language, but is not offensive for any overwrought scenes; and it will meet with attention from many of the admirers of Mademoiselle Sontag.

Costança, a Poem, by W. H. Merle, Esq., 8vo., pp. 127., price 7*s.* 6*d.* Longman. London, 1828.

There is, in many parts of this publication, an expression of great poetical feeling; but it is incorrect in its versification, and deficient in the proper management of the subject. Long digressions and reflections, multiplied beyond their proper bounds, destroy the effect of its most interesting portions; and a poem which, with more skill in the author's employment of the external aids of his art, might have been well deserving of attention, is ruined by the many faults of this kind with which it is disfigured.

Contrast. By Regina M. Roche. 3 vols. 1*l.* 1*s.* A. K. Newman. London, 1828.

Mrs. Roche has long been known as a very respectable Novelist of the Radcliffe School, and some of her early productions obtained considerable popularity. The present work has been written, it appears, under great domestic trouble and anxiety; but it is creditable to the talents of the Authoress, and will, there is no doubt, be very acceptable to the readers who have not lost their taste for Novels of this class by a perusal of the more fashionable ones of the day. We trust Mrs. Roche will obtain the notice for her work which it deserves.

Mr. Pocock.

The simple Parisians have been equally amused and astonished at the account of Mr. Pocock of Bristol's carriage being drawn by *paper kites.* They are little aware, it appears, of how many equipages in the city, and at the west end of the town, have been long going exclusively *by the same means.*

Irish Wakes.

Wakes are not peculiar to the sister isle; they still are, and long have been, practised in Holland. David Beek, the celebrated painter of Leyden, having died, (*i. e.* Hibernice,) the body was daily laid out; and, to mitigate their grief, his domestics ransacked the cellars of their deceased master, and drank so largely to the *health of the corpse*, that they finally became intoxicated. As a last proof of his affection to his former patron, one of his servants resolved to give the defunct *bongré malgré lui* a glass of potent *Scheidam*, or Geneva: and actually contrived to pour it down his throat, and then with his companions pursued his libations until the whole party lay in all the unconsciousness of excessive inebreity on the floor. David, if presumed dead, was not, however, *spirit proof*, for he revived by the ardent draught; and awaking to sense, was no less astonished at the state in which he found himself, than at the general prostration of his faithful adherents. He lived and painted subsequently.

THE STATE OF SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

[Fragments from the Travels of Theodore Elbert, a young Swede.]

No. III.

By society, I do not mean the intercourse between persons of the same class which friendship, or the desire of relaxation, or the madness for amusement, produces; but I mean the condition of human nature, in which men are assembled together, and bound by laws, for the comfort and protection of each other. This social union is, of course, of a very different kind in various countries; and I intend to comment on some of the peculiarities which it seems to exhibit in England. Among these, the first I shall mention is the nature and degree of the influence exercised by wealth.

'Wealth! wealth! wealth! Praise be to the god of the nineteenth century! The golden idol—the mighty Mammon!' Such are the accents of the time, such the cry of the nation. There never was an age when money could accomplish so much as now in England. There never was a time when it was so necessary for comfort. There may here and there be an individual who does not spend his heart in labouring for riches; but there is nothing approaching to a class of persons actuated by any other desire. To rest contented with poverty, demands more courage in any man than would furnish forth a score of martyrs, or a hundred heroes. He who would attempt to make the improvement of his own nature, and of his age, the business of his life, and therefore to remain satisfied with a spare and unostentatious subsistence, is railed at, as one knowing nothing of the true objects of existence, a useless and contemptible being, to be treated with haughtiness by every gambler in the funds, by every man whose soul is put out at compound interest, whose very being is garnered in a money-chest, by every owner of hereditary acres, and oracle of hereditary wisdom. To succeed in life is to make a large fortune, without doing any thing which would send a man to prison. To be unsuccessful is not the being ignorant, or luxurious, or envious, or sensual; but simply the being poor,—the one unpardonable sin—not against the Spirit of God, but against the spirit of the world. In England, the poor man walks surrounded with an atmosphere of shame. He lives upon the bitter crumbs of insolence which fall from the rich man's table; and the common air of social humanity reaches him only in pinching blasts.

Wherefore is this? It is a dark ingrained spot in the national mind. It is a propensity which every good man must oppose; and which, if the country were in a healthy state, could never have grown upon it. But, like every thing else, it must have its cause, or its causes, for they probably are many; and those causes, it would be well worth while to discover. The chief of them seems to be the nature of the Government, which is founded, half on privilege, and half on wealth. But the wealth can buy the privilege; and with it, therefore, is ultimately lodged the whole political power of England. The Government is a Chrysocracy. Not that form of polity, in which power is adapted to property, and the greatest mass of property has the chief dominion in the commonwealth; but that in which a small number of the richest individuals retain, in their own hands, the whole energies of the state. The law of succession in England, which gives the whole landed property to the eldest son, has set the fashion with regard to other property; and it is the ambition of every man who can obtain a large fortune, to transmit it undiminished to some one of his family. Those great inheritances become the standards by which opinion measures wealth; and, as society is not parcelled out by any impassable barriers, there is a perpetual struggle upward, from step to step, in the scale of riches and of consequent estimation, which concentrates the whole mind, and every feeling of the country, into the voracity for gain. Power, rank, political influence, all the most splendid objects of human eagerness are, to an Englishman, comprised in wealth: and what is there of wonder, that the talents, and industry, and enterprise of the country, all that should be instruments of good, are devoted to this one pursuit?

Hence arises that indifference to every thing in literature which does not minister either to amusement or profit. Hence it is, that novels and works on political economy, are the only books that now find favour, except, indeed, those party histories which are intended as engines of attack or defence for profitable monopolies: and, hence, our popular literature is completely stripped of that majestic character imprinted upon it of old, by minds which were directed to far other aims than the mere work-day business of vulgar interests. Hence it is, that nothing is an end in itself; nothing precious to man except as leading him to riches: and truth and benevolence are good only because they minister to the increase of the means of enjoyment.

The Englishman of the nineteenth century does not, indeed, like those who laud the wisdom of our ancestors for the things in which alone they were foolish, discover, in the errors of the past, the links that connect it with the present; but he sees, in the merits of the present, a barrier that separates it from the past. In his view, we may analyse the mind by chemical solvents, and melt the heart in a blow-pipe; we may arrive at the innermost secrets of the universe by algebraic process; and, by extraction of the square root, lay bare the deepest fibres of the tree of knowledge. A pair of compasses and a quadrant are means, not only of intellectual progress, but of moral regeneration. He thinks to discover God amid the skies, by taking an observation; and physical science is not merely the wand of Moses to call forth water from the rock, and to govern natural causes, but the fiery presence and living glory of the Deity. To him the most spiritual of poetry is dreaming, religion is mysticism, and enthusiasm madness. His vocabulary is confined to the one word 'utility,' and the beautiful, the true, the good, are its subservient offspring,—not princes and gods themselves, but slaves to the peddling merchant, expediency. He weighs the happiness of mankind as a usurer his ingots, and numbers it as a farmer his sheaves: for to him it consists only in sheaves and ingots, and those faculties of our nature, which cannot employ themselves in reading bills of exchange, and reckoning oxen,—are a sound—a fancy—nothing. His philosophy is only another name for the general principles of profit and loss, and his mind is a blank signed with the style and title of MAN, but to be filled up as may be determined by the 'science of circumstances.' In defiance of all the records of poor men, whose good feelings have made them happy, he sees, in political economy, not merely the science of the laws which regulate wealth, but the science which alone must govern the welfare of our species; and he would be willing to sacrifice, not only sight, hearing, and speech, so that he might be wealthy, but earnestness, gentleness, courage, and love of truth, —faith, hope, and charity.

Such is the philosopher of the day, and so different his wisdom from that which would have in it any thing of a reforming or purifying power. But the most melancholy peculiarity of the age is, the effect on the great mass of the instructed classes of this inordinate and all-devouring eagerness for riches. There is nothing round us of that meditative calm in which the mind of a nation might deliberately address itself to high aims, and serenely take upon it the noble and laborious task of self-regeneration. The whole energies of the land and time, are given up to 'spending and getting;' and the exhausting anxiety for money leaves behind it a lassitude from which no stimulants can rouse, except those which embody the fiercest turbulence of evil passions. The nation is thus diseased to the very core. Its physicians offer it poisons for remedies, and the malady which preys upon it prevents it from discovering that it is not in the vigorous flush of health. Why does not a prophet arise among this great people, to lament over them, as did the Seers of Judah over their degraded country? To tell them of their lapses and their wanderings, and to exhibit, in mighty and terrible visions, the judgments which wait upon the ill-doings of nations? Yet, would the voice of an Isaiah be listened to on the Stock Exchange? or the pampered heart of aristocracy tremble at the accents of Ezekiel?

No: there are men in England who could accomplish this work, if it were to be done on a sudden. But this may not be. A change of institutions is necessary; and this change cannot take place without an alteration in the mind of the country. To this reform of thought and feeling, it is not likely that England will arrive, until she has been taught by much sorrow, been disciplined into wisdom by suffering, and learnt to listen to the voices of the teachers, of such men as Wordsworth and Coleridge, and, in another way, Chalmers, who for years have been speaking to those that will not hear, and uttering truth to those that will not understand. What immediate change can be hoped for, when, even in the appointed places of education, the same profuse expenditure is observed, as that which is seen through all the rest of England, and which makes it necessary for every one, in the upper and middling classes, to think of scarce any thing but the means of gain. From these institutions men come into the world with habits of luxury, which are the curse of their future years, and which often make their lives but one long struggle of expense and anxiety, display and misery.

The evil does not reside in the want or the superfluity of wealth, but in the inequality of its distribution. It is easy to refer this, as is so commonly and so vaguely done, to the influence of civilisation, and to look no further. But if, as is no doubt the case, the division of labour and the progress of the arts tend to produce this result, wherefore should artificial institutions tend to increase the evil? Wherefore should the laws of inheritance be such as to perpetuate a moral mischief of the most lamentable kind,—such as to make the few rich, and the many poor, and thereby establish laws of opinion, which lead the many to drudge away their lives in seeking to gain the same level as the few? And, though it may be said that this can act but upon a small part of the community, and must leave the vast majority in the condition which they are found to exhibit elsewhere; yet, be it remembered, that the persons on whom it does act, are the very class among whom exist, in all countries, the seeds and promise of national improvement; that those whom these laws debase, and consign to lives of greediness and ostentation, are the strength and heart of the country; that it is from the aristocracy, and the largest instructed classes immediately below them, and especially acted upon by aristocratical ambition,—that it is from them we ought to be entitled to expect every thing for the education of the body of the people. When you degrade the gentry into machines for accumulation and votaries of luxury, and make them alternately misers and spendthrifts, you do almost all that is possible for destroying the best hopes of England; you do all that man can do to prevent the existence of men, who, with that freedom from manual labour which is necessary for the highest cultivation of the faculties, would also have those moderate and self-denying habits which are indispensable to the growth of virtue; all that is possible to deprive the people of moral teachers, and to quench for ever the light of wisdom. It illuminated the humble study of Milton, and

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brightened the page of Harrington. Shall it now gleam only amid the mountains of Westmoreland, and scarce be known to any but some unregarded FRIEND?

VON HAMMER'S HISTORY OF THE TURKS.

(Continued from page 456.)

Enormous Field-pieces used by the Turks.

During the summer in which the preceding events took place, one Orban, a Hungarian metal-founder, passed over from the Emperor's into the Sultan's service, and received so many gifts and such a liberal appointment from his new master, that, had he been offered but a fourth part as much by the Greek Ministry, he would never have dreamed of quitting the imperial city. Mohammed inquired of him whether he could cast a cannon capable of crumbling the walls of Constantinople? 'It is in my power,' replied the Hungarian, 'to cast cannon of any calibre that is desired, and grind the walls of Constantinople and Babylon into powder: I will answer for my science extending thus far; but I cannot pronounce to what extent the shot will range.' The Sultan gave him directions to proceed with the casting, but not to trouble himself about the range of the shot, which should be subsequently determined. As a specimen of his skill, Orban cast a cannon for the great tower on the Bosphorean Channel, and a trial of its range was made upon the first vessel which sailed past without hauling in her sails. A Venetian ship, commanded by one Ricci, was made use of as a target, and afforded satisfactory evidence of the perfectness of the casting, as well as the range of the shot. It was struck, severed asunder, and sunk. The captain and thirty of his crew escaped the dangers of the turbulent current in a boat, but, on reaching the shore, fell into the hands of the Turkish garrison. They were loaded with fetters and brought before the Sultan at Didymotichon; by his orders, the sailors were beheaded, the captain impaled, and their dead bodies exposed to rot in the open air. This barbarous scene was witnessed by Ducas, the historian, who was a resident at Didymotichon at that period.*

Mohammed was so perfectly satisfied with the founder's skill and the result of the trial, that he directed the construction of a prodigious battering piece, twice as large as the first; in fact, the largest which is recorded in the annals of the 'tormentorum bellicorum.' It vomited stone balls, twelve spans in circumference, and twelve hundred pounds in weight,† was moved with great difficulty by fifty pair of bullocks, and was committed to the manipulation of seven hundred men.

When the casting was completed, the piece was transported to the gate of the palace *Dschihannuma*, (or spectacle of the world,) a lofty pile, which had just been finished at Adrianople; and on this spot it was, for the first time, loaded with infinite trouble. Notice was then given to the inhabitants, that it would be discharged the next morning: it was feared, that, without such a warning, the terror occasioned by its report might have been attended with the most disastrous consequences. The morning dawned, the piece was fired off, an immense cloud of smoke enveloped the whole city, its thunders were heard for several hours in the distance, and the shot buried itself a fathom deep in the ground, at the distance of a mile from the spot whence it was discharged. By the trepidation, which it spread far and wide, this enormous masterpiece of pyrotechny at least bespoke the gigantic schemes of conquest on which the grasping mind of its owner was intent.

This cannon, together with two smaller pieces, which discharged balls of one hundred and sixty pounds weight, was subsequently employed at the siege of Constantinople, where it was stationed opposite the gate of St. Romanos, which was afterwards denominated 'The Cannon Gate,' a name it has retained to the present day. It consumed two hours in loading, and, on the first day, was discharged seven times; the eighth firing was on the second, when it gave the signal for an attack. Though it soon afterwards burst and destroyed its founder, it was speedily repaired, and continued to be used seven times a day, but without producing the effects which had been anticipated from it.

The Sultan's Vigils—A Night Scene.

By night, as well as day, were Mohammed's thoughts unceasingly occupied by schemes of conquest and destruction. Accompanied by two confidential persons, he was accustomed every evening to perambulate his metropolis, with a view to listen, in disguise, to what passed among the populace and soldiery. If any one had the rashness to show, by the usual greeting, that he recognised his sovereign, the unwelcome intruder's heart was greeted in return by the point of Mohammed's dagger.*

One night, he sent his eunuchs to summon Chalil-Pasha into his presence. The Grand Vizier, who had, on two several occasions, during Amurath's lifetime, been concerned in dethroning Mohammed, his son, felt his head wag on his shoulders. He resolved, however, on disguising his fears, took up a dish, filled it with gold, and thus furnished, made the best of his way to his master's chamber, and there deposited his offering at the feet of the Sultan, whom he found sitting upright in his bed, with his clothes on his back. 'What does that mean, my lord-steward?' inquired Mohammed. 'It is customary with great folks,' answered Chalil, 'when they are called into their master's presence at an unusual hour, never to appear before him with empty hands; the property I now offer thee is not mine but thine own.' 'I have no occasion for it;' returned the Sultan; 'I have but one thing to require of thee, and that is to lend me your assistance in obtaining possession of Constantinople.' The Grand Vizier, whose friendship the Greeks had secretly purchased, was the more terrified at the despot's insinuation, as the populace themselves considered him an ally of the Infidels. He, therefore, entered into the spirit of what was uppermost in Mohammed's mind, and replied, that 'the Lord of All, who had already conferred on him the greater part of the Greek territory, would not deny him possession of its capital, and that every individual among the Sultan's servants would be emulous to lay down his gold and his blood to achieve that object.' 'Look ye,' proceeded Mohammed, 'look ye well at this bed of mine; here have I been tossing about from side to side, without sleeping the whole night. I give you fair warning; do not suffer yourself to be shaken by either gold or silver. We will fight a hard fight with these Greeks, and, by the aid of God and the prophets, will take their city.' With these words he dismissed the minister, whom he had so effectually scared out of his dreams of security and impunity. He himself consumed this and many a subsequent restless night in devising plans for the siege. He traced with his own hand the situation and walls of the town, the lines of assault, the posts to be occupied by his troops, and the stations to be assigned to the battering train, redoubts, and mines; anxiously seeking personal information from men who were perfectly acquainted with the situation of Constantinople and the state of its fortifications.'

* Ducas's Hist. Byz., xxxv. p. 139.

† I have seen the cannon of the Dardanelles, which are so capacious that, shortly before my visit, a tailor, who had fled from his creditors, had concealed himself within one of them for several days. There are several stone-balls which have lain at Rhodes ever since Soliman's siege, and weigh many hundred pounds a-piece. I measured them with my own hand, and found them to be twelve spans in circumference. Indeed, the cannon of the Dardanelles appear to have been cast after the model of those which Soliman used at that siege.

* Ducas affirms that he felt as much delight in killing a human being, as any other animate creature.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'
Milton's Paradise Regained.

1. ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Ears of Song-Birds.—It is mentioned in the 'Miscellanea Curiosa,' that Mr. Clayton and Dr. Maulin discovered a remarkable peculiarity in the structure of the ears of birds, particularly those distinguished for their song. Contrary to what takes place in man or in quadrupeds, there is in birds almost a direct passage from one ear to the other, so that, if the drum of both ears be pricked, water will pass, when poured in, from one ear to the other. There is, however, no cochlea, but a small cochlea passage, which opens into a large cavity, formed between the two bony plates of the scull, and this passes all round the head. The upper and external plate of bone, forming the scull, is supported by many hundreds of small thread-like pillars or columns, which rest upon the lower and interior plate, immediately over the brain.

Now, what is worthy of attention is, that this passage between the outer and inner plates of the scull, was observed to be strikingly larger in song-birds than in birds which are not possessed of musical powers. So very remarkable this difference is described to be, that any person to whom it has been once pointed out, may readily pronounce, upon inspecting the scull of a bird, whether it was a bird of song or otherwise, though he might have no previous knowledge of the bird or its habits.

No other animal, examined with a view to comparison in these particulars, was found to have any resemblance of conformation, except the mole, an animal reputed to be very quick of hearing.

This singular construction of the scull in birds is evidently conformable to the known principles of acoustics, and is, in fact, a sort of whispering-gallery for increasing the intensity of the sounds conveyed to the ear.

It would be worthy of the investigation of anatomists to endeavour to ascertain whether the sculls of celebrated musicians have a greater interval between the outer and inner tables of their sculls than those who are deficient in musical ear.

2. ENTOMOLOGY.

The Swallow Louse.—There are few animals, at least of any considerable size, which are not liable to be persecuted by vermin peculiar to their species. Even insects, for instance the dung-beetle and the humble bee, are frequently seen covered with small insects, of which, as well as of those that infest cattle and various sorts of fowls, M. Redi has published accurate figures. In some instances, this pest becomes so tormenting as to injure seriously the vigour and health of the animal infested, and sometimes even to occasion death. Cases of this kind, indeed, are chronicled, in which men have fallen victims to the pest, and, among others, we may refer to that of Herod.

On going to visit the ruins of Brougham Castle, in Cumberland, the writer of this was struck by the unusual tameness of a swallow, (Hirundo domestica,) which was sitting on the parapet wall of the bridge that crosses the Emant, on the road from Penrith. Swallows are, indeed, far from being generally shy, trusting, perhaps, to their rapidity of flight should danger threaten; but this poor swallow allowed itself to be approached without offering to escape. Perhaps it might instinctively court human aid, as its pitiful looks, without much straining, might have been thus interpreted. On taking hold of it, the feathers were found to be full of the insect denominated by Linnæus Pediculus Hirundinis, but by modern entomologists, Crateriua Hirundinis, which is somewhat larger in size than the common house-bug, (cimex lectularius.) The poor swallow was immediately taken to the river, and, on being freed from its tormentors, flew off joyfully to join its companions, while the writer passed on to explore the vault in the castle where the Scottish patriot, Wallace, is said, by tradition, to have been confined on his way to London.

3. CONCHOLOGY.

Mangrove Oysters.—There are two species of shell-fish in the West Indies, sometimes confounded by the

vulgar under the general name of mangrove oysters. The true mangrove oyster is the ostrea rhizophora of conchologists, and is found adhering, in countless numbers, to the roots of mangrove trees, (rhizophora mangle,) which grow on the margin of lagoons in Carriacou, in company with several other sorts of shells, to which, as well as to the bark of the mangrove roots, they adhere in large clusters.

The other sort alluded to, is the Perna Ephippium, (Lamarck,) and is very highly esteemed by West Indian epicures. The perna swarms in Mustique and others of the Antilles, where salt-water lagoons abound. They hang, by their byssus, in crowded clusters, to one another, and to the roots of various trees, particularly the mangrove, which are attached by Providence to the sand for the protection of shores exposed to inroads of the sea. The cylindrical clustered roots of the mangrove-tree thrive luxuriously even in the surf itself, and the negro has only to take his basket and his hatchet to the lagoon, and, by cutting off a few roots, can procure an abundant meal.

As in the Ostreadæ, or true oysters, the shells of the pernæ are but slightly opened while the animal is feeding on the minute prey that comes within the reach of its tentacula. They are exceedingly tenacious of life, a quality of the utmost use to them when they chance to to be left dry and exposed to the heat of a tropical sun by retiring tides. The Rev. Mr. Guilding, to whom we are indebted for these interesting details, at first imagined that a small portion of water was enclosed in the shell, as an instinctive provision for evaporation. This, however, he now thinks improbable, because nothing is more deleterious to every species of marine animals than stagnant sea-water, which would certainly prove fatal if it remained unchanged for a single day. May we venture to suggest that this is perhaps one of the final causes of the tides?

4. Ichthyology.

The Four-eyed Fish of Surinam.—A very singular construction of the Cobitis anableps, has obtained for it the name of the four-eyed fish; for though, in fact, it has only two-eyes, each of these looks like two, and, in some measure, performs the office of two. The pupil is formed by two membranes projecting from its edges, folding over each other in the middle, and thus dividing the aperture into two segments. By this means, one complete organ of vision is constituted for near distances, and another for more distant objects. The contrivance appears to be adapted by Providence for a similar purpose with the marsupium of birds,—namely, to obviate a difficulty arising from a deficiency of power in the ball of the eye of moving in one direction. Sir Edward Home, who first turned the attention of naturalists to this curious fact in the Crooxian Lecture, supposes that the cobitis, when it rises to the surface, may have the power of vision both in air and in water at the same time.

5. Ornithology.

The Vulture's power of sight.—Professor Lichenstein remarked, when travelling in South Africa, that if an animal chanced to die in the very midst of the most desert wilderness, in less than half an hour there was seen, high in the zenith, a number of minute objects descending in spiral wheels, and increasing in visible magnitude at every revolution. These are soon discovered to be a flight of vultures, which must have observed from a height, viewless to the human eye, the dropping of the animal immediately marked out for prey.

This fact brings to our mind the passage in St. Matthew—'Where the carcase is, there will the *eagles* be gathered together,'—and, 'where the slain is, there is she.' It is probable the vulture is here meant, for the eagle, unless severely pressed by hunger, will not prey on carrion. Professor Paxton, indeed, contends that the eagle, and not the vulture is meant, ('Illustrations of Scripture,' ii. 9. 1st ed.) and quotes the Arabian historian, Damir, who asserts, that the eagle can discover a carcase at the distance of four hundred parasangs; but if he find that part of it has been previously eaten by the assifrage, he will not touch the leavings of his inferior. This we cannot but think makes rather against than for the Rev. Professor's opinion. But Damir is no authority on such a question. Selby ('Illustrations of British Ornithology, I.) asserts the fact from long observation, that the eagle rejects carrion.

The rapidity of the flight of the eagle, or vulture, (whichever of the birds is meant,) is beautifully alluded to by Job: 'My days are passed away, as the eagle that hasteth to his prey.'—(Ch. ix., 26.)

6. Mazology.

'Illustrations of British Ornithology,' mentions the dexterity and care with which the golden eagle strips birds of their feathers before devouring them. But, in a similar case, the eagle is far exceeded in ingenuity by the mole. Earth-worms are the chief food of the mole, but it does not eat them without careful preparation, by first making an opening in the skin, and, through this, squeezing out the contents of the body, which alone it selects for a *bonne bouche.* What will those would-be wise advocates for natural food say to this?—those sage dietetists, who think their bread adulterated by depriving it of the brown indigestible bran, which is the skin of the wheat. Nature herself, it would appear, has taught the mole a different doctrine.

7.—Anthropology.

Deaf and Dumb Families.—Many persons, who have never known any, or perhaps not more than one, deaf and dumb individual in the immediate circle in which they lived, would be astonished to read the lists of applications circulated by the Committee for the Asylum in the Kent Road, so ably conducted by Mr. Watson, which usually contain nearly a hundred names. The most remarkable fact, however, which these lists present, is the number of deaf and dumb children frequently found in the same families, evidently in consequence of the continued operation of some unknown cause connected with the parents. Three, four, and five deaf and dumb children are not uncommonly met with in one family, and, in some instances, there have been as many as seven. In the family of Martain, a labourer, out of ten children, seven were deaf and dumb; in the family of Kelly, a porter, seven out of eight were deaf and dumb; and in the family of Aldum, a weaver, six out of twelve were deaf and dumb. The result of a table of twenty families, given in the 'Historical Sketch of the Asylum,' published by Powell, Dowgate-hill, is ninety deaf and dumb out of one hundred and fifty-nine children.

The Caffres a distinct species of Men.—A German Professor, of some note as a naturalist, is of opinion that the Caffres of South Africa are a distinct species from other tribes of the human race, *because* they never have colds nor catarrhs, and never sneeze, yawn, cough, nor hawk. How comfortable an audience those Caffres would make for a *lengthy* speech-maker!

If such peculiarities (supposing them well ascertained) depend upon the climate of Caffraria, would it not be an invaluable retreat for our numerous phthisical invalids, who generally have their complaints sadly aggravated in Italy and the South of France?

II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

1. Vegetable Mechanics.

Direction of Roots.—Sprengel is of opinion, that the direction of the roots of plants towards the centre of the earth is referable to the common law of gravitation, to which plants are partly subject, as they are fixed by their lower extremities to the earth. This, however, he says, is considerably modified by other circumstances which originate in the organisation of the plant; so that in many trees we perceive fewer roots proceeding downward into the soil, than those which we observe running horizontally.

Volney remarked in the forests of America, that all the trees which had been overturned by the winds, exhibited a superficial root, shaped like a mushroom, scarcely eighteen inches deep, and having no top root. He was of opinion, that this indicated their preference of the fine rich soil produced by decayed leaves to the less rich till below.

2. Botany.

Limits of the Cultivation of useful Plants.—That particular plants thrive better in one climate or soil than another, is a circumstance of common remark, and it is interesting to trace this with reference to the cultivation of useful plants. Many of the articles, for instance, which form so valuable a part of our commerce, are limited to the regions between the tropics, such as coffee, cocoa, anatto, cloves, and ginger. The sugar-cane, again, Indian figs, dates, indigo, and battatas, may be reared beyond the 40° of north latitude. Six degrees farther we find cotton, rice, olives, figs, pomegranates, and myrtles, growing in the open air. The vine appears to succeed best within 50° north latitude, which is also the limit, particularly in the west of Europe, of the cultivation of maize, chesnuts, and almonds. Melons will also succeed to about the same latitude in the open air. The cultivation of plums, peaches, wheat, flax, tobacco, and gourds, ceases in western Europe at 60° north latitude and cherries, do not succeed beyond 47° N., though even beyond 60° we find hops, tobacco, flax, hemp, buckwheat, and pease. The Norwegians plant hemp, oats, barley, rye, and potatoes, even under the polar circle; and the strawberry (the Alpine sort, we believe) flourishes at the North Cape, under 68° N. Much, however, will always depend upon soil and exposure; for when proper shelter can be had from winds, rains, and frost, these limits may be considerably extended.

3. Mineralogy.

Adulterations of Gold Dust.—The temptation to adulterate being always in proportion to the value of the article, the precious metals have long been a favourite field for malpractices, in which even the highest national officers have not scrupled at times to be concerned. In more polished countries, the advance of chemical knowledge has put a stop to much of this unfair traffic; but it is still practised to some extent among less cultivated nations. In Africa, gold dust being an extensive article of commerce, it is frequently adulterated with those varieties of pyrites (*native sulphates of iron and of copper*) which are the nearest to it in colour; and sometimes, also, with brass filings, which the merchants, it would appear, have not the skill to detect, and, in consequence, have sometimes suffered extensive losses. This fraud has given rise to the profession of triers of gold, which is made a lucrative mystery by some of the negroes, who are paid great attention to by captains and merchants. Not unfrequently, however, the triers are in league with the adulterators, and a double imposition is effected. A slight knowledge of chemistry would be sufficient to put an end to these malpractices.

4. Geology.

The Newcastle Coal-field.—It has been estimated, that the different strata of coal, contained in the Newcastle formation, amount to 5,575,680,000 cubic yards, taking the extent at about twenty-three miles. If this estimate be correct, it may be calculated how long it will be before the coal is exhausted in this field, supposing, on an average, that there is annually raised for the market, thirty-one millions of cubic yards, or about twenty-eight millions of tons. By this calculation, it would appear that there will not be coals in the Newcastle field to supply the demand for two hundred years. The regeneration of coal, which some vague speculators have believed in, is altogether a chimera.

Growth of Rocks.—Tourneforte, the celebrated botanist, thought he had ascertained the fact of the growth of rocks, by observing that the names of visitors, which had been cut in the rock in the grotto of Antiparos, had within a few years projected beyond the surface,—a most fallacious proof of the doctrine, for it only showed the enlargement of the cut portion of the rock, probably from its allowing the water, so much impregnated with lime, to ooze out.

5. Acoustics.

Medium of Sound.—If air be the medium for transmitting sounds, how does it happen, that glass, so susceptible of vibrations, is impenetrable to air? It is a most singular fact, that vibrations caused by sound, such as those from the report of artillery, frequently break the glass of adjacent windows to shivers, though, at the same time, they are not capable of moving a feather or a lock of down.

6. Meteorology.

Heat of the Night in London.—The celebrated meteorologist, Luke Howard, discovered a very singular difference between the temperature of the night in the metropolis and in the country a few miles distant. On an average of ten years, the night temperature of London was found to be considerably the highest, giving 44° 80′, while that of the country was only 41° 10′. The mean variation of the temperature, from the heat of the day to the cold of the night, is, in London, 11° 37′; in the country, 15° 40′, the greater mean variation being 4° 4′ in the country.

It renders the preceding facts more striking, that the same does not hold of the temperature by day, the average difference between the metropolis and the country, when taken by the month, being sometimes above, sometimes below, and at others nearly parallel with that in the country.

7. Optics.

Inflection of Light.—A very remarkable phenomenon takes place when any strangely luminous body is looked at through cloth of a thin texture. In such cases there appears, instead of one luminous body, nine or more, arranged round the principal image, in form of a square. This has been accounted for by opticians on the principles of inflected light, the threads in the cloth

bend them from their rectilineal course, and thus to multiply the images of the object in the same way as the vapour in the atmosphere sometimes produces mock suns.

8. ASTRONOMY.

A New Star.—The President of the Astronomical Society, Mr. Herschel, thinks there are good reasons for believing that the fifth star in the trapezium in the nebula of Orion, did not exist there on the 13th of March 1826. It appears to have been first observed by the celebrated astronomer, M. Struve, on the 11th of November, in the same year. The learned President is, therefore, disposed to consider this star either as a new one, or a variable one of a very singular character.

III. USEFUL ARTS.

1. AGRICULTURE.

Hay Harvest.—As the hay harvest is on the eve of commencing, it may be useful to remind our agricultural readers, that the grass ought not to be suffered to ripen its seed before it be cut down, otherwise all its rich juices will be lost during the ripening. In order to have good, *green*, rich hay, the grass must be cut green, just when it begins to show flower: that is, botanically speaking, when the anthers expand beyond the valves of the glume. If the hay, when cut in this state, can be got in dry, it will be worth 20 per cent. more than riper hay; and if any fears are entertained of its heating in the stalks, from fermentation, layers of dry straw, alternated with layers of the hay, will both prevent this, and render the straw palatable to horses and cattle.

2. GARDENING.

Transplanting Seedlings.—Those seedling plants which have abundance of fibres to the root, may be removed from the seed-bed to other stations without much danger of checking their growth. As examples, we may mention China-asters, nasturtiums, scarlet-runners, &c. But, when plants have top roots with few fibres, removal is almost certain to injure them. Instances of this may be found in poppies, lupins, lark-spurs, and even in stocks.

3. MEDICINE.

Soundness of the Lungs.—Dr. W. Lyons, of Edinburgh, proposes an ingenious and practical test for trying the soundness of the lungs. The patient is directed to draw in a full breath, and then begin to count as far as he can, slowly and audibly, without again drawing in his breath. The number of seconds he can continue counting is then to be carefully noted. In confirmed consumption, the time does not exceed eight, and is often less than six seconds. In pleurisy and pneumonia, it ranges from nine to four seconds. But when the lungs are sound, the time will range as high as from twenty to thirty-five seconds.—*Mackenzie's Glasg. Med. Journ.*

4. ENGINEERING.

Prevention of Tunnel Accidents.—We are indebted for the following useful hint to Mr. Hill, one of the patentees of the Steam Carriage:

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—As I perceive that the operations at the unfortunate Thames Tunnel are likely again to be commenced, I beg to suggest to the public in general, and to Mr. Brunel in particular, the propriety of adopting a plan to discover the approach to water long known in mining operations, and in the county of Cornwall in particular. It is this: whenever the miner suspects he is near confined water, or dangerous ground, he perforates a horizontal hole to a convenient distance before him, and continues to keep it to such a depth as will secure safety by the thickness of the ground. As the digging proceeds, the boring of the hole advances towards the water; it is discharged by the small hole, without danger to the operator. I have known many cases where this practice has been the salvation of many valuable lives. If this plan were adopted at the Tunnel, either by using the solid bar driven into the ground in each of the boxes, and taken out when it had penetrated so far as to keep all safe, or by a hollow tube which might always remain in, and be driven forward when necessary, the apertures would serve as drains to bring the water off, and would give an alarm by the quantity of the discharge when danger was near, by which means the men would work in perfect safety and confidence.

I fear there is no plan now that would prevent an eruption in bad parts of the river, and am satisfied that the methods Mr. Brunel has adopted are such as will enable him to carry through the undertaking; but a feeling of humanity induces me to trouble you with this hint, in the hope that, if it is thought worth notice, and adopted, it may be the means of preventing any further loss of life. Yours, &c.

J. R. HILL.

LITERARY LETTER FROM PARIS.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Paris, May 24, 1828.

SIR,—If you wish to see a faithful picture of those ridiculous, and, in many instances, morally atrocious scenes, which have taken place for the last thirty years, I would recommend to your perusal a new collection of Dialogues, entitled *Scènes Contemporaines.* These scenes are perfectly true to nature, though the effect is calculated to produce painful, rather than pleasurable, impressions. Instead of laughing at the interlocutors in these scenes, one wishes to see them punished. Proverbs are attributed to the pen of M. de la Touche, author of the amusing 'Correspondence of *l'Arlequin Carlo Bertinazzi* with Pope Ganganelli,' who suppressed the Jesuits, because he foresaw that, if he did not destroy them, they would destroy him. M. de la Touche has also published a curious novel, entitled 'Olivier Brusson,' from which was taken the famous melodrame of 'Cordillac.' M. le Clerq's six witty volumes, M. de Fongeray's two volumes, and M. de la Touche's newly-published volume, present a collection of *Proverbes*, or little Comedies, exhibiting a faithful picture of French society in the year 1828. (Observe the date, for possibly all will be changed in 1830.) The great passion of the Russians and Germans is to learn the manners of Parisian society, just as your city clerks and shopkeepers are ambitious to know how ladies of fashion dance and behave at Almack's. But the Russians and the Germans who have not the means of travelling, imitate the French manners of forty years back. Thus, high life in Petersburgh is an exact copy of French fashion about the end of the reign of Louis XVI. in 1784.

We are much amused in France by conjectures at the singular effect which M. de Clerq's Proverbs will produce on our northern imitators; the fidelity of these pictures is obvious from the great admiration they have excited in France,—and the Russians, of course, will regard them as a school of *bon ton.* But in France the manners of fashionable society have been greatly modified by the existence of a discussing and speechifying Chamber of Deputies. This essential element of our manners is wanting, and will probably long yet be wanting, at St. Petersburgh. The world of fashion in the north of Europe is thus reduced to a very vexatious embarrassment. The Russians will be forced to relinquish their imitation of the Parisians, or, like the Canadians, who still speak French as it was spoken in year 1700, they must still be content with the manners of Louis XVI.'s time.

I have been led into the above observations with the view of showing that the *Proverbes* of M.M. Le Clerq and Fongeray paint French society as it has been formed by ten years of the genius of Napoleon, and ten years of the stupidity of his successors. In France, a king will always exercise immense influence on fashion and women, and consequently on men, even on those who most wish to be thought independent; and to hear them talk, one would suppose that nothing short of a Republic, like that of America, would satisfy them. In fact, unless a king be absolutely ridiculous, he will be a favourite in the fashionable world in France. A sovereign like Francis I., would annihilate our Royer Collards, and Benjamin Constants.

M. de Martignac, our Minister of the Interior, who is a sensible man, has recently permitted the representations of the 'Marriage of Figaro.' Nobody has been scandalised by the performance of this comedy. The witty sarcasms with which it abounds, gave offence to nobody, except, perhaps, those who had good reason to be afraid of them.

M. de La Croix, a young painter of considerable talent, has exhibited here a painting of Sardanapalus dying. The composition seems to have been inspired by the genius of Lord Byron; the same energy, the same depth of misery, and, I may perhaps say, the same satanic tone, pervade the works of both the painter and the poet. M. de La Croix, has also published an edition of Goëthe's Faust, with lithographic illustrations. Goëthe was himself struck with the performance, and wrote a letter to the young artist who has so ably embodied his ideas. The picture of the Death of Queen Elizabeth, of which I spoke in one of my former letters, is more and more admired every day.

The topic which still prevails is Kean's complete failure in *Richard III.* All the town took their Shakspeares to the theatre, and evinced much disappointment when they could not find in the text what Kean produced upon the scene. But, by the aid of prompting, some who had the larger volume in their hands, which contains all the plays of Shakspeare, at length succeeded in finding, at the end of Henry the Sixth, the murder of that unfortunate King, which, according to Kean's representation, begins the tragedy of Richard the Third. This disappointment made the audience indifferent during the first act. When the first effect is lost upon a French audience, it is not easy to recover it. It was observed, that Kean spoiled his mighty energy by two or three gestures not remarkable for their dignity, and much too frequently repeated; as, for example, arranging the belt by which his sword is suspended, as if he had not been accustomed to carry a weapon at his side; and striking his breast, three or four times in quick succession, with his right hand.

The honours of the evening were reserved for Miss Smithson, an actress scarcely known in London, I suppose, but who pleases here, because her acting is better, or not so bad, as that of our female tragedians; which, in truth, is very small praise. Miss Smithson drew tears from all the boxes, and a great part of the pit, when she parted from the King, her son, and his young brother, and when she left them in the Tower, where she apprehended that Richard would soon cause them to be assassinated. The rencounter between Richard and his rival Bolingbroke, at the close of the play, was admired. Kean, who, on entering, had been received with three rounds of applause, (which is exactly the same reception that used to be given to Talma,) drew down no hearty acclamations in the course of the performance, *except from his own friends*, till his admirable death in this combat. It was deemed that a man of Mr. Kean's talents did wrong to present, under the guise of Shakspeare, the unmeaning rhapsody which he calls Richard the Third. The characters pass with the rapidity of the magic lantern, and *one has not time to interest one-self in any of them.* This opinion, which prevailed on all sides of the house, appears to me to be perfectly just.

Had Macready remained a month longer in Paris, he would have been quite the rage. His manner of killing his daughter, in the fourth act of Virginius, and his madness in the fifth, were considered quite heart-rending. His style of acting was becoming the common topic of conversation in French society. Many of the ladies wondered how the excessive passion of *Virginius* could deprive him of the power of speech and action: many of the men would have had more energy and *physical* force in an ancient Roman. Happily, at Paris, the arts are duly appreciated, and the merits of performers, whether in painting or acting, are sure to become matter of discussion. All Paris would have gone to see Virginius, to form an opinion on the manner of Macready. But he, ungrateful man! left us unceremoniously, just when we were, probably, about to make a great man of him.

To anticipate the ridicule which our infatuation may bring upon us in England, I ought to tell you that nothing in the world is so ridiculous and abominable as our present tragical performers. We have, among others, one Mademoiselle Duchesnois, who has just been acting the part of a Queen of twenty-two years, in 'Elizabeth de France, ou le Don Carlos,' a piece imitated from Schiller, by M. Soumet, which she gave in such a manner as to empty in ten minutes a house full of 2,000 spectators. You cannot imagine any thing more tedious and disgusting. It is by this contrast that Miss Smithson has acquired the first-rate reputation we have given her, which I very much doubt whether you would confirm on the other side the channel.

M. Nodier, a man of much wit, and, what is more, a very original writer, a little in the style of Sterne, has published a singular volume, under the title of 'Questions de Littérature Legale.' He contends that Pascal* is a notorious plagiarist. M. Nodier's style resembles that of Horace Walpole, and his volume has a peculiar charm for men of wit between 40 and 50 years old. I shall return to this whimsical production.

Mr. BEHNE, the Sculptor, is employed on a bust of the young Prince George of Cumberland, who has already attended three sittings; and the Royal parties for whom it is intended have expressed great satisfaction with the labours of the Artist.

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* Author of 'Lettres Provinciales,' against the Jesuits and of 'The Thoughts.'

FINE ARTS.

Royal Academy Exhibition.

Four Studies of Heads, E. V. Rippingille, 287, et seq., from the size and situation are likely to be overlooked, but well deserve notice for their remarkable expression and truth. The No. 288 is especially excellent and life-breathing.

Disturbed by the Night Mare, No. 308, is a very clever humorous piece, by the unfortunate Mr. Theodore Lane, who met his death in so dreadful a manner last week. His '*Enthusiasm*,' in the water-colour exhibition, is even a more felicitous attempt than the one before us.

Portrait of a Lady, W. E. West, No. 313, is a very highly-finished picture of a very beautiful subject, treated in a manner new, fanciful, and elegant.

Scene in the Highlands, with the Portraits of the Duchess of Bedford, the Duke of Gordon, and Lord Alexander Russell, E. Landseer, A., No. 352, is a very clever painting, remarkable for its variety of touch and freedom from mannerism. The game and animals are in Mr. Landseer's best style.

Venus, the Evening Star, No. 357, W. Etty, R. A. Elect, is an excellently painted picture, but more creditable to the power of the artist's pencil, than to his taste in design. The figure exhibits the same contempt for the *beau ideal* which we had occasion to remark in Mr. Etty's exhibited works in the British Institution. Does Mr. Etty draw, and Mr. Lough model, from the same subject?

Portrait of the Viscountess Eastnor, Mrs. W. Carpenter, No. 366, is a very elegant and interesting portrait, with a peculiar expression of happy pensiveness, given with singular feeling: the delicacy of the hands is remarkable; the colouring, of the flesh especially, as is too usual with Mrs. Carpenter's productions, is wanting in tone.

In the Ante-Room, the chief attractions are all on one side. These are the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Bonnington, and Mr. Landseer.

The Grand Canal, with the Church of La Vergine del la Salute Venice, No. 470, R. P. Bonnington, is a free, spirited, and effective picture. The subject is after Canaletti, and it is no little praise to Mr. Bonnington to say, that his performance reminds us of that artist's works, without giving cause to regret him.

Portrait of a Terrier, the property of Owen Williams, Esq., M.P., E. Landseer, is capitally executed. The animal is, every inch of him, alive.

The President's *Portrait of the Earl of Eldon* we have already noticed.

There seems no love lost between Mr. Glover and the Royal Academy. He disdains to send his best performances to their exhibition, and they are above coaxing him by assigning his works their best places. No. 403, *The Upper Lake of Killarney*, taken from St. Rhonayne's Island, and *View in the Alps, not far from St. Maurice*, 433, are nevertheless quite recognisable as the productions of Mr. Glover's pencil.

The architectural designs form a very important and interesting portion of the Exhibition, more especially in these piping times of peace, when architecture appears to be meeting with gradually increasing encouragement, and, in some classes of society at least, becomes every day better understood and appreciated. The Library has always been appropriated to the exhibition of designs in this art. In some crowded seasons, a stray portrait or two may have taken possession of several square feet of the walls, to the exclusion of the performances of more than one embryo Sir Christopher; but, this year, no such unlawful invasion of long-possessed rights and privileges has taken place, and the walls are hung with designs sufficient to adorn the most mighty empire, and to ruin the most opulent state.

The first subject, in point of size and importance, is a *National Waterloo Monument*, by P. F. Robinson, a clever and showy composition, but wanting the sublimity commensurate with the subject. The drawing is exceedingly spirited, and the whole bespeaks a masterhand.

The *Professor's* designs are next. They abound in the extravagancies, ingenious whims, and conceited oddities, which pervade, more or less, all his performances, and imbue them with so meretricious a character. All the designs here exhibited are comprised in Mr. Soane's publication, which we have recently had occasion to notice. We shall here content ourselves with cautioning the student, while he admires the brilliant invention and fancy of the worthy Professor, to beware how he imitates the wild extravagancies which the sublimest genius would barely excuse.

Mr. Wilkins presents us with some views of his buildings at Cambridge, most beautifully drawn by Mackenzie. *The London University* is a good and clever design, with the exception of its three wretched domes, which we feel confident will even look worse in execution than they do in the drawing. Mr. Wilkins also exhibits a *Design for the rebuilding of St. George's Hospital*, which will add considerably to the already splendid architectural effect of Hyde Park Corner. The perspective sketch of this design is extremely clever, but the elevation of the wings is not free from objection. Mr. Wilkins may have classical authority for his central antæ, but we cannot think their application at all happy in the instance before us. The best performance of Mr. Wilkins is No. 1003, *Design for a Mansion at Bylaugh, Norfolk*. It is a most successful imitation of the style of Inigo Jones, and has all the dignity and character of a truly English mansion.

Mr. Donaldson has only presented us with one small design—*A Monument to Mr. Canning*. It is, however, a charming composition, worthy of the best days of Rome, and free from the paltry affectation of Greek, daily exhibited by our plasterers and carpenters.

Mr. Parke, who contributed so splendidly to the two last exhibitions, has enriched this also with two beautiful drawings. The first is a *Design for an Entrance to a City*, in which he has attempted to unite Grecian and Egyptian architecture. While we admire the genius which prompted the attempt, we think the performance less happy than Mr. Parke's previous efforts. *The View of the Temple in Nubia, near Kardassy*, by the same artist, is one of the most beautiful drawings we ever beheld; we consider it the perfection of art, and most cordially congratulate Mr. Parke on his success.

Lansdown Town, Bath, No. 1014, erected for William Beckford, Esq., is a very remarkable composition, and has considerable picturesque effect. It is, evidently, the creation of an extraordinary mind, and proceeds, we believe, from the highly-talented possessor himself. The drawing is extremely beautiful.

The Campanile at Florence, is a very chilling performance, and can scarcely be believed to be the work of one who has ever felt the influence of the sunny sky of Italy.

Sketch of the Second best Staircase in a Palace, No. 1026. If this be only the second best, what must be the best one? In that, Mr. Gandy, of course, surpasses himself.

The West and South Sides of Belgrave Square, is a fine drawing of a design, in which there is very considerable merit. We rejoice that Mr. Bassevi has so excellent an opportunity of displaying his taste, and congratulate him that he has avoided the architectural affectations of the day.

Two views of *The alterations at Drummond Castle*, are very beautiful drawings, and afford us additional proofs of Mr. Barry's very superior knowledge of Gothic architecture. We are already indebted to this highly-talented architect for the most successful Gothic structures of the present day; and we are quite sure that his works at Drummond Castle will augment the fame he already enjoys.

There are several other very clever and admirable designs in the room, which our space will not allow us to particularize; and we are not saying too much in avowing the opinion, that the Library contains the best and most meritorious portion of the exhibition. We regret only to see so few performances from the portfolios of those architects who have travelled, and whom we know to be possessed of such valuable stores from Italy, Sicily, Greece, Asia Minor, and Egypt. We cannot help desiring, that these architects would make known to the public of the result of their labours, not only by exhibiting views of the places they have visited, but by taking at once the highest branch of their profession, and giving us restorations of the splendid monuments of antiquity.

ENGRAVINGS.

The Wolf and the Lamb. Painted by W. Mulready, R.A., and Engraved by John H. Robinson. Published by Moon, Boys, and Greaves, under the immediate superintendance of the Committee of the Artists' Fund. London, 1828.

We took occasion to advert to this splendid Engraving, in a former Number, when it was in progress of execution. We have now, however, the pleasure to announce its completion and publication: and its very superior excellence happily confirms all the eulogy bestowed upon it on that occasion. The subject of the print is well known as exhibiting the extremes of fierceness and timidity in two school-boys, one of whom is threatening, and the other shrinking from, his violence; while an infant girl, having dropped her books in alarm, is hastening to the scarcely less agitated mother, who rushes out to effect a separation of the boys,—in whom the characteristics of the Wolf and the Lamb are made apparent in every feature, limb, and muscle. The whole of the picture is full of interest; and the engraving, which is in the line manner, is in the very highest class of art. What gives a great additional interest and value to this production, and establishes for it a very strong claim to the general patronage of the friends of Art, is the fact, that Mr. Mulready, the painter of the original, has most munificently given over to the Artists' Benevolent Fund all the profits that may arise from the copyright of the engraving, which are already estimated at one thousand pounds,—the most splendid donation that the Artists' Fund ever received, and one that does the donor infinite honour. We were present at the late anniversary dinner of the Artists' Fund Society, when Lord Lyndhurst announced this fact from the chair; and the enthusiastic acclamations with which it was received by the numerous and brilliant assemblage of the principal artists and amateurs of the country, showed how highly the gift was appreciated. We should add, that the Committee of Management, having determined that the Work should do honour to their cause, have undertaken to inspect every impression that is issued, and to permit no imperfect ones to go out; so that purchasers may be assured, not only of having a very excellent engraving from a very masterly picture, but also a fine impression, which, we regret to say, is more difficult than persons unacquainted with those matters would imagine to be generally obtained.

View in the Transept of Ely Cathedral; and View in the Chapel of Henry VII., in the Abbey Church, Westminster. From Drawings by C. Wild. Published by R. Jennings, Poultry. London, 1828.

These to rich and imposing representations of two as interesting architectural views as the whole range of our Gothic specimens could furnish, form part of the series now publishing of the principal Ecclesiastical Edifices of England. Independently of the intrinsic interest and beauty of the original scenes or views themselves, their execution is of sufficient merit to create a new source of pleasure. They are boldly, yet accurately, drawn, richly and even gorgeously coloured, and the tints so softly and harmoniously blended, as to resemble closely original drawings; so much so, indeed, that, mounted as they are, it requires the eye of an experienced connoisseur to perceive the difference. We do not know any series of Views, now in course of publication, more calculated to please generally than this interesting and valuable collection of architectural beauties.

A Selection of the most remarkable and interesting of the Fishes found on the Coasts of Ceylon, from Drawings made in the Southern parts of that Island, from the Living Specimens. By John Whitchurch Bennett, Esq., F.R.S., and Member of the Literary and Agricultural Society of Ceylon. No. I., 4to., 1*l.* 1*s.* Longman and Co. London, 1828.

This is the commencement of a work intended to be completed in Six Numbers, each containing five plates, which will be fac-similes, in colours, of the original drawings, accompanied by letter-press descriptions; to be continued monthly till finished. The fine prints contained in this are such as, we think, will induce all who take up the first Number to desire the remainder; as, on a comparison of the Work with the Prospectus, we find what is not always the case, the publication realising all that had been promised. We shall do no more than justice to both author and reader, by transcribing the principal portions of the document referred to:

'It has often been remarked, that no part of natural history has received so little attention, and is consequently so little known, as the fourth class of animals in the Linnean system. Ceylon abounds with fishes, not less beautiful in appearance than they are, for the most part, delicious as food; and of which neither drawing nor description has ever yet been submitted to the public. In the works of Knox, Percival, Cordiner, Bertolacci, or Davy, on Ceylon, the reader would look in vain for any thing in the shape of information as to the ichthyology of that important island.

'The plates of this work will be accurate fac-similes of the original drawings, all of which have been made from the living fish. Several of these specimens are so extraordinary, that they might be taken for mere creatures of the artist's imagination; but they will be accompanied by a certificate from the head men of the Fishers' Caste, affirming them to be correct delineations. From ocular demonstration and comparison, the author has reason to believe, that, for his celebrated work on "Fishes," Bloch made his drawings, in many instances, from subjects, after life had been for some time extinct. Such is the case particularly in regard to the Zeus Vomer, Balistes Vetula, Balistes Tomentosus, Chætodon Curacoa, Chætodon Vagabundus, Scorpæna antennata, &c. &c.

'The descriptive portion of the work will combine such local information as the author has been able to collect, with so much as can be gleaned from preceding writers on the subject. The Cingalese name of each specimen will be given, together with the Linnean, wherever it can be obtained.

'The author refers to the subjoined document, and to the list of most respectable subscribers who have patronised his work in the island of Ceylon itself, as the strongest evidence of its authenticity and interest, and of the opinion entertained of this undertaking on the spot where its value can be most correctly appreciated.

'We have only to add, that this list is both long and respectable; and we cannot doubt the very general success of the undertaking.

Outlines from the Ancients. Etched by T. C. Lewis, with descriptions by G. Cumberland, Esq., dedicated by permission to Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Septimus Prowett. London, 1828.

We have before us, the two first Numbers of this work, which is intended to consist of eighty engravings, with an Introductory Essay by the author, and critical descriptions, to be completed in four Numbers, or Parts, containing twenty etchings, price fifteen shillings, in imperial octavo. The whole work is expected to be finished on the 1st of August.

It would be difficult to make any selection of outlines really taken from the Ancients, that should not be both instructive and interesting; so that the design, if executed with but tolerable skill, would still be worth patronising. The two Numbers before us contain forty subjects, amongst which are some that are not so well executed as they might have been, though there are others well done, and such as recommend themselves by the mere force of their intrinsic interest. Generally speaking, however, there is a want of firmness in the outlines; in which respect they are inferior to Baxter's work of the same description, published some years ago. There is this recommendation, however, that the Second Part, both in choice of subject and manner of treatment, is superior to the First; and, considering the price, 3*l.* 3*s.* for the whole Series of Eighty Engravings, it would be unreasonable to expect more labour to be bestowed on them than is indispensable to mere accuracy of outline, which, we think, is generally attained.

The Right Honourable Countess of Sheffield, Engraved by F. A. Dean, from a Picture by J. Jackson, R. A. Colnaghi. London, 1828.

This exquisite print, of which proofs only are selling separately by the Publisher named, is, we understand, to appear in the June Number of 'La Belle Assemblee,' to which it cannot fail to be a very powerful recommendation. Independently of the soft and feminine loveliness of the distinguished lady whose portrait it represents, there is, as a mere work of art, so much grace and beauty in the composition and drawing of the picture, and such skill in the high-wrought finish of the Engraving, that it is impossible to look on it without admiration.

Portia and Bassanio. Drawn on Stone by J. D. Harding, from a Picture by H. P. Briggs, A. R. A. Ackermann. London, 1828.

Lithography is making rapid improvement every day. The specimen before us approaches very nearly to aqua tinta of the ordinary standard in general effect. The moment chosen by the Artist is that in which Bassanio is about to decide his fate by preferring one of the three caskets, placed before him for his choice; on opening one of which he exclaims, 'What find I here?—Fair Portia's counterfeit!'

NEW MUSIC.

Part of a Sinfonia, by Beethoven, arranged as a Duet for the Piano-Forte, by William Crotch, Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London. Harmonic Institution. 4*s.*

This is a clever and desirable adaptation of the remarkable, effective, and yet eccentric, allegretto movement in Beethoven's 7th sinfonia, op. 92, which was encored on its performance at the sixth Philharmonic Concert this season. The learned Doctor's arrangement is (as might be expected) as good as possible; and, for music of the first class, will not be found at all difficult of execution. He *follows* the principal movement by a short sketch of the vivace, (in A 6-8 time,) which *precedes* it in the sinfonia.

The Wild Rose, a favourite Ballad, sung by Miss Love the Poetry by G. Whatton; the Music composed and dedicated to Mrs. Papineau, by Charles Wodarch, Composer and Leader to the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden. Harmonic Institution. 2*s.*

This is the first composition of Wodarch's we have had the opportunity of meeting with, and (as we had reason to expect) does credit to his well-known judgment and taste.

It is a pleasing andante grazioso, (in 6-8 time,) and, being written for Miss Love, is within a moderate compass of voice; the symphonies, modulations, and harmonics, we think superior to the words and melody, which too much remind one of Webber's old favourite song, 'The Rose had been Wash'd.' A pretty sketch of a hand and flowers ornaments the title.

Andante con Variazioni for the Piano-Forte; composed and dedicated to J. B. Cramer, by his Friend, D'Schlesinger. Op. 8. Cramer and Co. 3*s.*

This is also the first work of the above composer that has been sent to us; and presents a favourable specimen of genius, talent, and excellent musical education. The thema is a very short, but well modulated, 'morceaux' of harmony, (in A flat 2-4 time;) and the eight variations present music of the first class, but requiring a good pianiste to do them justice; it will, however, repay the practice necessarily requisite.

Schlesinger is a performer of high rank upon the piano-forte, and played a difficult concerto of Hummel's at the first Philharmonic Concert last year.

'Sweet to thy Slumbers away.' A Ballad written and composed by J. A. Wade, Esq. Latour. 2*s.*

A pleasing trifle of Moore's school, 'gallant and gay,' easy of performance, and within the compass of the octave F in the first space, and that on the fifth line.

We have not the pleasure of acquaintance with Mr. Wade, or his peculiar rank in society, but as, from the number of his writings and compositions, (and having had a benefit concert,) he must evidently be considered a musical professor, we are at a loss to know why, upon *all* occasions, *he* has Esquire added to his name, more especially than any other writer of words, and *exclusive* from *all* composers of music. Illustrative of this, we may mention, that on the last page of the song is a catalogue of vocal pieces published by Latour, and in which appear the names of near a score of popular composers, out of which list of plain unvarnished J.s, W.s, R.s, &c., stands always conspicuously *J. Augustine Wade, Esq.!* The very clever and admired writer we have noticed at the head of this article, is frequently denominated 'Tom Moore,' and we never remember to have seen any compositions of W. A. Mozart, *Esq.* We should feel obliged by an explanation of this.

Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with Embellishments for the Flute. Dedicated to Amateurs. (No. 3.) Cocks and Co. 3*s.*

Agreeably to promise, we notice the Third Number of this pleasing little work, which contains the following judicious selection of desirable pieces, viz.—No. 1., 'Poor Mary Anne,' the favourite Welsh melody, embellished by R. Dressler. No. 2, 'Non piu mesta,' an Aria in Rossini's Cenerentola, arranged by W. Forde. No. 3, 'My lodging is on the cold ground,' with four showy variations by Dressler. No. 4, 'O Nanny!' also with similar variations. No. 5, Haydn's 'God preserve the Emperor.' No. 6, Rossini's Polacca Finale, from 'Il Barbiere,' arranged as a duet for two flutes, by Berbiguier. And, No. 7, a pleasing Portuguese Air, with embellishments.

A Grand March and Finale for the Piano Forte. Composed, and respectfully inscribed to the Hon. Societies of the Temple, by George Warne, Organist of the Temple Church. Published by the Author. 2*s.*

A short largo in E flat (in the unusual time of 12-8) introduces a clever and spirited March in the same key, in which the composer (with the best intention) has been so desirous to well define for the performer the proper punctuation and character, that he has set out and divided the quavers and semiquavers, &c., from each other, in such a peculiar manner, as to make it appear like vocal music divested of the words, and thereby added considerably to the difficulty of reading it, especially by the multitude. The whole, however, is a specimen of the propriety of modulation, and general good taste, evinced in all Warne's writings, and is a very pleasing production of its class.

'Home, sweet Home!' a celebrated Air, with Variations for the Violoncello; and 'Isabel,' a celebrated Spanish Air, with similar Variations, both having Accompaniments for a Bass. By John Peile. Published singly by Goulding and Co., each 2*s.*

To all amateurs of the violoncello, these arrangements must be exceedingly acceptable, so few pieces for that instrument being published. They are expressly well adapted, and not very difficult, hence will be found also of especial service to teachers. They are both in the familiar key of D, and very clear and perspicuous.

PHRENOLOGY.

'Let no man condemn a science he does not understand.'
Dewhurst

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Sir,—The subject of Phrenology has recently been discussed at the Westminster Medical Society, being brought forward by Dr. Epps, who laid before the members a brief but concise history of the science in question, together with a description of the doctrines laid down by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim; and, notwithstanding a strong opposition made by several members, it appeared to gain considerable ground. Among its general opponents, we perceive that the majority of them are ignorant of the fundamental principles of this science, or are only acquainted with such a knowledge as to enable them to turn it into ridicule. Phrenologists not unfrequently find their opponents entirely ignorant of the structure of the brain, anatomically* as well as phrenologically,—ignorant of the formation of the bones of the skull upon the fœtal brain, and deny the plurality of organs, which has been revived by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, having been known to the ancient philosophers for centuries past. If it is not Phrenology that has aided philosophers of the present day in ascribing accurately the true functions of the brain, and, what is more important, of pointing out the seat of disease in many of the mental maladies we are subject to;—if it is not this science, I will ask the opponents of Phrenology what it is? Again, through the researches of Drs. Gall and Spurheim, we become better acquainted with the true anatomy of the brain and nervous system, and this has turned the attention of medical practitioners to attempt the cure of cases of insanity, and in many instances with success. Let the opponents of Phrenology recollect that this interesting science is yet in its infancy, and that it is not uncommon to find an opposition to any new doctrine that may be broached, whereby mankind may be benefited. When that illustrious physician, Vesalius, pointed out the errors of Galen, he was assailed, ill-treated, and even personally injured by the *Spanish Inquisition.* When our countryman, Dr. William Harvey, discovered the true circulation of the blood, his theories were denied, and he was assailed with the most vituperative language that could be uttered against him, by anatomists and philosophers, both at home and abroad; but what was the consequence? These eminent men soon found, that only a short time was required to prove the truth of their assertions. So it is with Phrenology. The time, I trust, is not far distant, when phrenology will be generally studied as a branch of medical education; when the brain will be phrenologically dissected, (and here let me observe, it is the only true mode of ascertaining its structure;) and when professors of Phrenology will be appointed in every University and Academic Institution throughout Great Britain.

H. W. D.

* This phrase is used here to signify the mode usually adopted of dissecting the brain, by anatomists of the present day.

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VARIETIES.

CHIEFLY SELECTED FROM RECENT LETTERS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

THE BLIND BOOKSELLER OF AUGSBOURG.

Perhaps one of the greatest curiosities in the city of Augsbourg is a bookseller, of the name of Wimprecht, who had the misfortune to be born blind, but whose enterprising spirit has enabled him to struggle successfully against the melancholy privations he was doomed to sustain, and to procure, by his industry and intelligence, a respectable and comfortable support for a large family dependent upon him. His library consists of more than eight thousand volumes, which are, of course, frequently subject to change and renewal; but, as soon as he acquires a new stock, the particulars of each book are read to him by his wife, and his discrimination permits him to fix its value; his touch, to recognise it at any period, however distant, and his memory, never fails him in regard to its arrangement in his shop. His readiness to oblige, his honesty, and information on books in general, has procured him a large custom; and, under such extraordinary natural disadvantages, he has become a useful, and haply will render himself a wealthy member of the society to which he belongs.

SALE OF PICTURES.

The lovers of the Fine Arts will find much to admire in a magnificent collection of Italian, Dutch, and Flemish paintings, to be sold by Mr. Phillips of Bond-street, on Saturday next. Having been admitted to a private view of this splendid collection, we owe it as a duty to our readers, to indicate to them where they may receive the same high gratification.

LIVERY SEISIN.

Two men of the village of Berney, in the Department of the Loire, had very recently a dispute on their respective rights to a small piece of marshy ground; one claiming a moiety, the other totality. Two *experts* were summoned, and the litigants argued their respective claims with the utmost energy. He who demanded a half, was a grenadier; while the other was of a middling stature; but, notwithstanding the latter's disparity in point of size, his tongue was far the more active of the two. The grenadier, at last, vexed and wearied with the discussion, exclaimed, taking his opponent in his arms, 'If you will have it, take it;' at the same time, putting him in possession, by lodging him up to his neck in the bog, where he left him to speculate at his leisure on the *nature* of his *property*, and profit by his lesson in this novel practice of the law. Preston surely could not have made a more effectual *conveyance of the soil*.

LA FAYETTE.

LA FAYETTE has greatly disappointed the Parisians, who are eager for interest and excitement, and with whom, since the marriage of Mademoiselle Lafitte, funerals have again come into fashion. Poets and the schools of law and medicine, and the *gendarmerie*, with the Chamber of Deputies, were all on the *qui vive*; the bow-string of expectation was strung *tight*, but has suddenly relaxed, with a twang that has (to speak truth) more of sorrow than of joy in it; for there was nothing to substitute for the promised pleasures of *Père La Chaise*, and all Paris would have sunk into the very lowest depths of despair, had not the trial of Constance and her husband, and the hoped-for appearance of Mademoiselle Mars in open court, been at the moment announced, and La Fayette was, of course, as instantly forgotten. The old gentleman seems content to live on, until Savary's Memoirs shall have had their day; and when M. Bossange is wholly at leisure, and no other public event occupies the minds of his compatriots, perhaps he may condescend to die. While lying on the sick bed, and supposed by his physicians to be asleep, one of the latter observed to a colleague, 'that the Parisians were all furnishing themselves with the uniform of the National Guards to attend his funeral.' La Fayette was, however, awake, and, turning to them, observed, '*Au moins l'on ne m'accusera pas d'être de cette conspiration.*'

ANECDOTE.

'What possible utility can there be in Lords —— and ——?' observed an ancient Croaker, a few days since, to his friend. 'To be made Lords Privy Seal and President, to be sure,' replied the latter. This puts us in mind of the answer of Brindley, the engineer of the Duke of Bridgewater, on his Grace's demanding, 'Why Providence had accorded so many and such fine rivers in England?' 'For the supply of c[illegible] undoubtedly, your Grace,' observed the man [illegible]

PASSAGE FROM TAYLOR'S INTRODUCTION TO 'THE ORPHIC HYMNS.'

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—In perusing, the other day, an octavo volume, lately published by Hunt and Clarke, under the title of 'The Rev. C. J[illegible]kin's Oriental Mission,' my attention was particularly excited by a truly beautiful passage, descriptive of the sublime and scientific theology promulgated by Orpheus, Pythagoras, and Plato. The passage would occupy too much of your space, or I should feel great pleasure in extracting it; but you will find it at page 386. I have, however, to charge the author with a want of liberality and candour in not quoting his authority. It is taken nearly *verbatim* from the masterly Introduction (see page xxiv.) to the second edition of Mr. Thomas Taylor's valuable 'Translation of the Orphic Hymns.'

I am sorry to add, that this is not the only instance I have met with of writers freely availing themselves, *without acknowledgment*, of the inestimable labours of my erudite and philosophic friend,—a man distinguished for whatever can adorn the scholar, the gentleman, and the philosopher. His unexampled efforts in the dissemination of the ancient philosophy, and the singular felicity with which he has unfolded the recondite doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, entitle him to the grateful thanks of every admirer of the genius and wisdom of antiquity. The tribute of applause which has been so generally paid to his astonishing labours by the discerning literati in foreign countries, forms a striking and cheering contrast to the acrimonious scurrility and abusive malevolence with which he has been assailed by the ignorant, the envious, and the bigotted, among his own countrymen.

Believing the author of 'The Oriental Mission' to belong to neither of the above classes, I confidently expect that he will seize the first opportunity of making the *amende honorable*.—Your obedient servant,

Soho, May 26. J. W., jun.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—In the 9th Number of 'The Verulam,' (which I am pleased to find incorporated with 'The Athenæum,) is a communication recommending the adoption of what the humane Correspondent terms 'Stone *Rail* Roads,' as used at Milan, and at other towns on the continent, and by which a very great saving is made in the labour of horses. Now, Sir, I would suggest that the experiment be tried on the steep ascents leading from the coal-wharfs in the Strand, where six and eight horses are required to draw up a laden coal-waggon, and that with great difficulty. On the proposed road, four would be sufficient, as has been proved by experiment. I am, Sir, with great respect, your constant reader,

J.

EPITAPH ON A RACE HORSE.

(From Ausonius.)

CHARGER of Light!* through the echoing halls,
Amid ten thousand battle calls,
From the warriors who darken'd the marble walls,
Thy feet and fire have bounded along.

Courser of Light! thou proud, the free,
What earthly being shall frighten thee
From thy mighty laugh of victory?

Charger of Light! thou art gone to the land
Where the course is strew'd with rose-leaf sand,
And many a sun-bright charger band
Shall bear thee company.

R. A. W.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE 23.—Degrees, at a Congregation, on Wednesday last:

M. A.: Rev. R. Skinner, Sidney College.

B. A.: T. Bond and E. Holland, Trinity College.—H. Roper, St. John's College.—S. Barker, St. Peter's College.—G. R. Barclay, Catharine Hall.

At the same Congregation, the title of Professor of Political Economy was conferred on S. Pryme, Esq., who has for some time past delivered lectures on the subject.

Another Grace has also been passed, to permit Masters of Arts to leave Strangers in the Fitzwilliam Museum while engaged there.

The Regulations for B. A. degree Examinations proposed in the Syndic Report of March 27, 1828, have been confirmed.

* 'Phosphorus,' the name of the original, I have translated Charger of Light.'

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the course of the month of June will be published, in an Imperial 8vo. volume, with numerous engravings, 'Buddhaism,' illustrated from original manuscripts of its Doctrine, Metaphysics, and Philosophy; accompanied by forty-three Engravings, lithographed from the Cingalese originals, demonstrative of their Scheme of the Universe and the Personal Attributes of the Buddhoo; also, Notices of the Planetary or Bali Incantations of the Demon Worship still existing in that Island. By Edward Upham, Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, F.S.A.

The Second Number of the Picturesque Tour of the River Thames will appear in June.

In the course of the present month, in 2 vols., 8vo., 'Recollections of a Service of Three Years during the War of Extermination in the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia.' By an Officer of the Colombian Navy.

'The Life and Times of Archbishop Laud,' by John P. Lawson, M.A., is preparing for publication, in one volume 8vo.

The Rev. Richard Warner will shortly publish an edition of the Book of Psalms, according to the authorized version, with Practical Reflections and Notes, in one octavo volume.

In the press, in 8vo., 'The Casket;' a Miscellany, consisting of Original Poems, by some of the best living Authors.

Captain Geo. Beauclerk, 10th Infantry, who, with another Officer of the Garrison of Gibraltar, accompanied Dr. Brown, in July 1826, on a Medical Mission to the Sultan of Morocco, is about to publish an account of his travels, and of his residence at the Capital of that Empire, under the title of a 'Journey to Morocco.'

NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Waldstein, or the Swedes of Spain, from the German of Madame C. Pichler, by J. D. Rosenthall, 2 vols., 12mo., 18s.
Opie's Detraction Displayed, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
Freese's Cambist's Compendium, royal 8vo., 20s.
M'Cormar on Stammering, post 8vo., 5s. 6d.
Jardine's Index, making the 34th vol. to the State Trials, royal 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Luby's Introductory Treatise to Physical Astronomy, 8vo., 12s.
The East India Register and Directory for 1828, second edition, 10s.
The Art of Tying the Cravat, third edition, 18mo., 3s.
My Early Years, 12mo., 3s.
Fuller on Communion, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Tales and Sketches, by Jacob Ruddiman, M.A., post 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Voltaire's Charles XII., French, new edition, revised by Catty, 12mo., 4s.
The Waverley Dramas, 2 vols., 24mo., 11s.
Sankay's Rhymes on Geography and History, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Miss Mitford's Our Village, vol. 3, post 8vo., 9s.
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Impey's Stamp Acts, second edition, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
The Bacchd. and Heraclidd. of Euripides, in English prose, from Elmsley's Text, 8vo., 8s. 6d.
Tytler's History of Scotland, vol. 1. 8vo., 12s.
Roberson on the Mortality of Children, 12mo., 7s.
Best's Transrhenane Memoirs, 8vo., 8s.
Rennie on the Gout, Apoplexy, Paralysis, and Disorders of the Nervous System, 8vo., 8s. 6d.
Alcock's Descriptions of the Principal Hospitals of Paris, with some Account of the Practice of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Marriage; the Source, Stability, and Perfection of Social Happiness and Duty, by the Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, A.M., 12mo., 5s.
Bailey's Exposition of the Parables, 8vo., 14s.
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New Week's Preparation, 2 parts, each 2s.
Auldjo's Ascent of Mount Blanc, 4to., 21s.
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Forsyth's First Lines of Philosophical and Practical Chemistry, 12mo., 8s.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	May.	Therm. A.M.	Therm. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Cloud.
	Mon. 19	65°	55°	29. 52	E.	Serene.	Cirrostratus
	Tues. 20	63	56	29. 48	Ditto.	Cloudy.	Do. Cumul.
	Wed. 21	57	57	29. 25	Ditto.	Rainy.	Ditto.
	Thur. 22	56	56	29. 20	N.E. to E.	Showers	Do. Nimb.
	Frid. 23	57	57	29. 20	N. to N.E.	Cloudy.	Ditto.
	Satur. 24	62	58	29. 10	S.W.	Showers	Cum. Nimb.
	Sun. 25	67	60	29.	Ditto.	Fair. Cl.	Cumulus.

Rain on the nights of Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday. Mornings fair except on Saturday.

Astronomical Observations.

Venus at the greatest elongation on Monday.
The Sun and Mercury in sup. conj. on Friday at 4 o'clock P.M.
Venus's geocentric long. on Sunday, at 19° 29′ in Cancer.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 6° 29′ in Scorpio.
Saturn's ditto ditto 17° 34′ in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 4° 18′ in Gemini.
Length of day on Sunday, 16 hours.
Sun's horary motion, 2′ 23″ plus. Logarithmic num. of distance on Sunday, .665229.

MADDOX-STREET GALLERY, opposite St. George's Church, Hanover Square.—AN EXHIBITION of PICTURES by the GREAT MASTERS is open daily, from 10 till 6 o'clock.

The GRAND FRESCOS, by PAUL VERONESE, from the Soranza Palace, are on View at this Gallery; together with some of the finest works of CLAUDE LORRAIN and RICHARD WILSON.—Admittance 1s.

This day is published, in 8vo., price 12s., and in 4to., on India paper, price 1l. 1s.,

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*** The Preceding Numbers may had separately. No. VIII., containing 'The Merchant of Venice,' will be published on the 1st of June.

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THE SUBSCRIBERS are respectfully informed, that the Interior of ELY CATHEDRAL and HENRY VIIth's CHAPEL are now ready for Delivery, where may be had Two Views of York Cathedral, Interior and Exterior; also shortly will be published, King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and Oxford Cathedral. The Prints are carefully coloured and mounted; size, 11 inches by 15. Price 1l. 1s. each.

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LITERATURE.

ON SOME OF THE USES OF LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

Biography loses much of its charm when it is not generally remembered, that each of its branches is both to be written and studied with a feeling adapted to its peculiar characteristics. This is particularly the case with regard to the biography of literary men. Their memoirs are poor and unimportant in some respects, but they are rich and splendidly adorned in others; and it greatly depends upon the right apprehension of their particular applicability of moral, whether they be read with interest, or with totally unimpressed feelings.

Some men are of importance to society by their actions; others, by their sentiments, and their willingness and power to promulgate them. The lives of the former are, chiefly, written to record the events which were brought about or modified by their interposition. Such are the memoirs of statesmen, of warriors, and travellers. Their history is wound up with that of the country. Their actions are a part of the thousand agencies by which the huge machine of society is driven round. While other hands have worked with less consciousness of power and in obscurity at the wheel, theirs have been visibly raised, and, every time they were stretched forth, visibly noticed. They have given an impulse to the stream of life; but it has been by some manifest operation, by the use of the spade and the mattock. The action of men's minds, more purely intellectual, is like the breathing of a gale impressing and agitating the waters of existence, but silently and invisibly. Biography, when employed to note the history of the former description of characters, has a comparatively easy task. When men's actions are numerous, their dispositions and principles are easily delineated. An active man can never be of a close or secret temper; either the activity of the mind will overcome the design of secrecy, or the wish of secrecy will destroy the action, and the writers of the memoirs of such men have, therefore, not to study character, or to depict its variations; but to describe events as they occurred, or, in fact, explain certain circumstances by ascribing them to the influence of particular agents. Very contrary to this is the situation of the biographer of men of literary genius. Actions are to be described, but they are to be considered only as the indexes to a mysteriously written book. Events are to be related, but they are to be adduced as illustrations only of sublime truths discovered by an appeal to human nature itself. Mind is to be regarded, at setting out, as the subject of contemplation. It is to be first considered as impressed with particular characters itself, before examining how it impressed its own likeness on the objects with which it came in contact. It is to afford the inquirer both the materials and the subject of his thoughts. To be the object to which his contemplations are raised, and the source from which he derives the finest illustrations of the truths he has obtained from the contemplation; and thus, being to be seen rightly by its own light alone, by that only making those manifestations of the beauty and dignity of its principles and constitution which are our delight,—it requires an effort on the part of from ordinary prepossessions, and to come to the examination unfettered by the common forms of conventional thinking. A biographer commencing the memoirs of a man distinguished for his noble intellect, with this idea of the true nature of his subject, will bring before our eyes one of the sublimest objects which can engage our attention. A human spirit, endowed with the light of thought, so strong and intense that it commands others by a sort of natural dominion, is the representative of humanity in its highest degree of present perfection. To be enabled to see its operations in its own high regions of imagination or reason, elevates us by the sight of our nature thus raised and ennobled. It does in an intellectual point of view, what the contemplation of great moral virtue does in refining our moral feelings. The beauty and dignity of each are presented to us. Our affections are engaged in the one case, and our sympathies have the force of a new moral obligation. In the other, the mind sees the capabilities of its nature, and, seeing them, learns to admire, and endeavours to imitate the best and greatest of its species.

One object, therefore, which literary biography effects, when written with talent, is, the manifestation of mind,—and mind in its loftiest and most strongly defined characters. Another good effected by it, if the principles on which it should be composed are rightly understood, is the illustration it affords of literary men's productions. This is a point less generally attended to than it ought to be. Not only many a particular passage in an author's works may be powerfully illustrated by certain circumstances in his life; but the very spirit of his style, the moods of thought and feeling, to which he is found most constantly resigning himself, may be more distinctly traced and understood by the commentary given in the memorials of his fortunes. In the case of poets, and other writers of a similar class, this is peculiarly striking. Their thoughts are composed of sun-light imaginations, and their wishes of aspirations that appear to hold every human hope and feeling in abeyance. They thus seem, by the natural constitution of their minds, to be set apart as the priests of nature, or the expounders of a law of superior existence, the glories of which they are the first to enjoy. But the images in which they are obliged to clothe their divine conceptions, are earthly. They have to come and converse with men, before they can record the discourse of angels. The dwelling-place of their minds is the purest region of the serene heaven; but their study is on earth, built amidst the bustle and confusion of the world. They are taught, by their own inward feelings, the independency of truth, and beauty of the mere present existence; but in teaching others, they have to submit themselves to the forms and rules which have been composed, in many cases, by the necessities of social life, but, in others, by the mistakes of prejudice. They thus contract a familiarity with the world. They throw their own bright mantle over the forms that pass before them, and then forget what has made them so lovely. They confound the bright originals of their imagination with the representatives they have borrowed to make them visible to mankind; and, in their after-intercourse with the world, seek ideal good under earthly forms, and worship an earthly form for its ideal beauty. portion to the power of their intellects. The clearer and more elevated their minds, the deeper is their love or desire of the objects which their imaginations have clothed in beauty, or which their purified understandings have pronounced excellent. The events of their lives, therefore, as they bring before them objects that adapt themselves to their dispositions, as they satisfy or disappoint their desires, diminish their self-dependence, or drive them back upon the elysium they had almost lost,—as the circumstances of existence do one or the other of these, their thoughts will run in particular channels, be expressed in different styles, and manifest different moods of feeling. The situations in which they found themselves in the progress of existence, and the bright or gloomy atmosphere through which they passed, first affected the operations of their intellect, by the use which it had first made of them to assist its expression; but, as the objects they called around them became more and more mixed up with these creations of their mind, they gained an unconquerable power over their affections, and, in determining in what current those affections should run, passed, in fact, a law upon the intellect which subjected it to the varying circumstances and fortunes of human life. By bearing this in mind, the biographer of a poet may transmit to posterity the most valuable exposition of his works that could be written, and one which will not only clear the meaning, but give a deeper interest and a more spiritual meaning to every sentiment he uttered.

But literary biography has no better or more interesting purpose than the view it gives of the greatest and purest intellects, struggling under the adverse influences of human fortune. Independent of the value of closely written memoirs, in the view which has just been taken of them, they have, in the high moral interest of their details, a value belonging to very few other kinds of literature. No observation can be more ridiculous than that with which nine biographies of literary men out of ten are found to begin, namely, that their lives are very meagre in materials for the biographer. Of anecdotes or details that may illustrate the history of kingdoms, it is true they are; but of such as throw light on the history of man, they are full. Every action of a person of strong or refined intellect, manifests its internal working clearly and distinctly. It matters not whether it be important for the effects it produces or not. The determination of thought and feeling to a particular point is evident, and the human mind, with all its phenomena, is better developed, when exposed by turns to the general occurrences of life, than when called into exercise by the strong and overpowering necessities of public business. In the lives, therefore, of literary men, we are not to look for events or actions that may startle us, or interest the curiosity, but for such as may show the influence which the changing circumstances of existence have upon superior minds, or the power which an exalted intellect exercises over a mutable and capricious fortune. Regarded in this manner, the memoirs of men of genius are replete with interest and instruction. Their virtues have a grandeur which renders them venerable; their errors are awfully visible under the bright clear light which shines around their hearts. Their actions are but another expression of the

compositions. Their patience in endurance of ill, their passion for the good and the beautiful, and even their recklessness of mind, are an evidence that the same spirit is ever living, and ever present, in the depth of their bosoms in the retirement of their homes, in the hopes and wishes that extend no farther than the little circle of their domestic sympathies, and in the love and joy of which the world is intended to know nothing. When a biographer has a sufficient acquaintance with his subject, and feeling enough to show us the man as well as the author, his work has a merit and an interest far higher than could be attributed to it for its most important illustrations of literary history.

LIFE AND REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles the First. By I. D'Israeli. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1828.

No period of history, either ancient or modern, has had so many commentators as the reign of Charles the First. Men of all parties have spoken on the subjects it involves, with more than ordinary political fierceness; and works written on every point of constitutional history, have referred, for their most powerful arguments and interesting illustrations, to the events it records. A judicious reader of history will receive important benefit from this superabundance of assistance in his reflections; but, to the generality of historical students, it has proved a dangerous snare, and it would be difficult to find a subject on which more common-place errors, or unphilosophical opinions, are repeatedly broached, than on the conduct of the unfortunate Charles or his opponents. On every great question of public interest, this must almost always be the case; but there are some in which its consequences are worse than others; some on which we should wish to see clear, just, and philosophical views, universally prevailing, and in the discussion of which we feel it is of importance that men in every condition of society should be able to revert to principles that are the same in all ages, and should be taken as rules in the examination of every subject. Such are the questions agitated on the momentous affairs that led to the temporary destruction of the English monarchy. The least important truth to which the right discussion of them brings us, is an establishment of some useful principle in political philosophy for the study of them, in their different relations, unfolds more of the mysteries of social action, than the survey of almost any other period. But the more important a subject is, the less likely are we to find men treating it with that strict attention to unalloyed truth, which can alone render the examination useful. Facts are made of less value than opinions, and truth is venerated only as it speaks in unison with passion. So conspicuously has this been the case with the historians of the reign of Charles and their commentators, that we know of no one which could be put into the hands of an inexperienced reader with safety, till pains had been taken to guard him against some strong party misrepresentation of the author. It is, however, only from a multitude of witnesses, when a subject is debated with much virulence, that we stand a chance of arriving at any safe conclusion: we do not mean of witnesses who come to plead the cause of either side, but of such as bring additional facts to explain the occurrence of known incidents, and who have come before the public with the professed intention of assisting its judgment, instead of dictating to it. Among such writers Mr. D'Israeli ranks himself. Although his present production takes a higher rank than many of his former publications, it has, in a great measure, the same purpose in view. In bringing considerable good taste, as well as a persevering diligence, to the task of exploring the buried curiosities of knowledge, this author has performed a useful service, not merely for the general reader, but for the scholar and the antiquary. Many an interesting truth has its confirmation in the pages of his miscellaneous works, and in employing the same resources and diligence used in their compilation, in illustrating an important period of history, he has laid claim to a still greater share of public praise. The object of Mr. D'Israeli, in the work we are noticing, has been to throw a new light on the occurrences of Charles the First's reign, by a close inspection of what records remain of his secret history, and that of his court. The following account of the King's situation in respect to his counsellors, is well worthy of extract:

'There was also a fatal discord among the King's intimate counsellors. The secret history of the Lord Keeper Williams, and Buckingham and Laud, would show a chain of cabinet intrigues, whose links are more perceptible to us, than they were probably to the parties themselves.

'Of these eminent political rivals, the Lord-Keeper Williams—then Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards Archbishop of York, was the master genius. As a scholar, he partook, in common with many of that learned age, of that prodigal erudition which delights in inexhaustible quotations from writers whom we now deem obscure—but whose aptitude or felicity startles us, while we are reminded, that what lies forgotten may be as valuable as that which is remembered. But the native faculties of Williams excelled his acquired powers. His scintillant wit, his acute discrimination, his vigorous eloquence, come vitiated to our taste, by the quaintness or the pedantry of the prevalent style; his great powers seem encumbered by their worthless ornaments, but this ecclesiastical Lord-Keeper had far advanced beyond his age in the wide comprehension of his mind. His practised touch opened the hearts of men, and his commanding spirit appeared as much in the magnificence of his life, as in the might of his genius.

'As a statesman, his quick apprehension acted like inspiration; his sagacity struck with the force of prediction; but his restless ambition, though capable of more noble designs, and even of more generous feelings, had systematised intrigue; and what he could not obtain by wisdom and integrity, he would circumvent by servility and cunning. A great politician, but as subtle a Machiavellian, he maintained a whole establishment of the "juggling fiends" of espionage, and a long line of secret communication made him the centre of every political movement. It was a maxim with him, that no one could be a statesman without a great deal of money; and he once confessed that, from his studies of divinity, he had gleaned another principle, *licet uti altero peccato*, to make the sins of others useful. As he was not scrupulous in his means, among other extraordinary methods of gaining men for a temporary purpose, he exercised a peculiar faculty, which, if it deserve a name, we may call political imagination. Clarendon tells us, that on any particular occasion he could invent entire scenes, and lengthened conversations, perfectly appropriate to the persons, all which had never occurred. Such artful fictions had all the force of nature and truth. These apparent confidential disclosures made the stubborn, credulous; and the irresolute, firm.

'During the absence of the Favourite in Spain, the Lord-Keeper had practised on the fears, and perhaps on the wisdom, of the aged monarch. We discover papers slipped by sleight-of-hand into that lion's mouth for state-accusations,—the pocket of the King,—midnight interviews—addresses *ab Ignoto*—mysterious suggestions,—by which our wily politician at length possessed himself of the royal confidence, and had so effectually undermined his patron Buckingham, that, had James not died at the critical moment, the decline of the great Favourite's influence had certainly been resolved. With the most refined duplicity, this Episcopal Lord-Keeper was conducting two opposite systems. He was combining with the Earl of Bristol and the Spanish interest, at the moment the faithless confidant was warning his absent patron of "ingrateful devils at home." Williams displayed the ambi-dextrous felicity of one who pursues his certain end by uncertain means. Master of himself on all occasions, he would show himself in all forms; and versatility with him seemed no change in the unity of his designs.

'But these subterranean workers are frequently countermined, and are often taken by surprise as they grapple together in darkness. The mysterious conduct of the Lord-Keeper could not entirely hide itself from the jealous eyes of the Duke, who once avowed to Lord Bacon, as his settled principle, that "the man who would not live by his smile, should perish by his frown." On his return from Spain, Buckingham found that Williams was running a course opposite to his. The Lord-Keeper was neglected; their intercourse was neither friendly nor frequent; his counsels were no longer required; and, though he remained in office, he was, in fact, discarded.

'When the Parliament met, the practices of the Lord-Keeper, with some of the leading men in the House of Commons, had insured him a strong party. This party was an awful engine, which his potent hand might wield at a secret touch. The Lord-Keeper, observing the rising faction which had threatened to call him to account, in the very presence of the King, on the first day he delivered his official speech,—soon turned round. He knew the lawyers were more particularly vehement against a churchman holding the seals, which they deemed to be the privilege of their brotherhood. Williams, unconscious that he himself was one of "the fatted calves" for sacrifice, directed the storm from bursting on his own head. By his reluctant confession it appears that he had held a secret intercourse with some of that party whom the courtiers called "the chief tribunes of the Parliament." He urged them to look about for nobler game, "fitter for such hunters than a silly priest." The suggestion was not whispered to the deaf or the dumb. The hunters soon chased the Duke; and, in the re-action, the Duke chased the Lord-Keeper.

'Intriguers usually drink out of the same poisoned chalice. The betrayer of his patron, in his turn, was betrayed by him whom he had patronised. This person was the famous Laud; he for whom Williams had procured his first rochet, and who then declared that "his life would be too short to requite that goodness." This new Bishop, ere his linen robe had hardly fallen into its folds, within eighteen months of his gratitude,—so short is its terms in politics!—observing that his patron was incurring the anger of Buckingham, avoided the falling greatness; while in that fall he meditated, night and day, on his own rise. If the worldly passions of a mere laic can work among churchmen at the distant prospect of a peaceable mitre, they rise with redoubled violence when churchmen are ministers of state, and ascend to pre-eminence in power by the dislodging of a rival. In this particular instance these passions so strongly affected the busy brain of Laud, that they painted their scenes in his very dreams. These he has superstitiously chronicled; they were the terrors and the jealousies, the hopes and the pleasantness, of his political day*.

'"October 3, Friday. I was with my Lord-Keeper, to whom I found some had done me some very ill offices. And he was very jealous of L. B's. (Lord Buckingham's) favour.

'"December 14, Sunday night. I did dream that the Lord-Keeper was dead; that I passed by one of his men that was about a monument for him; that I heard him say, his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen, and he rotten already. This dream did trouble me.

'"December 15. On Monday morning I went about business to my Lord Duke of Buckingham. We had speech in the shield gallery at Whitehall. There I found that the Lord-Keeper had strangely forgotten himself to him; and I think was dead in his affections.

'"December 27, St. John's Day. I was with my Lord of Buckingham. I found that all went not right with the Lord-Keeper, &c.

'"January 25. It was Sunday. I was alone, and languishing with I know not what sadness. I was much concerned at the envy and undeserved hatred borne to me by the Lord-Keeper.

'"February 18, Wednesday. My Lord Duke of Buckingham told me of the reconciliation and submission of my Lord-Keeper; and that it was confessed unto him that his favour unto me was a chief cause. *Invidia, quo tendis? &c. At ille de novo fœtus peperit.*

'"March 17. Lord Keeper, his complimenting with me."

'A year after, his political dreams of Williams followed fast on one another.

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* 'Certainly Laud had "an alacrity" at dreaming; but at that day, which, in the annals of human nature, is not very distant from our own times, dreams—omens—apparitions, and a long train of vanished superstitions, were chronicled in diaries. I shall leave to the reflection of the reader those relating to his rival, the Lord Keeper, Williams. Such dreams, combining politics and fancy, form a very entertaining mode of writing secret history.

'"January 13, Sunday. The Bishop of Lincoln desired reconciliation with the Duke of Buckingham, &c.

'"January 14, Sunday. Towards morning I dreamed that the Bishop of Lincoln came, I know not whither, with iron chains. But, returning, loosed from them, leaped on horseback; went away; neither could I overtake him."

'However, Laud did overtake Williams some years after, and kept him in the Tower for three long years.

'"March 27. A certain person appeared to him who was dead, and whispering in my ear, told me that I was the cause why the Bishop of London was not again admitted into favour and to court."

'I have sometimes thought that some of these strange *dreams* were an allegorical representation of his own state of mind and circumstances, which he wished to conceal by this cryptical mode of writing.'

'At the accession of the new Sovereign, the Lord-Keeper, ere he sunk on the arena, would wrestle with his mightier rival, the Duke. The young King was unhappily placed amidst the struggle, and had to choose between the cold policy of an artful statesman, whom his Father's wisdom had sanctioned, and the warmer influence of affection for the companion of his youth, and one on whom his hope now rested, as the hero and administrator of his glory.

'When Charles found that the inexorable Parliament would offer but scanty supplies, and that the contagion at London was spreading, he was at a loss how to act. To dissolve them was to leave himself amidst his utmost wants. Buckingham proposed to adjourn to Oxford, but was immediately opposed by the Lord-Keeper, who advised the prorogation. "It was not," he said, "a change of place, but a change of time, to which the King might look for a favourable change; six months hence might alter the spirit of the Commons.' The Duke, casting an angry look on his opponent, impatiently cried out, that "public necessity must guide us more than one man's jealousy!" On this, the Lord-Keeper prayed the King for a private audience, which was granted. In this interview, Williams informed his Majesty that the Lord-Duke had enemies in the House of Commons, who had no other aim but to bring the Duke on the stage. "Let this malady, or malice, call it which you will, sleep till after Christmas. There is no time lost in whetting the scythe well. At that time I hope to give such an account, by managing the *chief stickler*s, that they shall abate their bitterness against your great servant, and your Councils shall be peaceable."

'The King was startled. This was probably the first moment, that he learnt that a faction was formed against his minister and his friend. "Why," he asked, "do you conceal all this from Buckingham?"

'"Good Lord, Sir!" was the reply, "fain would I begin at that end, but he will not treat me with moderation."

'It was obvious that the Lord-Keeper was now staking all his winnings on a single card, in a desperate game of political intrigue. He had succeeded in alarming the Father, and now he hoped to catch the son into an early tutelage. He failed with Charles, whose affections were too real to be shaken, and whose fears were not less genuine of trusting himself in the hands of a powerful intriguer. The Parliament, therefore, according to the advice of Buckingham, assembled at Oxford.

'Charles now expressed his disappointment at their ineffectual grant. Still no echo of sympathy responded in the House! And now they asserted, in a vague and quibbling manner, that "this Parliament was not bound by another Parliament," and, with a cruel mockery, suggested that "the King should help the cause of the Palatinate with his own money." The King in vain pressed for despatch of business, lest the season should be lost for the navy; observing that "it was the *first request* that he had ever made to them." The words "first request" had an instant effect on some few; but his "poor Commons" offer their dear and dread Sovereign" only protestations of duty, alarms of Popery, and petitions on grievances; a term which Coke acknowledged to be premature at so early a period of this reign. There were a few whose hearts had still a pulse to vibrate for a young Prince perplexed by a war which themselves had instigated, and which, by having placed him at the head of a confederacy in Europe, had involved his own and the national honour in the awful issue. But "the chief sticklers," as the Lord-keeper had called the rising opposition, and which he afterwards designated by a variety of denominations, as "the stirring men,"—and "the dangerous persons of the House of Commons,"—and "those disaffected persons who appeared so opposite to the royal ends"—these chief sticklers, when the pressing necessity of the times was urged, rejected Necessity as a dangerous counsellor, who would be always furnishing arguments for supplies. "If the King were in danger and necessity, let them answer for it who have put both King and kingdom into this peril." This oblique stroke, which aimed at the Favourite, Charles resented, declaring his ignorance of the cause by which the Duke had incurred their dislike,—he whom, not long since, they had spoken of with the language of idolatry. The King, in despair, dissolved this uncompliant Parliament.'—Vol. i., pp. 247—259.

Among the many monarchs who have owed their ruin, or, at least, a great part of their troubles, and those of their kingdom, to the intrigues and cabals of their Courts, Charles holds a conspicuous station. In this he was most unfortunate, as it could be attributed neither to his own vices, nor to those of his consort. They were both under the guidance of evil counsellors, and neither their love nor domestic virtues were able to avert the consequences. Our author has given an interesting notice of the character of the Queen's courtiers:

'Charles the First, at this early period of his reign, had not only to encounter the troubles of his Parliament, the disaffection of the people excited by his financial difficulties, and the anxieties attendant on his military expeditions; but even his own household opened for him a long scene of mortification, such as has rarely been exhibited under the roofs of the palace of the sovereign.

'Charles and Henrietta had met in youthful love; ardent and heartfelt had been their first embrace; but the design and results of a political marriage could not long be concealed, and their personal happiness was soon not in their own power to command.

'Henrietta, among her French household, forgot her endearing entreaty to Charles, which had so gracefully opened her lips on her arrival, that "he would ever himself, and by no third person, correct her faults of ignorance, youthful and a stranger as she was." In thanking her, the young Monarch desired that "she would use him as she had desired him to use her."

'But Henrietta had the whole French Cabinet invisibly operating on her conduct. Her mother, the Dowager of France, and her brother, the Monarch, flattered their hopes that a ductile princess of sixteen might serve as an instrument to maintain the predominance of the French interest in the English Court, nor does the English King appear to have been insensible to their attempt. It is only by entering into the domestic privacies of these royal personages, that we can do justice to Charles in a dilemma equally delicate and difficult.

'Of this political marriage, as of so many others, we may detect the secret motives of an union of adverse interests.

'No one, I think, has noticed the character of the French ambassadors who were sent immediately after the marriage. Every ambassador sent by France was acting under the councils of the Louvre to influence the Queen. The Count de Tillières, who had first come over here as Chamberlain to Henrietta, and was afterwards appointed ambassador, was dismissed with the rest of the French; and Charles sent an express prohibition to Tillières, that he should not presume to to set foot on English shore to be near her Majesty, for that, "he would no longer suffer his sworn servant to be checkmate with him."

'De Tillières was succeeded by the Marquis de Blainville, whom we find keeping up a secret intercourse with the Queen and her numerous establishment. His official capacity was favourable to this disguised *espionage*; and his conduct here was such as to have incurred the peremptory refusal of Charles to allow his admittance to the presence either of the Queen or himself.

'One of the objects of the mission of De Blainville was to remonstrate on the protection which the English Court afforded to Soubise.

'But De Blainville had other important objects, and Charles was aware of them. Our acute English commentator on Bassompierre's journal of his short embassy to the English Court, in alluding to Father Sancy's conduct, one of her Majesty's political attendants, observes, that "one is surprised to find the English Court so early and so well apprised of this man's mission, as it appears they were." The fact is, that Charles had no careless intelligencers at the French Court. Larkin was an active agent of the Duke's; and before De Blainville's arrival in England, his designs had been detected, and Larkin had anticipated his views. He had watched closely for them, and two dark speeches of the Queen-Mother and the Cardinal were for some time riddles hard to unriddle, but he succeeded by the open confession of the Duke de Chevreux. "De Blainville comes," says Larkin, "to spy and discover what he can, and, according as he shall find cause, to frame cabals and factions, whereunto he is esteemed very proper, being characterised with the marks of a most subtle, prying, penetrating, and dangerous man."

'At that time, it was the usage for ambassadors to be maintained at the expense of the Court, who provided them with house, diet, and even post-horses; and the ambassadors, on their return home, left the marks of their liberality, or their parsimony, in gratuities to the Master of the Ceremonies, and other attendants. This absurd custom was productive of perpetual jealousies on the side of the ambassadors, and, at length, was found so inconvenient at the Exchequer, that Charles was compelled in his distresses to curtail, and, finally, to refuse this established mode of royal reception. De Blainville, from the moment of his arrival, insisted on being lodged in the King's Palace, and had reverted to some precedent as far back as the reign of Elizabeth; but Charles firmly objected to any foreign ambassador residing so close to him. De Blainville was ever on the watch to make what, in the style of the Master of the Ceremonies, is called "an exception;" that is, an allegation of something irregular in etiquette; and this French ambassador proved the most troublesome of guests to the hapless Master of the Ceremonies. Vaunting his high rank at his own Court, as *Monsieur le premier*, the first Gentleman of the Chamber, and his own great means, he threatened to refuse his Majesty's diet, and live at his own cost. This seemed tantamount to a proclamation of war to the urbane Master of the Ceremonies, who, in his curious diary, has registered these 'stomachous speeches" with great indignation, and some trepidation. This wayward guest drove poor Sir John Finet to many a cruel shift to allow the ambassador, as a private person, what, if acknowledged to have been granted to him in his public capacity, might have become—that most serious of solemn affairs in the eyes of a Master of the Ceremonies—a precedent!

'How De Blainville occupied himself here, was, doubtless, not unobserved; but the best accounts of an ambassador's secret proceedings will usually come from the other side of the water. In a confidential despatch of the Earl of Holland at Paris, our Minister was informed of what he could not himself have so well discovered. "I must tell your Grace, that, by a friend whom I am tied not to name, I was showed the private letter that Blainville wrote to the King, in the which he sent him the whole proceedings of the Parliament, and concludes they will ruin you, naming great factions against you."

'De Blainville was evidently exerting an undue influence over the Queen, and sometimes outwitted the most correct arrangements of Sir John Finet. Once, on the removal of the Court, and the Queen staying behind, the Marquis's train of coaches and attendants having also set off, and all being prepared for the Marquis's stepping into his own carriage, at this instant he called for the Master of the Ceremonies, to confide to him the important secret, that he should stay behind—"*pour se purger*, as he professed,"—a stratagem for his greater freedom of access to the Queen! His mysterious intercourse became evident; and, one day, when the King was going to Parliament, a difference arising between Charles and the Queen about the place where she was to stand, De Blainville was discovered to have occasioned her Majesty's obstinacy. From that moment the ambassador was forbidden any further access to their Majesties. The Frenchman stormed, and required an audience; Charles replied, that, "If he demanded an audience for any business of the King his master, it should be readily granted; but, if it was to expostulate about his own grievances, his Majesty refused to see him." The ambassador replied, that he was here for the King his master, and not for himself; the audience, therefore, referred to the person represented, and not to the representative. On the following day, despatching couriers, and refusing the King's diet, he prepared for his departure. His imperious conduct had often excited the indignation of the mob: the ambassador was assaulted in his house; and the Master of the Ceremonies notes down, that "the Marquis de Blainville was reputed to be the main

bontefeu of our war with France." He has made a lamentable entry in his diary: "The Marquis, after all the vaunts of his own great means, seemed to prefer his ill-humour; for he left the King's officers and servants, (myself in particular, after my so long and painful attendance,) ill satisfied with his *none at all*, or most unworthy, acknowledgments."

'By the marriage contract, Henrietta was to be allowed a household establishment composed of her own people. As this arrangement was made during the life of James, it was limited to one hundred and twenty persons, in her state as a Princess of Wales. The French afterwards pleaded for an increased establishment for her rank as the Queen of England. Thus they gradually contrived to form nothing less than a small French colony, and, by a private account, it is said to have branched out, with their connexions, to about four hundred persons. This French party was forming a little republic within themselves; a political faction among them was furnishing intelligence to their own ambassadors, and spreading rumours in an intercourse with the English malcontents; while the French domestics, engaged in lower intrigues, were lending their names to hire houses in the suburbs, where, under their protection, the English Catholics found a secure retreat to hold their illegal assemblies, and where the youth of both sexes were educated and prepared to be sent abroad to Catholic seminaries. The Queen's palace was converted into a place of security for the persons and papers of every fugitive.

'They had not long resided here, ere the mutual jealousies between the two nations broke out. All the English who were not Catholics were soon dismissed from their attendance on the Queen, by herself; while Charles was impelled, by the popular cry, to forbid British Catholics serving the Queen, or even to be present at the celebration of her mass. Pursuivants would stand at the door of the Queen's chapel to seize on any of the English who entered, while, on these occasions, the French would draw their swords to defend the concealed Romanists. "The Queen and Hers" became an odious distinction with the people; and, what seems not improbable, the Papists, presuming on the protection which the late marriage seemed to afford them, frequently passed through the churches during divine service, "hooting and hallooing." A Papist Lord, when the King was at chapel, is accused "of prating on purpose louder when the chaplain prayed," till the King sent his message, "Either let him come and do as we do, or else I will make him prate farther off." Such were the indecent scenes exhibited in public; in private, they were, of course, less reserved.

'Those who have pourtrayed the Queen as displaying an ascendancy over the political conduct of Charles the First, must at least acknowledge that she had not become a politician by any previous studies, or any disposition towards deep councils. Henrietta first conducted herself as might have been rather expected, than excused, in an inconsiderate Princess of sixteen, and exhausted her genius and her temper in the frivolous interests of her bed-chamber-ladies and her household appointments.'—Pp. 199—208.

Our concluding extract gives a curious account of a celebrated character who flourished in the reign of Charles; and, as it has an interest different to that of the former passages, we prefer it to others of the same kind as those already inserted:

'Sir Fulke Greville, now become Lord Brooke, founded an Historical Lecture at Cambridge, endowing it with no penurious salary for that day—one hundred pounds per annum. Why an Englishman was not found worthy of the professorship has not been told. The founder invited the learned Vossius of Leyden to fill this chair; but the States of Holland having at that moment augmented his pension, Vossius recommended to his Lordship, Dr. Dorislaus, an excellent scholar and a Doctor in civil law.

'The learned Hollander, so early as in 1628, was sent down to Cambridge by Lord Brooke, with the King's letters to the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of colleges, who immediately complied with the design of the noble institutor of this new professorship.

'Dr. Dorislaus delivered two or three lectures on Tacitus, but he had not yet gone beyond the first words, *Urbem Romanam primo Reges habuere*, when he discovered that he was addressing critical ears. He disserted on the change of government in Rome from Kings to Consuls, by the suggestion of Junius Brutus; he dwelt on the power of the people; and touching on the excesses of Tarquin, who had violated the popular freedom which the people had enjoyed under his predecessors, he launched out in vindication of his own country in wresting their liberties from the tyranny of the Spanish monarchs.

'There was a tone of democracy in the lectures of the Dutchman, a spirit of republican fierceness to which the heads of houses had not yet been accustomed; and though the Doctor had particularly excepted such monarchies as those of England, where he said "the people had surrendered their rights to the King, so that in truth there could be no just exception taken against the sovereign," yet the Master of Peter-house, quick at analogies, and critical at deductions, communicating with the Master of Christ College and the Vice-Chancellor, a murmur rose which reached London, and at length the King's ear, of the tendency of these republican doctrines. Dr. Dorislaus at first offered to clear himself before the heads of houses; he proposed to dispatch letters to his patron, and other eminent personages, to explain his opinions, but at length resolving to address himself personally to Lord Brooke, he suddenly suppressed these letters, observing, that "he would see an accuser, before he replied to an accusation."

'What occurred at Court is obscure. The Bishop of Winchester, in his Majesty's name, suspended our history-lecturer; but shortly after, the suspension was annulled, and the Doctor allowed to return to his chair. Fuller, who alludes to this transaction, tell us, that "Dorislaus was accused to the King, troubled at Court, and after his submission hardly restored to his place." His first patron, however, who differed in his political sentiments from his successor, the republican Lord Brooke, in a letter to the Doctor requested that he would retire to his own country, assuring him, however, of his stipend during life. Lord Brooke, shortly after this generous offer, was assassinated by his servant.

'The Doctor, it is certain, never contemplated returning to his republic, and it is suspected that he had his reasons. This scholar and adventurer was "a fair conditioned man," as indeed appears by his portrait. He married an Englishwoman, was established a Professor at Gresham College—and this foreigner, whom Fuller describes as "a Dutchman very anglicised in language and behaviour," became a very important personage in the great Revolution of the land of his adoption.

'A history of this Dutch Doctor of Civil Laws, and Republican, would furnish a subject of considerable interest in our own political history. Although we have not hitherto been enabled to trace the private life of this remarkable character, for the long interval of twenty years, in which he was settled in this country; yet it is quite evident, that during this period he cultivated an intimate intercourse with the English Republicans of that day; for he became their chief counsellor, a participator in their usurpations, and acted in a high station in the Commonwealth. His death was not less political than his life.

'The first patron of Dr. Dorislaus, Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, was succeeded in his title by his cousin, Robert Greville, whom he had adopted as his son. The young Lord was then scarcely of age, and the republican sentiments of the second Lord Brooke, imbibed by the generous temper of youth, were so opposite to the monarchical character of the first Lord, that we have no difficulty in discovering his tutor in his own historical lecturer of Cambridge. In the dreams of his soul, lofty views of human nature broke forth, and in a romantic passion of patriotism and misanthropy, he had planned, with another discontented noble Lord, Say and Sele, to fly to the forests of New England, to enjoy that delusive freedom which he conceived that he had lost in the Old.

'Whether Dr. Dorislaus would have accompanied his pupil, and have forsaken the Academy of Gresham for an American savannah, may be doubted. The Doctor had abandoned his own Republic for a more comforting abode in a Monarchy. The founders of sects are often very different in their views and temperaments to their proselytes. A cool head has often inflamed hot ones, as water feeds fire. Lord Brooke's motives were the purest which human nature can experience, yet such a secession from our father-land may be condemned as betraying more sullenness than patriotism.

'It was this Lord Brooke who afterwards sided with the Parliament, and whose extraordinary prayer, on the day of his death, at the storming of the church-close at Litchfield, has been adduced by those who presume to explore into the secret ways of Providence, as a demonstration of what they are pleased to term particular providences, or judgments, while the opposite party, who do not object to these divine catastrophes whenever they happen to their enemies, never recognise one in the fate of their friends; thus it happens that the man whom one party considers as the object of divine vengeance, is exalted by the other into the beatitude of a saint. It would have been more reasonable to have remarked, that this very prayer, from the pure and noble mind of Lord Brooke, perhaps argued some painful doubts about the cause which he had exposed, and for which he was to die.

'If we consider the intimacy which this Lord Brooke must necessarily have cherished with the historical Professor placed on the foundation of his relative, and the whole tenor of his Lordship's actions, from his early days, it will be evident that this noble enthusiast was the political pupil of his republican Professor of Civil Law.

'When the rebellion of the revolution broke out, our speculative philosopher, Doctor Dorislaus, became a practical politician. The notions of government which he maintained well suited that base minority, who, in those unhappy days, triumphed over the monarchy and the aristocracy of England, and an indissoluble bond of political connection was formed between Dorislaus and the popular chiefs. The Dutch Doctor of Civil Law became their learned Counsellor, and their resolute agent, and the political adventurer received the gratitude of the co-partners and the profits of the co-partnership. We discover Doctor Dorislaus as the Judge Advocate in Essex's army; we find Doctor Dorislaus presiding as one of the Judges of the Admiralty; we behold the republican foreigner standing between the Attorney and the Solicitor Generals at the trial of the King of England; and when his ability had served the English Commonwealth so zealously at home, we see him commissioned by his friends in power to return to his native land, as their representative—the ambassador of England!

'There, when scarcely arrived, and in a manner the most unexpected, the Doctor terminated his career. His character was too flagrant not to attract the notice and indignation of the English emigrants. Some Cavaliers, maddened by loyalty and passion, who knew how actively Dorislaus had occupied himself in forwarding the unparalleled catastrophe which the world had witnessed, avenged the murder of their sovereign by an unpardonable crime—the crime of assassination. A party rushed into his apartment while he was at supper, and dispatched the ambassador of the new Common-wealth.

'This foreigner must have obtained an ascendancy in the Government not yet entirely discovered, and had been most intimately consulted on the events of the times, and more particularly in the conduct of the most criminal of the acts of the men in power.

'This appeared by the predominant party decreeing him a public funeral, attended by the Council of State, the Judges, and the whole Parliament. Evelyn has chronicled this public funeral for "the villain who managed the trial against the King."

'It has been urged in favour of Dorislaus, that he did not speak at the trial of the King. It is probable that this foreigner might not have acquired all the fluency of forensic elocution, necessary to address those who were called the English people, on an occasion so tremendously solemn. Those, moreover, who had been forced up into supreme power, might also have still retained some slight remains of decorum, and scarcely have desired that a stranger, with a foreign accent, should plead for the English people against their Sovereign. But was Dorislaus less active because he was mute? As a civilian, he was most competent to draw up the indictment, such as it was; and he acted so important a part in the trial itself, that in the print we may observe this Dutch Doctor standing between the Commonwealth's Counsel, Cooke and Aske.

'Such is the story of Doctor Dorislaus, a foreigner, who was more busied in our history than appears by the pages of our historians. The concealed design of his historical lectures, when the professorship was first founded at Cambridge, seemed doubtful to many, but less so to discerning judgments. The whole tenor of the professor's life must now remove all doubts. Dr. Dorislaus was a political adventurer, a Republican by birth and principle, the native of a land where, in the youthhood of the Republic, a nation's independence had broke forth; there was no small town, scarcely an obscure spot, which did not commemorate some stratagem of war, some night assault, some voluntary immolation, or which bore not the vestige of some glorious deed. There the siege had famished the city; there the dyke, broken by the patriot's hand,

had inundated his own province. The whole face of the country was covered with associations of unconquered patriotism.

'Dorislaus had willingly deserted this popular freedom and poverty to endure the servitude of monarchy in ease and competence. The Dutch Republican consented to join the English people, to adopt his own expressions, in "surrendering their rights to their sovereign." Perhaps he afterwards deemed that "the majesty of the people" retained the power of revoking their grant. His Roman intrepidity, if our lecturer on the seven Kings of Rome ever possessed it, was now lurking among intriguers, and his republican pride at length was sharing in the common spoil.

'Such is the picture of a Republican whose name appears in our history, and who acted a remarkable part in it, but who has not hitherto received the notice which he claims.'—Vol. ii., pp. 335—344.

The two volumes now before the reader are only a part of Mr. D'Israeli's work, and terminate with the third Parliament. We trust the author will be able to conclude his undertaking as successfully as he has commenced it.

BOTTA'S HISTORY OF ITALY.

History of Italy during the Consulate and Empire of Napoleon Buonaparte; translated from the Italian of Carlo Botta. By the Author of 'The Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples.' 2 vols. 8vo. Baldwin and Cradock. London, 1828.

The Italian History of Carlo Botta is already well known on the Continent; and it is one which, through the medium of a translation, is likely to prove very acceptable to a large class of English readers. It is written in a style attractive for its ease and occasional elegance, is full of amusing incident and anecdote, and contains several descriptions of scenes characteristic of war, under the most terrible shapes it can assume. With these attractions, however, for the general reader, it is not adapted to obtain the approbation of the more thoughtful class of students, or those who look at history as the associate of philosophy. The annalist of modern Italy wants both energy and boldness of comprehension; and, while the events he relates, seem to inspire him with an enthusiasm for description or narrative, he appears to trifle with the reasonings which properly belong to the subject. But, though this is the case, and the value of his writings is consequently much less than it would be, had they been composed by a deeper, and, perhaps we may say, correcter thinker, it is to be borne in mind, that an historian may be very superficial, or even mistaken, in his opinions or arguments with regard to the theoretical views of his narrative, and yet be a very useful, as well as interesting, writer. In this manner ought the present work of Carlo Botta to be considered. In the inferences he draws from, and in the sentiments he grafts upon, his details, he is not often to be regarded as a safe guide, or as writing with the dignity of an historian: but his Memoirs afford, in the main, a good view of the period to which they relate; and, as the author was personally engaged in several of the events he describes, the information they contain has an additional claim to attention.

Botta's original work contains twenty-seven books, and commences with the reign of Leopold in Tuscany, and is carried on through the different periods of the French Revolution, the translation now before us comprehending the history of Italy only from 1799 to 1814. Before opening these volumes to our readers, we may mention that Botta is a native of Piedmont, and by profession a physician. During the troubles in Italy, he suffered a variety of fortunes, in his conduct under which he seems to have materially hazarded the respect and friendship of all his associates. Having taken refuge in Lombardy, in 1798, he was employed, by the French, as physician of the forces, and sent to Corfu. He afterwards returned to Italy, and was put into the Provisional Government by Joubert; but he was soon after obliged to take refuge in France from Suwarrow. He again became a member of the Piedmontese Government, when the success of the French enabled him to return to Italy; but he appears to have been pursued, by all the wits of the country, with the most biting sarcasms and abuse. In 1802, when Piedmont was annexed to France, he was made a member of the Legislative Council, and, subsequently, the Vice-president. During his enjoyment of this post, he wrote a History of America. No change of sovereigns appears to have much affected him; for, in 1814, he went to France, and was patronised by Louis XVIII. When Buonaparte again appeared, for a short time, on the stage, Botta also again became his partisan. The consequence of this was a loss of the office which Louis had conferred upon him; but, whether his vacillation and want of firmness rendered him insignificant, or his eloquence was sufficient to justify his conduct, he was suffered to continue in Paris unmolested. He is there still, and is at present employed in writing a continuation of Guicciardini. The slightest notice we think of such a life as this is sufficient to take away any confidence in the opinions of the man; not so, however, with regard to his narrative: and we shall, therefore, select our extracts more with respect to their amusing and descriptive character than any other. We take our first from the account of the siege of Genoa, at the period just after the last unsuccessful sortie of Massena:

'Having here to describe the aspect of Genoa in these latter days of the siege, I cannot but deplore the fate of an Italian people reduced to the extremest misery,—not in a struggle decisive of misery or slavery, but to determine whether a city, desolated by rapine, slaughter famine, and pestilence, should, in the end, be subject to Austria or France! Keith prevented the entrance of supplies by sea, Otto by land. Provisions became scarce—scarcity grew into want.

'When this deficiency was first dreaded, food was dealt out in scanty portions; it was then adulterated; and, finally, every thing most disgusting was devoured—not only horses and dogs, but even cats, mice, bats, and worms; and happy was he who could obtain these. The Austrians had taken the mills of Bisagno, Voltri, and Pegli, and none were left to prepare the corn. This was remedied, for a time, by using hand-mills, chiefly coffee-mills. The Academy was employed to devise better ones; and they invented springs, and wheels, and mills of novel construction, with some of the largest of which, one man could grind a bushel a day. In every street, in every shop, these machines were seen continually at work; in private houses—in familiar parties, every one was grinding: the ladies made it their pastime; but within a short time there was no more corn left to grind. When grain failed, other seeds were sought to supply its place: flax-seed, millet, cocoa, and almonds, were first put in requisition, for of rice or barley there was none; and these substitutes were roasted, mixed with honey, and baked, and were considered a delicacy. Parents and friends rejoiced with him who could, for an additional day, support himself and his family with flax-seed, millet, or a few grains of cocoa; even bran, a substance affording no nourishment, was also ground, and, when baked with honey, was eaten, not to satisfy, but to deaden hunger; beans were most precious. Happy were now, not those who lived, but those who died! The day was sad from hunger, and the lamentations of the famishing; the night was sadder still from hunger, accompanied by delirious fancies. When every kind of seed had been exhausted, recourse was next had to herbs; monk's rhubarb, sorrel, mallows, wild succory, rampions, were diligently sought for, and as readily eaten as if they had been pleasing to the palate. Long files of people, men of every rank, ladies of noble birth, as well as plebeians, were seen examining every verdant site, particularly the fertile orchards of Bisagno, and the delightful hills of Albano, to dig out of them those aliments which nature has destined solely for the ruminating beasts. For a time sugar was used: rose, violet, and candied sugar, and every kind of confection were in general use. The retailers, men and women, sold them in public, in elegant little baskets adorned with flowers and garlands—a strange sight in the midst of all these pallid, emaciated, and cadaverous faces; yet thus powerful is the imagination of man, pleasing itself in embellishing that which, in its own nature, is most lamentable and [illegible]—a merciful dispensation of Providence, who [illegible] man's despair. But enough:—women of pleb[illegible] as those of noble birth, who were alike seen to feed on what was most loathsome in the morning, ate of the most delicate confections in the evening. That the sight of extreme misery does not correct iniquity in the evil-disposed, Genoa, in her utmost distress, afforded an example but too horrible; for some, devoid of every feeling of humanity, and actuated only by the vile spirit of gain, used chalk in the eatables they sold, instead of flour, of which not a few of the consumers died, suffering under the agonies caused at once by hunger and by the deleterious compound.

'During the siege, yet before the last extremities arrived, a pound of rice was sold for seven lire; a pound of veal for four; a pound of horse-flesh for thirty-two soldi; a pound of flour for ten or twelve lire; eggs at fourteen lire the dozen; bran at thirty soldi the pound. Before all was over, a bean was sold for two soldi, and a biscuit of three ounces weight for twelve francs, and none were at last to be had. Neither Massena, nor the other generals, would allow themselves greater indulgences than private individuals; they fared like the plebeians;—a laudable instance of self-denial, and highly efficacious in enabling others to bear up against their privations. A little cheese and a few vegetables was the only nourishment given to the sick and wounded in the hospitals. Men and women, in the last agonies of starvation and despair, filled the air with their groans and shrieks. Sometimes, while uttering these dreadful cries, they strove with furious hands to tear out their agonised intestines, and fell dead in the streets. No one relieved them, for no one thought but of himself; no one heeded them, for the frequency of the circumstance had made it cease to seem horrible. Some in spasms and convulsions and contorsions groaned out their last amidst crowds of the populace. Children, left by the death or despair of their parents in utter destitution, with mournful gestures, and tears, and heart-broken accents, implored the pity of the passing stranger; but none either pitied them, or aided them; the excess of his own sufferings extinguishing in each man's breast compassion for the misery of others. These innocent deserted beings eagerly searched in the gutters of the streets, in the common sewers, in the drainings of the washing-houses, for a chance morsel of some dead animal, or any remains of the food of beasts, which, when found, was greedily devoured. Many who lay down alive in the evening, were found dead in their beds in the morning, and children more frequently than adults: fathers accused the tardiness of death, and some hastened its approach by the violence of their own hands—citizens and soldiers alike. Some of the French, preferring death to the anguish of hunger, destroyed themselves; others disdainfully flung down those arms which they had no longer strength to carry; and others, abandoning a habitation of despair, sought, in the camp of the enemy, English or Austrian, that food and that pity which were no longer to be found amidst the French and Genoese. But cruel and horrible beyond all description was the spectacle presented by the German prisoners of war, confined in certain old barges anchored in the port; for such was the dire necessity at last, that for some days they were left without nutriment of any description. They eat their shoes, they devoured the leather of their pouches, and, scowling darkly on each other, their sinister glances betrayed the horrid fear of being at last reduced to a more fearful resource. In the end, their French guards were removed, under the apprehension that they might be made the sacrifice of ravening hunger: so great, at last, was their desperation, that they endeavoured to pierce holes in the barges in order to sink them, preferring to perish thus, rather than any longer endure the tortures of hunger. As commonly happens, a mortal pestilence was added to the horrors of famine: the worst kinds of fevers carried off crowds from the public hospitals, the lowly hovels of the poor, and the superb palaces of the rich. Under the same roof, death might be seen in different shapes: one died maddened by hunger, another stupified by fever; some pallid from extenuation, others livid with febrile spots. Every thing brought grief—every thing fear; for he who was still living awaited either his own death, or that of his nearest friends. Such was the state of the once rich and joyous Genoa; and the bitterest thought of all was, that her present sufferings could conduce nothing to future good, either as to her liberty or her independence.

'The fortitude of all was exhausted. Massena alone retained his firmness, because his mind was bent on aiding the enterprise of the Consul, and on preserving intact his reputation as an unconquered commander; but, at last, when honourable conditions were offered

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by Keith, he brought down his spirit to a composition, since even the loathsome and poisonous food Genoa was reduced to, cou'd not last for more than two days longer. Yet, still, his tone was rather that of a successful than of a defeated General: he insisted on the cession being called a convention, not a capitulation; which the allies were forced to grant. Massena and his troops, about eight thousand in number, were to leave Genoa, unrestricted by any conditions, either as to their persons or their allegiance. They were free to return to France by land; and those who could not accomplish this march, were to be carried by the English ships to Antibes, or the Gulf of Juan. The German prisoners were given up. No inquisition was to be made as to the past, and those who wished to abandon Genoa were at liberty so to do; the allies were to furnish provisions, and take care of the sick; and, on the 4th of June, the city was to be delivered up to the Austrian and English forces. On the appointed day, accordingly, the first took possession of the gate of the lantern; the second of the mouth of the port. Then Otto entered in triumph with his army, Keith with his fleet; but the prize thus obtained by a tedious war of detail, was speedily wrested from them by a brief and vigorous campaign. The most ardent democrats went away with the French; amongst others, Morandi, the Abbate Cuneo, the advocate Lombardi, and the brothers Boccardi. The bells were rung as for a festival, hymns were sung, and, if bonfires were lighted by the partisans of the Austrians from affection, more were lighted by their enemies from fear. Every thing seemed to be as usual: bread, meat, vegetables, and provisions of all kinds re-appeared in abundance, and those who abandoned themselves without restraint to the first impulse of appetite, died in consequence. Thus many, who had not been destroyed by long inanition, were killed by satiety. The retailers and venders, excited by the greediness of gain, strove to keep up the prices; but the infuriate populace fell on them in such a manner, as made them feel that hunger is a fierce counsellor. The peasants, under Azzeretto, endeavoured to sack the houses of the democrats, as they said, but, nevertheless, did not spare the aristocrats. But Hohenzollern, who had been left by Otto in command, restrained these excesses by military law. The Austrian commander created an imperial and royal regency, to which he called Pietro Paolo Celesia, Carlo Cambiaso, Agostino Spinola, Gian Bernardo Pallavicini, Girolamo Durazzo, Francisco Spinola di Gian Battista, and Luigi Lambruschini. The regency restrained the reaction of party vengeance ready to burst forth, by a laudable exertion of authority; but then came the opening of purses, an inevitable but cruel command in miserable Genoa. As for the rest, no sign was shown on the part of Hohenzollern, or of Melas, of any inclination, either towards the restoration of her ancient government, or her independence. Notwithstanding this, the aristocrats shouted *vivas* for the Emperor, from hatred against the democrats, just as the democrats had sent forth *vivas* for France, from hatred to the aristocrats;—blind slaves and madmen, both the one and the other; for they could not see, that from their private animosities sprang the ruin of their country, and the domination of foreigners.—Vol. i., pp. 51—61.

Our next extract gives a lively description of Napoleon's coronation at Milan. It is so mixed up with several of Signor Botta's remarks on the event, that it is altogether an excellent specimen of his general style and observations:

'The solemn entry of Napoleon into Milan was magnificent: he entered the city by the gate of Ticino, which had been called the gate of Marengo. The Municipality presented him with the keys on a basin of gold. "These," they said, "were the keys of the faithful Milan; the hearts of its people he had long possessed." In reply, he requested them to retain the keys, saying, that "he confided in the affection of the Milanese, and that they might confide in the assurance of his." This ceremony over, an immense concourse of people, rending the air with shouts of joy, followed him to the cathedral, where Cardinal Caprara, the archbishop, met him on the threshold, and there vowed respect, fidelity, obedience, and submission; prayed for the preservation of so great a sovereign, and besought St. Ambrose and St. Charles, the glorious protectors of the superb city, to bestow on him and all his family perfect health and perennial joy. The ceremonies in the cathedral being ended, the Ducal palace, ornamented for a festival, and proud of the honour bestowed on it, received the new king.

'As it was generally known that Napoleon had gone to Milan to assume the crown, deputations from the Italian cities and from foreign states were sent thither to meet him. Amongst others, Lucchesini, the bearer of Prussian orders and the agent of Prussian intrigues, brought to Napoleon, on the part of Frederick, the black and the red eagle, with which the new-made Emperor decked himself out, and showed himself to his soldiers. This was done to wound Austria; because at this time Frederick, in compliance with the advice of Lucchesini and Haugwitz, had resolved, with what prudence and success the appalled world has seen, to second in every thing, and for every purpose, the designs of Napoleon. Cetto was sent by Bavaria; Beust, by the arch-chancery of the German Empire; Alberg, by Baden; Benvenuti Bali, by the order of Malta; the Landemann Augusturi, by the mountainous Valais; the Prince of Masserano, by swarthy Spain; and by Lucca, Cotenna and Belluomini; while Tuscany sent a noble Corsini and a Vittorio Fossombroni. All came to honour and salute a potent and dreaded master.

'The deputies of the Ligurian republic had business of a more serious nature to transact. The Genoese senate had sent the Doge, Durazzo, Cardinal Spina, the archbishop Carbonara, and the senators, Roggieri, Maghella, Fravega, Balbi, Maglione, Delarue, and Scassi, to whom the greatest caresses and the highest honours were paid. The minister, Marescalchi, and Cardinal Caprara, did all they could to entertain them with banquets, and to honour them with audiences and compliments; nor was less courteousness displayed by the ministers of France. On every occasion, the Doge was called "His Serene Highness," and the senators "Their Excellencies." Their master himself always smiled graciously on them, and spoke much at large and in mellifluous words to them: in short, amidst the general festivity, the Ligurian deputies certainly had not the minor portion. Those who did not understand the disposition of Napoleon, arguing from the favour they were in, called the Ligurians the happiest of people, and anticipated the brightest destiny for the little republic; but those who knew him suspected some hidden design and anticipated some shameful deceit. The Ligurian deputies themselves, those at least who were not concerned in the intrigue, (for some of them were implicated in it,) marvelled at being so caressed and honoured, and their minds were, therefore, not entirely free from fear. Admitted to an audience with the sovereign, they saw him serene and cheerful, congratulated him on his imperial dignity, and besought him to restore the commerce of his beloved Liguria. To this he replied, courteously, that he was aware of the affection of the Ligurians, which had always succoured the armies of France in times of difficulty; nor were their distresses unnoticed or unheeded by him. He assured them that he would wield his sword in their defence; that he was certain of the good-will of the Doge; and that he saw both him and the senators with pleasure. He would go to Genoa, and proceed thither without guards, as amongst friends. After this audience, they were received and caressed by the Empress and the Princess Eliza, the sister of Napoleon, married to Bacciocchi, who had recently been created a Prince. Every one, in short, showed fair seeming to the Ligurian deputies at the Court of Napoleon.

'The iron crown having been brought to Milan with much solemnity and pomp, the preparations for the coronation were commenced; which ceremony was performed on Sunday, the 26th of May, a day on which the weather was auspiciously fine, and the sun shone brilliantly, as if in honour of the new sovereign. The Empress Josephine and the Princess Eliza preceded the Emperor, arrayed in gorgeous robes. Both were resplendent with diamonds—ornaments which, in Italy, they ought to have displayed less than in any other country. Napoleon followed, wearing the Imperial crown, and carrying the Regal crown, the sceptre, and the hand of justice. He was clad in the regal mantle, the train of which was supported by the two grand equerries; a pompous train of ushers, heralds, pages, aides-de-camp, masters of the ceremonies, ordinary and extraordinary, chamberlains and equerries, accompanied him, and seven ladies, splendidly dressed, carried the offerings. Immediately after them, followed the great officers of France and Italy, and the presidents of the three electoral colleges of the kingdom, bearing the regalia of Charlemagne, of Italy, and of the Empire; while ministers, councillors, and generals, increased the splendour of the assemblage. And now came Cardinal Caprara, accompanied by his clergy, with the canopy of state, who, with a countenance of deep respect, conducted the Sovereign to the sanctuary. I know not if any one remembered at this moment, that it was from this same temple that St. Ambrose had repulsed Theodosius, when stained with the blood of the Thessalonians. But modern prelates were not so particular in their scrutiny of Napoleon's life. The Emperor seated himself on the throne, and the Cardinal blessed the regal ornaments: the former then ascended to the altar, took the crown, and placed it on his head, uttering those words which excited the wonder of his flatterers—that is, of an entire generation: "*God has given it to me; woe to him who touches it.*"* At this instant, the sacred vaults resounded with universal shouts of joy. Thus crowned, he seated himself on a throne at the other end of the nave, while ministers, courtiers, magistrates, and generals, stood around him. But the most beautiful spectacle was formed by the ladies, who were seated in ornamented galleries. On a bench to the right sat Eugene, the Viceroy, Napoleon's adopted son. On him the smiles of the assembly were freely bestowed, knowing that he was to remain with them to exercise the supreme authority. To the Doge and the Genoese Senators was assigned a place of peculiar honour in the Imperial gallery, and with them were forty beautiful women, magnificently attired. A splendid gallery, too, was set apart for Josephine and Eliza: the arches, the walls, the pillars, were covered with the richest hangings, with festoons of silk and draperies, bordered with fringes of gold. The whole formed a grand, a magnificent, and wonderful scene, truly worthy of the superb Milan: high mass was sung; Napoleon took the oaths, and the heralds loudly proclaimed his accession in these words, "Napoleon the First, Emperor of the French, and King of Italy, is crowned, consecrated, and enthroned. Long live the Emperor and King!" The last words were repeated thrice times by the assembly, with the most lively acclamations. By these pomps, and those of which Paris had been the scene, Napoleon contaminated all the glory he had won in Italy; for whoever, whether it be in peace or in war, labours solely for himself and not for his country, and ungenerously purposes to enslave her and bind her neck to the yoke, by means of the services he renders her, will not fail in the end to experience the retribution both of man and God. Such actions are iniquitous, not glorious; and, if they did please the age, the age itself was vile. When the coronation was over, the magnificent train proceeded to sing the Ambrosian hymn, in the Ambrosian church. In the evening, Milan was the scene of one great festival; immense bonfires were lighted, innumerable races were contested, and a balloon was sent up to the sky. On every side resounded songs and music; every where were balls and revels. All these pomps seemed to indicate security and durability, and already the authorities reposed to their satisfaction in their seats.'—Vol. i. 305—313.

* 'The legend of the Crown itself. It derives the name of the Iron Crown from a small ring of iron, supposed to be made of a nail of the true Cross, being placed within the gold circlet, which is narrow, and studded with a few dim gems.'

GERMAN LYRIC POETS.

Specimens of the German Lyric Poets. Post 8vo. pp. 110. 4s. 6d. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. London, 1828.

The author of these translations from the German poets, has made his selection with considerable taste, and his version is equally distinguished for ability and clearness. We have met with very few volumes of minor poems more deserving of praise, either for the intrinsic beauty of their contents, or the unassuming manner in which they are sent before the public. The German scholar will recognise in the specimens it contains many of his most favourite pieces, and the mere English reader cannot fail to be delighted with the originality of style belonging to the translation of these exquisite little poems. There is not one we would have left out of the selection, and we trust the author will meet with sufficient encouragement to enlarge it considerably on some future occasion. We select the following:

The Ideal.—Schiller.

'And wilt thou faithless from me sever,
With all thy sorrows, all thy joys!
And pitiless depart for ever,
With all thy holy phantasies!
Can nothing, fugitive, allure thee
To stay life's golden spring for me?
In vain!—thy downward waves still hurry
On to Eternity's dark sea.

'Quenched are the glorious suns, which shed
On life's gay path their cheering light:
The fond imaginations fled,
Which played before my dazzled sight:
That lovely faith is vanished too
In beings, whom a dream could buy;
What seem'd so fair, so heavenly true,
The prey of sad reality.

'As once with ardent fond embrace
Pygmalion to the marble clung,
Till on the statue's icy face
The glow of life and feeling hung;
So I, with kindred passion fir'd,
Young Nature to my bosom prest,
Till, by the genial warmth inspired,
She breathed on my poetic breast.

'The mute one soon a language found,
And equal ardour deigned to prove,
Gave to my heart an answering sound,
And warm returned the kiss of love.
Then lovelier bloomed the tree, the rose;
Then sweeter sang the silvery brook,
And matter, waked from dull repose,
The forms of life and beauty took.

'But soon the wild tumultuous strife
Of passions tore the labouring breast;
And forth I stepped resolved on life,
And to the goal of glory prest.
How great the world appeared, how bright,
While in the bud it lay unseen!
How little! opening to the light!
That little—ah! how poor and mean!

'Fond every fancy to pursue,
Unstained with crime, unbroke by care,
How, winged with ardour, forth I flew,
On life's fair course the race to dare!
Even to where ether's palest star
Almost eludes the piercing sight,
Nought was too lofty, nought too far,
To bound my bold adventurous flight.

'How lightly was I borne along
Through smiling pleasure's flowery reign!
How joyous rose the choral song!
How gaily danced the jocund train!
Love, who the tender promise breathed,
And Fortune, crowned with golden rays,
And Fame, her brow with stars enwreathed,
And Truth, who courts the sun's bright gaze.

But soon, deserted by my guide,
Who fled, but half our journey done,
The faithless Pleasures stepped aside,
And quickly vanished one by one;
Inconstant Fortune quite withdrew
The promise made in earlier youth;
And Doubt his chilling shadows threw
Round the fair sunny form of Truth.

'I saw 'twas but a common thing,
The star that beamed on Glory's brow;
And all too quickly passed life's spring,
And Love forgot his flattering vow;
And lonelier still the prospect grew,
And dark, and darker still, the day,
And Hope a fainter glimmering threw,
That scarcely showed the dubious way.

'And who, of all that joyous train,
Regards me with unaltered mien;
And firm and faithful will remain,
Till death has closed the mournful scene?
Thou! Friendship, every grief hast shared,
Each wound with gentle hand hast bound;
Thou! whom a happier fate has spared:
Thou! whom I early sought, and found!

'And she! who every art employs,
Like thee to calm the stormy breast;
Who labours slow, and ne'er destroys;
Sweet occupation! soothing guest!
She—who unwearied, grain by grain,
Patient the Eternal Fabric rears,
Yet steals away, till none remain,
Moments, and hours, and days, and years.'

'My Native Land.'—KORNER.

'Where is the poet's native land?
Where noble streams of genius flow,
Where lovely wreaths for beauty blow,
Where manly hearts with passion glow
For all that's holy, fair, and grand:—
THERE is my native land.

'How named the poet's native land?
Now, all her noble spirit broke,
She pines beneath a foreign yoke;
Once she was named LAND OF THE OAK,
THE LAND OF FREEDOM,—GERMAN LAND:—
So named my native land.

Why weeps the poet's native land?
That to the tyrant's stern decree
Her princes bow the suppliant knee,
And none proclaim their country free,
Or dare to join her patriot band:—
THIS weeps my native land.

Whom calls the poet's native land?
She calls on powers that slight her prayer,
With thunder-words of dark despair
For freedom—for a Saviour's care,
For the avenger's righteous hand:—
THIS calls my native land.

What would the poet's native land?
She would beat down the usurping race,
The blood-hound from her border chase,
Her free-born sons with freedom grace,
Or free the buried in the sand:—
THIS would my native land.

And hopes the poet's native land?
She hopes, for sacred justice' sake,
She hopes her sons will yet awake,
She hopes, that God her chains will break,
To see outstretched the avenging hand:—
THIS hopes my native land.'

The Secret.—SCHILLER.

'SHE might not give one little sign,
Too many witnesses were near,
But well the look I could divine,
Which chased away each doubt and fear.
And now with lightsome foot I steal
To thy green shade, thou lovely bower:
Oh! from the prying world conceal
The raptures of this lonely hour!

'The mingled sounds too faintly come
To violate this calm retreat,
Yet 'midst the distant busy hum
I hear the ponderous hammer beat;
So man his scanty pittance rends
From cruel fate with bitter strife,
But free from bounteous heaven descends
All that endears, and gladdens life.

'Oh! let the bustling crowd forbear
To ask how blest true love can be!
They hate the joy they cannot share,
Delight the ruined hope to see.
The envious world can never brook,
A bliss its harder fate denies:
Quick! ere it cast its withering look,
Quick must thou seize the transient prize.

'Joy loves to glide, almost unseen,
'Midst silence and the stilly night;
But where the traitor's eye has been,
She heavenward wings her hasty flight.
Pour from thy urn, thou gentle spring,
In broader stream come sweeping by,
Thy threatening waves around us fling,
And guard this holy sanctuary.'

Song.—GOETHE.

'Know'st thou the land where sweet the citron blows,
Where 'midst dark leaves the golden orange glows,
Where milder zephyr breathes from azure skies,
And on the odorous myrtle softly dies?
Know'st thou it well?—How sweet to rove
In that fair land, with thee, my gentle love!

'Know'st thou the palace with its pillar'd halls,
Where dancing splendours gleam along the walls,
Where marble statues, bending, seem to say,
"And why so sad, my gentle child, to-day?"
Know'st thou it well?—Blest should I be,
Might I but there my kind protector see!

'Know'st thou the mountain, where the muleteer
Tracts thro' dark clouds his path with doubt and fear,
Where dismal caverns hide the dragon-brood,
Rough soars the cliff, and foams the dashing flood?
Know'st thou it well?—Away! away!
Father, arise!—I may no longer stay!'

ASCENT TO MONT BLANC.

Narrative of an Ascent to the Summit of Mont Blanc, on the 8th and 9th August, 1827. *By John Auldjo, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge.* 4to. Longman and Co. London, 1828. pp. 120.

WE availed ourselves, in a late Number of 'The Athenæum,' of a portion of Mr. Auldjo's work which came into our hands, to give our readers a specimen of its very interesting contents. An ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc is among the boldest enterprises of a traveller; and, short as the period is which is taken up in the arduous journey, as many perils are to be encountered, and as many escapes to be recorded, as a traveller on the surface of the earth would meet with in more years than this occupies days. The author of this entertaining volume has deprecated, in his Preface, all attempts at literary excellence in the composition of its pages; but he has, notwithstanding, written them in a most charming and elegant style, and we have very seldom met with a narrative fuller of more striking descriptions, or more lively details. The preparations for the ascent, the farewells of the enterprising party, and the feelings of the author himself, before setting off, are all admirably well described, and give a deep interest to the whole narrative. The same may be said of the account of the various hair-breadth escapes, in passing the terrific chasms that impeded the progress of the party, the methods made use of to guard against their instant destruction, and of the even magnificent descriptions given of the scenery, from different points of this wizard-monarch of mountains. We could well occupy many of our columns with extracts from Mr. Auldjo's work, but must content ourselves with giving the following passage, which occurs in the account of the descent; remarking, however, that it is but one among many others of the same character, especially those in which the writer describes his sensations while passing the night in the hushed and awful solitude of the mountain:

'It may be remembered, that we had placed a bottle to mark the turn in the route which had been made in ascending to the Grands Mulets, after we had passed under those rocks. To this point we directed our course, having discovered the neck of the bottle appearing above the new-fallen hail, which had deprived us of all trace of our course. There was some difficulty and considerable danger in getting to this bottle, requiring our greatest caution in sounding with the baton at every step we made, lest there should be any new crack or hole in the ice concealed under the bed of hail. Indeed, after quitting the Mulets, until we left the glacier, we were obliged to use this precaution. Having reached this point, we turned back towards the foot of the rocks, but unfortunately missed the route, and got into the centre of crevices without number; some of the guides declaring that it was the line of our ascent, and others the contrary. No way, however, could be found of crossing the crevices which faced us, and we continued winding among them, until, at last, it was quite evident that we were wrong, and we were obliged to stop. To add to our misfortune, the storm recommenced with greater violence than before; the hail-stones, large and sharp, driven with force by the wind, inflicted great pain on the face; we were exposed to it, standing on a narrow ledge, overhanging an abyss. In this situation we awaited, for a short time, the return of two guides, sent to explore the crevices and banks around us, in an endeavour to discover the route of our ascent, but with very little hope of success; indeed, it was greatly feared that we would have to remain where we were for that night. Tremendous gusts of wind now burst upon us, and the storm increasing every instant, compelled us to seek some place in the glacier in which we could obtain shelter; following the foot-marks of the guides, who had gone forward, we succeeded in finding a recess, formed by the projection of a part of the glacier over a narrow ledge in the side of a deep crevice. Along this we moved with great care, and had just space to stand in a bending posture, and in a row. I was wet through, and suffered excruciating torture from the cold, and the position I was obliged to remain in.

'The storm raged with most awful fury; the gusts of wind, the pelting showers of hail, accompanied by

most vivid lightning, and peals of thunder, alternating with a perfect calm, were enough to appal the bravest of the party. We waited some time in this situation, when in one of those moments of calm was heard the loud halloo of one of the exploring guides, who was returning to us, and called to us to advance, for they had found the angle which we had so much difficulty in climbing up the day before. We soon joined him and his companion, who conducted us to it. Nearly deprived of the use of my limbs, from the excessive cold and wet state of my apparel, I could scarcely walk, my fingers were nearly frozen, and my hands so stiffened and senseless that I could not hold my baton, or keep myself from falling. Supported by one guide, (the bank on which we were proceeding would admit of no more than two abreast,) I moved slowly forward, and in this state arrived at the angle. The only change which appeared to have taken place was on the neck or tongue below the cliff. The day before, it touched or slightly rested on the wall, but the end of it had fallen in, so that there was some difficulty in getting to it from the last step in the wall. One or two of the guides betrayed evident signs of fear, for the black thick clouds in which we were involved caused a gloominess approaching to darkness, and which was actually produced in the gulf of the fissure. The lightning flashed every moment, immediately followed, or rather accompanied, by claps of thunder, showing its proximity to us, and the loud peal rolling among the mountains and glaciers, reverberated with most terrific grandeur, shaking the broken masses of the latter in such a manner, that we dreaded, at every explosion, to be hurled into the deep crevice, or crushed by the fall of some part of the glacier.

'This was not a time or situation to remain in longer than was necessary for cutting steps in the wall, instead of those which had been injured; nor was it a position in which any attempt could be made to restore life to my hands, or animation to my body. I had now nearly lost all feeling, from the effects of the cold; and, being incapable of making any exertion, I was lowered down to the guides, who were already on the ledge beneath the wall. At the very moment that I was rocking in the air, a flash of lightning penetrated into the abyss, and showed all the horrors of my situation: while the crash of the thunder seemed to tear the glacier down upon me. I was drawn on to the neck of ice, and sat down until the other guides had descended. The hearts of two or three failed, and they declared that we must all perish; the others, although conscious of our awfully dangerous position, endeavoured to raise the courage and keep up the spirits of the depressed. All suffered dreadfully from the cold, but, with a solicitude for which I shall ever be deeply grateful, they still attended to me in the kindest manner. They desired me to stand up, and, forming a circle, in the centre of which I stood, closed round me. In a few minutes, the warmth of their bodies extended itself to mine, and I felt much relieved; they then took off their coats, covering me with them, and each in turn put my hands into his bosom, while another lay on my feet. In ten minutes, I was in a state to proceed; we divided equally the last half bottle of brandy, and then moved down the neck of ice. A guide gave me his thick cloak, which, though wet, kept me warm. I walked between two batons held horizontally by two guides, one before and the other behind me, and which I could grasp without taking my hands from under the cloak.'

The volume contains some excellently designed and lithographed plates, which add considerably to its value. It is altogether one of the most interesting publications of the day, and does Mr. Auldjo as much credit for his literary taste, as his enterprise did for his boldness and perseverance.

The Carcanet, a Literary Album, containing Select Passages from the most distinguished English Writers. Pp. 248. Pickering. London, 1828.

The fashion of Album-keeping is a pleasant and useful one. It induces many an idle reader to look into good authors who would otherwise, content himself with romance, and fixes valuable truths on the volatile mind, which would otherwise perhaps, receive no profit from the best books. 'The Carcanet' is a very elegant little volume, and convinces us that the Album, from which its contents have been selected, was formed by the hand of good sense and good taste. We recommend it as excellently adapted to furnish employment for the little waste portions of time that are continually occurring, and to endow even minutes with some treasure for futurity.

ENGRAVINGS.

Picturesque Views on the River Clyde. Engraved by Joseph Swan, from Drawings by J. Fleming, with Historical and Descriptive Illustrations, by J. M. Leighton. 4to. Price 5*s.* 6*d.* each No. Moon, Boys, and Graves. London, 1828.

The two first Numbers of this interesting Work were sent to us yesterday, and we have looked through them with considerable pleasure. The undertaking originated at Glasgow, where the Engravings have been made by Mr. Swan, and these, as well as the letter-press, are quite equal to any similar work published in London—a fact of some importance, as indicating the advance of these arts in the provincial cities and towns of England and Scotland generally. The Series is intended to be completed in ten or twelve quarto parts, each containing three Engravings, and twelve pages of letter-press, descriptive of the several views; and the following are the subjects contained in the two first numbers.

1. Carstairs House, the Seat of Henry Monteith, Esq., a fine pile, in the manorial or domestic Gothic style.—2. Bonniton Linn, or the Upper Fall of the Clyde from the north, near Lanark.—3. Cartland Craigs, and Bridge, from the east; a piece of beautiful romantic scenery.—4. Corra Linn, and Castle, from the north-west.—5. Fall of Stonebyres, from the south-west; two beautiful specimens of foaming cataracts.—And, 6. Mauldslie Castle, another building of the Gothic style, seated in a fine park.

The Work is altogether one of the best that we remember to have seen from the provincial press, and is well worthy of the adoption it has received from the London publishers, under whose names it appears.

Series of Sketches from Nature. By Samuel Lines, Jun. Hudson. Birmingham, 1818.

The great merit of these Sketches has induced us to notice them in our Reviews of Works of Art, although not coming to us in the usual List of London Publications. The artist being a resident of Birmingham, has, naturally enough, issued his work there; though it would have been more advantageous to himself, as well as to the public, if they had been published in London,—the great centre of supply for all works of this nature. The Series extends from 1 to 5, varying in size and price; the smallest being 1*s.*, and the largest 2*s.* 6*d.* each. The subjects pass from the simplest efforts to the more elaborate productions of landscape; and, being lithographed in imitation of pencil-drawing, they form a progressive Series of as pleasing and instructive lessons as can be placed in the hands of any young amateur or artist.

The Duke of Wellington, from a sketch by John Jackson, R. A. Dickinson, London, 1828.

This is a lithographic print of extraordinary beauty, being, in fact, as near to copper-plate, in precision and effect, as it is possible to imagine. It forms No. 8 of Mr. R. J. Lane's lithographic imitations of Sketches by Modern Artists, and surpasses all the previous Numbers in the same series; though these, as we have before stated, are among the best productions of the class of art to which they belong.

NEW MUSIC.

No. 2. of the Musical Album, for the Piano-Forte, (and Flute ad. lib.) containing 'the Heaving of the Lead,' arranged by Rawlins. Cramer and Co., 3*s.* 6*d.*

Rawlins has followed up the plan proposed by Cramer in the first number of this excellent periodical, and has presented a chaste and pleasing piece of *English* music; an introduction of three pages (in E flat, 3-4 time,) is recommended to be *moderate but animated*; and Shield's delightful old English melody is to be played *with expression, and not too fast.* The arrangement is extremely well effected, and the melody chastely and appropriately harmonised.

'Love like a Bird.' A ballad sung with distinguished applause, by Mr. Braham, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Drinkwater, by Walter Turnbull. Willis and Co., 2*s.*

A pleasing little song, (in G, 2-4 time,) marked rather improperly *Scherzando con amore;* the 'con amore' is well enough, agreeing with the words, but the 'Scherzando' is by no means its characteristic. The highest note being E in the 4th space, the performance requires but a very moderate compass of voice: the modulations are ingenious and well conceived.

L'Aurore, ou Journal de Guitare. Choix des plus beaux morceaux, composé pour cet instrument. No. I. contenant dix-huit pièces pour la Guitare seule, de Giuliani, Legnani, Aguado, Carulli, Diabelli, et Horetzky, et 'Ad altro laccio vedersi in braccio in un momento.' Air, favori de Giuliani, Poésie de Metastasio, choisi et corrigé par Monsieur Horetzky. Ewer and Johanning, 4*s.*

By inserting the above voluminous title, we offer the only description necessary; and can but add, that the work seems fully equal to its profession. Eighteen clever and well-arranged pieces, for the Guitar, besides an interesting Italian Arietta, well brought out, and occupying a score pages, in a neat wrapper, for 4*s.*, must be unusually cheap, attractive, and acceptable: we should have subjoined a list (as well as a description) of the various '*beaux morceaux*;' but it would have occupied too much space in our review.

'Lo, where in flocks, the wild doves blending,' the celebrated Ranz-des-vaches 'Les armaillas da Colombetta,' translated and adapted to the original Swiss air, by William Ball, with an accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-Forte. Birchall, 2*s.*

This is a pleasing adaptation of that 'Ranz-des-vaches' which has been longest and best known in this country, and of which Rousseau makes the following remarks in his Dict: de Musique. 'Air célébre parmi les Suisses, que leurs jeunes Bouviers jouent sur la Cornemuse en gardant le bétail dans les montagnes;' and again he says, 'Cet air si chere des Suisses, qu'il fut défendu sous peine de mort, de la jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, déserter, ou mourir, ceux qui l'entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux, l'ardent desir de revoir leur pays.'

In the allegro movements, the adapter has, in the first bar, (which in the course of the piece is repeated eleven times,) written the progression of the treble, bass, and vocal part, in *precisely the same notes*, which is alike offensive to the eye and the ear, to judgment and taste, and (we hope and trust he knows) decidedly ungrammatical.

Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with embellishments, for the Flute, dedicated to Amateurs, (No. 4.) Cocks and Co., 3*s.*

This fourth Number is equally estimable with its predecessors, and is formed of the following acceptable materials, viz: No. 1. 'In my cottage near a wood,' the admired French air, embellished by the editor. No. 2. 'Auld Robin Gray,' with three ingenious variations also by Dressler. No. 3. A Rondo, by Berbiguier. No. 4. Mozart's 'Batti Batti,' adapted in the key of D, and embellished by Kuhlan. (This forms a showy Flute solo, but a little too florid for the nature of the melody.) No. 5. An elegant little Romanza by Berbiguier. No. 6. 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' arranged in A, with four variations by Dressler. No. 7. 'Ye banks and braes,' as a duet for two Flutes, in F; and six short Preludes, composed by Gabrielsky, conclude the fourth book.

'Oh! Time is like a river,' a duet, the words from Poems by Henry Neele, the music by P. H. Bernard, Esq., of the 68th Light Infantry. Latour, 2*s.*

A very pleasing, well-arranged, and easy duet; a 'Moderate con espressione,' (in F, 6-8 time.) The first two bars would answer well as a variation to the first two bars of 'I'd be a Butterfly;' but the similarity is purely accidental. The whole is in good taste, and creditable to the musical talents of the writer, as an amateur; but his denomination as 'of the 68th Light Infantry, forces upon one's imagination and remembrance, Gloster's famous soliloquy:

'Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He writes duets, and publishes *in Bond Street!*'

Le Marquis de Dalmatie,

Son of Marshal Soult, has been making a tour in Italy, and, having visited Florence, wished to pursue his journey to Milan and Venice. His passport was, however, returned unsigned by the Austrian Ambassador, with the announcement that 'the title he had assumed rendered it expedient to forbid him entrance into the imperial territories.'

THE LAST OF THE GIANTS.

Ἔνθα δ' ἀνὴρ ἐνίαυε πελώριος . . . . . .
. . . . . οὐδὲ μετ' ἄλλους
Πωλεῖτο. ODYSSEY, b. ix.

ABOUT the middle of the 15th century of our era, a brigantine, which had sailed from the Tagus, was wrecked on that north-western corner of the great continent of Africa, where the ancients had placed Mount Atlas. The whole crew were lost on that inhospitable beach with the exception of a single person. Roderick was a strong and daring man, of middle age, who, in his wandering life, had seen many changes. He had fought nd acquired distinction in Italy, and had studied in Spain with such success, as to become master of several of the most ancient languages of the East, besides the fashionable sciences of logic, metaphysics, astronomy, medicine, and theology. His character was, in fact, a singular mixture of the soldier and the philosopher. Amid the destruction of his comrades, he saved little more than his life, his sword, and a bag of hard biscuit, which had suffered considerably from the salt-water. Supported, however, by this bitter and scanty fare, he journeyed for some days towards the interior of the country. He travelled at night to avoid the heat of the sun, and sought for rest and concealment by day; and he was compelled to eke out his sustenance by wild fruits. In this manner he made good his progress for thirty days, at the end of which time he found himself at the foot of a steeper, more rugged, and more lofty mountain, than any he had previously passed over. The full moon enabled him to examine the barrier which opposed him; and, after some scrutiny, he discovered a ravine, which led up the side of the vast eminence, and appeared to be the bed of a winter torrent; it was now dry, and he determined to pursue the course it marked out for him. After struggling upwards the whole night among rocks and sand, he found himself at day-break still far from the summit, and, discovering a small clump of trees which shaded the side of the gorge, at no great distance, he resolved to repose there for the day. Some drops of water fortunately trickled through the rocks, among their roots; and, when he had availed himself of this resource to quench his thirst, he stretched himself in the cool and dim retreat, and speedily sank to sleep. His slumber lasted for the greater part of the day; and, when he awoke, the sun had so far declined that its disk seemed resting on the summit of the pass. He left the shade of the trees beneath which he had spent the day, and gained the middle of the ravine. A considerable ledge of stone arose in his front, over which he climbed; and, just when he had lifted his head above its edge, a noise like a sudden peal of thunder seemed to break from the height above: he raised his eyes in that direction, and saw rushing towards him a huge mass of rock, broken from the mountain, and rolling down with the speed of a torrent. It came on crushing the few trees which grew in its path, and shattering the crags on which it struck. Roderick crouched below the ledge he had been surmounting; and the enormous block bounded over his head, and crushed downwards to the plain. He immediately regained his former position; and it was his first impulse to look up for the purpose of discovering the cause which had loosened the crag, and placed him in so tremendous a peril. His eyes were directed to the break in the mountain, towards which he had been toiling; and he saw, standing against the sky, and showing dark between him and the sun, a being of such monstrous size, as no pageant had ever exhibited, no tale ever told of. The rocky soil was still crumbling under his foot; and some detached fragments, though smaller than the former, were bursting at intervals down the ravine. He leaned upon a cedar which seemed recently up-rooted; and the hands clasped upon its top looked each of them larger than the largest shield employed in the wars of Europe. His head was bent down towards the plain; and, amid its grim and shaggy swarthiness, Roderick thought he could perceive a look of melancholy. Except that a diadem of gold encircled his grey hairs, his body was entirely destitute of ornament; and a girdle of lion-skins, covering his loins, was his only vesture. He stood thus mournfully surveying the wilderness for many minutes, and seemed a mighty colossus of granite, fixed for ever upon the mountain. His shadow darkened the pass; and Roderick could perceive that it stretched for leagues over the desert. At last he turned himself slowly, and the light streamed in upon the darkness which he had made. He stretched his arm, and again the soldier felt the cold shadow on his brow. The object of his consternation gained, with a few strides, the very crest of the eminence, through a hollow of which the traveller had been labouring. The Giant sat down upon the summit, seemingly without perceiving that he had crushed a thicket beneath him. He leaned his head upon his arm, and let the cedar fall from his hand, as if it had been a wand. It dropped not far from Roderick; and he thought that no trunk of such prodigious measure had ever been nourished in the forests of Spain or Germany. But he withdrew his eyes to look at the monster, and saw that he seemed to have composed himself to meditation. His limbs lay along the ridge of the mountain; he appeared to take in at a gaze the whole continent beneath him; and the outline of the giant, touched by the last splendour of the setting sun, showed in all the immensity of its proportions with a distinctness which would have been beautiful had it not been terrible.

But darkness came, and the being on whom Roderick looked was no longer any thing more than a shadow among shades, a mass, like a thunder-cloud, of threatening obscurity. The traveller remained motionless and silent; and, at last, the giant lifted himself against the firmament, and disappeared behind the ridge of the mountain. Roderick pursued his way in much of fear, and something of perplexity; though he was less astonished at what he had seen than would have been the modern philosophers, whom presumption has made sceptical. He proceeded up the pass, and, after the labour of several hours, approached its highest elevation. But, long before he reached the top, he heard, with surprise and alarm, a succession of crashing noises like the sound of a vessel's masts and timbers breaking in the tempest. He arrived at the highest part of the gulley; and the mountains, on one of which he had before seen the Giant recline, rose high on either hand. The stars were out above the crags; and a bright moon showed clearly the whole wonderful prospect which lay before him. He had now gained access to a large and wooded valley, a basin among the hills, a part of which was occupied by a lake entering it at one side, and stretching away beyond his view. Into this receptacle ran a broad stream, which flowed from some unseen recess; and, directly beneath the position of the wanderer, fell in a considerable cataract, to gain the level of the lake. Fronting him, at a distance, half-way up the opposite ascent, a red and smoky fire was blazing under the shadow of a cavern; and, looking still higher towards the summit of the eminence, the great and fearful being he had already seen, was moving with part of his figure clearly defined against the deep blue sky, as enormous as the phantom-seeming clouds of the crater of a volcano, but distinct as a statue of iron. Not statue-like, however, did he now stand; for he was engaged in a labour worthy even of his strength. On the very crest of the mountain, a pile of wood was reared larger than the largest of the Egyptian Pyramids; and to this the Giant was engaged in adding new loads of timber. He stepped with a few strides to the neighbouring hills, and, encircling in his arms at once a score of the tallest trees, evidently the produce of many centuries, he plucked them from the earth by the roots. The sound of their overthrow was that which had scared Roderick. The Titan snapped off their heads with all the foliage, as a child would break a lily, and returned deliberately with the trunks to place them upon the already immeasurable heap. Thus he did repeatedly, till, at last, he had accumulated, from many leagues of forest, a structure of such magnitude that it might have furnished materials for all the navies of the world, and would have outtopped the tower of Babylon, and covered a wider space than the palace of Nero. Roderick gazed upon the giant and his labour with unbreathing awe. As he moved around the pile, his portentous frame was perpetually displayed in some new attitude that called forth new astonishment, by exhibiting afresh the miracles of his size and power. Sometimes, when the pile appeared to incline too much to one side or the other, he applied both his hands to push it in the required direction; and the moon, pouring its full stream of light on his broad expanse of back, it seemed a steep ascent, rough with hair, and broken into a thousand varieties of surface by ridges of sinews and crags of bone, but wide enough for the charge of a hundred chariots; and the legs, which were then extended and active, showed like leaning towers with pillar-work of muscles. Or, in adding to the height of the fabric, he would lift his arm to its full length between the view of Roderick and the sky, holding some immense trunk, with its recent roots gleaming white in the moonshine. On such occasions, it seemed that he could have swept the stars from their courses, and dashed away the empyrean, as a robber tears off the veil of his captive. The golden circlet which he still wore, glittered on his forehead far up amid the sky, like one of the heavenly orbs; and he looked as if he had indeed a right to add his diadem to the number of the planets, and reign himself the Lord of the Universe.

The stranger had no conception for what purpose such a being could have erected such a pile. But, for the time, his attention was called away. The giant descended the mountain till he reached the cave, in which the fire was still burning. He stooped to enter its recesses, though a galley in full sail might have passed beneath the arch without vailing its pennon, and returned, bearing in his right hand a golden cup, of the size and shape of one of the domes of St. Sophia, and, in his left, a blazing tree. Carrying these, he bestrode the valleys as a ploughman steps across the furrows, till he arrived at the river. He dipped his bowl into the flood above the cataract; and, for a moment, the water-course was dry, and the noise of the falling torrent hushed. He stood up, he looked around him, and drank. Again, the water had begun to flow, and the cataract roared between his feet; again he stooped, and again he had scooped the whole current into his vase, and the sound of the stream, dashing over the rocks, was not heard for some seconds. This time he did not empty the cup; but he bore it, and the still burning trunk, to his pile upon the mountain. He stood beside it, and flung over it some of the water; and, while he lifted the flaming brand, he looked towards the stars, and spoke aloud. Roderick started when he heard his voice, not merely on account of the thrilling depth of tone, but because the language was one of those ancient tongues with which the traveller had become familiar in his youth, having learned them from an aged Moor accomplished in all the knowledge of the East. As nearly as he could discover, the purport of that which the Giant uttered was as follows:

'To you, O stars, with whom, and with whose inhabitants, I claim a kindred that belongs not to the insect-men of this lower earth—to you I address myself, and in your honour I pour this water over the pile whereon I am about to die. The child of a mighty line, the one survivor of a myriad kings, looks, for

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the last time, on your bright fronts, ye eternal orbs! and tells you that the sole remaining monarch of al the race, your offspring and your worshippers, is soon to seek the throne which awaits him amid your constellations. I have seen the sons of the giants fade away as the forest which even now has fallen beneath my hand; and the world is given to a meaner kind, as that forest will be succeeded by a crop of weeds. Before this globe was divided into land and sea, before the parents of its present puny tribes had been formed out of its dust, it was the inheritance and the kingdom of my fathers. Ours were the structures, among the foundations of which men wander, and marvel at their height. Ours the castle which scaled the skies; ours the mountains heaped on mountains, whereby we threatened to interrupt the revolutions of the sun. My sires wooed the spirits from other spheres to become their brides, and the mothers of their children; and the fire of angelic natures is in my veins. But that fire is now cold and dim; and I go to find, at your unfailing altars, the flame which may re-animate my soul. For five thousand years, I have been alone on earth; and, from the day when my hands reared Caucasus, with all its peaks, over the ashes of my father, I have seen none whose presence has not been a curse to me—to whom I have not been a curse and a perdition. I have lived to keep burning among these mountains the holy flame which is grateful unto you. But the destiny which has been over all my brethren is over me, and my hour is come. The brightness of your power has been upon me in the nights of many ages. I can no longer resist the doom. I go to join you; I yield up this weary body to the elements from which it was composed. But, while my dust shall be added to the clay of this globe, which is no longer the heritage of more powerful beings than man; while the atoms of my body are resolved into that which may one day be trampled by the feet, and divided by the plough-shares, of the most wretched among mortals, there is that within the fleshly frame which shall become a sharer in your glory, and a portion of it. Look, you eternal orbs! and thou, moon! that even now art sinking from the heavens, look with your most splendid and benignant radiance on the death-fire of the last of the Giants!'

He applied his torch to the corners of the pile, and stood beside it with motionless serenity, looking steadfastly at the heavens, till the lapse of a considerable time had enabled the flames to deepen and to spread. They extended swiftly, with a thick smoke and a tremendous noise, till they had embraced the whole circuit of the pile, which then had more resemblance to a stormy and lurid sunset than to any other spectacle known among men. The fire rushed furiously upward, and illuminated the form and face of the Titan with a light more unearthly and terrific than any in which the wanderer had seen him, and his broad eye fixed upon the moon gleamed like the corslet of a warrior on the wall of a burning city. But thus he did not long remain; for, so soon as the whole mass of timber appeared to have caught the flame, he calmly stepped into the midst of the conflagration, and laid himself upon his scorching bed. The fire rose rapidly and far, till it widened and towered into a pyramid of light, and the grey smoke which burst around, darkened half the heavens. The wind increased, and the crackling of the wood, and roar of the burning, became appalling. Clouds began to sail in over the opposite mountains; and, but for the glare of the pyre, the whole horizon would have been black. The blaze spread to the relics of the forest, and caught the brushwood which still covered a large portion of the hills. The prospect became one vast amphitheatre of fire; and the smoke and flame broke fiercely upward, and formed a sky of mingled light and darkness, sublimity and horror; and still the great master conflagration rose far beyond every other part of the burning circle, and seemed a furnace fuelled with the earth to consume the heavens. The eagles rose screaming from their nests upon the rocky peaks, and wheeled amid the smoke and flakes of fire till even their wings were insufficient to bear them from the danger, and they dropped, stifled, into the red abyss. Roderick was compelled, by the heat and smoke, to flee from the danger. For several hours he travelled with the utmost speed away from the spot of so astounding a catastrophe, and at last lay down completely exhausted, in a grotto among the rocks at the foot of the mountain. At the end of three days, the clouds, which had been gathering in the heavens, poured out their burthens. For a week, the rain fell in a continued flood; and, if the traveller had not been possessed of a small store of berries and nuts, he must have died of starvation. After that time, the deluge ceased; and he returned upon his former steps to examine the Giant's valley; but the torrents had so roughened the ravine, that his journey was one of difficulty and pain. At length, however, he gained his goal, and found that the space encircled by the mountains was half filled with water, which had risen above the mouth of the cave. In this Roderick had expected to find some tokens and memorials of the Giant's existence; but it was now accessible only to the fishes and the water-snakes. He climbed to the bare summit of the mountain on which the pile had been raised, and found that the floods had washed away every vestige of the sacrifice he had witnessed; but, on scrutinising the surrounding rocks, which were all discoloured by the heat, he found in a crevice the well-remembered golden crown. It was adorned with graven devices of stars and wings, and framed of the purest metal. After months of toil and hardship, Roderick escaped to Europe; and a fragment of the diadem, which was all he had been enabled to save, sufficed to purchase for him, in his native country, broad lands, stately castles, and ancient lordships. But what was the grandeur of ordinary men to eyes that had beheld the mighty presence of the Last of the Giants?

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

Milton's Paradise Regained.

I. ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'

Genesis.

1. Animal Mechanics.

Tongue of the Giraffe.—The tongue of the Giraffe, according to Sir Everard Home, besides being the organ of taste, possesses many of the properties of the proboscis of the elephant. It can be extended to the length of no less than seventeen inches, by means of some muscular mechanism which cannot be explained without dissection. There is some analogy to this in the tongue of the rein-deer, but this also requires more careful anatomical investigation than it has yet received. The chamelion, and (if we mistake not) some other congeneric reptiles, can dart out the tongue to a considerable extent, by means of a bone inclosed in a muscular tube, the fibres of which are circular, and by pressing upon the bone make it slide forwards.

Feet of the Mole.—It was remarked by Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, that the fore-feet of the mole are furnished with more sessamoid bones than, perhaps, any other animal. These are small bones, commonly found in joints requiring much motion, such as the human wrist, to facilitate the complex movements required; and, as moles depend greatly upon their power of digging, the number of these sessamoid bones must give considerable facility to the action of the brachial muscles.

2. Entomology.

Death instinctively counterfeited.—No beast of prey ever more patiently or more successfully practised systematic stratagem for taking his victims at unawares, than several sorts of insects employ to deceive or elude their enemies, by counterfeiting death. This is a very common device among spiders, moths, and various sorts of beetles, and is varied according to the form and habits of the species. The moths, (usually the small tineæ and tortrices,) when they think themselves in danger, draw their antennæ, as well as their wings, close to their body, and in this state they may be tossed about without manifesting the smallest sign of life or motion. We do not recollect of having seen this remarked of moths in any of the works on entomology; but the same circumstance is recorded by every writer on the subject, with respect to beetles. The small grey beetle, (anobium pertinax,) so well known for making pin-holes in old furniture, is one of the most common instances, and is, or may be, familiar to every person who chooses to observe its singular habits, as it is to be found in almost every house. This little beetle has received from naturalists the title of pertinax, from its pertinacity in counterfeiting death. De Geer, the celebrated Swedish Entomologist, informs us, that it equals, if it does not exceed, the heroic firmness of the American savages in bearing torture; for he says, you may maim them, pull them limb from limb, and even roast them over a slow fire, without making them move a joint, or exhibit the slightest symptom of suffering pain. Spiders, also, may be similarly tortured and maimed, as Smellie has remarked, when they assume the attitude of counterfeit death. It is very common also with the little beetles called byrrhi by entomologists, to draw in their feet and their antennæ, so as to give themselves the appearance of a pill, from which, indeed, they take the name of pill-beetles.

It is remarked, in Kirby and Spencer's 'Introduction,' that the common dung chafer, (scarabæus stercorarius,) the black purplish shining beetle, which abounds on every road, deceives its enemies, the rooks, by setting out its legs as stiffly as if they were made of iron-wire, and remaining perfectly motionless, and as the rooks will only eat them when alive, this stratagem is an effectual protection.

Some of our physiological readers might be apt to suppose that this simulation of death, so successfully made and persisted in, might be the consequence of a strong convulsion caused by fear; but it is fatal to this explanation, that the insect, which is practising what appears to us to be an instinctive device, makes off with all speed the instant the object of alarm is removed; whereas, if it were a convulsive attitude, the animal could not resume its movements at pleasure.

Cold Scorpions.—We are told by Naudé, that a sort of scorpions, common in Italy, were formerly used for cooling beds, by placing them between the sheets—not a very safe mode of cooling, as we should think, if the chamber-maid chanced to be neglectful or inclined to mischief.

3—Conchology.

Motions of Shell-fish.—To look at an oyster or a muscle, one would suppose that it could have no power of moving from one place to another; but though this power is certainly very limited, yet it exists to some degree in all. The oyster cannot, indeed, well regulate the direction of its locomotion but by means of successive jerks, caused by the internal movements of the included *tethya*.

The muscle performs its movements by means of a tentaculum, somewhat analogous to a leg, in which there is a canal stretching from one extremity to the other, furnished with a tough glutinous secretion for spinning the byssus or beard, by which the animal attaches itself to rocks, stones, or to contiguous shells. The *ascidia*, within the shell, pushes out its leg or tentaculum, and fixes its threads, to the number of one hundred and fifty, or more, to the nearest rock. When the byssus is eaten by accident along with muscles, it is supposed to be deleterious; though it is not, we believe, sufficiently ascertained what it is that renders shell-fish occasionally poisonous. An able investigation of the subject has been published in the fifth volume of the 'London Medical Repository,' by Dr. Burrows, to which we refer our readers.

Oysters taught by experience.—It is asserted by Smellie, that oysters, stupid and unintellectual as they may appear to be, learn wisdom from experience; for, if an oyster is accidentally left by the tide, it opens its shell, loses its water, and dies; but if it be carried to the sea before it thus perishes, it learns, when again left dry, not to open its shell.

We confess that we are somewhat sceptical as to this, notwithstanding the authority of such a man as Smellie.

4.—Ichthyology.

The Peacock-fish of Sumatra.—In the collection of the late Sir Stamford Raffles, was a new species of *julis*, which, from its coloured markings, has been named by Mr. Bennett, the *julis argus*, or peacock-fish, the [illegible] and even the fins, being studded with beautifull ocelli, similar to those which are so much admired in the peacock's tail. The head, according to Mr. Bennett's description, is porous with blue lines. Eight lines of the same colour mark each side of the body longitudinally, and these are crossed by transverse lines, black and dusky, tessellated with ocelli. Similar translucent ocelli stud the dorsal and anal fins.

Co-operative fish.—We are told by Montaigne, in his 'Apology for Lebonda,' that when the scare-fish has swallowed the fisherman's hook, its companions all crowd around it and gnaw the line asunder. If a scare-fish also gets into the leap or wheel, the others present their tails to it on the outside, and by seizing firm hold of one of these with its teeth, it is drawn out, and regains its liberty.

On the same authority we are informed, that barbels, when any of their companions are hampered, throw the line over their backs, and with a fin, indented like a saw, cut it asunder and set free the prisoner.

The clever author of 'The Revolt of the Bees,' might find in this a striking illustration of his favourite co-operative societies for his next edition.

5.—Ornithology.

Fowls with black bones.—At Aujengo, on the coast of Malabar, we are told by Forbes, in his 'Oriental Memoirs,' that there are a sort of pullens, or dunghill fowls, whose bones and skin are as black as jet, though their flesh is white, tender, and delicate. Can this be occasioned, we may ask, by any peculiar substance used as food? When any animal is fed on madder, as is well known, the bones are gradually tinged with its colouring matter; and it is not improbable that the black-boned fowls of Aujengo feed on some colouring substance of a similar kind.

The Hawk out-manœuvred by small Birds.—Whenever a hawk makes its appearance, small birds sometimes conceal themselves as quickly as possible, in the thickest parts of the nearest hedge. At other times, when concealment is not easily effected, they sally out in considerable numbers, with the apparent intention of following the hawk, and exposing themselves to unnecessary danger, but, in reality, with the design of perplexing and distracting their enemy by their numbers, their perpetual changes of direction, and their uniform endeavours to rise above him. Indeed, he is usually in such cases completely out-manœuvred and baffled, being unable to fix upon a single victim, and, after exerting all his address, he is often compelled to relinquish the pursuit.

6. Mazology.

Economic Rat of Iceland.—In the woods of Husafels, in Iceland, is found a sort of rat, which lays up stores of berries for winter. Olaffen says, that when those rats pass a stream with their booty, the party, which usually consists of from six to ten, select a flat piece of dried cow-dung, on which they place their berries, in a heap, in the centre. By their united force, they bring this singular raft to the water's edge, and, after launching it, embark and place themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water; their tails, pendant in the stream, serving the purpose of rudders.

This systematic contrivance appears to us to be greatly exaggerated either by Olaffen or his informers; and yet it is not more surprising than many of the devices of animals which we have recorded on the most undoubted testimony.

Singular Quadruped.—A very curious animal has lately been brought from Mendoza, in the province of Cuyo, in the interior of Chili. It has been named Clamyphorus Truncatus, and agrees, in some parts of its conformation, with the duck-billed quadruped of Australasia, the Ornithorhynchus Paradoxus. The habits of the clymathorus, however, are not known, though it is said to burrow in the ground like a mole. From the form of its bones, it is supposed to have the power of assuming the upright position like the kangaroo. It is unique in having an open pelvis, and two anomalous appendages on the head. The skeleton of this extraordinary animal, prepared by William Yarrel, Esq., is now in the Museum of the Zoological Society. Mr Leadbetter has also stuffed the skin with his well-known dexterity.

Anthropology.

Spindle Legs.—In proportion as those who indulge in good living acquire rotundity of body, their legs usually become less able to support them. So far, indeed, from keeping pace with increasing corpulency, they most commonly shrink in dimensions, and lose much in muscular power. It is remarked by Macnish, in his ingenious little work, the 'Anatomy of Drunkenness,' that nothing is more common than to see a pair of spindle-shanks tottering under the weight of an enormous corporation, to which they seem attached more like artificial appendages than natural members. The worst symptom, indeed, which can befal a corpulent man, is the decline of his lower extremities. So long as they continue firm, and correspond with the rest of the body, it is a proof that there is still vigour remaining; but when they gradually become lank and shrivelled, while other parts retain their fulness, there can be no sign more sure that the constitution is breaking down, and that the shoulders will come next in the process of emaciation, falling flat, and losing their former firmness and rotundity, while the whole body gradually becomes loose, flabby, and inelastic.

The shrinking of the legs, in such cases, has not escaped the keen observation of Shakspeare:

'*Chief Justice*—Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that is written down old, with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a *decreasing leg, an increasing belly?* Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity; and yet you call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!'

Curious custom.—King John, when engaged in the chase, is said to have stuck in a morass near Alnwick, and had himself bemired. In commemoration of this, his Majesty ordered that the freemen of Alnwick, at their initiation, should plunge into a muddy pool, and scramble to the opposite bank; which custom is accordingly still kept up at Alnwick, on the eve of St. Mark.

2. Botany.

The Martagon Lily.—Professor Martyn, in his Notes upon Virgil, has successfully shown, that the species of lily vulgarly called the Turk's cap, (Lilium Martagon,) is the genuine hyacinth of the ancients, into which the youth Hyacinthus is fabled to have been metamorphosed by Apollo. The hyacinth, indeed, commonly so called, has nothing to correspond with the ancient one, which was of a blood-red colour, and said to be inscribed with the Greek exclamation of sorrow, Αι! Αι! On examining the flower of the martagon, dark markings may be seen, which, with little stretch of imagination, aided by the story in the fable, might be considered as taking the form of these letters. As Moschus, the Greek pastoral poet, prettily says,—

Νυν, δακινθε, λαλει τα φα γραμματα και πλεον Αι, Αι,
Λαμβανε σοις φεταλοισι.

'Now, tell your story, Hyacinth, and show
Αι, Αι, the more amidst your sanguine woe.'

Leigh Hunt.

3. Mineralogy.

Analysis of the Malvern Water.—Mr. W. Addison, in his recent ingenious work upon the Malvern Water, has determined, by careful scientific analysis, that it differs from most other mineral waters, in being extremely pure. It contains the same bases and acids, indeed, as sea-water, but in extremely small proportions, as may be seen from the following comparative table:

One pint of Sea Water contains:	Grains.	One gallon of Malvern Water contains:	Grains.
Muriate of magnesia	38	Muriate of magnesia	.5
Muriate of soda (common salt)	180	Muriate of soda (common salt	.5
Sulphate of magnesia	15	Sulphate of magnesia	.576
Sulphate of lime	17	Sulphate of lime (Paris plaster)	.5
		Silex (flint)	.5
		Insoluble and loss	.324
	235		.3
	Brande.		W. Addison.

4. Geology.

Strata at the Thames Tunnel.—The London basin, as it is called by modern geologists, has seldom, if ever, been examined to so great a depth as in the grand operations now carrying on for making a tunnel under the Thames. The strata, with some little variation of thickness, and occasional interruptions, are found in the following order:

1. Sand and gravel, with considerable quantities of water, to the depth of about thirty-five feet.

2. Blue clay, varying to sandy plastic, of different colours and consistence, about seven feet.

3. Sandy clay with shells, called by the miners *silt*, about nine feet. The shells are chiefly bivalves, and usually much broken. Among these are oyster-shells, &c., filled with iron pyrites; wood, also, is found in this stratum, apparently in a charred state, and pyrites in its cavities.

4. Stone of a calcareous nature, and not very hard, about four feet.

5. Coloured sandy gravel, chiefly flint, greatly water-worn, with considerable quantities of water, about thirty feet.

5. Meteorology.

Whirlwinds.—An account is now making the round of the daily prints, copied from a Leeds paper, giving an account of a whirlwind, which (if there be no exaggeration) must have been magnificently terrible, as it is described to have wrenched large branches from trees, and whirled them up into the air, together with a breast-wave of the water of a neighbouring river, to the height of three or four hundred feet. The circumstance is certainly not improbable; but it is more likely, we think, that this has been a misprint for thirty or forty feet. In these temperate latitudes we are seldom visited by phenomena on the former scale, though they are by no means rare in inter-tropical countries.

Bees mistaken in their Prognostications of the Weather.—It is commonly imagined that bees, as well as other animals, have the faculty of foreseeing the changes of the weather. Swarming accordingly seldom takes place but when the sun shines; and should a stray cloud chance to break the sunshine, the bustle and agitation preparative to swarming instantly ceases, and is only renewed when the sun shines out again. The bees, however, are not always right in their prognostics of the weather. M. Reaumur records an instance, in which a swarm, after leaving their mother-hive at half-past one o'clock, were overtaken by a heavy shower at three.

6. Optics.

Experiments on Images.—The celebrated French physiologist, Majendie, employed, in his experiments on vision, the eyes of rabbits and other animals, whose sclerotic coat did not require to be removed, in consequence of being nearly transparent. In this manner he satisfactorily disproved the theory, which alleges that the crystalline lens is carried forwards and backwards, in distant and in near vision. M. Majendie found that the size of the image formed on the retina was uniformly the same, let the distance be what it might; but it varied as to dimness and distinctness in proportion to the distance of the object imaged.

Colours of the Sea.—The variety of colours in the sea seem to depend chiefly on the wind, the weather, and the reflection of light from the firmament. Its most usual colour is deep green; but in cloudy, or rainy weather, and even when it is looked down upon from an elevated point of sight, it assumes a dark blackish tint. On the Goodwin Sands, at the tide of flood, the water is whitish by reason of the foam. In the Mediterranean, again, it will appear for weeks together to be of a perfect azure. When the sun shines bright upon the water, the upper portion of the waves takes of purple or reddish hues; and when the wind freshens, and a ship is under full sail, the waves a-head often appear pale and bright.

7. Astronomy.

Herschel's Discoveries anticipated.—It has more than once occurred, that the most brilliant discoveries in science have been anticipated by ingenious reasoning or conjecture. In this manner, Sir Isaac Newton conjectured that the diamond was combustible, long before it was proved by experiment that it consists of carbon. On dipping into one of Addison's 'Tatler's,' the other day, we fell by accident upon a very remarkable passage, which completely anticipates the great discoveries which Herschel made, by sweeping the milky way with his powerful telescope. The passage in the 'Tatler' runs thus:

'"What you look upon as one confused white in the milky way, appears to me (the good genius) a long track of heavens, distinguished by stars, that are arranged in proper figures and constellations."'—No. 119.

This is precisely Herschel's account of the milky way from observation, he having found the white light, only apparent to the naked eye, to consist of hundreds of stars, each of them in his opinion the centre of a solar system, analogous to our own.

Sporting Stars.—Mr. Thomas Moore seems to have commenced his 'Loves of the Angels,' with his head full of 'Rhymes on the Road,' and thinking more of Ascot Heath and Newmarket, than of

'Cycle and epicycle, multiplex and mixed.'

Whether some future Herschel may ascertain that the stars are entered for the sweepstakes of the milky way, we do not pretend to prophecy. Mr. Moore has no doubt upon the subject:

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory.'

Loves of the Angels, p. 1.

III.—USEFUL ARTS.

1. Agriculture.

Spurry used as food for Cattle.—In some parts of Flanders, the corn spurry, (*spergula arvensis*,) is sown as a crop to be used as late pasturage, as we learn from Rancel, *Flore du Nord de la France*. It is a regular crop in the Campine of Brabant, being sown after the

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corn is reaped. Cows fed with spurry are said to yield richer milk and better butter than when fed with any other food. The tract of land just mentioned was once covered with harsh sand, but was brought into tillage by the Monks, who adhered to the principle of reclaiming no more land than they could easily manage.

2. GARDENING.

Budding Roses.—When the budding of roses is performed in June, the buds are prepared by depriving the shoots of their leaves; in a fortnight afterwards, buds will be formed fit for taking, and will generally blow the same year. When the budding is performed in August or September, the buds should be inserted in the old wood, or wood of at least two years' growth. Such is the method of Van Mons, an ingenious continental budder.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Argyll Rooms.

THE seventh Concert of the season took place on Monday last. It was led by Mori, and conducted by Potter. The first act commenced with Haydn's twelfth or *military* sinfonia, so denominated from his introducing cymbals, triangles, long drum, and all the paraphernalia of a regimental band, in addition to the usual orchestral instruments; and the allegretto (or *middle movement*, as it is technically called by Professors) is an interesting (and now well-known) march, in which the stringed and wind instruments, aided by the combination of military auxiliaries, perform the various strains alternately. Near its conclusion, a descriptive and dramatic effect is ingeniously produced. The performers on the various instruments, one at a time, ceasing to play, present the idea of an army retiring, by degrees, to repose; after which a total silence, for 'a brief space,' seems to be interrupted by the call of a trumpet, replied to by the distant roll of an alarm drum, which rapidly becoming 'louder and more loud,' the whole of the orchestra (representing a combined and assemb'ed force) burst upon the scene, with an effective and well-arranged tremando, which, however, continues for a very short time, the alarm appearing groundless, and the various instruments again pair off together. The single bar passage, (a minim, or two crotchets followed by four quavers,) which constitutes the principal theme or text of the movement, is performed by the oboe and bassoon, and replied to by the violin and tenor; the flute then files off with the clarionet, and the horn retires with the violoncello. (We may not, perhaps, be 'quite correct' in our coupling these instruments, but the contexture is of a similar description.) The harmonies applied to this simple passage of one bar, are clear and ingenious, principally on the tonic harmony and that of the diminished seventh, alternately, and the whole piece has been a deserved favourite ever since its first performance, in 1791. The theme of the last movement having been vilely prostituted into a country dance, well known under the title of 'Lord Cathcart,' has a vulgarism imparted to it, and is somewhat deteriorated accordingly; an unfortunate fate which Rossini's Operas have universally undergone; his *Oratorio* of 'Mosé' having been turned into *Quadrilles*, and danced at all the race-balls, assemblies, and fairs in England!

No. 2.—Aria, Signor Zuchelli, 'A rispettarmi,' from the Oratorio above-mentioned. Zuchelli's fine rich voice harmonised well with the orchestra in this excellent song, but which, as usual, exhibits rather too much playfulness for the gravity of a sacred subject; hence has arisen the capability and the inducement to *quadrillise* Rossini's music so generally.

No. 3.—Concerto, flute, Mr. Nicholson. This performance was altogether excellent, perfect, and, perhaps, so unrivalled, that a description or criticism would be altogether a work of supererogation. In the spirited allegro, the solo commences with the highest possible note B, and occasionally descends to the lowest possible note C, with the best possible effect. Nicholson is famed for performing slow national melodies in a highly interesting and expressive manner; and his Irish air (we believe, 'Kathleen Trehern,' which much resembles 'The Last Rose of Summer') formed a beautiful specimen of this ability. The last movement is a bolero, in which the accompaniments for the violin are made to resemble the castanets; and, near the conclusion, is introduced a delightful episode in A flat, accompanied by very tasteful solos for clarionet and bassoon, during which Nicholson displayed a striking, difficult, and clever arpeggio passage. The whole was deservedly and enthusiastically applauded.

No. 4.—Scena, Madame Schutz, from Weber's 'Der Freischutz,' performed with German words. This fine dramatic scena, (which has been attempted by almost all female vocalists, and which was so well sung by Miss Stephens,) was cleverly performed by Madame Schutz; but sometimes we thought her powers of voice and execution scarcely sufficient, although occasional gleams of expressive beauty redeemed her defects, if so they might be called. A nationality and peculiarity, arising from the German diction, also diminished rather than improved the performance.

No. 5.—A MS. overture, composed by Pixis, and performed, for the first time in this country, under the direction and superintendance of the composer, went off with spirit and eclat. It is in the noisy key of D, but exhibits ingenious and effective writing: the decrescendo and crescendo was unusually well imagined, and cleverly executed, producing an excellent overturial climax, although a little clamorous.

The second act was introduced by Beethoven's seventh grand sinfonia, (in B flat, op. 60,) a highly finished, sensible, and classical production, quite concertante and conversational for the very numerous instruments, presenting a beautiful and perfect example of a diffuse and grand orchestral composition, sufficient of itself to have established Beethoven's exalted rank as a musical writer of the highest class. The adagio, (or *middle* movement) in E flat, 3-4 time, was excellently performed and greatly admired; it commences with a simple alternation of the tonic and dominant by the second violins, which passage is imitated by nearly every instrument in the course of the movement, (even by the double drums,) with considerable ability and ingenuity, while a singing melodious thema employs the wind instruments. In the mennetto and trio, a little playfulness is indulged in, but by no means to the whimsical extent too frequently exemplified; the wild and characteristic unison passages given to the clarionet and bassoon, or clarionet and flute, conjunctively, were well performed, attracted notice, and elicited admiration.

In the last allegro, although there is a superabundance of downright noisy fiddling, (too customary in his concluding movements,) yet, in this sinfonia, it is considerably qualified by a sweet strain of melody united to a peculiar richness of harmony. It has been frequently the custom at these concerts for the connoisseurs to encore the *middle* movements, and sometimes even the menuets of the grand sinfonias, and we imagine the leaders have felt their vanity a little gratified upon such occasions, they considering the encores as being in some degree applied to themselves, or at least indicative of the superiority of the particular performance; thus illustrating the fable of the fly upon the coach-wheel, 'what a dust *we* make!' Now, Mori, who appears to be an excellent diplomatist, (although of warm and party temperament,) felt desirous that the *middle* movement of Haydn, in the first sinfonia, should be favoured with a call for its repetition, and, therefore, made a feint of entering into a long colloquy with his colleague, Potter, at its conclusion, (as a dramatic singer lingers on the stage, expectant of the welcome encore,) but the bait did not succeed, and the orchestral performers, who wondered at a pause made in the middle of a sinfonia, proceeded with their labours. The Leader, however, (nothing dismayed) ventured upon a second experiment at the conclusion of Beethoven's fine adagio, and actually sat himself down, wiped his face, his bow, his violin, &c., and delayed the whole performance for so tedious a period, that a few of the directors, and principal performers close about him, were forced to urge and spur him on, for the purpose of preventing the very occurrence for which he was laying himself out. 'Tis true, indeed, some followers of *his* own, at lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps (or clapped their hands,) and some ten voices cried '*encore*,' but he could not take 'the vantage of those few,' and the sinfonia proceededed to its conclusion.

No. 7.—Aria, Madame Caradori Allan, 'Deh! se piacer mi vuoi,' from Mozart's fine opera, 'La Clemenza di Tito.' This deservedly favourite singer's performance was chaste, beautiful, and perfect in the extreme, and quite in keeping with the style and excellence of the composition.

No. 8.—Military Concertante for Violin and Violoncello principal, composed and performed by the Messrs. Bohrer. These brothers (Anthony and Maximilian) are the celebrated and clever musicians, who exhibited in this country some years ago, since which time they have considerably improved in science, experience, and execution. Their military concertante presented a vast deal of talent, which was fully appreciated, and unanimously applauded. In order to give their performance a military character, some peculiarities of rather a whimsical nature were noticeable, especially an accompaniment for the *triangle* during the violin and violoncello solos; even cymbals and side-drum, and all other such outré musicals, presented their unequivocal effects during the whole performance. An extraordinary sort of fantasia or capriccio was introduced near the conclusion of their concertante, (by way of cadenza,) in which several pantomimical tricks were exhibited of a peculiar and amusing nature; but the principal beauty, the leading feature of their performance, was the perfect unity maintained throughout, the simultaneous feeling that actuated them in passages which appeared as the extemporaneous effusions of fancy; this peculiar excellence procured for them their chiefest credit upon their former visit to this country; and when, in 1823, they performed at Milan, it is recorded, that 'so great was the similitude of their tones, that the auditor could scarcely determine which of the two was the performer on the violin.' Although there is nothing very extraordinary in this delusion being produced upon the ear, yet they certainly 'played into each others hands' remarkably well, as brothers should. Lindley's richness of *tone* is decidedly unattainable by any performer living; but Bohrer's execution more nearly approximated to the pride of the orchestra than any we have before witnessed. Prejudice may be at the bottom of our dislike to see any one but him enter a concert room, as a solo performer upon the violoncello; but Lindley unequivocally remains, upon the whole, still unrivalled; and we must add, that the perfect confidence and *non chalance* betrayed by *Anthony* and *Maximilian*, at their rehearsal, subtracted a little from the good opinion that would otherwise have been entertained of them, and even of their performance, by their professional brethren.

No. 9.—Duetto, Madame Schutz and Signor Zuchelli, 'Bella Imago,' from Rossini's Semiramide, went off successfully; making the fourth well-known vocal piece selected from some popular opera, and certainly not the sort of music which should be performed at the Philharmonic Concerts; difficult as it assuredly is for the directors to procure vocal novelties, owing to the obstinate presumption of the singers, yet, as they are liberally paid, they should be forced to perform pieces not too commonly heard, or they should *not* be engaged. The Concert concluded with Sphor's learned, and well-imagined Overture to Faust, op. 60; but being most erudite, it was 'caviare to the multitude,' and (shame to the would-be-thought dilettanti) was noticed but little, and applauded less. *O Tempora, O* MORI.

THE DRAMA.

English Opera House.

On Friday last, Perlet terminated his engagement at this Theatre, with three of his most amusing representations,—Crescendo in the 'Visité à Bedlam;' the Valet in 'The Ambassador;' and the Artist in 'The Comedien d'Etampes.' Having been greeted with frequently-repeated plaudits during the course of his performances, he was called for after the fall of the curtain, and was received with the acclamation of his numerous admirers.

On Monday last, a new performer from Paris, M. Odry, made his first appearance at this Theatre in the character of Pataud, in the vaudeville, 'De la Neige,' and that of John Biscott, in the piece of 'Tony.'

This actor is highly prized by the people of Paris, whom, in his representations of humbler characters, in the style of our late-lamented Emery, he highly delights, by his faithful and natural delineation of the manners and habits of low life. This talent he carries to the highest perfection; but we are apprehensive that it will be relished only by the natives of France, or by such Englishmen as may have resided in that country, and have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the habits and peculiarities of the lower classes. The character of the blacksmith, Pataud, was performed by him with a degree of correctness, and natural exhibition, which appeared to be reality itself; there was every thing in the pauses, gestures, dialect, and manners, of Odry, highly characteristic of the blacksmith; but would it not be necessary, in order to estimate the truth and merit of this representation, to see the original himself? for to those who have only seen English characters of that class, and who would wish to estimate the acting of Odry with a reference to English habits, the exhibition would not appear so faithful and accurate, and the merits of the performer would, of course, be diminished in their estimation. The truth of this observation was clearly manifest during the performance of Monday last; for, though possessed of a talent in his particular line, which he has carried to the same

perfection as Perlet and Mademoiselle Vertpré have in theirs, yet he did not receive an equal share of applause with these performers at their first debut. It is not so much the Frenchman, and the Frenchwoman, that Perlet and Mademoiselle Vertpré exhibit to us, as the man and woman of every country, with the tempers, dispositions, and peculiar traits which nature dispenses among the various tribes of mankind. In every country we meet with valets like that in 'The Ambassador,' —a rogue who cheats his master, but whom his master is obliged to keep in his service, as he has the talent of rendering himself necessary. In every country, also, we see females like Toinette, in the vaudeville 'De la Neige,' who are possessed of those captivating artifices, and dexterous little stratagems, that the sex, in every quarter of the world, knows how to employ to engage the affections of men, and acquire an invincible influence over their minds. In the exhibition of such characters, the spectator, whether English or French, is fully enabled to appreciate the merits of the performer; for the original picture is every day before his eyes. It is for this reason that the applauses bestowed on Perlet, in the personation of these roguish valets, are universal; and the same effect was produced by Mad. Vertpré, on Monday last, in the admirable scene between her and Pataud, in which she displayed a degree of perfection to which we are enabled to do complete justice. The same merit was equally conspicuous in her exhibition of the 'Demoiselle à marier;' and it would be impossible to represent the timidity and awkwardness of a young female, who has lived recluse from the world, in her first interview with her intended, whom she knows not, and whom she fears, with more truth and reality, yet not destitute of grace; and afterwards, when she has become acquainted with him, to exhibit with more ability all that easy good humour, and artless elegance, which Mademoiselle Vertpré displayed in the character. She sung, and accompanied herself on the harp, a very beautiful ballad, which was justly encored, and at each time received the unanimous applause of the audience.

The performance of the evening commenced with the farce of 'Crispin, Rival de ton Maitre;' but to those who have witnessed, in Paris, Monrose and Cartigny in the parts of the two roguish valets, Laporte and Alexis, who performed on the evening named, must appear feeble and uninteresting. All the other performers, we are compelled to say, with the exception of Madame Dandel, were at their usual level; so that this amusing little piece did not produce its full effect. The amusements of the evening concluded, at a late hour, with the vaudeville of 'Tony,' in which Odry, playing the part of John Biscott, which was formerly undertaken by Gamard, made us feel the vast difference that exists between an excellent actor and a mere mechanical buffoon.

Surrey.

The Opera producing no novelties since the splendid representation of Otello and Desdemona, by Madame Pasta and Madmoiselle Sontag; and the great theatres being also engaged on what are called stock-pieces, revived for benefit nights; we were induced to extend the range of our theatrical visits and, cross the water on a visit to 'The Surrey,' where we had before received sufficient gratification to repay the trouble. The first piece represented at this theatre, on Monday evening, was a new Melo-Drama, entitled 'Inch-Cape Bell, or the Dumb Sailor Boy.' The story is full of painful interest, bordering, perhaps, rather too closely on the terrific; but still such as to carry the audience powerfully along with the development of the tragedy. The scenery is magnificent; and the representation of the Inch-Cape Rock, Cavern, and Bell, with the deck of the Pirate Ship at anchor, and her subsequent wreck by foundering, with the loss of the mainmast by lightning, and the rescue of the dumb sailor boy and his protector, are all such as those who have witnessed similar horrors, might see with pleasure, as reviving the feelings of joy and pleasure at their escape from them; and such as those who have never witnessed in reality, may here advantageously behold in fiction, and thus be taught the happiness of their exemption from perils to which so large a portion of our own brave countrymen are hourly exposed.

The 'March of Intellect' which followed, has been repeated more than a hundred times, and loses nothing of its attraction, in the hands of its sole supporter and delineator, the inimitable Master Burke: while 'The Talisman,' which concluded the performances of the evening, exhibits a display of gorgeous and imposing scenery and incantation, which fills the house by its attraction, and still maintains its original popularity.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

In closing our notice of the Exhibition at Somerset House, we take the opportunity of exonerating its managers from blame on account of the dust and filth objected to in a former Number of 'The Athenæum,' as forming one of the many obstacles to the enjoyment of this national display. The rooms and stairs, we have reason to believe, are watered and swept every morning; all is cool, sweet, and delightful, we are assured, at eight o'clock, and the annoyances, (ever excepting the inadequate size of the rooms, and the crowded situation of the pictures,) which are experienced within a few hours after the opening of the doors, are the effects of the morning's concourse of visitors. We trust that the other complaints and imputations against the Dons of the Society—of undue favour and bias in the election of their associates and academicians, of charlatanism in the practice of their art, and of petty and malicious feeling against those who have ever shown a restive spirit, may be equally groundless. A public body should have no passions, and no individual interests. We trust, for instance, it is not true that, while the academicians assume to themselves the prerogative of finishing their own pictures after they are hung, in order to adapt their effect to the particular situation and to the neighbourhood in which they are placed, and to make them appear to the best advantage; the opportunity of doing the same is denied to those who have not attained academical honours. Such a privilege should be accorded to every exhibitor, or denied to all. The complaints of disappointed persons are to be received, no doubt, with mistrust, and to give satisfaction to all is next to impossible. We are aware of the difficulties which persons, situated as are the Royal Acadimecians, have to encounter, but complaints and dissatisfaction are general: if these are not without grounds, it is but an act of kindness to afford an opportunity for disavowing the practices complained of; if they are well founded, justice requires that they should be made public; that the usages which gave rise to them should be denounced; in order that the fear of shame may effect what the sense of justice has failed to do,—the abstinence from prostituting to the service of private interests an authority created for public purposes.

Of al the rooms of the Academy, the most difficult of access has ever been, and, we suppose, ever will be, the 'Antique Academy.' It does not require that the artists and subjects, of the 482 performances which adorn the walls of that room, should have very numerous connections to render it perfectly hopeless for an indifferent person to get a peep at the objects of so much personal interest and curiosity. It happens fortunately, however, that the most meritorious works are not those which interest personal feeling and vanity: and it is very possible, nay, comparatively easy, to enjoy the view of the drawings of A. E. Chalon, R.A., which are about half a dozen. Two of them are more especially deserving of notice, *The Sisters*, No. 509, and *La Collazione*, 533. They are both, but the latter more especially, clever, spirited, and elegant compositions, full of life and expression.

Cleopatra watching the disembarkation of the Roman army in Europe, with the motto—

'Ausa et jacentem visere regiam
Vultu sereno.'

G. Jones, R.A., is another very clever and spirited drawing, full of dignity, grandeur, and fine effect.

No. 571. *Portrait of David Wilkie, Esq., R.A., in a masquerade dress.* J. Hollins is a very clever, spirited, and interesting drawing.

Our attention was called to the portrait, No. 548, R. Bowyer, by a correspondent, in No. 29 of 'The Athenæum.' For the particular claims of this performance to attention, we refer to the communication alluded to, contenting ourselves, in this place, with adding, that the portrait is certainly a very happy effort, but displaying rather more strongly the art, than, from the description and the quality of illusion claimed for it, we had expected.

As to the miniatures, innumerable as they are, we are always more anxious to know who the pretty lasses are, and where they are to be seen, *large as life*, than to know who painted them. Disappointed of our first wish, we have not patience to go through the list of enamels,* however exquisite.

The Model Academy is not unusually rich this year.

Cupid receiving the instructions of Venus to assume the form of Ascanius, 1210, T. Campbell, is a sweet figure, of exquisite and delicate form, full of expression and archness.

Statue in Marble of the Right Honourable Warren Hastings, part of a monument to be erected at Calcutta. No. 1213, R. Westmacott, R.A., is considered, and perhaps justly, one of that artist's best performances, The figure has great repose,—a repose, we should say, more befitting a reclining than a standing posture. The animation, the life, suited to an upright and active figure, are absent.

The *Grecian Archer*, No. 1211, G. Rennie, is a very spirited figure.

Bust of Sir William Curtis, Bart., No. 1170, is the only exhibition of M. Chantry; it is a work of admirable execution.

The Shield of Æneas, to be executed in gold, after the style of Benvenuto Cellini, 1180, W. Pitts, in illustration of the eighth book of Virgil, is a laborious performance, displays much ingenuity, variety, and invention *.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The gallery of this institution was re-opened last week, with an exhibition of the works of ancient masters, of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch masters. The exhibition is a highly interesting one, and calculated to afford a great treat to the curious in art, and to impart very useful lessons to professors themselves. At the same time, it is not an exhibition of that description which we stand most in need of—an exhibition which shall excite an interest for the ancient masters in the mass of our matter-of-fact gentry, and supply them with a standard of taste, which they may apply more or less rigidly to works of art in general, and, which they most of all require, inspire them with a relish for works of lofty imagining. The interest taken in portraits, for instance, is already sufficient, and even should the *Duchesse de St. Croix, and the Portrait in Armour*, by Vandyke, the *Don Balthazarer* and *Philip of Spain*, his Father, by Velasquez, teach us, that in portrait painting our worthy President himself might be even more excellent than he is—the end gained would not be very important.

Salvator Rosa is to be admired, rather than imitated; but excepting persons versed in art, by practice, or much observation, the works of Salvator will only attract those who are endowed by nature with a lively perception of the sublime and poetical. The *Nursing of Hercules*, by Tintoretto, will seem an absurd allegory, and excite any thing but veneration. The Claudes and the Gaspar Poussins, will please by their poetry; Ruysdael and Hobbima, by the truth of their landscape; the Teniers and Wouvermanns may delight by their representations of domestic, natural and comic scenes; but all this only humours the fancy, in which we are all already nothing wanting, while it fails to inspire the taste and desire, in which we are so deficient, for the high and lofty branch of art. We impute no blame on this account to the Directors of the Institution, because we are aware of the difficulty (it may be, perhaps, an impossibility) of forming, in England, a collection of high historical works of the great masters; but we cannot pass by the opportunity of urging, that familiarity with such works is the thing needful in England; that Flemish and Dutch art, landscape and portrait painting, are already understood; that Italian and high poetic art is not; and is not, we trust, only because ignorance of it is general. The exhibition, as we have said above, abounds in works highly interesting to the artist and the amateur. To prove this, we need but allude to the several performances of Salvator Rosa, the Vandykes already mentioned, a Titian in his early manner, the Magdalen of Guercino, several popular works of Murillo, the 'Vanity and Modesty' of Leonardo da Vinci, a very grand half-length female figure, by Sebastian del Prombo, several very excellent Teniers, Wouvermanns, Vandeveldes, Cuyps, Ruisdaels, and, if last, not least, spirited sketches of Rubens, with numbers of et ceteras well worthy of such company. The selection appears to have been made with the laudable view of affording the means of improvement to our artists. As such, it is well made. May due advantage be taken of it, and may the attempt be rewarded by the result!

* Our artists are aware of the peculiar charms of this room for the lady-frequenters of the Exhibition, and emulate each other in indulging them with pretty titles, as well as with pretty performances. How enchanting to the fair and fanciful must be such appellations as 'Tick, Tick,' 'The Artist's Garland,' 'The Age of Bliss,' 'The Tempting Cherry,' 'I'd be a Butterfly,' &c.

* By a description just published, we observe that this work is to be executed in gold, 3 feet 6 inches in diameter, by Mr. Joseph Widdowson, goldsmith, of Fleet-street. The embarking in such an undertaking as Mr. Widdowson informs us, without order or encouragement, but at his own risk, is certainly a spirited undertaking, and, as such, [illegible]

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LITERARY LETTER FROM PARIS.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Paris, May 29, 1828.

SIR,—We have in France two poets, M. M. Béranger and Lamartine, and seven or eight clever manufacturers of verse, with but few ideas. To this class belong Soumet, Delavigne, Gurrant, Briffant, &c. These rhymesters have contrived to get themselves elected Members of the French Academy, while our two poets, who are men without quackery or pretension, do not belong to that institution. M. Béranger is publishing an elegant edition of his poems, to which several new ones will be added. The old French poets are left far behind by M. Béranger, in lyric and satirical composition; and the collection now about to appear will bear a comparison with the works of La Fontaine. In the writings of the bon homme, an excellent fable is generally followed or preceded by two or three which do not rise above mediocrity; but still that mediocrity is so good that it would establish the reputation of any poet. Béranger, who has composed a dozen songs, equal to a dozen of the best fables of La Fontaine, lives on an income of 1800 francs per annum, (about 72*l.*) He has passed his life in poverty, and, therefore, he is not a favourite in the fashionable world, though people of rank read and praise his works, because they cannot do otherwise.

M. Soumet, who belongs to the class of versifiers, is a handsome young man, a member of the French Academy, and rich. He brought out, a few days ago, a new tragedy, entitled 'Elizabeth de France.' It is in imitation of Schiller's 'Don Carlos.' The most elegant company filled the boxes of the Théâtre François; but favourite as Soumet is, his fashionable audience were heartily tired at the conclusion of the play. M. Soumet, at the outset, attempted to imitate Schiller; but, as he advanced, his courage seems to have failed him. Schiller, who lived among the little Courts of Germany, which, even, to this day, ape the absurd ceremonies of the Court of Philip II., was well aware that the Queen could never be in the company of Don Carlos, unattended by at least three or four Ladies of Honour. This difficulty, so peculiar to the subject, transports the spectator, at once, to the Court of the Spanish Tiberius. But in 'Elizabeth de France,' the wife of the jealous Philip is seen, in the first act, in a solitary country-place, near Madrid, accompanied by only one female attendant. The rest of the piece is equally true to history. But this would have been overlooked, and even Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' though well known in France, through the clever translations of M. M. Lezay and Baranté, would have been forgotten, if Soumet's tragedy had been interesting; but, unfortunately, it was only admirable. It contains some good verses and some fine passages of declamation, though the latter are better adapted to epic than dramatic composition. But, astonishing as it may seem, the French still prefer words to ideas. M. Soumet's writings would have enjoyed the highest success twenty-five years ago; but now we are getting spoiled by Macready and Shakspeare.

The 'Journal des Debats,' which was so amusing some time ago, has sold itself to the Ministry for 150 francs per day. 'Le Figaro' is, at present, the most entertaining of our minor literary journals; but, I dare say, it would not be intelligible in England. Every line conveys a satirical allusion to some anecdote, well known in the saloons of Paris, but which it would be *mauvais ton* to relate at length, when once its novelty is past.

'Kean's dumb-show is admirable; but he has not voice enough for a French audience. Why was Macready taken from us so soon?' Such are still the topics of conversation in our theatrical circles. Departures for the country proceed more tardily this year on account of the Chambers. Since the late nominations, good company has very much increased in the Chamber of Deputies. There were many persons distinguished both by their rank and by their wealth, in the bribed Chamber of Villèle; but they were chiefly old men, who had lost their importance in the world: for, singular as it may seem, in Paris, after the age of sixty years, people become childish. Some happy exceptions there are; eight or ten of our most distinguished men have passed that age; but, generally speaking, our manner of life, and our notions of what is agreeable, require such wonderful activity of mind, that, when a man of sixty or sixty-five accosts you, you are surprised to hear the most elegant phrases in every thing he says, while there is a total absence of sense. This misfortune of humanity I have observed in no other of the great capitals of Europe. In Rome, for instance, some years ago, it was remarked, that the four finest women were upwards of forty, and that all the remarkable men were rather on the shady than the sunny side of sixty.

Contrary to custom, no romance worth notice has appeared this spring; and the fashionable writers are reserving their best works to the moment of the general departure to the country. It seems likely that the owners of chateaux will take nothing with them this season but 'La jolie Fille de Perth.'

A singular piece called, 'L'Ecrivain Public,' which is now performing at one of our minor Theatres, La Porte St. Martin, has become exceedingly popular. A man of strong passions has been reduced to the necessity of turning public writer. What makes him interesting to us is, that he is influenced by passions which, in different degrees, are more or less observable in the constitution of our present youth. A stranger presents himself before the public writer, whom a variety of incidents had made acquainted with character, and who (mark the circumstance!) possessed the public esteem. The stranger dictated these letters to him, from which he readily perceived that he was plotting the assassination of a man just arrived from America, and bearing the will of an uncle that the future assassins had in that country. By this will the uncle left an immense fortune to a niece, the fruit of an unacknowledged marriage. The public writer, hitherto an honourable man, was agitated by the following singular and criminal suggestion:—If the crime were committed, being in possession of the assassins' secret, he could compel them to make him a partaker in their ill-gotten wealth. Uncertain how to act, he criminally refrained from denouncing the strangers to justice, and allowed the crime to be committed. Disguised in the dress of a mason, he betook himself to the place where the crime was committed, and was engaged by the assassins to assist them in interring the murdered man. Thus, having become, in some sort, an accomplice in their guilt, he discovered himself to the assassins, showed them that he could effect their ruin, and compelled them, through fear, to give him in marriage the niece, whom the suppression of the will, of which the murdered man was the bearer, deprived of a large fortune. He also exacted a dower of two millions with her, and made her his wife. Up to this point in the piece, it shows, in a dreadful manner, how a Parisian education, which makes us so sensible to the joys of life, may expose us to the sudden temptation of a large fortune when within our reach, though possibly acquired without the commission of actual crime. The rest of the play is sufficiently plain. The writer's head is turned with his wealth, and he receives, like a drunken sot, his parents arriving on a visit from the country. It might be said that the plot of this drama had been stolen from a man of genius by a vulgar writer. For no piece of our pretended modern poets penetrates so deeply into the recesses of the human heart as this simple melo-drama. The first two acts, of which the proper title would be, 'Tentation d'un honnête Homme,' are shockingly true. In our poetic tragedies, nothing is more tiresome to us of the 19th century than the remorse of an usurper about to seize the crown of some poor legitimate prince; it is too far removed from us. Besides, since the example of Napoleon, who, while in power, did such great things for France, we are silly enough to think that a crown is not a mere bauble, but that it imposes duties, and that in general the throne should be given to the most deserving. All the great tragical temptations, and all the princely misgivings, which Voltaire, Racine, Corneille, and their imitators, have described in their fine verses, have no effect upon us since Napoleon. What affects us now is the case of a man of rank reduced by his follies to the condition of a public scribe, often obliged to dine upon a piece of bread, and suddenly tempted by the possibility of obtaining two millions. This is a sentiment truly tragic; but a Schiller was required to fill up the outline.

I do not know whether the English theatre possesses any good tragedy on the subject of *temptation*. But it appears to me, that some first-rate writer might produce a master-piece out of the first two acts of 'L'Ecrivain Public.' Nothing more would be required than to clothe the conception of the French author with just expression.

GEYER.

THE Third Number of a Collection of Ancient and Modern Swedish Poetry, by Professor Geyer, has just appeared at Stockholm, and is mentioned to be as interesting in itself as creditable to the exertions of the Editor. It is entitled 'The Last of the Bards.'

VARIETIES.

CHIEFLY SELECTED FROM RECENT LETTERS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW TITLES.

A gentleman, recently returned from India, having taken a handsome house in the most fashionable quarter of the town, was highly gratified by the unexpected and early attentions of persons who, if he had not much heard of in India, were undoubtedly amongst the most distinguished of his native land, by the orders with which they had been honoured, as appeared by the initials appended to their names. Having had little necessity to recur to the Court calendar in the distant regions of the East, he was but little acquainted with honours and titles, or with their possessors at home; and, having had no other claims to distinction, in himself, than what a pious anxiety for the increase of wealth might enforce, he felt the more flattered by the gratuitous and unsolicited civility of those to whose notice he had feared it would have been rather a severe task to reach, unencumbered as he was by family-name, title, rank, learning, or talent. In fact, so little had he done for his own celebrity, that, (incredible although it be,) notwithstanding he had somewhat travelled, he had never even thought of writing a book; and so humble were his pretensions, that he scarcely even expected to be presented at a levee, to acquire the star of the Ionian Order, or to be elected a member of the Royal Society. His eye glistened, therefore, as he read the names of his honourable and condescending visitors: there were among them two K.G.s, three K.B.s, two K.T.s, and three K.P.s; a very respectable assemblage, certainly, he deemed, of Knights of the Garter, Bath, Thistle, and St. Patrick. The deciphering these hieroglyphics was facile, compared to those which indicated the possessors of foreign orders. He knew that the war of Spain, and the battle of Waterloo, had rendered numbers of his eminent compatriots familiar with things which we never dreamt of in the olden time. So he sent for a fashionable directory, and, with an air of satisfaction, commenced the grateful labour of explaining to himself the long list of those who had favoured him by their patronage. K. C. (of these there were several) he found to be Knights of the Crescent in Turkey; K. B. E. (this was somewhat formidable, but it proved to be) the Black Eagle of Russia; K. E., Elephant in Denmark; K. F. was evidently Ferdinand in Spain; as K. F. M., Ferdinand and Merit (what an association!) in Sicily; K. I. was clearly Saint Joachim; K. L., Leopold of Austria; K. M., and K. M. I., were Knights of Malta, and Maximilian Joseph, in Bavaria; K. P. S., K. S., and K. S. C., were Knights of Stanislaus of Poland, the Sword in Sweden, and Charles III. in Spain. It was, indeed, a rich bevy of illustrious designations. He felt scarcely less happy at having thus early attracted the polite attention of his noble countrymen, than proud as a Briton at the honours which had been showered by Foreign Potentates on those of 'his land's language;' and, in the excess of gratitude and anxiety to become more acquainted with men whose fame had spread far and wide, he would have immediately, as in violation of all etiquette, returned their calls, had not he paid the penalty of Sangrec and Mulligatawney, in a severe attack of the liver, which obliged him to confine himself a fortnight to his house. The first day that he could make his debut, he issued in all 'the pomp and circumstance,' with which a neat, not costly, equipage, Stultz and Weston, Swaine, Moby and others, could invest him: he had practised his best bows in the glass,—he had taken lessons from his *valet*, in all the forms required by high life,—his heart beat high,—his blood was at curry heat,—a flush of would-be red changed the saffron colour of his visage to a dingy brown,—and he went forth exulting. Alas! he returned ashamed, mortified, and humbled. He had been unaware of a new state of things: his K. G.s turned out to be the *King's Goldsmith and Grocer*; the K. B.s, the *King's Bootmaker, Bookseller*, and *Baker*; the K. T.s were neither more nor less than the *King's Turners* and *Tailors*; and his K. P.s, the *King's Printseller, Perfumer*, and *Purveyor*. This was 'too bad,' certainly, as Lord Liverpool said; but the Hindoo was not a man to yield his point without a struggle, and he verily went the round of presumed chivalry. K. C.s, turned out to be modest *Cutlers, Confectioners*, and *Chemists*, with his Majesty's arms over the door; K. B. E., and K. E., were neither *Black Eagle*, nor *Elephant*, but an *Engraver, Embroiderer*, and his Majesty's *English Bookseller*; K. F., and K. F. M., were no more one *Ferdinand* than the other; and as to '*Merit*,' they scarcely pretended to it; they merely claimed the privilege of serving their Sovereign in *Furriery* and *Shoe-cloth*

Manufacture; K. J., and K. L., were but a *Joiner*, and *Linen-draper;* K. M. knew far more of *Mercery* than *Malta;* and K. M. I. offered some excellent *Mathematical Instruments*, whereof he was the *Maker*, but professed entire ignorance of any *Maximilian Joseph* of *Bavaria;* K. P. S. exhibited some excellent engravings, as he announced himself to be the *King's Printseller*, but said he had no engraving of *Stanislaus* of *Poland;* K. S. denied any knowledge of the *Sword* of *Sweden*, being but the *King's Silversmith*, but referred his visitor to Mr. Webb, *K. S C.*, or *Sword Cutler to the King;* and he at length completed his weary round, disappointed and sorrowful at the downfal of his hopes. Time, however, which cures all grief, soothed his inquietudes: initiated at Crockford's, he began to ascertain the true meaning of things otherwise calculated to puzzle; and, as he became more intimate with the world, could explain to new arrivals from Calcutta, that *P.P.H.M.*, meant *Portrait Painter to His Majesty; M.R.I.A.*, a *Member of the Royal Irish Academy; M.W.S.N.H.E.*, a *Member of the Wernerian Society of Natural History of Edinburgh; P.V.C.S.P.*, a *Professor of the Veterinary College, Saint Pancras;* and that A. S. S. had too extensive an application to be particularly defined.

Mr. Southey.

While Scott, Byron and Moore have become popular, as writers, on the continent, the works of the Poet Laureat have commanded comparatively but little attention; and, perhaps, the fact would not be difficult to be accounted for on simple grounds. If a Frenchman, however, be asked, 'why the moon be composed of Gruyere cheese?' he will not pause to consider the validity of the premises assumed; but, with the most subtle invention, vindicate his knowledge, by stating the proportion of earthy matter that is combined with the other component parts of the milky fluid, and satisfactorily account, on chemical principles, for the formation of Luna from a spare quantity of the via lactea. 'How old is Sir Walter Scott?' asked a Parisian of a friend in a Coffee-house, '*Quatre-vingt années, moins quelques jours*,' was the ready and *ceridique* reply. 'What was the cause of the unhappy derangement of the late King of England?' '*Ma foi, c'etait du au President de la Chambre des Communes.*' 'Who was this Lord Byron?' '*Un brave Grec de Missolonghi.*' 'And who is Miss Smithson?' '*La fille du Duc de Wellington.*' 'Then who is Monsieur Henry Hunt?' '*Le grand ami de Milord Cobbett.*' Thus in law, physic, or divinity, things terrestrial or things celestial, fear not putting the question—the answer will be as readily as thoughtlessly given. A correspondent of a French paper, 'The Globe,' having made inquiry of its editor, 'why the productions of Southey were so little known?' the succeeding day he was informed that the poet's want of popularity in France was due to '*Pleolement ou il vit, au milieu des Lacs du Cumberland*,' (This, as Sheridan said of a part of Coleridge's 'Remorse,' is a *dripping* retreat,) '*sans proneurs*,' (No 'Quarterly' being presumedly in existence,) '*sans intrigue*,' (really we cannot speak to this,) '*sans coterie*,' (Is there not?) '*sans fortune*,' (*poor* Doctor Southey!) '*sans aucun des moyens qui font, au moins, autant pour la renommée que les bons ouvrages.*' This last sentence is certainly absolute wisdom, or nothing. What the *moyens* may be the Frenchman require we would be glad to know. There is the laurel crown and the tun of wine; and, if these be not *good works*, (although we believe the contrary,) we all know there is *faith* sufficient.

Corsican Honour.

A singular circumstance has lately taken place in the Island of Corsica, which strongly indicates the character of the ruder inhabitants of the island. Two soldiers of a French regiment, stationed at Ajaccio, having deserted, their Colonel, in pursuing the pleasure *de la chasse*, met with one of the mountain shepherds, who acquainted him with the spot where the two soldiers had sought a retreat. The man was immediately rewarded for this intelligence by a gift of four Louis, and the colonel dispatched a party in search of the delinquents, who were apprehended, conducted to headquarters, and tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death. The relations of the shepherd becoming acquainted with the circumstance, assembled, and pronounced that he had for ever dishonoured his family by receiving the price of blood; they seized and bound him, and, on the day and hour when the unfortunate soldiers were shot at Ajaccio, the same death was inflicted by them on the shepherd. After the execution of the two military offenders, a priest (who had been obliged by the mountaineers to confess and shrive the shepherd, prior to his quitting the world) appeared upon the parade, and returned to the colonel the four Louis, in acquainting him of the mode adopted by those who had employed him to avenge their injured honour.

Religious Liberty.

Much argument has been excited in Paris on the question of the propriety of permitting the marriage of the secular clergy of the Roman communion and the Gallican church; and the greatest fervour has been displayed by the partisans for or opposed to the question. It seems that a young priest, being desirous of contracting marriage, applied to a notary to prepare the requisite forms, but the notary, and most properly, it would appear, in so much as custom was concerned, refused to act. Upon this the ecclesiastic had recourse to the proper tribunal; but, after a lengthened and ingenious discussion, the President rejected his application, on the ground, that ordination was a bar to marriage. It appears, however, that, according to the existing system, marriage may be generally effected by the civil authorities, and that the sacrament of the church is not essential; and that the children of such marriage are recognised as legitimate in law, and possess all civil and political rights that belong to others. The priest then publicly separated himself from the church, and the church as publicly declares him fallen and fully excommunicated. The question is now raised in another shape, and has created no ordinary difficulty in the minds of those who will have to decide it, as neither the Charte or the Code Civil recognise the adoption of sacred orders or monastic vows as impediments to marriage, although they were effectually so in former times. If the priest should ultimately succeed, there can be little doubt that the monastic orders stand upon the same footing; and we may then look for right merry days in the many convents of France so recently established. A French Malthus, it is said, will shortly favour the world with his speculations on the subject.

LINES,

On reading in 'The Athenæum' of May 28, a laudatory notice of a humorous picture, by the late unfortunate Theodore Lane, Esq.

Cold is the breast that would have burned
Thy voice of eulogy to hear,
Casting, ere yet his form 's inurned,
Wreathes on his unclosed sepulchre.

The dew of death is on that brow
Thy hand would twine with votive bays;
His throbless bosom heeds not now
Thy meed of worth, thy note of praise.

E'en now, the laughing crowd awhile
Pause, heedless, o'er his pictur'd jest;
Whilst he, whose pencil bids them smile,
Lies wrapt in dreamless, changeless rest.

Yet still will some less thoughtless one
A sigh above the canvass heave—
Strange, that what breathes of mirth alone,
Should bid the heart to grieve!

But such the change that life displays,
Tears oft from loveliest fountains flow;
And suns, that glad our happiest days,
Lend light to moons, 'mid nights of woe.

And what is Pleasure's dearest hour,
But mingled moments, dark and bright!
What Hope's pure rainbow, but a shower
Of tear-drops touched with light?

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.

May. June.	*Therm.* A.M.	*Therm.* P.M.	*Barom. at Noon.*	*Winds.*	*Weather*	*Prevailing Cloud.*
Mon. 26	63°	60°	29. 30	E.toSW.	Rain PM.	Cir. Cum.
Tues. 27	63	65	29. 22	S.E.toS.	Ditto	Cum. Nimb.
Wed. 28	65½	59½	29. 12	Ditto.	Rain PM.	Cir. Cum.
Thur. 29	63	63	29. 22	S.toSW.	Cloudy.	Cum. Nimb.
Frid. 30	71½	64½	29. 58	NW. SW	Ditto.	Cir. Cum.
Satur. 31	71	60	29. 52	SW. W.	Rain AM.	Ditto.
Sun. 1	69	68	29. 65	S.W.	Fair. Cl	Ditto.

Rain during night, except on Saturday. Mornings fair, except on Wednesday and Saturday.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Jupiter in conj. on Tuesday at 8 A.M.
Mercury in perihelio on Monday.
The Moon in perige on Saturday.
Venus's geocentric long. on Sunday, at 25° 32′ in Cancer.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 5° 50′ in Scorpio.
Saturn's ditto ditto 18° 19′ in Cancer.
Length of day on Sunday, 16 hours 14 min.
Sun's horary motion, 2′ 23″ plus. Logarithmic num. of distance on Sunday, .006294.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Some irregularities in the size of the Paper on which our past Numbers have been printed, having unexpectedly, and unintentionally occurred, and difficulty being apprehended, by some of our Correspondents, as to binding the Numbers into perfect and uniform Volumes, we take occasion to say, that the Binder employed by the office will undertake to make perfect and uniform Volumes of any sets that may be sent to him for that purpose, and at the ordinary charges. We may add, also, that measures have been taken to secure such supplies of paper for the future as to prevent the recurrence of any irregularity of shape, size, or colour.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Just published, Lectures to Young Persons on the Intellectual and Moral Powers of Man, the Existence, Character, and Government of God, and the Evidences of Christianity. By the Rev. John Harsey, 8vo. price 8s.

Mr. Aglio, who has travelled over the greater parts of Europe, for the purpose of collecting the manuscripts of ancient Mexico, is on the eve of publishing the fruits of his researches. The work will be illustrated by a copious text, and by several lithographic drawings of various Mexican monuments.

Excellino da Romano, surnamed the Tyrant of Padua, in 12 books. By Viscount Dillon. 8vo. price 14s.

Poems, by Miss Eliza Rennie, in foolscap 8vo., price 6s.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Dick's Christian Philosopher, fourth edition, 12mo., 8s.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, with Scott's Notes and Essays, by James Montgomery, 12mo., 6s.
Irving on Prophecy, second edition, 8vo., 12s.
Falconer on Inadequate Views of Christianity, 12mo., 6s.
Tim Bobbin's Lancashire Dialect, with Plates by Cruickshank, post 8vo., 9s.
Horsey's Lectures to Young Persons, 8vo., 8s.
Female Piety and Zeal exemplified, in the Memoirs of Miss Ely, by the Rev. John Ely, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England, by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, post 8vo., 12s.
Thirty-two Illustrations to the Novels, Tales, and Romances, by Sir Walter Scott, 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters, Engravings, &c., with Additions, by the Rev. James Dallaway, complete in 5 vols., 8vo., 10l. 10s.
History of Italy during the Consulate, and Empire of Buonaparte, from the Italian of Botta, 2 vols., 8vo., 26s.
Poems, by Miss Eliza Rennie, fc. 8vo., 6s.
Eccelino da Romano, surnamed the Tyrant of Padua, by Viscount Dillon, 8vo., 15s.
Victoria, 3 vols., 12mo., 18s.
Evenings of Mental Recreation, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
At Home, a Novel, by the author of 'English Fashionables Abroad,' 3 vols., 8vo., 31s. 6d.
Memoirs of Savary, Duke of Rovigo, written by Himself, translated from the French, vol. 1, 8vo. 16s.
Travellers' Oracle, by Dr. Kitchener, third edition, 2 vols., fc. 8vo., 18s.
The Horse and Carriage Oracle, (separately,) 1 vol., 5s., 7s. 6d.
The Dublin Philosophical Journal and Scientific Review, part 6.
Narrative of the Peninsular War, by Lieut.-General the Marquis of Londonderry, second edition, 1 vol., 4to., Map and Plans, 3l. 8s.
The Quarterly Biographical Magazine, part 1, 3s. 6d.
The Puffiad, a Satire, post 8vo., 6s.
Omnipresence of the Deity, by R. Montgomery, fifth edition, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
De La Voye's Instructions on the French Pronunciation, &c., post 4to., 7s. 6d.
Rev. J. Scott's Church History, third edition, vol. 1, 12s.
Arnott's Elements of Physic, third edition, 8vo., 21s.
Subterraneous Travels of Niels' Klim, from the Latin of Lewis Holberg, crown 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Anacharsis, Abridged, French, eighth edition, 12mo., 6s.
Edinburgh Annual Register, 1826, vol. 19, 26s.
Thomas's Practice of Physic, ninth edition, 8vo., 18s.
Novum Testamentum Græcum, 48mo., 10s. 6d.
Protestant Securities, suggested in an Appeal to the Clerical Members of the University of Oxford, by the Right Hon. R. W. Horton, M. P., 6s.

Just published, in 8vo., price 12s. boards,

AN INTRODUCTORY TREATISE to PHYSICAL ASTRONOMY. By Thomas Luby, A.M., Trinity College, Dublin.

Published by Baldwin and Cradock, London; and W. F. Wakeman, D'Ollier-street, Dublin.

This day is published,

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. No. CXL. for JUNE, 1828.

Contents:

I. Old North and Young North, or Christopher in Edinburgh, and Christopher in London. A Midsummer-day's Dream—II. A Strange Secret. Related in a Letter from the Ettrick Shepherd—III. The Wig—IV. The Man of Ton. A Satire—V. Wilson's Illustrations of Zoology—VI. Nature's Farewell. By F. H.—VII. The Irish Yeoman. A Tale of the Year Ninety-Eight. Chaps. 3, 4, and 5.—VIII. The British Colonies. Letter to his Grace the Duke of Wellington, &c. &c. &c. From James M'Queen, Esq.—IX. The Siege of Bhurtpore. Letter from a Bengal Engineer—X. The Reviewer Reviewed. By Phelim M'Gillicuddy, a Suffering Papist—XI. Illustrissimo Viro—XII. The Poor Laws.

Printed for William Blackwood, No. 17, Prince's Street Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

Just published, by Fisher, Son, and Co., 38, Newgate-street,

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Published by R. Jennings, 2, Poultry.

Albermarle Street, May.
Mr. MURRAY has recently published,

1. THE LORD BISHOP HEBER'S Journey through the Upper Province of India. 2 vols., 4to A new Edition of which, 3 vols., 8vo., will be ready in a few days.
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LITERATURE.

[No. XIII. of the Sketches of Contemporary Authors—Mr. James Mill—will be given in our next.]

ON UNIVERSITIES.

When a people have begun to regard literature and science as important benefits, they will, at the same time, begin to consider it a duty, in their character both of citizens and parents, to examine existing modes of education, and supply what they find deficient in present institutions, by the establishment of others on more popular principles. They will not be content to see the great and the opulent provided for in the ancient seminaries of science; they will acknowledge no prescriptive right in these ranks to the instructions of the most enlightened scholars of the day; they will listen to no opinion on the incompatibility of literature and business, of mental improvement and professional industry; and the consequence is, that they will usually determine on some plan adapted to diffuse the much-desired benefits of education through every portion of the community. Public libraries, book-clubs, and debating societies, are the first inventions of the rising spirit of inquiry; the next are the publication of standard works on literature and science, in cheap and popular forms; the simplifying of the abstruser departments of learning, in order to engage the attention of a wider class of students, and the attempt to bring the classical languages, hitherto considered as the peculiar property of the learned, within the ordinary range of general education. Hence the multiplied editions of works in numbers; the introductions and grammars every day poured from the press; the newly-invented interrogative systems, and Hamiltonian methods of teaching languages. All these are intimations of the eager desire existing in the public mind of seeing knowledge universally diffused, and of having such facilities offered for its attainment as may render it the common possession, as well as common property, of the public. In countries that want either wealth, or the strong and vigorous public feeling that draws and cements large bodies of men together, the people will be obliged to remain contented with the helps they are able to obtain from the occasional improvements that are made in the institutions already established, or from such inventions as we have been mentioning; but, in a nation circumstanced like our own, and in which no strong desire after improvement can long exist without producing a change of one kind or the other, it is almost a necessary consequence of such a state of things, that a plan should be organised, insuring these benefits of knowledge to the people not only of this, but of future times. When the desire merely exists, or is only founded on the awakened intelligence of the public, it may soon possibly be worn out, or be restricted to a few narrow efforts after improvement; but when it has a better and more durable foundation on which to work: not the theories of speculatists and philosophers only to support, and carry its designs into execution, but the large resources which the wealth of the country, and the well-skilled spirit of a commercial people, supply; it is then to be expected, from these uniting causes—the active intellectuality of the com-

afford the middle ranks those advantages of academical instruction, which had so long been confined, in a great measure, to the higher; and to fix science among them, as an object worthy their constant and unvarying regard. An attentive observer of the state in which the public mind has been during the last few years, by pursuing such a course of reasoning as this, would easily have come to the conclusion, that, long before the century was half spent, an institution would be designed and completed, similar to that which we now see rising before us; that the old Universities, after having so long enjoyed the exclusive right of dispensing knowledge, would have to share it with a new candidate for public patronage; and that, venerable as they are, and useful as has been their career, they would at length be obliged to compete with an establishment possessing capabilities of more extended usefulness, and supporting its claims on professions of an open and sincere devotedness to public advantage.

One of the principal causes, it appears to us, of error respecting Universities, either old or new, is a mistaken idea of their true nature and uses. Instead of being regarded as seminaries of general education, they are often erroneously considered as places where learning and philosophy grow up into the fulness of their stature. The veneration they thus obtain is not the veneration they should aim at, and it is not the veneration they have a right to. The use they have been of is in the protection they have afforded to learning; the usefulness they should aim at, is the diffusion of solid learning and sound moral instruction. We are inclined to think that the old Universities have gradually become less efficient as seminaries of education from forgetting their proper office; and it may not be altogether uninteresting to look a little nearer at a subject of such importance.

When learning was regarded by mankind in general as something to be venerated, rather than made use of as an agent of good to the world at large, it found a safe and happy retreat in the cloister and the schools. It was there nurtured and permitted to flourish, while every thing else belonging to civilised life was annihilated amid the havoc of war, or the cruel spoliations of tyranny; and after-times have to rejoice in the establishment of a system of monachism, which, but for the performance of its stewardship in this respect, would have no virtue to redeem its character, which so much vice and superstition had blackened. It is well known, however, that, during the dark ages, learning had not what may be termed an existence. The men who, from their leisure, privacy, and the protection afforded them under every form of government, might have been continually advancing its interests, sank by degrees into the most frightful and unalleviated ignorance, and all they effected for learning was the protection they gave to the valuable relics of antiquity. It was a happy thing, therefore, for a nation, (and ours was so situated,) when its monarch happened to be a man whose mind was superior to the debased character of his contemporaries, and when his education in a foreign country, not so far sunk in darkness as his own, enabled him to gain a relish for any of the pursuits of literature.

It is usually believed that Oxford owes its foundation to the celebrated Arthur; but, however this

literature through times when its original patrons, the monks, had become unfit for the charge, and when its only protection was found in the zeal with which the schoolmen and their followers pursued sometimes its real and legitimate objects, though, frequently, nothing besides its shadow. To the Universities, therefore, we would have all the honour ascribed which they deserve for being the best and most constant preservers of learning. But it should be carefully considered in what respect they preserved it, and what was the character of the times during which they so successfully executed this most important of their offices, before we decide as to what ought to be their present character, or what are their most important uses. Whoever has made himself acquainted with the literary history of this country, is well aware that learning made no advances for a very long period of time; that it was confined within the trammels of the scholastic or Aristotelian system of logic; that natural science was confined to the fancies of the astrologer, or the speculations of the profounder and more enthusiastic alchemist; and that, though much good was done by thus keeping alive, as it were, the sense of intellectual existence, there was no progress made in the enlargement of knowledge, or the development of the mental faculties. Roger Bacon made advances in physical science, which were so far from being the fruit of academical encouragement, that the success of his studies was regarded by even the learned men of his time as evidence of an illicit communication with the powers of darkness; and it was not till his great namesake, the great reformer of science, the champion who freed it from the fetters which ages of perverted ingenuity had been rivetting round it—that it was not till Lord Bacon, by the power of his mighty intellect, comprehended the great circle of the sciences in its grasp, and demonstrated truth to be one and universal, that learning took any step towards improvement, or bore any signs of becoming a means of great and general benefit to mankind. But no more in this, than in the former instance were the discoveries or improvements made to be traced to the influence of the Universities, or their advancement in the free and unrestrained cultivation of knowledge. They were still confined within the narrow bounds they had set themselves, and would, to all appearance, have continued so to this day, had not the great master of the inductive system of philosophy risen in the world, and given a life and vigour to science hitherto unknown. It is not, therefore, to the Universities we have to look back as the mothers of our most useful branches of learning, or as the originators of those great and enlarged systems of truth to which we owe so much, both of our happiness and our philosophy. We have, it would appear, if we rightly consider the subject, to regard them as the depositories of learning, such as it existed, and such as they found it; to venerate them, as having taught the system which was considered at the time as embracing the truest philosophy; as executing the office of great national preceptors, when learning existed no where else; and as finding employment for active minds, when in no other place besides could be found any thing but the dull and changeless torpor of ignorance, and gross superstition. But we must not regard them as having been

make men wiser and happier; or, as containing within their walls springs and fountains of the fresh bright waters, that by their overflowing, give a new verdure to the fields of science, or a more glorious tint to the flowers that adorn its paths. Many changes have of course been continually taking place, both in the plans of instruction, and in the systems taught in these great national seminaries of learning. But they have followed the improvements of the age in these different changes, and not themselves given the impulse to improvement. They have seldom, indeed, been the first to attend to the awakening signal, but have waited till the world has long given its sanction to the new system, whatever it may be, and acted upon its principles; thus leaving us to conclude, with little hazard of mistake, that Universities must, in very few or no instances, be regarded as more than receptacles of the learning of the times, and legalized dispensers of it to the world. The real use and purpose, then, of these establishments, may be explained in few words. In times of great general ignorance; when literature has no national existence, and, from one circumstance or the other, people are prevented from making any advances in intellectual improvement, then Universities are of the most important benefit to a country; preserving it from sinking into utter barbarism, which it in all probability would do, were learning not somewhere preserved in it; and affording opportunities of improvement to the few minds that may be left free from the oppressive darkness, the troubles, or barbarous superstition, of the age. In this respect, Universities must ever be looked upon, by the learned men of every nation, with feelings of deep reverence; and the more the history of literature is studied, the greater will be the value set upon the protection they have afforded it in its worst perils. When, however, we come to consider them as places of education, a variety of circumstances have to be weighed and opposed to each other, before their present claims, in this respect, can be properly adjusted.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

HISTORY AND FABLE.

Nimrod; a Discourse on certain Passages of History and Fable. 3 vols. 8vo. Richard Priestley. London, 1829.

The study of antiquity has a greater number of different branches than any other, but it more than any other requires a union and concentration of talent. Arts, languages, the metaphysics of human history, and the many sciences that belong to social life, must be studied in their different epochs before either their progress can be understood, or the light they afford to illustrate antiquity can be safely followed. The greatest hindrance, however, to the advancement of this study, is not so much the multiplicity of objects which it necessarily embraces, as the different qualities of mind required for its useful and profitable cultivation. The patience of investigation, of comparing and separating contradictory testimonies, and various kinds of proof, is a virtue not often found in conjunction with the deep philosophical spirit which embues every thing it touches with the brighter splendour of truth. In this, as in other sciences, a number of facts may be collected by some men, and arranged and systematized by others, but the result will be incomparably less useful than in studies of a different kind pursued in this manner. The facts of physical science admit of many repeated proofs, and of a clear and definite demonstration. A man who is incapable of proving their existence himself, in order to form a system of nature, has the power of referring to a host of witnesses, and he can, at any time, have objects or effects of a similar kind presented to him. It is very possible, therefore, in a great variety of sciences, that a philosophical mind may reason with perfect safety on principles, to demonstrate others; but in antiquarian pursuits, to arrive at any of the grand conclusions of its most important subjects, it is necessary not only to be able to reason on facts that are presented in detail, but to trace them to their sources, and observe their connection with other more remote ones. This cannot be done without the speculator's possessing that full and complete knowledge, which gives him the possession of the whole field of inquiry,—which makes him familiar with all the modes in which history transmits her records, or in which tradition may be aided by the scattered relics of a distant age. His philosophy must be the result of his own intimate acquaintance with circumstantial history; of the feelings which have been growing up during the slow progress of his inquiry, and which have had their confirmation by a thousand little incidents and illustrations which he could only collect for himself, or which would have been of little use to him, if not so collected. Of all antiquarian scholars, he whose province it is to search the historical records of very remote periods, stands most in need of this union of a serious, methodical patience, with a clear but elevated philosophical spirit. Owing to the want of these united qualities, is the greater part of the errors with which antiquarian researches are frequently marred, and their most useful results wasted on frivolous and puerile curiosities, or on some equally useless theory. There is a peculiar temptation to both these errors in the inquiries which are intended to prove the universality of certain governing principles, either in the religion or the political condition of ancient times. The authors who have written on subjects of this nature, frequently present, in their works, a remarkable mixture of sound criticism and acute remark with fantastic supposition. The learned production now before us is of this character. The profound erudition, and the vast and almost unlimited knowledge of classical antiquity which it evinces, together with the curiosity of many of its theories, render it one of the most remarkable publications with which we are acquainted. In the classico-theological, and mystical treatises which it contains, almost every subject is treated of, to which ancient history, in all its multiform branches, makes any allusion. Its most interesting parts, however, are too much mixed up with remote allusions, and erudite arguments, to leave them intelligible to the general reader. The most curious of the passages we find freest from these objections, is the following description of the mighty Babylon:

'Babylon being divided in the middle by the river Euphrates, had on each side of the river an extraordinary structure. On one side of the river stood the regal palace or seraglio, vast and strong, and on the other, the temple of Jupiter Belus, existing, saith Herodotus, yet in my time, and measuring in every direction two stadia, or twelve hundred and fifty feet. In the middle of this temple stood a massy tower, six hundred and twenty-five feet square at the base, and upon this another tower, and another, and another to the number of eight, and upon the last tower stood a great nave. And in that nave a great couch (pulvinar Deorum) and a golden table; but no statue therein; and no man sleeps therein, say the Chaldee priests. Only some woman sleeps there whom the God may chance to like, for the God was said to come there in person. I need scarcely repeat, that this nave or shrine was the hyperovium and chalcidicum. Below there was another nave, where sat a great golden statue of Jove, and in which there was likewise a golden seat and table. In Cyrus's time there was another golden colossus, which Xerxes afterwards removed, and killed the Priest. Outside of the tower there stood two altars; one of gold; and another, of great size, on which victims were slaughtered; for, on the golden one, none but sucking creatures might be killed. The height of the tower was equal to the side of the base, not including, I presume, the nave or ship-shrine at top.

'We have here the account of an eye-witness, who wrote either in, or just after, the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, and must be fully credited as to what he saw, and as an honest reporter of whatever he took on trust. But Xerxes, a fanatical zealot of the magic Temple some fifty years before Herodotus went there, and removed the idols. We have, therefore, no reason to doubt the correctness of the information handed to us by Diodorus, (who had access to the writings as well of Chaldeans, as of Greeks, who had spent their lives in those countries, Berosus, Ctesias, Dinon, Abydenus, &c.) that on the highest degree of the tower (where the nave stood) there were formerly three statues of Jove, Juno, and Rhea. True it is, that in the time of Herodotus their were none. But whether or not there were any in the time of Nimrod, (who was not an Hellenist, or a Sabian,) Semiramis, into whose hands the completing of the old Babel devolved, would not have failed to set up the idolatries of Ionism. This temple, abandoned at the dispersion, and long neglected, was restored many ages after by Nebuchadnezzar the Great, an idolator of the Ionian or Sabian sect, whose father revolted from Esaraddon, the son of Sennacherib, and who himself (probably upon the death of that good king) did, in conjunction with Cyaxates, entirely destroy Nineveh and the empire of the Scythians. His works were undoubtedly framed upon principles of idolatry; and what the Persian destroyed, the Greek had undertaken to repair, but the number of his days, and of the days of Babylon, were full, and he died before he could set his hand to it. His successors abandoned the city, and built Seleucia out of its materials.

'The temple of Jupiter Belus was in the middle of the town, and, by consequence, near the river Euphrates, and opposite to it stood the palace. Herodotus, an eye-witness of what Babylon contained, about four centuries before Diodorus Siculus was born, knew nothing of any other palace existing, or having existed. But Diodorus mentions two palaces built by Semiramis on the two opposite sides of the river, and at the two extremities of the bridge, of which the one upon the western bank had an entire circumference of sixty stadia, or 12,500 yards, and two interior enclosures; and the other, upon the eastern bank, was of thirty stadia, or 6250 yards in total circumference. "And then," he adds, "*μετα ταυτα*, there was in the middle of the city the temple of Jupiter, whom the Babylonians call Belus. But, as historians differ concerning this, and as it now fallen down by time, I can say nothing accurate concerning it. It is agreed, however, that it was of excessive height, and was used by the Chaldees to watch the stars." Now, as it is an impossible thing for Herodotus to have overlooked this enormous palace, right over against the still greater one, and as its situation agrees with that of the temple of Belus, as described by Herodotus, who saw it standing, and as Diodorus declares his own ignorance of what concerns the said temple, and says that it was then no longer standing, it seems to me as certain, as any thing of the sort can possibly be, that the eastern palace mentioned by Diodorus is the temple of Jupiter Belus; or, to speak with equal correctness, and more conformably with his language on the subject, that the king had two palaces, the one for purposes of civil state, and to lodge his retinue, and the other as hierarch of the world, of which the courts and chambers were dedicated to the uses of religion and its ministers, and the penetralia or central part whereof was, properly, the Temple of Jove:

'Apparet domus intus, et atria longa patescunt,
Apparent Priami et veterum *penetralia* regum.
* * * * * *
Ædibus in *mediis*, nudoque sub ætheris axe,
Ingens ara fult, juxtaque veterrima laurus
Incumbens arae, atque umbrâ complexa Penates.

'These lines describe the altar of Jupiter Herceus at the Pergamus of a city called Ilion, and in the middle of a palace belonging to the old king of it. The royal residence of Pelops corresponds exactly with that of Priam. In the Acropolis, in arce summâ, there was a vast palace, immane tectum, adorned with gold, and various marbles, and divided into many passages and chambers; and in the centre of that palace there was the *penetrale regni*, containing a sacred tree, a fountain, and a geomantic oracle. I shall presently have occasion to cite the whole description of that place. Diodorus himself observes, that the principal difference between the palace on the east of the Euphrates, and that on the west, was, that the former had "a brazen statue of Jove, whom the Babylonians call Belus." In observing upon a passage in the romancing history of Alexander, by Æsopus, we have already taken notice that the "Deorum domus," into which Alexander penetrated, and where he conversed with the spirit of Nimrod, was a part of the "Samiramides Regia;" and so also was the chalcidicum representing Heaven. The square city of Gemscheed is described, in eastern tradition, as having two conspicuous structures—the

'This being so, the Seraglio Palace and the Temple Palace were united together in two ways, the one apparent, and the other occult, but constituting together a somewhat stupendous work. The first, was a bridge thrown across the river Euphrates to connect them, supported by strong piers, which were only twelve feet apart, and made in a sort of oval shape, and covered with planks of cedar, cypress, and palm; and the entire length of the bridge (if we may believe it) was five stadia. Strabo fixes the river's breadth at one stadium, and four more seems to be a very liberal allowance for its overflowings. The second was of a more surprising nature, and consisted of an arched tunnel of brick-work, fifteen feet wide and twelve high, carried along the bottom of the river, the waters of which had been previously diverted from their bed. This is what Philostratus calls the *ineffable bridge* of the Euphrates, ὃν ἀκόρεστος ὑποστείχει γέφυρα, τὰ βασίλεια τὰ ἐπὶ ταῖς ὄχθαις ἀφανῶς ξυναπτουσα.

'Mr. Claudius Rich endeavoured to throw contempt upon this statement, saying, "we have only the very questionable authority of Ctesias for the *wonderful* tunnel under the river," but he was bound to take notice, that Herodotus records the diverting of the course of the river, in order to make the bridge nearly in the same terms as Ctesias does; and when once that enormous labour was achieved, there remained no difficulty, and no insuperable amount of labour, to construct a covered way across its dry bed. If that was wonderful in Mr. Rich's estimation, his sense of admiration was strangely acute; but if he meant, that the really wonderful exertion, the getting at the dry bed of the Euphrates, rested upon the words of Ctesias alone, it is quite an unfounded assertion. Ctesias, I should add, by way of explanation, is the author from whom Diodorus seems to have obtained his information upon this subject.

'The plan which Nimrod laid out for the city which was the beginning of his kingdom, and which the woman (spiritually called Semiramis, or the Dove of the Mountain,) continued after his departure, was not completed in those very ancient times, because the Lord interposed to dissolve the bands which united mankind in one confederacy, and "scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth, and *they left off to build the city*." But, as far as we can judge from history, the design of the founders was accomplished under Nebuchadnezzar the Great.'—Pp. 231—236.

This curious work, of the style of which some idea may be formed from the foregoing extract, is divided into chapters, in each of which either some great period of history is examined, the origin of important changes pointed out, or the mystical allusions of remarkable circumstances and character explained. For the learned inquirer, it is rich in most curious and interesting matter; and the general reader who has resolution to approach a work, nearly every page of which is spread with of Greek quotation, will find enough of remarkable and intelligible information to justify his attempt at separating it from the less obviously useful portions.

MEMOIRS OT THE DUKE OF ROVIGO.

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, (M. Savary,) written by Himself, illustrative of the History of the Emperor Napoleon. Vol. i., Parts 1 and 2. Colburn. London, 1828.

At no period of modern history, nor in any one country, has there appeared at once, on the public scene, so great a number of statesmen and military commanders of eminent ability as France presented to us in the first years of the Revolution. That turbulent period, which the Royalists stigmatised with the terms of 'convulsion and anarchy,' witnessed the revival of public spirit in the hearts of Frenchmen, and the sentiments of national glory spread with rapidity in every direction throughout the country, while, in the presence of the dangers presented by the invasion of confederated Europe, in the midst of disorder and civil war, the purest patriotism was displayed, and the most justly acquired renown was the consequence of these patriotic efforts. Hardly can the previous fourteen centuries of the French monarchy supply history with a few half-dozen of superior men whose names are worth recording, and whom so extensive a state would justly boast sufficient to bring prodigies to light, to which future times will, perhaps, refuse credit. But as it is liberty that creates great nations, so it produces great men; and the history of every age has proved that it is from the plebeian class, left untouched by the corruption and intrigues of courts and the somnolency of riches, much rather than from the castes of nobility, (that rotten trunk of parasite plants,) that in the day of danger come forth the great Ministers, the able Generals, and the powerful Statesmen, to whom is referred the glory of governing, defending, and saving their respective countries. The people are much less apt to mistake the proper object of their choice than Kings are, and a man of real merit is almost as rare in the councils of Kings, as a fool at the head of a Republican Government. This sentiment of Rosseau, to which Machiavel had undoubtedly first given birth, when he observed, that the Roman Emperors that came to the throne by hereditary right were all bad characters, except Titus, while those who were advanced to it by adoption (a species of election) were all excellent Sovereigns; as, for instance, Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius;—this sentiment, we may observe, has received a new sanction from the French revolution, of which the work that we have now before us, furnishes us with the last episode; that revolution that was ascribed to the plebian class, but was not really its work, as Louis XIV., in short, was its first author; that revolution which the depravity of the Noblesse, the Ministers, the Court favourites, and the concubines, had rendered inevitable, and in which the plebeian class took no actual share, till the Clergy, by their avarice, and the Nobility, by their baseness, having driven all France into insurrection, invited the Foreign powers against the *tiers-etat*, and compelled the population to rise in a mass in their own defence.

It was during that period, when the Noblesse and the Priests, the first promoters of the revolution, had basely gone over to the foreigners, instead of lending their assistance to extinguish the flames that they had kindled, that plebeian France arose, and that from the ranks of that order, issued forth the new men, without a name, without titles, or exclusive privileges, but who astonished Europe by their valour, their eloquence, and above all, by their patriotism. It was then, first, that two men of humble birth, Barnaire and Vergniaud, appeared at the tribune, and disputed with Mirabaud the palm of eloquence; it was then that truly patriotic Ministers appeared,—the plebeian Roland, Carnot, the son of an obscure lawyer, Merlin, from the class of the peasantry, Gohier, Servan, and Lambrechi, who, bidding defiance to the dangers attendant on their state, with an astonishing intrepidity, afforded the most striking proofs of probity and disinterestedness towards their country, which was frequently ungrateful and unjust towards them. It was then that General Kellerman, who issued from the humble classes, saved France at Valmy, that General Jourdain, originally a serjeant, gained the battle of Fleuris, that Pichegru, another serjeant under the *ancien regime*, that Moreau, the son of a tradesman at Morbihan, led forward in the career of victory the republican troops; among whom Brune, a corrector of the press, Lannes, the son of a dyer at Lectourre, Soult, a native of the peasantry, Murat, the son of a petty publican, Berthier, the son of a porter at the War Office; the builder Kleber, and the stable-boy Hoche; the drummer Victor, now Duke of Belluno; Massena, Ney, Mortier, Bessieres, Moncey, Lefebvre, Gouvion-Saint-Cyr, all born in the lower classes, (all, with the exceptions of Kleber and Hoche,) afterwards Marshals of France, had already acquired renown and celebrity, driving from the frontiers the enemies of their native land.

We discover these renowned personages in the Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, while they men, when, at the commencement of their career—

Ces rubans, ces cordons, ces chaines dorées,
Des esclaves des rois trop pompeuses livrées,

had not as yet enervated their hearts, and corrupted their patriotism; and we behold them again, when a despot chained them to his car of victory, and converted them into the vile instruments of his ambition.

As Savary became a creature of Napoleon's, we must naturally expect that he would become the apologist of the man of the 18th Brumaire, and the defender of the apostacy of his companions in arms. He fulfils this task *ex amore*, and proves to us, by his own example, as well as by the details into which he enters on the secret causes of the principal events that have occurred under the imperial Government, that despotism corrupts every thing that it touches, and that its poisonous breath tarnishes the glory, and degrades the virtue of the same souls that had been purified, inspired, and elevated by the love of liberty:

Sous les lois des tyrans tout gémit, tout s'attriste.

The republic of France had produced great citizens, but the imperial system transformed them into mere valets *

It is not in the production of the Duke of Rovigo that we would naturally wish to read the history of the last thirty years of the French Revolution. Like every one else who has written on that epoch, and on the man who is the hero of it, he is full of prejudice and passion. As he was a principal actor in the scene which he describes, he cannot prevail on himself to distribute, with equal justice and with equal frankness, both censure and blame: all the errors and all the censures are attached to the enemies of his own party,—all the glorious actions, and all the excuses, are reserved for his master, and for those who embraced his ambitious system of politics, when carried to the most fatal extremes. Were we to follow the Duke of Rovigo through the course of his Memoirs, we should be compelled to engage in a refutation of his statements and sentiments, which would lead us into an endless digression and deviation from our path. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to the disclosure of some anecdotes which they contain; and thus they will contribute to the amusement of our readers. We shall next explain how this quondam Minister of Police, under Napoleon, relates the death of Pichegru, and that of Captain Wright. We must add, that he apologises for his Master's assassination of the Duc d'Enghein, and that will be sufficient to enable us to estimate the spirit with which the work now before us has been written and sent forth:

Death of General Pichegru.

'I have said that Pichegru was just dead: his death has given rise to so many reports, equally stupid and calumnious, that it needs some explanation. What I know about it is this:

'Pichegru, after his apprehension, had been closely confined in one of the ground-floor rooms in the tower of the Temple. His examination was deferred a few days, in order to gain time to collect the materials for his interrogatory; and this delay proved fatal to the Duce d'Enghein.

'Pichegru was separated from George merely by a small room, which was the common ante-chamber to their abode.

'The keeper of the Temple had the key to their rooms; and to prevent their communicating to each other the questions put to them severally, by the *juge-instructeur*, this same judge had directed a sentinel to be placed in this ante-chamber, where, by means of a little noise, any conversation which they might have attempted to keep up, could be rendered ineffectual. Both were sent for, several times a day, to be confronted; that is to say, whenever they were implicated by a fresh disposition of the accused, or of witnesses.

* We must except, however, Barnave, Vergniaud, Roland, Servan, Kleber, who perished before the establishment of the imperial system. Carnot, Lambresci, and Jourdain, who still maintained republican principles,

'George had doubtless made up his mind respecting the issue of the proceedings; but General Pichegru, with different preceding circumstances, probably felt himself in a different predicament. Every time that he was sent for into court, he perceived that his situation grew worse, and that an abyss was opening before him at every step, and he could not help changing countenance.

'He had perhaps flattered himself that, in the judicial investigation of this affair, it might not be possible to obtain sufficient proofs of his participation in a crime, against which the public opinion of all France revolted *en masse;* but he must soon have been convinced that it would be impracticable for him to touch the sensibility of even the most generous hearts; and that, moreover, his presence before a criminal court, as a co-operator in George's project, would carry back the conviction of his guilt to the circumstance in which Moreau had denounced him to the Directory (in 1796 or 1797), after the latter had caused him to be transported to Cayenne; and that he would thus lose even the interest which some of his assembled friends had manifested for him at that period of his career.

'I presume that this afflicting consideration, continually present to his mind beneath the vault of his prison, powerfully influenced his determination to put an end to his life.

'General Pichegru was naturally gay, and fond of the pleasures of the table, but the horrors of his situation had altered him. He had sent to request M. Real to come and see him; and after the conversation which he had with him, he begged that he would send him some books, and among others, Seneca.

'Some days afterwards, being at the Tuileries, about eight o'clock in the morning, I received a note from the officer of the gendarmerie d'élite, who that day commanded the guard posted at the Temple. He informed me that General Pichegru had just been found dead in his bed; and that this had occasioned a great bustle in the Temple, where they were expecting some one from the police, to which intelligence of the circumstance had been sent.

'This officer communicated the fact to me, as well on account of its singularity, as because I had made it a rule in the corps which I commanded, that all the officers employed in any duty whatever should give me an account of what they had done, seen, or heard, during the twenty-four hours. I forwarded this note to the First Consul: he sent for me, supposing that I had further particulars; but, as I had none, he sent me to make inquiries, saying, "This is a pretty end for the conqueror of Holland!"

'I arrived at the Temple at the same time as M. Real, who came on behalf of the grand-judge to learn the particulars of this event. I went with M. Real, the keeper and the surgeon of the prison, straight to General Pichegru's room; and I knew him again very well, though his face was turned of a crimson colour, from the effect of the apoplexy with which he had been struck.

'His room was on the ground-floor, and the head of his bed was against the window, so that the seat served to set his light upon for the purpose of reading in bed. On the outside there was a sentinel placed under this window, through which he might easily, upon occasion, see all that was passing in the room.

'General Pichegru was lying on his right side; he had put round his neck his own black silk cravat, which he had previously twisted like a small rope: this must have occupied him so long as to afford time for reflection, had he not been resolutely bent on self-destruction. He appeared to have tied his cravat, thus twisted, about his neck, and to have at first drawn it as tight as he could bear it, then to have taken a piece of wood, of the length of a finger, which he had broken from a branch that yet lay in the middle of the room (part of a faggot, the relics of which were still in his fire-place): this he must have slipped between his neck and his cravat, on the right side, and turned round till the moment that reason forsook him. His head had fallen back on the pillow and compressed the little bit of stick, which had prevented the cravat from untwisting. In this situation apoplexy could not fail to supervene. His hand was still under his head, and almost touched this little tourniquet.

'On the night-table was a book open and with its back upward, as if laid down for a moment by one who had been interrupted while reading. M. Real found this book to be the Seneca which he had sent to him; and he remarked that it was open at that passage where Seneca says, that *the man who is determined to conspire ought above all things not to fear death.* This was probably the last thing read by General Pichegru, who, having placed himself in a situation to lose his life on the scaffold, or under the necessity of having recourse to the clemency of the First Consul, had preferred dying by his own hand.

'While I was at the Temple, I questioned the gendarme who had passed the night in the antechamber which separated George from Pichegru: he told me that he had heard nothing all night, except that General Pichegru had coughed a good deal from eleven to twelve o'clock; that, not being able to get into his room because the keeper had the key, he was unwilling to rouse the whole tower on account of that cough. The gendarme was himself locked up in this ante-chamber; and had any thing occurred to oblige him to give the alarm, it was by the window that he was to apprize the sentinel who was at the door of the tower; the sentinel was to give notice to the post, and the latter to the keeper.

'I questioned also the gendarme who had been on duty under the window of General Pichegru from ten o'clock till twelve, and he had heard nothing.

'M. Real then said to me, "Well, though nothing was ever more clearly proved than this suicide, yet, in spite of all we can do, it will be said that, because he could not be convicted, he has been strangled." For this reason, the grand-judge determined from that moment to have a guard without arms placed in the room of each of the persons implicated in George's business, to prevent any attempt on their own lives: o course no such thing was ever thought of as to take them away by secret executions. Party spirit, which always welcomes whatever is likely to be prejudicial to power, publicly circulated a report that Pichegru was strangled by gendarmes. This opinion obtained to such a degree, that a high functionary, a friend of mine, mentioned it several years afterwards as a fact of which he had not the least doubt; and notwithstanding all I could say to convince him of the contrary, I am not sure that I succeeded. For the rest, it was not from a carping disposition that he had adopted this opinion: he had heard it repeated so often, that he at length believed it.

'It would have argued an absolute want of sound sense to employ for such an office subordinate persons, who would have divulged this crime on the first occasion of discontent, or who would every day have set a fresh price on their silence.

'There was no necessity to destroy Pichegru; his presence was even requisite for the *instruction* of the process. Besides, having come to France with George, he was inseparable from him before justice, which would not have failed to condemn him, in spite of the talents of the ablest advocate; but I cannot think that the First Consul would have suffered him to perish: of this I need no other proof than the pardon which he granted to those who were condemned to death in this affair, and who had nothing to recommend them to the public opinion, as was the case with the conqueror of Holland. Besides, Pichegru, condemned in a criminal court before the face of the world, could no longer prove dangerous, and would have been worthy of pity alone.'

Nomination of Napoleon to the Institute—Portrait of Talleyrand—Anecdote of Madame de Stael.

'General Bonaparte having been elected member of the Institute, was received by M. Chénier, and his reception took place at night, in the hall of the Louvre, where the Institute then held its sittings. That hall is on the ground-floor: there is before it a balcony or large wooden tribune, worked in the old style. The body of Henry IV. had been deposited here after his assassination. I attended, with General Desaix, at the reception of General Bonaparte. He was in costume, and sitting between Monge and Beothollet: it was, I think, the only occasion on which I saw him in the dress of that learned body. His nomination had all the effect which he expected from it: it placed the newspapers, the literary characters, all the enlightened part of the nation, at his disposal. All felt beholden to him for having added the academic laurels to the palms of victory. As for himself, of plain and retired habits, almost a stranger to the noise which his name made in Paris, he avoided taking any part in business; seldom appeared in public; and only admitted a few generals, learned men, and diplomatic characters, into his intimacy.

'M. de Talleyrand was of the number: he was a man of amiable intercourse; had great facility for business; a mind possessed of resources such as I have not discovered in any other man. Clever at frustrating and winding up an intrigue, he had all the art and ability which the times required: he was incessant in his attentions to General Bonaparte, and acted for him the character of mediator, orator, and master of ceremonies. Yielding to so much zeal, the General accepted his attentions. This mode of proceeding brought on balls and evening parties, where the minister had taken care to bring together the remains of the old nobility.

'It was at one of these parties that General Bonaparte saw Madame de Stael for the first time. The hero had always excited a lively interest in that celebrated woman. She attached herself to him, entered into conversation with him, and in the course of their colloquial intercourse, in which she attempted to soar above her height, she suffered a question to escape her which betrayed the ambition nourished in her breast. "Who is the first woman, in your eyes?" she asked him.—"Madam," he replied, "the woman who brings the most children into the world." Madame de Stael was stunned: she expected a totally different answer.' —Vol. I., part i., pp. 17—18.

The Young Damsel of Vienna—The Countess * * *

'People have talked a great deal about a decided passion of the Emperor's for women: it was not predominant in him. He loved them, but knew how to respect them; and I have witnessed the delicacy of his intercourse with them, when his long absences placed him in the same case with all the officers of his army.

'During his residence at Vienna, between the battle of Austerlitz and the signature of the peace, he had occasion to remark a young female who pleased him. As chance would have it, she had herself taken a particular fancy to the Emperor, and she accepted the proposal made to her to go one evening to the palace of Schönbrunn. She spoke only German and Italian; but as the Emperor himself spoke the latter language, they soon became acquainted. He was astonished to learn from this young woman, that she was the daughter of respectable parents, and that in coming to see him she had been swayed by an admiration which had excited in her heart a sentiment she had never yet known or felt for any person whatever. This, though a rare circumstance, was ascertained to be a fact: the Emperor respected the innocence of the young lady, sent her home, caused arrangements to be made for her settlement in life, and gave her a portion.

'He delighted in the conversation of an intelligent woman, and preferred it to every kind of amusement. A few days after the adventure just related, the following occurrence took place.

'A French agent, who resided at Vienna, had had occasion to distinguish there a certain Countess, to whom an English ambassador (Lord Paget) was said to have paid particular attentions. There could scarcely be found a more fascinating woman than this Countess, who, at the same time, carried the love of her country to enthusiasm. The agent took it into his head to prevail upon her to go and see the Emperor, by causing it to be insinuated, that the proposal was made by the order of that sovereign himself, who, however, had never harboured such a thought.

'An officer of the horse-police of the city of Vienna, who was acquainted with this Countess, was employed to speak to her. She listened to the proposal, which was made to her one morning, with a view to its being carried into effect in the evening; but she could not decide immediately, and required a day for consideration, adding, that she wished to ascertain whether it really was by the Emperor's order that this overture had been made to her.

'In the evening, the carriage being in waiting at the appointed place, where the officer was to receive the Countess, and to consign her to the care of another person, who was to accompany her to Schönbrunn, he called upon her: she told him that she had been unable to make up her mind that day, but she pledged her word that she would do so without fail the following day; desiring him to come in the afternoon to be informed of her determination.

'The carriage was bespoken for the same hour the next day. The officer, apprehensive of another whim, called the following day, according to appointment, on the fair lady. He found her fully resolved: she had arranged her affairs, as if preparatory to a long journey; and she said, in a decisive manner, addressing him familiarly in the second person, "Thou mayst come and fetch me this evening; I will go and see him; thou mayst rely upon it. Yesterday I had business to settle; now I am ready. If thou art a good Austrian, I will see him. Thou knowest what injury he has done to our country! Well, this evening, I will avenge it; come and fetch me without fail."

'Such a confidence startled the officer, who would not incur the responsibility; he afterwards went and communicated the matter, and was rewarded. The

carriage was not sent to the place of rendezvous, and the Countess was spared the opportunity of acquiring a celebrity which would doubtless have blasted her reputation as a lovely woman.

'This adventure took place the day preceding that on which the Emperor set out from Schönbrunn for Paris.

Death of Captain Wright.

'A multitude of depositions had re-echoed the name of the English captain, Wright, and the newspapers had talked of him in all sorts of ways. This captain, who had landed George and his people at the cliff of Biville, had afterwards gone to cruise off the coast of Quiberon. Having had the misfortune to be wrecked on the coast of Morbihan, he was conducted with all his crew to Vannes, where nothing was just then talked of but was passing at Paris. The administration of that department reported the shipwreck, and was ordered to send Captain Wright and all his crew to Paris. They entered the court of the Temple when George and his people were walking there: the English and French officers did not seem to recognise one another; but the English seamen, not supposing there could be any harm in it, frankly accosted some of their acquaintance among George's subalterns.

'Captain Wright was separated from them; and the court proceeded to confront the rest with George's subordinate, which confirmed the rigid truth of the information previously obtained. Wright persisted in declining to answer the question put to him, and said, "Gentlemen, I am an officer in the British navy; I care not what treatment you reserve for me; I shall give no account of the orders which I have received: I know none of these gentlemen."

'From whom, then, could Wright, an officer in the royal navy of England, and moreover commanding a ship of war of that navy, have received orders to take on board George and his people, and to land them on our coast? Is there in England any other authority which issues orders to the navy than the government offices?

'Captain Wright had been thrown upon the coast by shipwreck; instead of making him a prisoner of war, a criminal prosecution might have been instituted against him by the *procureur-general*, on the ground of his being an accomplice in the conspiracy. Regard was nevertheless had to his devotedness and his character; he and his men were brought forward as witnesses, but no proceedings against him personally were commenced.

'This unfortunate man remained in the Temple till 1805, when he died. So many stories have been told concerning his death, that I too was curious to learn the cause of it, when, as minister of police, the sources of information were open to me; and I ascertained that Wright cut his throat in despair, after reading the account of the capitulation of the Austrian general, Mack, at Ulm, that is, while the Emperor was engaged in the campaign of Austerlitz. Can one, in fact, without alike insulting common sense and glory, admit that this sovereign had attached so much importance to the destruction of a scurvy lieutenant of the English navy, as to send from one of his most glorious fields of battle the order for his destruction? It has been added, that it was I who received from him this commission: now, I never quitted him for a single day during the whole campaign, from his departure from Paris till his return. For the rest, the civil administration of France is in possession of all the papers of the ministry of the police, which must furnish all the information that can be desired respecting that event.'—Pp. 59-61.

This volume contains only a part of the Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo; he stops shortly after the death of the Duc d'Enghein.

WALSH'S TRAVELS.

Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England. By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL.D. M.R.I.A. 8vo. Pp. 416. Frederick Westley and A. H. Davis. London, 1828.

We remember having seen several little treatises by the author of these travels, which were a sufficient guarantee to us, before opening the publication on our table, that we should find it distinguished by a very amiable vein of sentiment, as well as by the interest of its contents. A traveller like Dr. Walsh, in whatever form he chooses to give the result of his observations, is seldom found to fail in affording his readers instruction compiled from the letters which the author sent to his friends during his absence from England, and, consequently, manifests less of research than probably would have been the case had he set down to a more formal account of his journey. But his work, notwithstanding, is as full of useful information as it is replete with entertainment. Doctor Walsh formed part of Lord Strangford's suite during his Lordship's residence at Constantinople, and the present publication is the result of the observations which the author was enabled to make in the course of his long stay in the Turkish dominions. Fortunately for Doctor Walsh, circumstances occurred which enabled him to extend his observation far beyond the precincts of the capital; and the most valuable portion of his volume consists of the details he has given of the different objects which attracted his attention during his journey into the remote districts of the country: among the passages likely to be read with greatest interest, at present, is the following:—

'As I was now in the centre of the scene of action between the Turks and Russians, in their last sanguinary campaign, perhaps you would think a local sketch of some of the events not uninteresting. In the year 1805 the Turks were in a state of great weakness, under their amiable but feeble monarch, Selim; their provinces in a state of insurrection abroad; their people turbulent and discontented at home; and pressed and harassed by the conflicting and peremptory demands of the great European powers. They had conceded to Russia, by the treaty of Yassi, 1792, an extraordinary right of interfering in the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, that their respective Hospodars should be continued in office seven years, and not removable but by the consent of Russia. To this agreement, however, they did not adhere. The then reigning Hospodars were deposed before their time; and when the Russians remonstrated, the Bosphorus was closed against their ships. Taking umbrage at these causes of complaint, General Michelson was despatched with an army of sixty thousand men, who crossed the Niester, took Bender and Chotzim with little resistance, and entered Yassi, the capital of Moldavia. From hence he proceeded to Bucharest, the capital of Wallachia, where he found a Turkish force which had been sent against him by Mustapha Bairactar, the energetic Ayan of Rutschûk. These, however, he soon defeated; when his approach was known, the inhabitants rose upon the Turks, attacked them suddenly with all kinds of weapons; and, with the aid of a small advanced guard of the Russians, drove them out of the town, leaving fifteen hundred dead in the streets: he then entered Bucharest, and took entire possession of the three provinces of Bessarabia, Moldavia, and Wallachia; not leaving a Turkish corps or fortress on the north side of the Danube, with the exception of Giurdzio; and he prepared immediately to pass over to the other side.

'A tumultuary army was now hastily collected at Adrianople, of troops from the provinces of Asia, and moved forward with the Janissaries to the Danube; they mutinied, in their march, massacred some of the officers who wished to introduce European discipline among them, and when they at length arrived at the scene of action, were so disorganized, that they effected nothing against the Russians, who remained in almost undisturbed possession of the province, till the year 1810, when the armies on both sides were augmented to two hundred thousand men, and a fierce and sanguinary contest ensued, which, perhaps, never was surpassed.

'The Russians passed the Danube in three places. Their direct progress would have been from Giurdzio to Rutschûk; but at this latter place the passage was impracticable, either at the town or near it, as the banks were steep and high, and defended with Turkish batteries. They therefore crossed over above it at Ostrova, near Widdin, and below it at Hirsová and Toutourkay, and laid siege to Rutschûk. The town was vigorously defended; and the Russians were repulsed in a desperate attack, in which they lost six thousand men. Kaminsky made also a similar assault on the entrenched camp at Shumla; but here, too, he was driven back with great carnage. The Turks, though unacquainted with regular discipline in the field, make a fierce and sanguinary resistance when attacked behind their ramparts. On these occasions they issued their memorable bulletin, "that they had taken such [illegible] the faithful might pass over to the other world." It is to the vigorous defence of these two places, and the losses sustained before them, and the final failure of the campaign, are generally attributed.

'In the month of September, Kaminsky left Langeron before Rutschûk, and with his disposable force suddenly attacked the Turks at Bayne. They defended themselves with desperate valour; but were at length defeated, with the loss of twelve thousand men in killed and wounded; and Rutschûk was compelled to surrender, with all the Turkish flotilla lying before it, and Giurdzio on the other side. In order to create a diversion, the Turks now sent a fleet into the Black Sea, and threatened an attack on the Crimea: notwithstanding this, the Russians concentrated their forces in Bulgaria, and the Grand Vizier was obliged to retreat before them, recross the Balcan, and take up a position at Adrianople; leaving, however, the strong and impregnable fortresses of Varna on the sea coast, and Shumla on the ascent of the mountains, well secured at the other side.

'The feeble Selim, and his successor Mustapha, had both been strangled, and Mohammed had been called to the throne, who, even then, displayed the vigour which since has distinguished him. He set up the standard of the prophet at Daud Pasha, a large plain two miles from Constantinople, and issued a Hatta Sherif, that all Mussulmen should rally round it. In this way he assembled, in a short time, a large army; appointed a new Grand Vizier, whom he sent on with the troops; and returned to the city. The new Vizier, Ahmed Aga, was a man of the same energy as the Sultan, and had distinguished himself by his defence of Ibrail. He immediately descended from the mountains, forced the detached corps of Russians in Bulgaria to re-cross the Danube, and made a fierce attack upon Rutschûk, defended by the Russian general Kutosov. The Russians, hard pressed, transported the inhabitants to the other side of the river, set fire to the town in four quarters, and then retreated themselves. The Turks rushed into the burning town, put a stop to the conflagration, and took up their position there. The Grand Vizier, having thus driven the Russians to the opposite shore, was now determined to follow them; and he made the attempt in three places, Widdin, Rutschûk, and Silistria. He succeeded at Widdin, and established thirty thousand men in Wallachia. He also succeeded at Rutschûk, took possession of a large island in the river called Slobodsé, and, in perfect condence, passed the greater part of his army to the other side, and established them in an entrenched camp. Kutosov was not idle; he immediately availed himself of the Vizier's crossing over, and detached eight thousand men, under General Markof, to attack the camp he had left behind.

'A Turkish camp is formed without any regularity. The Grand Vizier's tent is always conspicuous in the centre, and becomes the nucleus round which all the rest are pitched, as every man chooses to place them. It is, however, their strong hold, to which they always retire, as a wild animal to its lair; and they defend it with the same fierceness and obstinacy. On this occasion, they were completely surprised; the whole of the camp, including the general's tent, fell into the hands of the Russians, and the fugitive Turks crowded into Rutschûk. Here they were cannonaded by the artillery of their own abandoned camp, and General Langeron, from the other side, directed one hundred pieces of cannon to bear upon them. The Vizier, having heard of this misfortune, threw himself into a little boat, and, availing himself of a storm of wind and rain, he pushed across, and landed in safety; but the Russians now brought up their flotilla, and intercepted all communication between the divided portions of the Turkish army. They next attacked and carried the island, and turned the guns on the entrenched camp of the Turks, who were thus cut off from all communication or supply. In this state they endured the severest privations; and after feeding on the flesh of their horses, and giving up all hope of relief, they were compelled to surrender, having lost 10,000 men in the different assaults made on them. This was the last effort of the combatants. The Turks, who had entered Wallachia, at Widdin, retired to the other side, and the Grand Vizier, having received great reinforcements, concentrated them at Rutschûk; but while the combatants were preparing to renew the sanguinary conflicts, the exhausted state of the one, and the critical state of the other, invaded by the French, induced them to come to an accommodation; and the peace of Bucharest, concluded in 1812, gave another accession of territory to the Russians, [illegible]

lay between the two rivers, Bessarabio, and a considerable part of Moldavia.

'The Russians withdrew from the provinces of Wallachia and Moldavia, which they had occupied for seven years, and have never since entered them: they are now, however, in appearance, about to renew their desperate conflicts, and dye the Danube again with blood; and the general opinion is, that they will meet with no effectual opposition to their further progress; but certainly the events of the last campaign should induce us to adopt a different opinion. They availed themselves of a moment of their enemies' weakness, and advanced, with little opposition, to that river; here they stopped; and after a very sanguinary and persevering conflict of six years, we find them, at the end of that period, still on its shores. Whenever they attempted to proceed beyond it, they were driven back with carnage, and a single town scarcely fortified, as contemptible in the eyes, as it would be weak in the hands, of European troops, effectually arrested their career.'—Pp. 178-186.

The account which Doctor Walsh gives of the depopulated appearance of many parts of the Turkish dominions is remarkable; and, in assigning the causes for the appearance, he has illustrated some very curious and important questions:

'The circumstance most striking to a traveller passing through Turkey, is its depopulation. Ruins, where villages had been built, and fallows where land had been cultivated, are frequently seen, with no living things near them. This effect is not so visible in larger towns, though the cause is known to operate there in a still greater degree. Within the last twenty years, Constantinople has lost more than half its population. In eighteen months, three sanguinary revolutions took place, which destroyed two Sultans, and about thirty thousand of the inhabitants. These were followed by the plague in 1812, which swept away, according to some two, and according to others three hundred thousand more. It was known that at one time, a thousand persons a-day were brought out of the top Kaponsi gate to be buried; and the gardener of the English palace told me, he was the only survivor of a family of thirteen persons: he was seized with delirium and stupor, and when he recovered, he found himself in the house with twelve dead bodies. In 1821 the Greek insurrection broke out. The population of the Fanal, and other places, consisted of about forty thousand Greeks; by death and flight they are now reduced to half the number. In 1827 the janissaries were extinguished, and the contests on this occasion carried off, it is supposed, on both sides, about thirty thousand persons. If to these casualities be added the frequent conflagrations, two of which occurred while I was at Constantinople, and destroyed fifteen thousand houses; the Russian and Greek wars, which were a constant drain on the janissaries of the capital; and the silent operation of the plague, which is continually active, though not always alarming;—it will be considered no exaggeration to say, that, within the period mentioned, from three to four hundred thousand persons have been prematurely swept away in one city of Europe, by causes which were not operating in any other,—conflagration, pestilence, and civil commotion. The Turks, though naturally of a robust and vigorous constitution, addict themselves to such habits as are very unfavourable to population; their sedentary life, polygamy, immoderate use of opium, coffee, and tobacco, and other indulgences still more hostile to the extension of the species, so impede the usual increase of families, that the births do little more than compensate the ordinary deaths, and cannot supply the waste of casualties. The surrounding country is, therefore, constantly drained to supply this waste in the capital, which, nevertheless, exhibits districts nearly depopulated. If we suppose that these causes operate more or less in every part of the Turkish empire, it will not be too much to say, that there is more of human life wasted, and less supplied, than in any other country. It is thus that the gifts of bountiful nature are thrown away upon this people. It is in vain that God has issued his great law —"Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth," and has conferred on them every means of fulfilling it, —comely persons, robust constitutions, mild climate, fertile soil, and beautiful country,—when their own perverse propensities and antisocial habits counteract the blessings of a good Providence. We see, every day, life going out in the fairest portion of Europe, and the human race threatened with extinction, in a soil and climate capable of supporting the most abundant population.'—Pp. 191-194.

Our next extract we take, in order to afford a specimen of the manner in which the author has described the picturesque scenes he met with on his tour. Speaking of his quarantine, he says:

'Every little incident that varies the dull monotony of such a place, affords a subject to talk of. Though shut up from intercourse, I received one day an unexpected visitor. While I was at breakfast a bird flew into the window, which, notwithstanding the cold, I was obliged to keep always open. It was a species of woodpecker, about the size of a thrush, of a light-blue colour, with black marks beside the bill. It entered with all the familiarity of an old friend, hopped on the table, and picked up the crumbs and flies. It had belonged to the Doctor's child, just buried, and, by a singular instinct, left the house of the dead, and flew into my room. Its habits were curious, and so familiar that they were quite attractive; it climbed up the wall by any stick or cord near it, devouring flies. It sometimes began at my foot, and, at one race, ran up my leg, arm, round my neck, and down my other arm, and so to the table. It there tapped with its bill with a noise as loud as a hammer. This was its general habit on the wood in every part of the room; when it did so, it would look intently at the place, and dart at any fly or insect it saw running. Writers on Natural History say it makes this noise to disturb the insects concealed within, and so to seize them when they appear; and from the habits of this bird I thought it very probable: the woods about this place abound with them. Another source of unexpected amusement I found in some books, which my very kind friend, Mr. D. lent me; a man with a wooden tray on a pole thrust them in at the window. They were some of Scott's Novels, translated into French, and had been the delight of the Boyars of Bucharest who were able to read that language, and they were now the consolation of the quarantine in the Carpatian mountains. This extensive circulation of a work is, perhaps, the highest possible test of its merit. The details must be founded on the deepest knowledge of the human character and general feelings recognized by all, which meet with universal acceptance, and in countries whose artificial habits and modes of thinking are so dissimilar. The novels most esteemed were the "Pirate," and "Kenilworth."

'The period of my companions' quarantine now expired, and they proceeded to Hermanstadt, leaving me the only prisoner in the mountains. We had agreed to travel on together to Vienna; and Mr. D. proposed to make a personal application to the Governor of Hermanstadt, for permission for me immediately to join them, as all rumour of plague had now subsided, and when that is the case, people are allowed to proceed after a few days' detention; but the Governor was now inexorable. I was determined, however, to enlarge the limits of my prison; so, early the next morning, I clambered up the side of the mountain, and my good-natured guard, having in vain expostulated, followed me.

'Nothing could be more grand and picturesque than the way we chanced to take: we fell into a broad path, which passed over the highest ridge like a good road; though the guard of the quarantine, who had been five years in attendance on gentlemen confined here, had never known it, much less visited it with any one before. On each side were steep wooded precipices; and below, an infinite variety of deep glens and small rivers running through them, dividing the ridges of hill into the most tortuous and fantastic shapes. The prospect from the summit commands nearly the whole extent of the valley of the Rothenturn, from Wallachia to Transylvania,—the plains of the latter being visible to a considerable extent, stretching beyond the mountains. The woods with which the hills were clothed, consisted of alder, beech, birch, and poplar; and the beech in particular attained a magnificent size on the tops of the mountains. Some of these trees, uprooted by the storms, are found lying on the banks of the Olt below. As they decay, a substance highly inflammable is formed round the medullary part at the centre. This is collected and sent to Constantinople, where it is called Amadhoo, and used in great quantities by the Turks for lighting their pipes. There is also another substance used for a similar purpose, procured from the dried pulp of a fungus;* but I could not find any traces of it on these mountains. The underwood consisted of bramble and dog-rose; the smilax and the rhamnus paliurus, which clothe the hills of Turkey, not having extended into this cold climate, but having become extinct on the shores of the Danube: and this was another mark that we had left a Mohammedan state; the very vegetation indicating that we were now in a Christian country. The rock was a stratified schist, rising in sharp ridges out of the soil, and forming little columnar knolls of a lamellated structure; veins of quartz were occasionally imbedded in the strata; and masses of mica slate, very glittering, were lying on the soil, loosely scattered. These continually slip down into the bed of the river Olt below, and becoming spherical by the rolling in the current, look sometimes as bright as globules of silver; and this, I imagine, is the origin of the opinion that the river is argentiferous, and abounds with silver as it is known to do with gold. We pursued this beautiful road to a considerable distance,—sometimes on a narrow ridge, with almost perpendicular flanks, which descended, more abruptly than the roof of a house, to Turkey on one side and Germany on the other, and reminded me of the rock of Gibraltar, on whose edge you sat astride with one leg over the Atlantic and the other over the Mediterranean; sometimes we passed through green glades, surrounded by wood, which, even in this lofty and inclement region, were the abode of shepherds during the summer months, and scattered with cottages, now generally deserted. Among them, however, I had frequently seen these shepherds from below, even at this season. In the evening they made a fire; their flocks crowded round them, and their dogs remained outside, while they, in their sheep-skins, stood out all the inclemency of a winter's night. Sometimes a bear or a wolf attacked them, and we distinctly heard the shouts of men and howling of dogs driving them back. Nothing could be more picturesque than those groups hanging on the sides of the mountains, at a considerable distance over our heads.'—Pp. 277-282.

FEMALE REMINISCENCES.

Memoirs of a Contemporary, or Reminiscences of a Female respecting the principal Characters of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Imperial Government of France. Vols. 4 and 5 of the French edition, and Vol. 3 of the English translation. Saunders and Otley. London, 1828.

[Concluded from page 279, No. 18.]

Madame de St. Elme, whom we had left at Turin, in the midst of the bustling and brilliant court of the Princess Paulina, soon quitted that capital, and was proceeding towards Valle-Umbrosa, a small town of Tuscany, with the intention of passing some months in it, *nel dolce far niente;* when, owing to her ancient connection with Lucien and St. Jean d'Angely, and to the remembrance which Napoleon had preserved of this beautiful 'contemporary,' she was appointed by him reader to the Princess Eliza, whom she joined at Florence, whom she was fortunate enough to please at the first interview, and of whom she gives the following portrait:

'Eliza was not beautiful; her person was diminutive, flimsy, and feeble; yet she possessed certain graces, which, combined with fancy and imagination, constitute a very agreeable woman. Her fashionable air and manners gave her the appearance of being handsome, because all her motions expressed a union of dignity and grace. Her feet especially, for their prettiness and delicacy, would have been extolled in every drawing-room in society; we may, therefore, easily judge of their effect upon the steps of a throne. In such an elevation, they were the constant theme of admiration, and compliments without end. With respect to her hands, they were equal to her brother's, who was far from being insensible to any compliments passed on his own. Her physiognomy was animated by a very fine pair of beautiful black eyes, which she managed with great effect, either to please or to command. In short, Eliza was very well for an ordinary woman, but she was still better for a Royal Highness; and I believe that many legitimate female sovereigns would have recognised their own style in her deportment, her truly royal graces and dignity of manners.

'I have had frequent opportunities of estimating, and closely examining, all the individuals of that family, whom their brother erected into kings and separate dynasties in Europe. But not one of them bore so close a resemblance to Napoleon himself as the Princess Eliza: like him, she possessed a mind of great animation, promptness, and sagacity, an ardent imagination, an incredible elevation of sentiment, a soul of adamant, a natural sentiment of grandeur, and fortitude in adversity. Not one of the family felt so forcibly the

sorbed in him, and her heart and imagination were totally engrossed by an enthusiastic attachment to her brother.

'Eliza appeared to recollect me, and reminded me that she had heard me read some verses at her brother Lucien's house. Though she had contracted habits of exacting obedience and respect, she had acquired the dignity of superiority without an air of arrogance and disdain. She possessed the pleasing art of making power popular by politeness; she knew well how to listen, as well as to speak. I watched her with that lynx-like attention which belongs to females; and, in spite of the ease and studied negligence of her conversation, I could perceive that there was something premeditated and assumed in her general deportment; that she borrowed something of Napoleon's habits, whose sister she was proud of being called. She expressed herself in sudden jerks and sallies, and gave vent to abrupt and forcible turns of sentiment, as if she threw about her bits of broken sticks.'

The characters which 'The Contemporaine' draws of the personages that composed the Court of Eliza, discover great discrimination and shrewdness in their delineation. Nothing escapes in the original from the penetration and sagacity of the copyist. She brings before us all the great Italian families; the Gheradeschi, the Medicis, the Porrolini, and the Barberini. Among all these, fine men and elegant women were to be found; and, if there was not great freedom and independence of mind, there was, at least, facility of intercourse. She admits us to the secret of the intimate connections of her beautiful Princess with Baron Capella, then imperial prefect, but now a royalist and councillor of state; also with Baron de Cerami, one of the handsomest men in Tuscany. She likewise sketches, with great spirit and fidelity, the martial figures of all the generals that passed into the States of the Grand Duchess, 'appearing at her Court like wandering stars,' 'the twinklers of the moment,' before whom were eclipsed the varnished visages and powdered pates of the chamberlains, and ministers, and governors, that encumbered the drawing-rooms of the sisters of the Great Man. Having mentioned all the dignitaries of the Court of Florence, from the military order to the financial, she reserved for the last, and with reason, the portrait of Prince Felix Bacciochi, the husband but not the equal of Eliza, who, in contradiction to the Salic Law, since Clovis rules the throne of France, governed Tuscany in her own private name, which induces the 'Contemporaine' to say, that, without the matrimonial ceremony which had united the ci-devant adjutant Bacciochi with the sister of Napoleon the First, and without the testimony of a charming little daughter, the fruit of their union, the Prince would infallibly have been taken for the gentleman usher of his own wife, the Grand Duchess. Madame De St. Elme relates an anecdote relative to this little girl, the favourite of the Princess Eliza, which is very affecting, and reveals the excellent qualities of her heart:

'I remember to have seen her one day run towards a little girl that was begging alms, and whom the porter was driving away from the entrance to the Imperial palace of Poggio. She began to cry for the distress of the little mendicant, and took her under her arm to procure her admittance, and demanded, in an imperious tone that was delightful in her, that she should have something to eat, some money, and shoes and stockings, because the pebbles were too rough for her young protegée, as she expressed it. The under-governess in vain represented to her Royal Highness that she should not condescend to interfere in such matters, that she was too good natured, &c.; but the diminutive Royal Highness replied: "Since I am a young Napoleon, I ought to be better than any body else." I was present at this scene, and I must say, that, on hearing this youthful sally, the dictate of an excellent heart, I cursed, within myself, with great earnestness, that paltry system of etiquette that forbids us to embrace the children of princes; for a kiss to this amiable and interesting young Napoleon would have done good to my heart.'

Being admitted to the intimacy of the Princess Eliza, and partaking of all the pleasures of her little Court, our author might have been completely happy at Florence, if she could efface from her heart the recollection of her *dear Marshal*. The war with Spain now broke out, and Ney commanded the 6th Corps, to make head against the English army under the orders of Sir Robert Wilson. The sinister rumours that were afloat respecting the policy of that war, made a deep impression on the mind of Madame De St. Elme, and considering the idol of her heart to be in danger, especially in a mode, of warfare so new to him, that is, the ambushed carabine of the guerrillas or the stilletto of the fanatical friar,—listening only to the apprehensions attending on her love, she requested and obtained leave of absence for two months from the Grand Duchess, departed post from Florence, and repaired to Perpignan. She was speedily in the heart of Spain, and rejoined, near Banos, in a situation quite enchanting for the wildness of its scenery, the hero whom she sought at the distance of 500 leagues from Florence.

She then returned on her travels, crossed the Pyrenees as speedily as she had surmounted them, and, without halt, observation, or attention to any thing, 'having seen in Spain but one Frenchman, for whom she would have given Spain, Italy, and even France, with as much facility as she had traversed them over.'

Overwhelmed with fatigue, she arrived at her post, only two days before the termination of her leave of absence, resumed her functions with her noble patroness, knowing well how to put in practice her favourite maxim, frequently repeated in her Memoirs, 'that with princes it is not politic to appear to aim at too much confidence; that the necessity for it should be inspired before it should be allowed to come into play; and that the surest mode of acquiring it, is not too earnestly to seek it.'

She acquired the full confidence of Eliza, was charged by that Princess with some very delicate commissions to Rome and Naples, was admitted to the brilliant court of Murat and Caroline, and returned to Rome, where she saw Lucien, who, while his brother was personifying Charlemagne to the life, revived him in verse, in an epic poem, residing himself, as he then was, at that very Tusculum that was the favourite retired spot of Cicero, and refusing a diadem of a king, though he was unable to reach the laurel of a poet. It was on her return from the Court of Naples that our heroine, who was then residing at Florence, there beheld the preparations for the famous war against Russia; and, if every thing that has hitherto been read in the adventurous life of Madame De St. Elme, had not prepared the reader for all the whims of her inexhaustible imagination, he would hesitate to believe that a few hours were sufficient to decide her to run the hazards of that gigantic and terrible campaign. But, without admitting any person into the secret, or even acquainting Ney with her resolution, she obtained a second leave of absence from the Grand Duchess, set out for Poland, and traversed that country, forming a friendship with a young Lithuanian female of the name of Nidia, that was the mistress of General Montbrun who fell at the battle of La Moskova, and entered into Moscow with her, at the moment of the conflagration, where both of them carried their courage to a pitch that bordered on heroism.

'How can I describe,' says she, 'the scene of terror that unfolded itself before us! Without guide or protector, we traversed that vast city, which was encumbered with ruins and dead bodies. while we were urged on by a tide of military, crowds of wretched fugitives, that endeavoured to shun death, and hordes of desperate wretches who were spreading the flames on every side, as the price of that odious and inhuman liberty given to them by the Governor Rostopchin. Nidia and myself had armed ourselves with pistols that were well loaded, and which we determined to use in our defence. We were naturally bold and courageous, besides being rendered resolute by the stern dictates of necessity; and we marched undaunted through the scene of terror. On turning a street, we beheld three wretches stripping a wounded and defenceless officer. Quick as lightning, Nidia grasped her pistol, and discharged it at one of the robbers, who fell to the ground, while his two base comrades, who were as cowardly as criminal, took to flight before two women: We conducted the wounded man into a church, where we were surrounded by multitudes of old men and children, who, on the faith of antiquated, superstitious prejudices, had believed the city to be impregnable, and were now overwhelmed with despair at the sight of the conquerors, who were, alas! more objects of pity than themselves. Sentinels were placed before the grand stores of provisions; the number of soldiers augmented every moment, and the crowd blocked up all the avenues of the church; some of the men were loaded with valuable stuffs and costly materials. Two of them were dragging about a beautiful young Russian female. "I must rescue her," said I, to Nidia, who immediately grasped my hand, and prepared her pistol. "No, no, Nidia," cried I, "do not do so! Let us speak to these soldiers; they are Frenchmen; let us call on the brave, whom we love, and they will yield to our prayers." The soldiers did not ill-treat the young woman; but they made some very comical efforts to persuade her, that she need not complain, as she had to deal with the *handsomest Grenadiers of the army*. But the names of Ney and Montbrun were hardly uttered by French lips, when they produced a sudden change in the free manners of these vain Chevaliers; the names that we pronounced, and repeated again, operated like talismans on the hearts of the soldiers. "Come, come," said the two heroes, brought back by a word to a due sense of honour, "a good deed must be done in consideration of the particular friend of the brave man that has fallen for the glory of France on the field of battle. Pretty women should never plead in vain." The young Russian girl was immediately set at liberty, and kissed our hands in token of her gratitude.'

M. de Segur has admirably described this Russian war, which is nearly fabulous, and the episodes of that retreat, that are so full of terrible emotions, and so strange and afflicting to the French; but his powerful and picturesque pencil has not been able to exhaust all its interest and reveal all its colours; and subsequently to him, the 'Contemporaine,' describing the miseries that fell to the lot of her own sex, has found further materials for the exhibition of her pathetic powers.

I beheld,' says she, some unhappy women repay, by sad and humiliating compliances, the favour of approaching the fires of a bivouac, or of sharing a short and greedy meal for a day. I have seen them, cast away and perishing on the roads, even under the feet of those who, in the victims of the following day, were unable to recognise the wretched objects that on the evening before, had excited their compassion, and gratified their desires.'

Nidia and the 'Contemporaine' shared all the dangers, and encountered all the privations, of that disastrous rout, being attacked at every instant by the Cossacks. The latter displayed every military energy; and, as she expresses it herself, 'at the approach of the tiger, she was determined to kill it.' In one of these petty encounters, Nidia discharged eight pistol-shots, five of which told. 'I attempted,' says our heroine, 'not to be behind her; a soldier that aimed at the enemy, and rested his piece on my shoulder, said to me, "Your hand trembles, can you have any pity for these wretches?" I discharged the pistol; and, while I was biting another cartridge, the soldier made me shudder by the energy of his military approbation, "that's well done."'

Madame De St. Elme, who, in order to be near her hero, had exchanged the soft and beautiful climate of Italy for the snows and hardships of Russia, could only come up with him towards the end of the campaign, and only then to receive his rebukes, and experience for a considerable time his indifference. After the campaign, she repaired to Florence, traversed the provinces of Illyria, and there met with Marshal Junot, whose singular folly she describes, and is introduced to Fouché, 'who fixed on her those penetrating

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eyes that fascinated the most resolute minds.' She is next admitted to an intimate acquaintance with Louis Napoleon, then in a sort of banishment at Gratz, whose portrait she thus describes:

'Louis possessed a heart of great sensibility and benignity, the character of which the necessity of his situation prevented him from displaying at large, but which a corresponding feeling, and an affectionate behaviour, would have fully expanded and displayed. He liked to be listened to, and to be understood; but it was with the modest reserve of a young author that was reading his first work. He had just published a few copies of his novel of "Maria," in two beautiful large volumes in 8vo.; and the success of some verses, interspersed in it, had encouraged him to proceed. He wrote verses, and that was his failing; he performed good actions, but that was his good natural disposition; and posterity will remark the difference between the schoolmaster of Corinth and the inhabitant of Gratz.

The 'Contemporaine' was at Florence when she learned, as we may gather from her expressions, 'that the decline of the Imperial Government was beginning to appear,' and that the barbarians of the North, whom she had pursued to the gates of Moscow, were approaching the frontiers of France. Upon this, she immediately quitted the Court of the Grand Duchess, and, travelling post, arrived, in a few days, at Paris; when, having obtained an audience of the Emperor Napoleon,—who was uniformly, as she never omits to say, a person of extraordinary goodness, and always accessible to the gentle and generous emotions of the heart,—she departed for the army, made the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, and was witness of the first abdication of Napoleon. She says that, while the Emperor was reviewing the Guard, she beheld 'the big tears rolling down the moustachioes of the old grenadiers, and also trickling down from the fine eyes of her royal master.' After these extraordinary and affecting scenes, she returned to Paris, there to view the foreigner encamped under the triumphal arches erected to the conquerors of Austerlitz, Wagram, and Marengo. We are surprised that, in the excesses of her grief, she does not exclaim, in the words of Casimir Delavigne,

'Des soldats de la Germanie,
J'ai vu les coursiers vagabonds,
Dans nos jardins pompeux errer sur les gazons,
Parmi les demi-dieux qu' enfante le génie;
J'ai vu des bataillons, des tentes, et des chars,
Et l'appareil d'un camp dans le temple des arts.'

It was during this latter residence at Paris that Madame de St. Elme made an acquaintance with Carnot whom she styles the French Cato, and M. Lonjuinais whom she calls the Lacedæmonian Count, as well as a variety of other famous personages. It is in the fifth volume of her Memoirs that the following very interesting anecdote is to be found:

'In the year 1796, when I was at Breda and Anvers, I became acquainted with a young female of very respectable family, and extraordinary beauty, at Malines; her Christian name was Gertrude. This beautiful young creature eloped with an aide-de-camp of General Dessoles, and I did not see her till twenty years afterwards. I repaired to the residence of my old acquaintance, who did not expect me; and, having opened the door rather precipitately, I found myself in the presence of a lady in deep mourning, who possessed a very striking exterior and elegant manners. Her soft and melancholy glance inspired me at once with pity and respect. Though young and beautiful, her mourning did not seem to me to bear the aspect of that coquetry that usually designates the artificial grief of the widowed tribe. We both remained motionless at the first recognition of each other, and I already felt a share of her destitution and distress. "It is you, Gertrude!" said I. "Yes; and I am the less unhappy, because I am recognised by the eyes of friendship. May this friendship be resumed, and happy must I be in furnishing you with proofs of my sincerity and attachment." We then conversed together, and Gertrude expressed herself in the following terms: "I can only accuse myself for the conduct of the man that has ruined me. He could not esteem me, as I had sacrificed every thing for him, virtue, country, and family; and his only motive for any attachment was the vanity of a fresh conquest. He did not believe in my love that was so warm and devoted, and he shortly after left me to myself. It was nearly the time of the first invasion of Italy; and, finding myself destitute and deserted, I returned back to the place of my birth, which I had disgraced by my conduct. My family, irritated against me, placed me in a state of confinement and seclusion. I was offered my liberty on the condition of giving up my heart; but I was still attached to Alfred, ungrateful as he proved, and refused to become the property of another. Alas! I had now pronounced the fatal decree. My refusal was considered a rebellion, and the tears that I shed at the loss of Alfred were construed into madness. My relations, who hated me, prevailed over a feeble-minded mother, and I was thrown into a Lunatic Asylum, which opened for me, on the 29th of August, 1801, an abode more terrible than the tomb itself. In it I passed nine years of my existence, beholding nothing but objects of degradation and humiliation. In vain did I have recourse to tears and lamentations; in vain did I supplicate, and assert that my heart alone was affected, and that my reason was sound; pride had condemned me, that pride that is never known to pardon. At last, on a day that is ever memorable, the door of my dungeon was thrown open: I heard the accents of peace and consolation, and, lifting my eyes towards the benevolent being that visited me, his tender and interesting aspect inspired me with the first emotion that for two years was not that of grief. My glance was sufficient to reveal to him the real state of my mind. 'No, this woman is not mad,' cried he; while his looks, his gestures, and his attitude expressed a feeling of delicacy and compassion. The respectful demeanour that attends on females had provided what was necessary on so afflicting an occasion; and the stranger was accompanied by the matron of the establishment, and two other witnesses. This visit brought with it fresh consolations, and every recommendation was made to the matron, who placed me in a convenient and comfortable apartment. A change of dress was procured for me, and food of a better description; and he came to see me on the following day, as a matter of civility, and for the purpose of bestowing more favours on me. My noble and generous benefactor spared no expense; money, credit, and interest, were employed in my behalf; and he exerted himself to extricate me from a horrid situation, though I was a total stranger to him; and he requested no grateful return, but the concealment of his name, and the satisfaction of rescuing an unhappy being from misery and injustice. His angelic humanity was crowned with success; and my liberty, which was the last and most valuable blessing that he procured me, raised my gratitude to the highest pitch. When my liberation was announced to me, an annuity of 1,200 livres was assigned to me, with the only condition on my part of a promise not to re-visit my native place, and to change my family name. Happy was I to accept so easy a condition, as it led to my immediate liberation. After such benevolent and kind treatment, why should I regret the past? But it was only by dint of remonstrances, and repeated prayers, that I could obtain, on parting from my keepers, the name of my benefactor—*It was Talma!*"'

The political conduct adopted by Madame De St. Elme, during the one hundred days, her voyage to Elba, &c., are to furnish materials for the concluding volumes of her Memoirs, not yet, however, before the public.

ADDISON ON THE MALVERN WATERS, &c.

A Dissertation on the Nature and Properties of the Malvern Water, and an Inquiry into the Causes and Treatment of Scrofulous Diseases and Consumption; together with some Remarks upon the Influence of the Terrestrial Radiation of Caloric upon Local Salubrity. By William Addison, Surgeon. Callow and Wilson; T. Butcher, London; Kniff and Langridge, Worcester. Pp. 192. Price 6*s.* 6*d.* 1828.

When we consider the number of invalids who annually resort to partake of the air and waters of the romantic and beautiful valley of Malvern, the cause of the beneficial effects said to be produced by them, becomes an object of inquiry; and this, we can safely assert, is answered by the author of the present dissertation, a surgeon, residing at Malvern. With regard to the effects produced by the waters themselves, they are attributed by our author solely to their '*excessive purity, nearly approaching the nature of distilled water*,' (p. 32.), especially as the waters themselves can be found to 'produce no medicinal powers.' In those diseases generally called scrofula, the necessity of a pure element is always found beneficial, and as one of the excitements of scrofula arises from some of the following causes:—'The individual residing in the neighbourhood of swamps and stagnant waters, low marshy situations, where the air is usually gross, and loaded with hurtful impregnation—all places subject to sudden changes in the quantity of sensible caloric—all drafts or currents of cold air—in short, all causes vitiating the atmosphere, or causing sudden variations in its temperature, should be assiduously avoided, not only by those predisposed to scrofula, but also by all who seek to avoid the exciting causes of disease; while, on the contrary, a dry raised situation, sheltered from the colder winds, is to be preferred to those which are more exposed, in order that as uniformity of temperature may, as far as possible, be preserved.' P. 55.

A great deal depends, in the cure of diseases, on the local salubrity of the place where the patients reside; and it has been the practice of physicians, from the time of Celsus, even to the present period, to remove the patient from the place where he generally has his complaint to one directly contrary:—'From land to sea, from sea to land, &c.' It is thus, (says Dr Addison,) perhaps we may explain the benefit which has been observed to accrue to consumptive patients by removing them from a dry situation to a low and marshy district. Yet this appears a paradox to what we have just stated; the benefit which such a change creates is seldom of much advantage. Sea air has been recommended by some medical writers in all diseases influenced or produced by scrofula, as well as in all the varieties of pulmonary consumption; and it has been as strongly condemned by others: the fact is, that sea air does not appear to have any uniform or decidedly peculiar or specific effect upon any disease; it is, however, more impregnated with aqueous vapour, and probably with saline particles, and, in certain situations, may be milder and more agreeable in temperature than the air of the main land.' P. 164.

The article on the 'Influence of the Terrestrial Radiation of Caloric upon Local Salubrity,' is remarkably interesting, displaying much scientific ability and inquiry, the results of which infer, 'That all those places where the radiation of caloric goes on with rapidity, will be found subject to great vicissitudes of temperature, to fogs, heavy dews, and other noxious precipitations from the air, whereby they are rendered cold, damp, and, oftentimes, *white externo paribus*. Those situations where the terrestrial radiation is diminished, will be proportionally warmer, drier, of a more equable temperature, and more healthy.' P. 186.

To return to the Malvern Waters, they arise from two principal springs, St. Ann's Well, and the Holy Well. The water, as it issues from the rock, is perfectly clear and transparent, and remains so after an indefinite exposure to the air; its temperature at the springs is about 47° F. The place where it falls has not received any kind of incrustation or deposit, nor is there the slightest appearance of any precipitation from the water. Its taste has been supposed to be peculiar and evident, though few persons can detect it.

From a chemical analysis of a gallon of the water from Saint Ann's wells, by the Author, it is found to contain:—

Atmospheric air, *nearly*	3	Cubic inches
Sulphuric acid	.66	Grains
Muriatic acid	.64	
Soda	.30	
Lime	.205	
Magnesia	.528	
Silicious matter	.50	nearly
Precipitate obtained with the sulphate of magnesia, insoluble in water, and loss	.167	
Grains	3.006	

The analysis of the Holy Well afforded a similar result.

The work is written in an easy and popular style, and is adapted for the perusal of either the medical practitioner or invalid.

Education.

In Prussia there exist, what are termed, *Strolling Schools*, having no fixed place. The teacher, with his scholars, and his classical furniture, establishes himself in all the houses of a village successively, where he affords instruction; and his stay is determined by the number of persons he is called upon to instruct under each roof, a week being the allotted term for each child, during which period the parents supply all the wants of the *Dominie*.

THE FRENCH STAGE, AND THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

(Continued from page 391.)

'The mythology of the Greeks has been called imaginative. It is, perhaps, rather imitative. It certainly belongs less to imagination than to imitation to compose a Pantheon out of all the features collected from humanity, than to imagine a great omnipotent Being, with attributes all his own, and all infinite.'

'Without endeavouring to ascertain whether this power, which, suddenly appearing in the infinite space, created a new world, originated every thing in nature, peopled heaven with divinities, and earth with a thousand agents, moving at will all the powers of the universe,—without inquiring, I say, whether this moral power was indeed rather imitative than imaginative, I confess that the noble idea of an Almighty and Eternal Being is more satisfactory to me. I readily yield it the preference; and, in so doing, I participate in the opinion of a Greek poet, anterior not only to Mr. Croker, but also to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides,—the opinion of Orpheus, whose sentiments on Theism are thus translated by the learned author of 'The Philosophy of Nature:'

'Le Dieu, peuple du Nil, qui règne sur tes maîtres,
Est lui seul la racine et la tige des êtres :
Sa main soutient le ciel, la terre, les enfers,
La matière et l'esprit partagent son essence ;
Il unit les anneaux de cette chaîne immense
Qui de l'astre à l'atôme embrasse l'univers.
De l'être organisé sa voix produit le germe :
Il en est le principe aussi bien que le terme.
* * * * *
Tout aux yeux éclairés peint un premier moteur :
Dieu vient, comme un époux, féconder la nature ;
Il s'annonçe aux ingrats, mais en les foudroyant ;
Il parle et ses décrets font passer sans murmure,
Du néant à l'être, et de l'être au néant.'

It is very plain that the lover of Eurydice was much less Pagan than some of the Christians of 'The Quarterly Review.' Moreover, I think I have already proved, that, however important the Greeks might think it to introduce the gods into the composition of their dramas, the French poets make use of this adjunct but very seldom and very indirectly: and, let me add, when they do adopt it, they are as far from doing violence to the creed of the time, as the immortal Shakspeare in producing on the stage the ghost of Hamlet, or the evil genius of Brutus. Indeed, I know but three or four French tragedies in which even the indirect introduction of the gods is necessary to the development of the plot, while it uniformly constitutes the very soul and machinery of the Greek tragedies.

But 'The Quarterly Review' is not content with accusing our neighbours of a servile imitation of the Greeks: it accuses them of making unsuccessful copies, and that with its usual politeness and urbanity.

'The Greeks took the subjects of their tragedies from their own records and traditions, &c. But the French did not liberate themselves from the very first trammels they met with on their way; and now recollecting that Sophocles and Euripides took their subjects from Greece, because Greece was their native country, and the more improved of antiquity, they (the French) conceived that none but Grecian histories were fit for the stage; that nothing would be pleasing to moderns except the fables of antiquity; that fatalism was necessary to explain the passions of men abandoned wholly to themselves,' &c. &c.

If Mr. Croker, instead of founding his notions of the French drama on conjecture, had taken the trouble of studying, or at least of reading it, he would have refrained from an attack which is almost as full of mistakes as it is numerous in words. Indeed, though Greece, at the period when her Theatre was founded, might esteem herself the most enlightened nation in the world; though she conceived (and that with truth) that she could find within herself subjects worthy the dignity of tragedy; it was not the case with France. Surrounded by the thick darkness of deep ignorance which followed the decline of letters in Europe, and which it required a length of time to dissipate, she could have no such pretensions. A religion corrupted by its union with licentious manners—a host of dark superstitions lying like an incubus on public opinion—heresiarchs and fanatics—these were they which surrounded the cradle of the monarchy and aristocracy of France; and surely it was not in such an atmosphere of pestilence and death that the national genius could find the elements of dramatic art, whose first aim is to represent nature just as she appears, and to describe, to use the words of Mr. Croker, 'the human world in action.'

Nor could France have accomplished this design by an observation of surrounding nations; for all were involved in the same evil destiny. What wiser plan could she have taken than to commune with antiquity, who presented herself to her like a ray of light piercing through the shades of night. At a later period, it is true, France, in her turn, had annals which demanded the attention of her tragic poets, who, from that time, perhaps, ought to have confined themselves to native sources, dedicating to their country their songs and their pencils. But, whether the impulse given by antiquity was too powerful to admit of a sudden return, or whether the French preferred retracing the antiquity of their monarchy and the exploits of their heroes in history rather than in verse; whether this nation felt less interest than others in giving a fabulous air to the events which actually occured in reference to her; or, in short, whether her simple annals afforded less excitement than ours to terror and pity, which are indispensable ingredients in tragedy;—and it is certain the French poets shook off less resolutely than ours the yoke of imitation. I say, *less resolutely*, for, if we compare Shakspeare, the most independent of English dramatists, and Racine, the least so of the French, we shall not find that the latter yields to the former in the number of good plays, the subjects of which were not borrowed from foreign historians or romancers. 'Coriolanus' and 'The Death of Cæsar,' for example, were both furnished by Plutarch; 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Macbeth,' are taken from fabulous accounts, which, at that time, were current with the people, and not a word of them can properly be called English.

Mr. Croker errs in repeating, after Lady Morgan, and some other *literati* of her ladyship's school, that the French tragedies are but paraphrases of the Greek dramas; that nothing will satisfy the French but 'the fables of antiquity;' and that, according to them, 'mythology must be the most interesting theme to Christians.' What becomes of all these foolish repetitions when opposed to facts, and to a simple statement of the titles of the greater number, and the finest, of the tragedies of the French theatre, which neither contain a single Greek allusion, nor one mythological conceit? The 'Mithridates,' 'Bajazet,' 'Esther,' 'Athalie,' 'Britannicus,' and 'Berenice' of Racine; the 'Cid,' 'Horatii,' 'Cinna,' 'Polyeucta,' 'Pompeus,' 'Rodogrine,' 'Heraclius,' 'Nicomedes,' 'Sertorius,' 'Attila,' 'Lurina,' 'Berenice,' &c., of Corneille; the 'Zaïre,' 'Mohammed,' 'Brutus,' 'Adelaide,' 'Du Gueselin,' 'Alzira,' 'L'Orphelin de la Chine,' and 'Tancredi' of Voltaire; 'Les Templiers de Renouart,' &c., &c.:—these constitute the grand masterpieces of the French stage; and yet they have nothing in common with the manner or the mythology of the Athenians.

Once more, ye Aristarchuses of 'The Quarterly,' read the French drama, if you would know what it is; especially before you print any more blunders like the following, which are so much the more unpardonable, since, when you committed them, you had before your eyes 'La Bibliothèque du Théâtre Français,' which you might have copied as exactly in this case, as you have done in all you have said on one not much less unreasonable:

'The first attempts at regular tragedy were some translations from the Greek; the most remarkable of which were the 'Electra' of Sophocles, and the 'Hecuba' of Euripides, by Bays; and Iphigenia, in Aulis, by Sabiled.

The first French dramatist was prior to both of these. He flourished in the fourteenth century, and his name was Parasol. He composed five tragedies on the reign of Jeanne of Naples; one of which was on the death of the King, her husband, whom she assassinated, to marry her paramour. The first translations from the Greek which appeared, were some plays of Sophocles and Euripides, not by Bays and Solibee, but by St. Gelais and Bouchet. Moreover, in the very age of Louis XII., the comedy of Patelin had already been performed; from which Rabelais borrowed several scenes, which Beaumarchais has imitated; and in which, says Fontenelle, there are passages worthy of Molière.

Mr. Croker errs in being ignorant of the existence of two very remarkable comic poets, considering the period in which they lived. Antoine Forrestier, and Jaques Bellijeois, who wrote the comedy of 'The Lovers of Erostratus,' printed in 1534. He also errs in confining himself to the mere mention of Jodelle and the titles of two of his plays, without entering into the merits of either, unless indeed he be speaking of them, when he says: 'They are written in a most barbarous style.' In a dissertation intended to acquaint the English public with the origin, the progress, and the present state of the French stage, it would have been well, methinks, to dwell a moment on the two plays which distinguish the first steps of that stage, and rescue it from the barbarism in which it was plunged. But for this end it would have been necessary to read those pieces, in which the critic of 'The Quarterly' would, it is true, have found only a barbarous style and cold plays upon words, no action, no dramatic consistency; but in which he would have learnt a very important fact in the history of the French stage; which is, that Jodelle, by the sole adoption of a profane subject, was the first to attack and subdue a prejudice and a custom, which had, for ages, interdicted all but sacred subjects on the stage. In 'Dido,' the critic would probably have admired the whole of the second act, where he would have recognized the force, the energy, the eloquence, and the true pathos of the fourth book of the Æneid; in a word, with a little information and taste, he would have perceived with astonishment that Jodelle succeeded, in the very outset, in carrying tragedy to this extent.

Perhaps, also, Mr. Croker should have said a word about the comedy of 'Eugènes,' which, in its kind, is superior to the tragedies of its author, and which well deserves mention, were it only because it is characteristic of the manners of the age of Henry II., which, licentious as they were, it is interesting to know.

Mr. Croker errs in wishing the merit of Garnier to be determined by the isolated quotation of the most inflated passage in the plays of that poet. This is not criticism, it is calumny, and leads the public into error. The true critic adduces, at the same time, both beauties and defects, and he finds great excellence in the Rhadamanthus of Garnier, who, though he certainly wrote neither with purity or elegance, by studying the ancients without copying them, effected considerable advancement in the French stage. Besides the Rhadamanthus of Garnier is the first French tragedy in which the chorus is omitted—a circumstance well deserving of remark.

Mr. Croker errs in saying that Nardi, the most fertile of the old French poets, 'is censured for having made all his personages speak the same language, and still more for violating the unities.' This is not the reason why men of taste reproach Nardi; but they accuse him of having degraded the buskin by putting it on unruly feet, of having every where discovered subjects of dramatic

interest to the entire neglect of tragic fittness. The fervour which distinguishes his compositions is acknowledged, and it is inferred that he contributed to the advancement of the art, but, (as was observed by a critic from whom Mr. Croker has largely, but unskilfully borrowed,) Nardi did not point out what should be followed, but only what should be avoided.

Mr. Croker errs, and errs greatly, in being ignorant of the existence of a French dramatic poet called Scudery, who wrote before Mairet, and who brought about a sort of revolution in the French stage, by introducing, for the first time, the rule of confining the time of the play within twenty-four hours, which he found in Aristotle, and applied in the play entitled 'L'Amour Tyran.'

Mr. Croker errs, in misunderstanding the verses which he quotes from Mairet, and in giving a most sophistical analysis of that poet's play:

> 'Tu fais d'un ennemi l'objet de tes desirs,
> Ne pouvais tu trouver, où prendre des plaisirs,
> Qu'en cherchant l'amitié de ce prince Numide,
> Que te rend en semble impudique et perfide.'

Not only does the measure seem ridiculous to the saintly Aristarchus of 'The Quarterly,' but the words '*où prendre des plaisirs*' offend his chaste ears! Does the reader know the reason? Because Mr. Croker's pure mind glanced, if I may be allowed the expression, only at the surface of the verses which he has quoted, because he did not apprehend the deep feeling of indignation which they express,—a feeling that must naturally actuate a husband,—a King, who not only finds himself betrayed by his wife, but betrayed for his enemy, for the enemy of the State, for the ally of the Romans, whom he abhors; and, because Mr. Croker did not recollect (which, indeed, he would probably have found it difficult to do,) that one of the finest passages of Voltaire is that in which he puts precisely the same sentiment into the mouth of Tancredi, when, deceived by false appearances, he is convinced that Amenaide, his adored mistress, sacrifices herself to the enemy of Syracuse; a country which, though banished from its shores, he still acknowledges as his own:

> 'Et pour comble d'horreur elle a cru s'honorer!
> Au plus grand des humains elle a cru se livrer!
> Que cette idée encore m'accable et m'humilie,
> L'Arabe impérieux domine en Italie,
> Et ce sexe imprudent que tant d'éclât séduit,
> Ce sexe à l'esclavage en leurs états réduit,
> Frappé de ce respect que des vainqueurs impriment,
> Se livre par foiblesse aux maîtres qui l'oppriment.'

Certainly no one can read and understand this passage of Voltaire without applauding it. Nevertheless, the idea which it conveys is exactly the same as that which, in the mouth of Syphax, so completely horrifies the learned and judicious Mr. Croker. Voltaire's verses, it is true, are much the finer; but almost a whole century elapsed between Mariet and him.

Mr. Croker errs; but his errors are not of a nature to be compassed within the space of a few pages; we shall return to them hereafter.

THE DEVIL OF WALLACHIA.

The conqueror of Constantinople had scarcely returned from the expedition, which had put an end to the sovereignty of the Comnenes at Trebizond, when he was compelled to take the field against Wlad, the Woiwode of Wallachia, Mahomet's competitor both in craft and cruelty. The peculiar endowment of this ruler may be gathered from the several cognomens by which he was distinguished in the pages of Hungarian, Turkish, and Wallachian history. In the first he is designated under the genuine name of *Drakul*, or the Devil; in the second, under that of *Tschepelpusch*, or the hangman; and in the last, under that of *Kasiklü Woda*, or the Stake-Woiwode. A few excerpts from the memorabilia of his career will attest the merits of his claim to these titles. His favourite spectacle being the martyrdom of the stake, the chosen spectators of his public banquets consisted of a circular phalanx of Turks, who were breathing their last sighs on lofty stakes. When any of this nation fell into his clutches, he had the skin stripped off from the soles of their feet; the naked flesh was then saturated with salt by rubbing, and, to refine upon the torture which the sufferer endured, goats were made to lick the excoriated part. Whenever a Turk refused to salute him by doffing his turban, he afforded him an excuse for any similar omission in future, by ordering the turban to be made fast to his head by three nails.* On one occasion, he invited all idlers and beggars to a splendid entertainment, and when they had well feasted, set fire to the apartment, and burned them all alive. But his greatest delight was derived from executions by wholesale: four hundred youths, who had been sent from Hungary and Transylvania to acquire the Wallachian language, were burned to death at one time; seven hundred traders were impaled in the open market; and the same fate befel five hundred Wallachian bailiffs and nobles, whom the monster suspected of refusing to render a true account of the actual population of their districts. But these were trivial cruelties compared with the enormous slaughter he perpetrated on the inhabitants of Bulgaria, in his campaign against the Turks.

Mahomet had assisted him to acquire the sovereignty of Wallachia, on which he endeavoured to strengthen his hold by devoting nearly twenty thousand men, women, and children, to destruction. But it was not on account of any such barbarities as these that the Ottoman fell to blows with him. The cause of quarrel was his refusal to send Mahomet, agreeably to stipulations, his yearly tribute of ten thousand ducats, and five hundred youths. In order to make himself master of the Woiwode's person, the wily Turk despatched the Governor of Widin on a mission to him, in the year 1461, under the ostensible pretext of arranging their differences by a conference, during which he was to seize upon the refractory Wlad. The latter, however, anticipating his purpose, captured the governor and his suite, and, having deprived them of their hands and feet, impaled them alive, with Hamsa-Pasha, their leader, mounted on a loftier stake than his fellow-sufferers.

Drakul now burst into Bulgaria, laid the country waste in every direction, burned its towns and villages to the ground, and returned home with five and twenty thousand captives in his train. When Mahmud-Pasha, the Grand Vizier, brought his master the tidings of the murder of his ambassador, and the devastations and depopulation of Bulgaria, in the first ebullition of his rage the Sultan struck him to the ground; not that 'blows,' as Chalcondylas observes, 'are any disgrace, at the Sultan's Porte, for slaves whom he has raised from the dust to the enjoyment of the most distinguished honours.'† Mahomet's next act was to hasten the assemblage of his forces, whom, to the number of two hundred and fifty thousand men, he despatched to the banks of the Danube; whilst he himself entered its mouth with a fleet of a hundred and seventy-five vessels, and ascended that river as far as Widin. Here he disembarked, to superintend the work of universal destruction. Drakul having removed his women and children to places of safety, set out to meet his antagonist, with a force of seven, or, at the most, ten thousand horsemen; and, after he had personally explored the Turkish camp in disguise, fell upon it in the night, in the full confidence that his foes would observe their usual custom, and remain immovable on the spot where the decline of day had found them. The Wallachian horse, being provided with lanthorns and pans of tar, rushed into the camp, and, at first, found the assailed so completely transfixed with alarm and panic, as to be incapable of resistance. The night was passed in a chance-medley, rather of horses and camels, than of human combatants; and the morning dawn having shone upon the accumulating array of his foes, Drakul lost no time in withdrawing his followers, of whom, however, one thousand were brought in prisoners, and put to death upon the spot. One of these, being pressed to reveal the hiding-place of his commander, and replying that he was ready to die, but not to speak, Mahomet ordered him for instant execution, dryly remarking, that 'the man would have made the world ring with his exploits had he been at the head of an army.'

The Turkish host then advanced to the Woiwode's capital, left it behind them without attempting to besiege it, and in their march beyond it entered a beautiful valley, where a spectacle of horror met their eyes, which the pen almost refuses to depict. Let the reader conceive to himself a whole forest of poles, two miles and a half long, and more than a mile broad; and each pole bending under the weight of one of the twenty thousand impaled or crucified Turks and Bulgarians, over whom the ruthless Drakul had raised, on a stake, elevated above all the rest, Hamsha-pasha, attired in silk and purple!* Children had been ranged around their mothers, and the fowls of the air had built their nests within their breasts! Mahomet, the tyrant, contemplated this dreadful scene with looks of amazement, and exclaimed, 'A man, who can do so great a deed as this, need stand in little fear of losing his domains, and the less so, as he knows how to make so admirable an use of his subjects and his territory;—yet,' he added, as if recoiling at the desperate recklessness of his own feelings, 'a man, who is capable of going to such a length as this, has slender claim to our esteem.'

Wlad, after annoying the outskirts of the Turkish army, directed his course into Moldavia, and of the six thousand men whom he left to observe Mahomet's movements, the heads of two thousand were set on pikes, and brought as trophies into the Ottoman camp. Having converted Wallachia into a desert, and commissioned Alibeg, the leader of his runners, to support Radul as its governor, the conqueror returned to Constantinople with a booty of two hundred thousand heads of cattle and horses. Drakul, on the other hand, had taken refuge in Hungary, where he was immured within the dungeons of Belgrade or Ofen, until after Mahomet's death, where he contrived to make his escape, resumed his savage career, together with the sovereignty of Wallachia, and, for the space of two years, ruled it with a demon's sway. His death proceeded from the dagger of one of his slaves; and his head, having been paraded by the Turks throughout the towns which had been witnesses of his enormities, Wallachia was finally incorporated with the Ottoman dominions.

* Engel's History of Wallachia, pp. 178, 179. Bon-Dec. 3, lib. x., p. 532.

† Chalcondylas. ix. 159.

THE JEW AND THE SAGE.

[The following interesting and moral narrative is translated by Mr. Thomas Taylor, from a work ascribed to Aristotle, entitled, 'Secreta Secretorum ad Alexandrum.' The treatise is doubtless spurious, and is probably the production of some Arabian, soon after the subjugation of the Greeks by the Caliph Omar.]

Be careful that the same thing may not happen to you, which happened to two men who are said to have been fellow travellers; one of whom was an Eastern Sage, but the other was a Jew. The Sage rode on a mule, which he had nourished in his own meadow, and which carried every thing necessary to the wants of a traveller. But the Jew was on foot, neither having food, nor other necessaries. While they conversed, therefore, on the road, the Sage said to the Jew, 'What is your law, and your belief?' The Jew answered, 'I believe that in Heaven there is one God, whom I adore, and from whom I hope good to my soul,

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and also remuneration to those who accord with me in my law. And my belief is this, that it is lawful for me to slay, and take the money and property of him who disagrees with me in my belief, and likewise to destroy his wife, his parents, and his children.* And, besides this, I should be reviled, if I were either to assist, or pity, or spare him.'

Afterwards the Jew said to the Sage, Now show to me what your law is, and give me accurate information concerning it, and concerning your belief. To whom the Sage answered, my belief and my law are as follow: In the first place, I wish well to myself and to my offspring, and I am unwilling that evil should befal any thing produced by Divinity, or any one who does not follow my law, and who differs from me in the belief of it. I likewise believe that equity and pity should be observed towards every living thing. No injury pleases me. And it also appears to me, that if any evil befals any living being, the same evil may likewise happen to, and disturb me; and I wish that prosperity, health, and safety, may be the lot of all men universally.

The Jew then said, But how would you act if any one injured and offended you? To this the Sage replied, I know that there is a just, good, and wise God in the heavens, from whom nothing that may be latent (to us) in his productions is concealed; who remunerates the worthy according to their deeds, but bad men and transgressors according to their transgressions.

To whom the Jew: Why do you not observe your law, and confirm your belief by your deeds? The Sage replied, How is this to be effected? The Jew answered, 'Behold I am one of the same race as yourself, and you see me walking, fatigued, and hungry, while you are riding on a mule, have had plenty of food, and are at rest.' To this the Sage replied, It is true; and, descending from his mule, he opened his wallet, gave him meat and drink, and made him ride on the mule. But after the Jew was well fixed in the saddle, he spurred the mule, and hastily left the Sage. Then the Sage began to vociferate, and said, Wait for me, because I am weary.' The Jew replied, 'Did I not indicate to you my law, and the condition of it? and I wish to confirm it conformably to what I have said. He then hastily departed with the mule. The Sage, however, following the footsteps of t'e Jew, said to him, 'O Jew, do not leave me in the desert, lest I should happen to be destroyed by lions, or should perish through hunger and grievous thirst. Be compassionate to me, as I have been to you.' The Jew, however, neither looked behind him nor paid attention to what the Sage said; but did not cease spurring the mule till he was no longer visible. When the Sage, therefore, despaired of overtaking him, he recollected the perfection of his law and belief, and also what he had said to the Jew; viz., that there is a just Judge in the heavens, from whom nothing is concealed that may happen to the beings he has produced. Raising his head, therefore, to the heavens, he said, 'My God, thou knowest that I have believed in thee and in thy law, and that I have sanctified thee in thy precepts as thou hast commanded. Confirm, therefore, to the Jew the praise which I have given thee.' Having thus said, the Sage had not proceeded far when, behold, he found the Jew prostrate, having been thrown from the mule, with one of his legs fractured, and his neck injured. But the mule stood opposite to him, and, seeing the Sage, knew his master, to whom he approached, as being his nourisher.

The Sage, therefore, riding on him, departed, leaving the Jew in the agonies of death. But the Jew called on him, and said, 'Meet dear brother, have pity on me—I have fractured my leg and am dying. I am in want of pious assistance, therefore pity me, and observe your law, which has given you the victory over me.' Then the Sage began to reproach him, and said, 'You have behaved most wickedly towards me, and left me without pity.' To whom the Jew replied, 'Do not reproach me for a thing that is past, because I have showed to you what I said and did is conformable to my law, and my belief, in which I have been nurtured; and my parents and ancestors have persevered in the observance of this law.' Then the Sage, commiserating his condition, fixed him on the mule, brought him to his destined place, and delivered him to his own nation. But in a few days after this the Jew expired. The king of the city, therefore, (to which the Jew was travelling,) having heard what the Sage had done, ordered him to be brought before him, and made him his porter, on account of his deeds and the excellence of his law, at the same time giving praise to his God.

* For *genetores* here, it is obviously necessary to read

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'
MILTON'S *Paradise Regained.*

I. ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—*Genesis.*

1. ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Horn of the Sea Unicorn.—The horn, tusk, or whatever it may be called, of the sea-unicorn or narwhal, (*monodon monoceros,*) has given rise to many conjectures among naturalists. The appearance of this is well known to the visitors of museums and collectors of curiosities. It consists of a taper piece of ivory, from five to fifteen feet long, hollow to within a few inches of the point, and marked with spiral convolutions, turning from right to left. It is peculiar to the male narwhal, but in females, as well as in young males, the rudiments of it may be found under the skin.

The habits of the narwhal are not sufficiently known to ascertain the use of this formidable instrument. The older naturalists adopted the vague opinion, that it was used to rake for food amongst the mud at the bottom of the sea; but as these animals always inhabit deep water, they could not survive under the immense pressure of the column of water resting on the bottom. Besides, if it were an indispensable instrument for procuring food, the female could not subsist without it. The most obvious use is as a defensive or offensive weapon; and Mr. Scoreby's objection to this opinion, that the females and young are without it, only serves to support it, as the male is their natural protector. We think the notion of Dr. Barclay of Edinburgh, that the horn is a mere sexual distinction, like the comb of the game cock or the lion's mane, is equally untenable.

It is much more probable to suppose, that the horn is used to pierce the thinner strata of ice, for the convenience of respiring, without the necessity of retreating into the open water.

2. ENTOMOLOGY.

Bees of Chamouni.—The honey of Chamouni is well known for its unrivalled richness and flavour, but it requires great care to manage the bees by which it is produced, in consequence of the uncertainty of the weather in the earlier portion of the year. The first fine day in spring tempts them to issue from their hives, without (as it would appear) any instinctive foresight of a probable change before they can return. The consequence is, that when the hives are left open, they fall down upon the snow, and perish by hundreds. Previous to experiment, it might appear easy to prevent such accidents by obstructing their egress from the hives; but when they have been shut up with this design, it is found that they are thrown into violent agitation, and beat themselves against the walls of the hives till they die. The only certain remedy hitherto discovered for the evil, is to carry them to the low country till the fine weather is confirmed.—(*Saussure, Voyages dans les Alpes,* iii. 745.)

Echoes not Injurious to Bees.—Virgil was of opinion that bees are injured when kept in the vicinity of an echo:

——aut ubi concava pulsu
Saxa sonant vocisque offensa resultat imagos.
Georgic iv. 51.

Mr. White of Selbourne, however, found that his bees throve well in the midst of echoes, and were not even affected by a speaking trumpet.

3. CONCHOLOGY.

The Sea Snail.—The violet snail (*Helix ianthina*) swims at liberty in the sea. It is furnished with four tentacula, or horns, and a membranaceous bag, consisting of a number of small bladders, which it inflates at pleasure, and is thus enabled to float on the surface of the water. This sea-snail possesses, besides, the property of emitting a phosphorescent light, and stains the hand of a rich purple colour, not easily removed. It is interesting to observe the movements of this pretty little shell when its inhabitant inflates its balloon to skim the surface of the billows in its fairy boat.

Boring Shells.—Several shells have the singular capability of boring the softer rocks of marble, and limestone, and reefs of coral, for the purpose, it should seem, of eluding their natural enemies. This habit is remarkable in some species of muscles, such as the

4. ICHTHYOLOGY.

Chinese Mode of Fishing.—The Chinese catch fish by what may be called a sort of *daring*. They employ two strait boats, with a board painted white, and varnished, nailed to them. This is made to slope outwards, and almost touches the surface of the water, the colour of which it is made to take by the reflection of the light of the moon. Towards this the fish dart, fall on the board, and are caught without further trouble.

On taking down a lamp in a diving-bell, the diver is immediately surrounded with a multitude of fishes, attracted thither by the light.

Salmon in Kamstchatka.—Every species of salmon in Kamstchatka is said to die in the same river or lake in which it was produced, and to which it returns to spawn. In the third year of their age they begin to spawn, forming holes, by means of their tails and fins, in the sand, in which their spawn is deposited. After this they pine away and die. It is also said that fish of one year's growth remain near the spawn to guard it from depredation, and return to the sea with the newly hatched fry in November. The guarding of the spawn by yearlings, however, being contrary to the usual course of things, seems to us very doubtful.

5.—OPHIOLOGY.

The Red Viper of Dorsetshire.—The Rev. Mr. Rackett informs us, that a serpent, known to the gamekeepers of Dorsetshire under the name of the Red Viper, was recently killed in Cranbourne Chace. It does not appear to have been previously known to British naturalists. It is considered to be more poisonous than the common viper, but is fortunately very rare. Mr. Rockett describes it as of a marked red colour. and thinks it probably the *Coluber Chersea* of Linnæus.

6.—ORNITHOLOGY.

Hawks and Cock-chafers.—The Kestril, (*Falco tinnunculus,*) one of our most common British hawks, does not, as is usually supposed, prey chiefly on small birds, but upon field mice, which it discovers by its keen eye among the grass, and pounces upon them unerringly. It only takes birds when mice cannot be had. It also makes an occasional supper of cock-chafers; for a gentleman informed Mr. Selby that he watched a kestril one evening through a glass, hawking amongst a flight of cock-chafers, and, having shot it, he found its stomach filled with their remains.

Carolina Parrots poison Cats.—It is said that the intestines of the Carolina parrot (*Psittacus Carolinensis*) are an instantaneous poison to cats.

7. MAZOLOGY.

Artifice of the Glutton.—The quadruped, which from its habit of gorging itself with food, has received the appellation of Glutton, is reported by a writer in 'The Gazette Literaire' (not 'The Literary Gazette) to use the following artifice. It carries with it to the thick branches of a tree, a quantity of the moss (*Cenomyce rangiferinus*) upon which the deer of Kamstchatka feed, and after dropping portions of the moss as a bait, the glutton waits patiently till some incautious deer stops to feed upon it, when it darts down from its lurking-place upon its victim. It is said to master horses in a similar manner.

8. ANTHROPOLOGY.

Influence of Climate—The opinion is as old as Plato, (vide 'Republ.' lib. iv.,) that climate exercises an influence over human dispositions. He gives as examples the inhabitants of Thrace, Scythia, and similar elevated regions, who are extremely irascible and quarrelsome. The climate of Phœnicia and Egypt, he judged, on the same principles, to produce a love of riches; and that of Attica a love of wisdom. How much these must have changed in character, supposing Plato's opinion to have been correct.

Chinese Method of Dunning.—When a debtor refuses payment in China, the creditor, as a last resource, threatens to carry off the door of his house on the first day of the year. This is accounted the greatest misfortune that could happen, as in that case there would be no obstruction to the entrance of evil genii. To avoid this consummation, a debtor not unfrequently sets fire to his house on the last night of the year.

II. NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

'The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest sound that swells the gale,
The common sun—the air—the skies—
To him are opening Paradise.' GRAY.

1. VEGETABLE MECHANICS.

Extraordinary Climbing Plant.—The cogue of Chili is one of the most extraordinary climbing plants ever noticed by naturalists. It is not, like the hop, convol-

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by a single tree, but when it has reached the top of one, it shoots down again and in a short time attains the summit of another. Proceeding in this manner, it has been known to extend over a space of more than two hundred yards. The toughness and pliability of its stems render them valuable for making baskets, and even cables.

2. Botany.

Evergreens.—All the trees of Abyssinia, (indeed of all tropical countries) are evergreen, and bear fruits and blossoms all the year round. The same branch, however, only bears once a-year. It has been remarked, that the order of bearing follows the points of the compass; first, the west branches—then the south—succeeded by the north—and, lastly, by the east. Our own holly bears berries and blossoms at the same time, as well as our strawberry tree, (arbutus unedo,) and other evergreens; but we are doubtful whether the branches bear in the order recorded of the Abyssinian evergreens.

3. Mineralogy.

Analysis of Pitkaithley Water.—Dr. Thomson, of Glasgow, in his valuable paper on the Mineral Waters of Scotland, has given the following account, by the late Dr. Murray, of the celebrated wells of Pitkaithley. A wine gallon, according to this analysis, contains

	Grains.
Muriate of soda, (common salt) . .	107.2
Muriate of lime	156.0
Sulphate of lime, (Paris plaster) . .	7.2
Carbonate of lime, (chalk)	4.0
	274.4

The proportion of muriate of lime, the Doctor is of opinion, may possibly render it better adapted to certain diseases than the waters of Dumblane or Airthrey.

4. Geology.

Fanciful System.—Dr. Halley imagined that the globe of the earth, the exterior crust of which is alone known to us, may have another habitable world within it, with a system of subterranean luminaries, resembling those which yield light to our upper world, but necessarily moving within a smaller sphere!!!

Origin of Coal.—It was supposed by Dr. Hutton, the author of the Huttonian system, that all our beds of coal are nothing more than the condensed smoke of the antediluvian ages; the particles of soot having, according to him, been carried into the sea by rains and rivers,—deposited in beds at the bottom,—subsequently covered with beds of sand and gravel, and the whole first melted by subterranean heat, and then casled and hardened upon emerging above the waters. If this be, sooth, what extensive beds of coal must now be forming in the estuary of the Thames!

5. Meteorology.

Fall of leaves from the clouds.—In Virginia, Mr. Clayton informs us, there are frequent whirlwinds of little force and small dimensions—usually two or three yards in diameter, which skim along the ground in a whisking course, according to the motion of the cloud whence they proceed. As they move along, they whirl aloft, the dry leaves which they meet with into the air, and these frequently fall again in places far remote. Mr. Clayton has seen them in a calm sunny day, descending as if they had come from the clouds, in showers so copious as to darken the air, and from a height as great as he could distinguish a leaf. The phenomenon furnished to an honest tar irrefragable proof of a world above.

6. Optics.

Visible magnitude altered by temperature.—M. Le Cat, in his ingenious work on the senses, remarks that objects appear smaller in cold frosty weather, and, of course, larger during the warm days of summer and autumn, provided that the sun does not shine bright. He accounts for this from the pupil of the eye being considerably contracted by cold as well as by bright light, and relaxed by heat and diminished light.

7. Astronomy.

Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still.—The astronomical difficulties of the miracle recorded in Joshua x. 12, 13, are proposed to be solved by Dr. Ladd, by translating,—"And Joshua spoke to Aleim the day when Aleim delivered up the Amorites to Israel; and Joshua said, before Israel, 'Sun! be thou silent upon Gibeon, and thou, O Moon! in the vale of Ajalon.' And the sun was silent, and the moon stayed after the people were avenged of their enemies. Shall not this be written in the book of Jasher, that the sun was silent (i. e. *astonished*) in the midst of Heaven, and hastened not during a whole day."

American Museum.

III.—USEFUL ARTS.

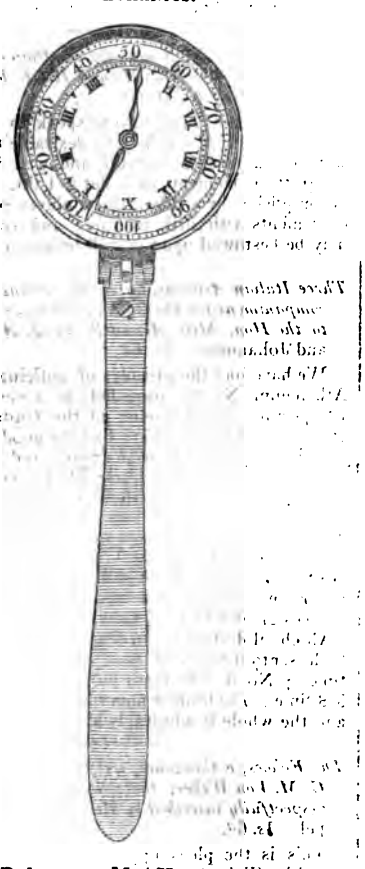
1. Agriculture.

Manure for wheat.—In an address delivered before the Dorchester Agricultural Society, by Dr. Muse, the President, it was stated that animal manures are peculiarly necessary for wheat crops, because gluten, the characteristic proximate principle of wheat, contains nitrogen, which assimilates it to animal bodies. We think this is a refinement in agricultural chemistry which will be found of little practical utility. A few good experiments would be worth a million of such theoretical conjectures.

2. Gardening.

Prevention of the Ravages of Snails.—It is stated, in 'The Gardener's Magazine,' if we mistake not, that the most effective preservative of scarlet runners, French beans, &c., from the ravages of snails and slugs, is to sow radishes between the rows,—the snails and slugs being said to prefer the young radishes to the beans. We have tried the experiment without success,—our radishes are at this moment untouched, while our beans are, night after night, selected for a supper-salad by the depredators.

3. Mechanics.



Improved Pedometer.—Mr. Harris, the ingenious optician of Holborn, has constructed a pedometer on an improved principle, of which we have here given an engraving. The apparatus is contrived to indicate the distance travelled on the principle of registering the number of steps. The box containing the wheel-work, is made of the size of a watch-case, and goes into the fob or breeches pocket; and by means of a brass lever fastened to the thigh, the number of steps which the wearer takes in his regular paces are registered from the action of the lever upon the internal wheel-work at every step, to the amount of 30,000. It is necessary to ascertain the distance walked, that the average length of one pace be previously known, and that multiplied by the number of steps registered on the dial-plate, will give the distance required.

By a similar apparatus, called a *way-wiser*, attached to the wheel of a carriage, the distance travelled may be accurately ascertained. Both forms of the apparatus are made by Harris, No. 50, High Holborn.

M. le Baron d'Ecrstein

Has just published a pamphlet at Paris, 'De l'Etat Actuel des Affaires.' It is composed with wit and knowledge, but is full of Germanisms in style, and is neither precise in statement or consistent in argument.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre—Saturday.

As visitors of the Opera, and fully sensible of the merits of Mademoiselle Sontag, we have felt rather nervous during the early part of the week, in consequence of the reported sudden indisposition of this lady. Of this untoward event we were not aware, until we had undergone, on Tuesday, the usual mobbing at the doors; a nightly ordeal, which is now somewhat diminished by the novel and curious labyrinth constructed in the vestibule; in the interior, a pretty general sprinkling of bills made us speedily sensible of our misfortune. The opera of 'Semiramide,' effectively performed, might have proved some consolation, but it was evidently ordered out at a very short notice; Mademoiselle Brambilla replaced Madame Schutz in the character of Arsace, and considerable portions, particularly of the second act, were wholly omitted. Our increasing anxiety for Mademoiselle Sontag's recovery was by no means lessened by the report of her complaint, lying more against the avidity of the managers than in any physical disorganisation; the latter rumour we felt more disposed to credit, from the many instances within our personal knowledge of the parsimony of the present direction, contrasted with the traits of liberality we have heard to the honour of the fair vocalist. In this state of uncertainty, our fears for the lady's health were effectually set at rest, by a glimpse of a countenance, more smiling than the weather at Ascot; and the large bill, which, from the uncertainty in Opera affairs, we always look for with avidity on the day previous to a performance, gave us perfect relief in the announcement of Otello, for this evening, embodying both Madame Pasta and Mademoiselle Sontag.

The Opera in its present cast, with the additional aid of Zuchelli, in a subordinate character, has been twice performed for the separate benefits of the two *prime donne*. Our report of the first of these performances may not have appeared as ample as usual, inasmuch as we have hitherto held benefits to be extra-judicial, partly from the occasional *disorderly* of the night, but chiefly from the constant ill-advised attempts at entirely new lines of character by the candidates for universal suffrage; these exhibitions do not, therefore, properly speaking, come within the pale of criticism. Madame Pasta had the modesty to denominate the assumption of the part of Otello an 'attempt;' for ourselves, we confess we felt greater anxiety as to the success of Mademoiselle Sontag in that of Desdemona; the latter lady having, however, commenced her re-engagement by a third and regular performance of the part, we shall deliberately state our candid opinion of the respective qualifications of the ladies for the two characters, alike new to a British audience.

Of the musical execution of the part of Otello, we are bound to speak in unqualified terms of praise. Madame Pasta's tones were as much crisper, in comparison with those of her predecessor, as they fell short in that particular quality on a recent assumption of one of Velluti's characters; but the intonation was ever true, and her portions of the concerted pieces were most effectively thrown out,—nay, occasionally almost too powerfully. In the stanza of her opening air, 'Premio maggior di questo,' which our readers may recollect, from the beauty of the accompaniment, she was particularly successful, although, in the latter portion of the same piece, the Moor and the chorus did not perfectly understand each other. Her duetts with Iago and Rodrigo were also delightfully executed. Curioni, it is true, had his eyes shut during the greater portion of the challenge, until Madame Pasta roused, if not her antagonist, at least the attention of the house to the fullest pitch of admiration. From what we have briefly stated, it will be easily gathered that the part of Otello could scarcely find a better representative. We certainly were not surprised by those extraordinary bursts of passion or of feeling which we naturally look for in any new character which Madame Pasta undertakes; but it was a meritorious, and, throughout, satisfactory performance, which, notwithstanding the heaviness and length of the Opera, will, we have no doubt, be often repeated.

We have more than once expressed our anxiety as to the success of Mademoiselle Sontag, in the character of Desdemona; we are, however, happy to say, that our fears for her reputation have been groundless. Her delineation and execution of the character is of that correct and studied cast, that, although not likely to add considerably, it will certainly not diminish her deserved fame in this country. Of an improvement, in respect of softness and chastened intonation, we felt remarkably sensible; the harshness to which we

appeared, except, perhaps, in the latter portion of the trio, in the second act, where we could not but notice a most disagreeable stress of voice. Whether this character has been particularly studied under the *Gran-Maestro* at Paris, we know not, but her execution has been, throughout, more *a l'Italienne* than in any previous character. The first recitative was as effective as any portion of the Opera; the last line of it was embellished by some exquisitely soft passages. In the following air, the same description of ornament was more frequently introduced, but that exquisite *motivo*, 'Lungi languendo,' had little effect, notwithstanding the innumerable ascending and descending divisions towards the close. In this instance, they reminded us of Gray's characteristic of a Gothic building—

'And passages that lead to nothing.'

Mademoiselle Sontag's happiest efforts were decidedly in the latter portion of the second act; whether we notice the bravura execution in 'Barbara ciel tiranno,' the touching and feeling entreaty in 'L'error d'un infelice,' or the imploring and distracted action throughout the remainder of the finale, we must do this young lady the justice to state, that the recollection of Madame Pasta in the character was temporarily obliterated. In the long bed-room scene, her *physique* was rarely equal to the varied and conflicting emotions; the invocation to her father, 'Oh padre! ah che mai feci,' was affectingly and energetically sung, but, in general, a tameness pervaded her portion of the scene, which the recollections of the thrilling action of her immediate predecessor, rendered doubly perceptible. Of female costume we always speak *avec respect*; we shall, therefore, not stop to inquire whether Desdemona ought to be dressed *à la Pasta*, in white, or *à la Sontag*, in black, the which we believe to be the most prevailing colour among Venetian ladies; but we cannot, as admirers of Mademoiselle Sontag's personal, as well as musical, qualifications, pass over her Parisian *coiffure*, without entering our protest against the want of keeping and congeniality with the character betrayed in its arrangement; its peculiarity to our ideas was such, that on her subsequent appearance in an undress, we should, as strangers, not have recognised the same individual: but, enough—Mademoiselle Sontag's performance of Desdemona may be classed with that of Donna Anna, as a well-studied and correct portraiture of feelings, which in other hands might be susceptible of a far greater degree of intensity.

Curioni's Rodrigo is a jewel, after the tones of Signor Torri. He executes all the solos in a neat and *molto-dolce* style, occasionally dropping, to judge by his countenance, into a state of somnambulancy; still he is, probably, the best Rodrigo we shall see, and, certainly, the most useful member of the present establishment.

Notwithstanding the previous performances, the quartetto, nay, even the choruses, were often not together. There are some trifling alterations in the libretto and scenery, which need not be particularised.

NEW MUSIC.

1. *Ten Arietts, arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar. By Miss Stark. The Arietts Selected from MSS. in her possession.*—2. *Twelve Arietts, with a Piano-forte Accompaniment. The Arietts Selected from MSS. in possession of the Publisher. Miss Stark.* Preston, 71, Dean Street, Soho. London, 1828.

THESE are very elegant and agreeable publications, and do much credit to the Lady to whom we are indebted for them. Notwithstanding the multitude of such works, and the consequently hackneyed character of many beautiful Italian airs, which have been served, *usque ad nauseam*, the present selections have the very uncommon charm of novelty. The greater number of the melodies are new to us, and, we think, will be found to be equally new to the public. They are, at the same time, remarkably beautiful, and full of that graceful simplicity and expressive sweetness, which distinguish the native strains of Italy from those of all other nations. The poetry of some of the songs may, at first sight, present something of a stumbling-block to our young *virtuose*, being couched in the Neapolitan and Venetian dialects; but there is nothing real in this difficulty which consists merely in a few peculiarities of spelling, and a few grotesque words, the meaning of which may easily be guessed at. A tolerable Italian scholar can have no difficulty in understanding the meaning of those verses; and there is a *naïveté*, a Doric character about them, which would be ill exchanged for the present Tuscan idiom. They are perfectly smooth, and delightfully suited to the character of the melodies. There are also two or three French songs, which (excepting the 'Petit Tambour,' and that is somewhat too common) are new to us, and have the characteristic spirit of our lively neighbours.

These remarks are equally applicable to both the publications of which we have quoted the titles. The accompaniments for the guitar, in the first of them, show a perfect acquaintance with the powers of that elegant instrument. Though they require a light and brilliant finger, yet they are free from unnecessary and unmeaning difficulties; and, though simple, yet they are by no means meagre in respect to modulation and harmony. The accompaniments for the piano-forte, in the other selection, will be found to be judicious and satisfactory. And, on the whole, these little volumes cannot fail to be highly acceptable, as being additional, and very pure specimens of the finest national music in the world.

'I'd be a Dove,' written by Harry Stoe Van Dyk. Composed by John Barnett. Mayhew. 2*s.*

A very pretty ballad, (in G 2-4 time,) written within the compass of E upon the first line, and its octave above. A pleasing simplicity pervades the whole, which is assisted by an unusual modulation into the sub-dominant of the key in the second strain.

'The Shamrock,' a Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed and dedicated to Miss Fanny Hunt, by J. A. Moralt. Cramer and Co., 2*s.* 6*d.*

We are most happy also to speak in terms of commendation of Moralt's very desirable trifle. It is extremely expressive, tasteful, and well imagined. An allegretto movement (in E flat 2-4 time) which may be accomplished by a Piano-forte player of moderate acquirements with little trouble; and whatever industry may be bestowed upon it, will be amply repaid.

Three Italian Arietta, by Asioli, arranged with an accompaniment for the Guitar, and respectfully inscribed to the Hon. Miss Arundell, by J. A. Nüske. Ewer and Johanning. 2*s.* 6*d.*

We have had the pleasure of noticing Nüske (in the Athenæum, No. 23, page 364) as a very superior writer, performer and teacher of the Guitar, and we now repeat that 'all who have had the good fortune to witness his performance, have experienced singular delight, not unmixed with astonishment at the remarkably excellent arrangement of harmonies produced by him, upon an instrument apparently so inapplicable to the purpose.' The publication now reviewed, being only an adaptation of vocal music, with an accompaniment for the Guitar, does not afford that scope for criticism which an original composition would, but still the publication evinces great talents. The ariettas are as follow: No. 1. 'Ah che il destino;' (an adagio in G 3-4 time)]; No. 2. 'Chi sento intorno al core' (an allegro in C, common time); No. 3. 'Se resto sullido' (an allegretto in C, 3-8 time.) The leading fingering is occasionally marked, and the whole is admirably arranged.

The Echoes, a Canzonet, written to an admired Air by C. M. Von Weber, the words by William Ball, most respectfully inscribed to Miss Caroline Kean. Chappel. 1*s.* 6*d.*

This is the pleasing cavatina, in Euryanthe, composed by Weber for Madlle. Sontag, and is a very expressive, clever and scientific *morceaux*. Although abounding in modulation, yet it still exhibits a simple and pleasing melody, qualities which demand and deserve applause when judiciously united. The words, being written for the music, evince ingenuity, and are 'wedded' to it. And the Aria is an andantino, (in C 2-4 time,) within the same moderate compass of the two E's as the song at the head of this review, 'I'd be a Dove.'

Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with embellishments for the Flute, dedicated to Amateurs. (No. 5.) Cocks and Co. 3*s.*

The fifth number presents the following agreeable variety, viz.—No. 1. A Romanza (in B flat, common time) by Berbiguier. No. 2. An interesting and simple German air (in D, also common time) with four variations by Dressler. No. 3. A Swiss air, (of the Rayner school,) an andante ad libitum in C. No. 4. A German allegretto, (in D, 2-4) embellished by the editor. No. 5. A shewy and well written solo (in C) by Köhler. No. 6. 'Sul margine d'un rio,' (in C.) No. 7. Mozart's Romanza, an adagio (in D, 3-4 time.) No. 8. A waltz, (in C) with variations by Gabrielsky. No. 9 is an ingenious romanza, an adagio molto, (in E minor) as a duett, by Dressler, recommended as peculiarly adapted for the improvement of tone, and the book is concluded by six useful and well written preludes, by Gabrielsky.

Original Thema, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed and dedicated to Charles Neate, Esq., by his pupil, Charles Salaman, op. 1. Cramer and Co. 3*s.*

This commencing work of a young composer, deserves favourable notice, for many reasons. 'The Thema,' (although not particularly *original*) is clever and pleasing, and is an andante (in F, common time) between a march, and a slow hornpipe of the old school, the characteristics of which, are bars with syncopations, and those with dotted quavers alternately, being quite English. The variations keep up the style and mannerism of the 'Thema' with propriety, and without any striking attempts at novelty, are deserving of praise from their unpretending nature. The fifth variation is marked in 12-16 time (rather affectedly and erroneously) instead of 6-8 time; and the author should form two bars into one, to become the obsolete and unusual time he indicates. It then should be marked 24-16, agreeing with the metre and rhythm of his theme, similarly to Handel's original edition of his 'Harmonious Blacksmith.'

ENGRAVINGS.

The Young Recruit, engraved by A. Duncan, after a Painting by J. Thom, of Edinburgh. Moon, Boys, and Graves. London, 1828.

THE subject of this print is an interesting one. An old Scotch Soldier, who has lost a leg in the service of his country, is represented sitting in his cottage, surrounded by his family, and teaching one of his infant sons the manual and platoon exercise. The Young Recruit appears to have caught all the military ardour and enthusiasm of his father, and in his attitude and expression, seems to be 'every inch a soldier.' The mother looks on with evident delight, and the elder brother gives also an approving smile. All the accessories of the picture are most appropriate: and the engraving, which is in the line manner, is very clearly and skilfully executed.

The Fishes of Ceylon, Drawn from Living Specimens. By J. M. Bennett, Esq. No. 11. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

In a recent Number of 'The Athenæum' are noticed the First Part of this interesting work, and we are glad to see the Second Part fully maintaining the character there given of the undertaking. The Number now before us contains Four Drawings of Ceylon Fishes, coloured from the life: and not merely to the natural historian, but to the lover of the curious and the beautiful, the specimens are such as cannot fail to be highly interesting and acceptable.

Illustrations of Virginia Water, and the adjacent Scenery, celebrated as the favourite and frequent Retreat of his most gracious Majesty, in a Series of Views, from Sketches made on the spot. By W. A. Delamotte, jun. Drawn on stone, by W. Gaucl. Bulcock. London, 1828.

The First Number of this work has just appeared. It is intended to be completed in three parts, each containing four plates, price 7*s.* 6*d.* per Number, or 10*s.* 6*d.* for India proofs; the size of both being Imperial 4to. The vignette, in the engraved title, gives a distant view of Windsor Castle, with the river Thames, and the villas, lawns, and shrubberies, on its banks; with a foreground of Grecian architectural fragments. The first view is of the Artificial Ruins at Virginia-water, seen from the Dry Arch, looking down on vistas of trees towards the lake. The second is of the High Bridge going across the lake, with the rising island in the distance; and the third is of the Cascade falling over masses of rock, and bordered by a populate wood. They are all pleasing views, and have the great charm of novelty; as, from the great privacy observed and enjoined by his Majesty respecting this favourite spot, we believe it has hitherto been extremely difficult to obtain any but the most hurried and partial views of the scenery. A good series like this was, therefore, a desideratum, which, we doubt not, will well repay the undertaking.

Law, from an Original Picture by Edmund Bristow, of Windsor. Drawn on Stone, by G. J. D. Harding. Flint, Burlington Arcade. London, 1828.

This is another print of the Monkeyana kind, representing a monkey holding the scales of justice, and two

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There is some humour in the design, and the drawing and engraving are both excellent.

Atlas of Ancient Geography. Dedicated, by permission, to the Rev. Dr. Russell, Head Master of the Charter-House School. In 4to. Parts, price 10s. 6d. each. J. Vincent. Oxford, 1828.

We cannot speak too highly of this excellent publication. We have looked carefully into the maps of those portions of the globe, with the ancient as well as modern geography of which we are best acquainted, and have found them free from many of the errors which disfigure even the best authorities that preceded them; while, besides the excellent execution of the maps themselves, the illustrative plans and views of the several places and objects treated of by the ancient historians, give great additional value to the work. The atlas is intended to contain upwards of seventy quarto plates, and its price not to exceed three guineas. If the remaining Numbers be of equal merit to the two now before us, (which we have no doubt we shall be able to announce when they come before us,) it will deserve, and we hope enjoy, the patronage and approbation of the public at large.

VARIETIES.

SELECTED FROM ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

METTERNICH, TASSO, AND ROSSINI.

IT it is well for the world that the means by which wickedness would too often attain its ends are so blended with all that is contemptible and ridiculous, that indignation and laughter are alternately excited, and that our sorrow is by turns relieved by the signs of joy, although the feeling be really denied us. It is a far more grateful ordination of Providence, as society is constituted, that vice is generally attended by folly; and that the most iniquitous designs fail of their effect, in a great measure, by the fatuity or blindness of those with whom they have birth. While the principles of Legitimacy and of the Holy Alliance reigned triumphant, and no obstacle appeared to the free exercise of tyranny and oppression, Austria, with the will, possessed the power of warring with knowledge, and suppressing the expression of all the better aspirations of men subjected to her rule. She could unopposedly aid the hordes of Arabs in their endeavour to exterminate the Greeks; she could, without a murmur of complaint or discontent on the part of the afflicted, crush, with the iron hand of power, the hopes of Italians; she might threaten, if she dared not openly to invade, the long-existing liberties of Switzerland; she might, despising the world's mockery, even deprive Sir Robert Wilson of his honours,—forbid Lord Holland entrance on her territories, and anathematize (in terms as civil as those of 'The Quarterly Review') the productions of Lady Morgan; but when circumstances have changed so fearfully to her prejudice as they have now done, when the tocsin of war has been sounded at her very gates, when the dark shadows of coming events warn her to be prepared against the hour of trial, and to ward off the mighty mischief, the elements of which repose as yet in her proper bosom, it would have been expected, that the chains of those on whom she must ultimately depend for safety, might have been relaxed; or, if a return to charity were as wholly uncongenial to her nature as denied by her past policy, that the hardships of her sway would have been pursued with the same energy, but with more dignity—and that the ferocious action of the tiger might have been substituted for the harmful but mirth-sharing gambols of the ape. But, no! Pantaloon is still allowed his laugh, and the Milanese his sneer; the very slaves of power feel their dignity as men enhanced by a contemplation of the absurdity of their rulers; and, by comparison, own a superiority equal to what the most intellectual of Rome might have confessed in himself to the horse of Caligula, or the bold and fearless Swede to the boot of his wandering master.

The Opera of 'The Siege of Corinth,' the music of which is of Rossini's composition, was but lately announced for representation at the principal Theatre of Venice, and every exertion made by the Managers to do honour to the splendid production, and to gratify the popular taste; but, on the eve of performance, the intervention of Government forbade its performance. If the interdiction were apparently uncalled for, the Venetians had been too often accustomed to the caprice of the authorities to be greatly astonished; but speculation on the motives of their master was at least permitted them, if expressed with that decorum which the fitness of things in a well ordered state demanded: yet Italian ingenuity itself was, for once, wholly foiled; and, in their perplexity, the disappointed Managers had the hardihood to solicit, in humility, information as to the cause of offence they or the author had unintentionally given. The reply was really too ridiculous for Italian nerves, imposed upon as they were by Austrian gravity. The story was of Greece—certainly not of Greece at this day,—and also in the opera,

'Corinth's sons were downward borne;'

Yet, 'they live in the verse that immortality saves,' and 'many an Othman mother wept.' So it would not do; and the managers might just as well have read aloud 'The Morning Chronicle,' Dr. Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity,' or their countryman Father Paolo's 'History of the Council of Trent,' as dare to bring forward the Anti-Moslem Opera. Lord Cochrane, Royer Collard, or his Majesty of Bavaria, would have been equally acceptable to the taste of legitimacy. The poor Managers, disciplined as they had been, scarcely anticipated this *coup d'etat*, but they had learned, by bitter experience, that remonstrance was treasonable, and supplication ineffectual. The expenses they had incurred taught them not to be improperly fastidious, and nature's mother-wit, was called into action by the dictates of a hard necessity. The proposition they made was actually acceded to with pleasure by the authorities; the self-imposed provisions of the Manager on the performance not only admitted but applauded, and the *piece appeared*. What, think you, that the provisions were? The title of the piece was changed to that of 'The Siege of *Grenada*.' The Grand Vizier became at once the Catholic King Ferdinand of Spain; Minotte, the Governor of Corinth, was metamorphosed into Aboa-Abdallah, the last of the Moorish Monarchs of Grenada; a compliment *here* to Isabella and the Inquisition, and *there* to Arab valour and Saracenic refinement, rendered the opera not only palatable, but desirable as a vehicle of instruction; and, for once, the rulers and the ruled were equally content.

To this farce another succeeded, scarcely inferior in point and effect. An Italian (I believe a native of Ferrara) had recently written an opera, entitled 'Tasso,' in honour of him who 'poured his spirit over Palestine.' The music had been all composed, and the piece ready for representation, while Italian prudence had been largely exerted to avoid the introduction of names, or other expressions which, by the most remote probability, could be offensive even to the light-laced Pasha of Italy. It was, however, as angrily as imperatively forbidden *to be performed, published, or read*. The author (if he be wise, and will venture to move without his passports) may be on his way to England; for his punishment will, without doubt, be eventually as severe as his crime was inexplicable. Tasso *had been* beloved by a Princess of the House of Este, and it was as publicly as ostentatiously announced, 'that the mention of his name was an offence to the Imperial Family.' It is still true, 'that the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.'

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

IF there were one point more than another on which the French so long and so reasonably prided themselves, on comparison with the English, it was their gastronomic science, and the perfection to which they had attained in the culinary art. The glories of the *Grand Monarque*, the victories of Napoleon, *La Charte* itself, and the exit of M. de Villèle, were circumstances 'light as air' in comparison with the cook's discoveries they might boast, until, in an evil hour, the defection of an Ude, from the *savoury* land of his birth, and the mighty inventions of a *Kitchener*, threatened to turn the scale in favour of ourselves, and enable us to look a *fricandeau*, a *ragout*, or a *daube*, in the face, without the necessity of blushing for our ignorance, but, on the contrary, congratulating ourselves on our superiority. This was too much by *Véry*. Strasbourg, Orleans, Tours, and Toulouse, all and every place in France which has contributed to the *gourmandise* of the metropolis, took the alarm, and it was resolved at once, and amply, to avenge the injured honour of their country. 'L'Architecture des Patés' has been just announced for publication, in a large volume, adorned with 125 plates, by Monsieur *Carême*. This is no *puff*. *Carême* (having little to do with eating, as his name purports) has generously devoted his talents to benefit his compatriots; a beefsteak-pie of the Doric *Order*, a pigeon of the Ionic, and a pullet of the Corinthian, are now the *order* of the day. Pork patties, *à la Gothique*, and oyster *à la Mosque*, are coming into fashion; *base shaft*, or *capital* are pointed out to your choice, and a *new order* of eating has been happily established.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

'Les Soupers de la Marechale de Luxembourg' have appeared from the pen of *La Comtesse*. It is composed of her reminiscences of the virtuous period of the *Parc aux Cerfs*; and, sacrificing truth at the altar of the idols of the olden time, she vaunts the character of those better days, and hesitates not to hold up *La Marechale* the *Comtesse de Boufflers*, and others of her ancient acquaintance, as patterns of good taste, genuine piety, and correct feeling, to the degenerate females of our own age. As Madame de Genlis has announced herself as a zealous opponent of all liberal institutions, and the determined enemy to the affording instruction to those in humble life; and as she refers to the past in evidence of the justice of her views, it is but fair to reduce to *fact*, what the *Comtesse* advances on *speculation*, disgusting, although it be to re-open the sepulchres of rottenness and corruption at her invitation. The *Marechale de Luxembourg*, (who was the daughter of the Duc de Villeroi, the tutor of Louis XV.) married the *Duc de Boufflers*; but a few days had scarcely elapsed from the sacraments of the church having sanctioned their union, ere they contrived to introduce into her house, her former lover, *M. de Fimarçon*, where he remained some time in the disguise of a *laquais*, until his mistress became wearied of his attentions, when he was displaced, to make way for another lover; and, at length, such was the gross unblushing profligacy of her life, that actors, valets, and porters, openly, as truly, boasted of her favours—She died intoxicated. The *Comtesse de Boufflers* was first the avowed mistress of the *Marechal de Duras*, and subsequently of the *Prince de Conti*, and others; but let us spare our readers the details of infamy and vice, which *Madame de Genlis* has not cared to evoke: or we might pursue the revolting score, 'the diapason closing full' in one who, on the bed of sickness and ready for the tomb—with *Les Heures* in one hand and the pen in the other—*prenée* by Jesuits, and flattered by *ultras*—lays the flattering unction to her soul of forgetfulness of her own misdeeds, and holds forth, for the admiration and imitation of the world, those who disgraced it living, and are remembered with feelings of shame and horror when dead.

THE OSAGE OF AQUITAINE.

All who have of late frequented the Palais Royale, at Paris, must have remarked the very singular personage who has acquired the title of 'L'Osage d'Aquitaine,' from the Parisians. His name is Pierre Chedruc Duclos, and his age fifty-six years; his long beard (which would fitly grace a pioneer of the Old Guard) is black; he boasts a pair of enormous moustachios; and his dress is the very luxury of misery. A gray, faded, and dirty great coat, torn and with many a rent, which he has worn for years, is fastened round his body by pieces of twine, instead of buttons; his pantaloons, which hang in tatters on his legs, are secured to them by cord; and, by the same means, his shoes are kept upon his feet. This affectation of wretchedness has not arisen, however, from mercenary views, or, by moving pity or exciting compassion, to procure the viler means of existence; but it would seem to be as a self-imposed penalty (wherefore, I cannot say,) that he dooms himself to be daily exhibited to the sight of his fellow-men in the garb of misery in those very haunts where he was once distinguished as 'the gayest of the gay—the admired of all observers.' His figure is remarkably fine, and he possesses a noble physiognomy, although his eyes have the expression of deep and settled melancholy. His hands might more than vie for size and delicacy with those of Buonaparte or of Byron; his manners are those of one long used to the best and most refined society; his language is equally forcible and elegant, and his voice melodious. Miserable as he now is, poor Duclos was once the Coryphæus of a party; public journals were devoted to his praise; his valour and gallantry were the theme of many a tongue; and his duel, long since, with the celebrated Colonel Fabvier, aroused the interest of the Parisian fair in his favour. He is rich, but refused to receive his rents or use his property; a humble bed is reserved for him at the house of a person named Jolivet, in the Rue Pierre Lescaut, for which he daily pays the moderate sum of twenty sous, which he, in the same manner, borrows from different persons, who, under the title of a loan, are disposed to bestow their charity on one they once admired and esteemed. He was lately arrested for the third time, and conducted before the tribunal of Correctional Police, as a vagabond, and, when demanded his reason for the strange habits he had adopted, laconically replied, '*J'use de mon droit de liberté.*' He was discharged; and, on [illegible]

which those most accustomed to other Courts would fain imitate, were it possible.

Mademoiselle Sontag.

The following is the sketch of a tale current in Germany respecting that inimitable actress Mademoiselle Henriette Sontag. The explanation may not be difficult to those acquainted with High Life on the Continent. Amongst the numerous admirers of Mademoiselle Sontag, a young gentleman presented himself to notice under the modest appellation of Werner. Unknown previously to his many rivals, he preserved his incognito with the object of his flame; but accompanies her every movement, and finally confesses his love, and demands her hand. She inquired if he had his father's consent, whoever that father might be? but her lover, in submitting to the necessity of applying for it, discouraged all hope of its attainment. A concert was given on the day the answer arrived; but that answer was fatal to their wishes, and Mademoiselle Sontag resolves that it shall be her last appearance in public. On the succeeding day an Ambassador at the Court of the Grand Duke in whose territories she resided waited upon her with a declaration of his Highness's passion, and the offer of making her his wife. The actress refuses, but the tenacious Prince offered to abandon the reigns of Government to his brother, and retire to private life, if Mademoiselle Sontag would yet accept his hand. She positively refused to accede to his request, and at the same moment the door opens—his Highness, who had overheard the conversation, enters, and exclaims, 'Then, if thou wilt not be my wife, thou shalt be unto me a daughter.' Werner—her beloved Werner—rushes in—falls at the Prince's feet, and blesses his father for his promise of ensuring their mutual happiness!

The event of this strange history is, that the Grand Duke has insisted on the lapse of a certain period of time to prove the attachment of the lovers, ere they be united; and that Mademoiselle Sontag, like Don Miguel, should travel, to prepare herself for her future elevated station,—that her independent spirit refused the support proffered her by the Prince, which accounts for her yet appearing on the stage.; but that she is ever attended in her wanderings by a noble delegate of his Highness, for her protection and assistance.

Henry Hunt.

Mr. Henry Hunt is in France, and, in the absence of other novelties, has produced a *sensation* in Paris, nearly equal to what the Cossack once did in London. He is termed there '*Le Sterne Radical;*' and, while he endeavours to render himself prominent to men's notice, his looks, actions, and sayings, are daily recorded, and served up for the amusement of the Parisians. In comparing the capitals of France and England, preference of praise is bestowed upon the former by the boot-polishing orator; and the *ladies* of the Marché aux Herbes have been thrown into extacies by his unbounded approbation of their *asparagus*, the greatness of their size, and the smallness of their price. His assertion 'that there are more shops deserted and unoccupied in *one* street of London than in all Paris, Rouen, St. Germain, and Dieppe,' has reconciled to him the political and commercial interest of the French metropolis; and, it is hoped, that he will further gratify the Parisians, by appearing on the stage of the English Theatre!

Extraordinary Event.

A few days since, an actor, generally respected and esteemed, of the name of Michelan, proposed to make a *debût* at the Theatre of Rouen; but, having excited (I know not wherefore) the severity of the pit, he was so much affected by the expression of its disapprobation, that he fell down dead on the stage.

Remarkable Artist.

One of the candidates at present for the prize in the Parisian Academy of Painting, is a young man named Du Cornet, who was born without arms, and has on each foot but three toes, with which he paints, and excellently well too. He has already gained *two medals* for his former productions.

The Emperor Alexander.

Few Sovereigns knew better the mode of bestowing a favour with delicacy and grace than the Emperor Alexander. When General Kutusow was raised to the dignity of a Prince of the Empire, in recompense for the services he had performed in 1812, the patent, when forwarded to the veteran General, was accompanied by a large diamond taken from the Imperial Crown, in lieu of which a small plate of gold was substituted in the diadem, on which the name of *Kutusow*

THE INAUGURATION OF LUCIFER.

The strife is done: and the defeated spirits,
Retreating from the archangelic sword,—
Fast-cleaving with the might that arm inherits
Which wars omnipotently for the Lord,—
Approach the bounds of heaven, and thence recoil,
Fearful and quick, and with a wild accord,
As from the verge of the celestial soil,
Convulsion stricken, they now first behold
The abyss beneath them—where, in dark turmoil,
A chaos of past worlds, huge shadows! hold
Their course, unrein'd by order, through the gloom
Of the unfathomable darkness: cold
And blighting airs assail them, and perfume,
As from a wilderness of poison-flowers,
Breathes suffocation o'er the stricken bloom
Of their eternal natures: and fierce showers
Of piercing hail upon their faces beat,
Till their hearts yearn again for heavenly bowers.
And ever and anon a scorching heat—
Scorching, though momentary—lightning-born,
Strikes them with fire, and thunders at their feet,
As from a thousand clouds in tumult torn,
And whirlwinds fiercer than e'er cleft the earth,
Ring dreadful music in their ears forlorn!
They gaze, and turn in terror; but there stirr'th
A power behind them that impels them on,
And their immortal life hath no more worth
Than an immortal sorrow: still as stone
A moment yet they stand; then startling, leap
Into the darkness—but not all: alone,
One tarries on the verge of heaven's blue steep;
And his bright sword, the vanquish'd minister
Of his profane rebellion, with a deep
And mutter'd curse, whose blasphemy doth stir
The cherub host, he in the archangel's face
Holds gleaming—'tis the sword of Lucifer,
And he that bears it, Lucifer! 'My place
In heaven, the nearest to the throne of God,
Must henceforth be left vacant; or disgrace
Will wait on him who treads where I have trod;
For I was greatest, and a lesser there,
Though now the first of yon accurst abode,
Unto the hosts of heaven will but declare
My greater glory: although fall'n, I warr'd
But to be more exalted—and I dare,
Though fallen, combat still; and still will guard
My second station in the universe—
And be the God of Evil!'—Thus, debarr'd
From heaven, the chief of her rebellious curse
Speaks threat'ning; and then darts, with gesture wild,
To join his ministers, whom clouds immerse.
Unmoved, in majesty the archangel smiled,
And silent in his sacred glory stood,
Nor deign'd reply: so ever unbeguiled,
When the bad rail, should stand aloof the good.
Then, lo! a barrier of adamant,
Its strength hid in its brightness, which imbued
With twilight the dim chaos, far aslant
Before the empyrean gates was blazing flung,
And shut them thence for ever: and a chaunt
Of choral voices a sweet triumph sung
Celestially, and music of high heaven
Exulting from the arch cerulean rung.
Those angel accents, and that music, given
Forth from ten thousand lyres—that barrier's light
Struck on their ears and eyes, as darkly driven
The rebel spirits wing'd their downward flight:
And then they furl'd their pinions, and look'd up.
As those who journey in a wild by night,
Outworn, and weary, and well nigh to droop,
Gaze fondly on the cheerful taper, shining
In some far cottage-window; so that troop
Look'd long, until, the brightness fast declining,
And the sounds heard no more, their wings unfurl'd,
And the King shouted, 'Dastards, that, repining,
Do Heaven an homage, seek me out a world
Wherein the greatest sons of Heaven may dwell,
Proud as the region whence their hosts are hurl'd!
Though fallen, we are eternal, and no quell
Can crush our immortality! Seek—build
Even here our throne, where, all immutable
As he in Heaven, we'll reign. Air shall be fill'd
With our omnipotence—its waste our clime;
And, for our palace, let the clouds be piled!'
At the dread mandate of their chief sublime,
Those sinful spirits the great work began
With ardour consentaneous as their crime;
And, in deep silence, where no murmur ran,
Vast airy halls and cloud-wrought pyramids,
Proud towers and temples metropolitan,
Arose towards ether; and angelic lids
From bright eyes flashing wonder, were uplifted
To view each structure (which all sight forbids,
Save an immortal's) start—as air were gifted
With Heaven's self-forming life—i' the void, erect:
And, as the mighty columns rose and shifted
Their place, at will of each proud architect,
The spirit of transcendant light pour'd through
The clouds from heaven, and did around reflect
Those fallen joy'd; and, with celestial art,
From every beam illustrious beauty drew,—
And starry ornaments on every part
Hung of their air-built palaces; and streaming
(Full veins of brightness, flowing from Light's heart)
From one vast eminence, came splendour—beaming,
As Fire's own soul were there: 'twas the king's throne,
And thereto Lucifer, his high brow gleaming
With an intemperate light, wafted alone:
And on that pinnacle of glory seated,
Survey'd his empire—for the work was done,
And his rebellious legions loud repeated
Dread praise and homage to their still bright king;
And, in oblivion of their pride defeated,
Sang victory and heavenward triumphing!

W.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, May 31.—Saturday, being the last day of Easter Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. J. Jones, Fellow of Jesus College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. T. V. Bayne, M.A., Scholar of Jesus College, and Head Master of Warrington School.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. W. Cary, Rev. G. Price, Magdalen Hall; H. H. Dod, Rev. T. A. Holland, Worcester College; Rev. T. Fogg, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. C. Tufnell, Balliol College, Grand Compounder; B. Simpson, Scholar, R. Pain, H. Smith, Queen's College; J. F. E. Warburton, M. J. Taylor, Brasennose College; A. E. Sketchley, R. Pritchard, Magdalen Hall; W. P. Powell, J. C. Young, Worcester College; J. Pearson, W. R. Ward, J. B. B. Bateman, Balliol College; Right Hon. A. Viscount Acheson, T. P. Bridges, I. H. Pring, Christ Church; E. E. Hughes, J. V. Lloyd, H. R. Thomas, Jesus College; J. L. Brown, T. J. Cartwright, University College; E. J. Phipps, Exeter College; E. Benbow, Pembroke College; L. A. Sharpe, Fellow, O. Philpott, St. John's College.

Wednesday, the first day of Act Term, the Rev. W. T. P. Brymer, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Medicine (with Licence to Practise).—J. M. Calvert, Oriel College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—W. A. Rew, Fellow of St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—J. E. Denison, Rev. S. Smith, Student, Christ Church, Rev. T. Twysden, Merton College, Grand Compounders; Rev. J. Horsford, W. R. Bigg, Queen's College; Rev. J. Wakefield, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. J. Pughe, Rev. H. Hughes, T. Bevan, Rev. H. Vaughan, Rev. T. Lloyd, Jesus College; Rev. W. Millner, Worcester College; G. J. Penn, H. Labouchere, Christ Church; J. Parry, Fellow, Brasennose College; Rev. C. Floyer, G. D. Tyler, Trinity College; Rev. H. R. Harrison Lincoln College; Rev. S. Gragg, Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. T. Gaskell, Trinity College, Grand Compounder; P. Turner, Pembroke College; R. Rolland, St. Mary Hall; F. H. Hele, W. J. T. Dodgson, H. Moule, Queen's College; T. Sutton, J. R. Redhead, St. Edmund Hall; T. Curme, Worcester College; R. Pennefather, H. C. Smith. C. S. Twisleton, Scholar, R. Scott, Balliol College; J. G. Phillimore. Student, M. W. Ridley, T. C. Whitmore, H. R. Beaumont, R. F. Saurence, Student, Christ Church; K. Trimmer, J. Slade, H. N. Goldney, J. Lawson, St. Alban Hall; W. Harding, University College; J. Hamilton, J. Higgon, T. W. Booth, Brasennose College; J. J. Richardson, Oriel College; J. A. Giles, Scholar, Corpus College; W. Pilkington, J. H. Hughes, Demys, Magdalen College; H. D. Sewell, W. A. Trenchard. J. Porton, Trinity College; F. T. New, St. John's College; J. C. Crowley, R. G. Lewis, T. B. Saunders, Wadham College; G. S. Escott, J. Manisty, Lord Crewe's Exhibitioner, Lincoln College; E. E. Villiers, Postmaster, W. Nettleship, Merton College.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We are informed that the 'Winter's Wreath, for 1829,' will be published with additional claims to public attention.

An Essay on the Formation of Man, adapted for the perusal of youth, with an Appendix, containing a Chemical Analysis of the Solids and Fluids. By Henry William Dewhurst, Surgeon, Lecturer of Anatomy and Surgery. It will appear in a pocket size.

Preparing for publication, in 4to., 'A Universal Prayer.' A Poem. By Robert Montgomery; author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' &c.

Instructions on French Pronunciation, and on the Genders; in the form of a French Vocabulary and Reader. By M. de La Voye, of the E. I. M. Coll., in 4to, is preparing.

Mr. Britton announces that the letter-press to the 'Architectural Antiquities of Normandy' will be ready for delivery, gratis, to the subscribers on or before the 1st of July; and, also, that some of the copper-plates of 'Robson's Cities' will be destroyed after 250 large, and 800 small paper, are worked.

Notions of the Americans, by Mr Cooper, the admired novelist, will appear immediately. In this work, a genuine picture of American life and manners will be given, which, it is supposed, will have the effect of counteracting some of the superficial and erroneous accounts of recent English travellers.

The Bride, a Tragedy, from the pen of Joanna Baillie, the celebrated dramatic poetess, will speedily be published

A work of the greatest interest and importance to Invalids, particularly at the present season of the year, is announced by Dr. Harwood. Its object is to demonstrate the curative influence of the Southern Coast of England; with Observations on Diseases, in which a residence on the Coast is most beneficial.

Mr. Stephenson, the well-known oculist and aurist, has in the press a work (which will, no doubt, be of the greatest practical utility) on Deafness, with an explanation of its causes, and instructions as to its prevention and cure.

Mr. Craufurd's Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Courts of Siam and Cochina China, will include an account of the Geography, Government, Commerce, Religion, Manners and Customs of the Siamese, Cochin-

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Emma de Lissau, a Narrative of the Striking Vicissitudes and Peculiar Trials of her Eventful Life; with some Information respecting the Religious and Domestic Habits of the Jews, 2 vols., 12mo.
The Lairds of Fife, 3 vols, post 8vo., 1l. 4s.
Rev. H. I. Rose's Sermons at Cambridge, new series, 8vo., 8s.
Sweet's Practice of the County Courts, 8vo., 7s.
Italy, a Poem, by Samuel Rogers, part 2. 7s. 6d.
Dialogues on the Sacrament, fc., 5s. 6d.
Heber's Travels in India, second edition, 3 vols., 8vo., 36s.
Ottley's Algebra Exercises, 1s.
William's on Diseases of the Lungs, 8vo., 7s.
Phillips on Indigestion, sixth edition, 8vo., 9s.
The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell, 2 vols., crown 8vo., 18s.
The Voyages of Captain Popanilla, by the author of 'Vivian Grey,' 1 vol., 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Views of Virginia Waters, part 1, 7s. 6d.
Keith's Evidence of Prophecy, third edition, 12mo., 3s.
Lardner's First Six Books of Elements of Euclid, 1 vol., 8vo., 7s.
Taylor's Historic Survey of German Poetry, vol. 1, 8vo., 15s.
Letters of an Architect from France, Italy, and Greece, by Joseph Wood, F.L.S., &c., 2 vols., 4to., with twenty-one engravings, 4l. 4s.
My Early Days, second edition, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Johnson's Specimens of the Lyric Poets, 24mo., 5s. 6d.
The Betrothed Lovers, translated from the Italian, 3 vols., crown 8vo., 1l. 1s.
Faber's Supplement to Difficulties of Romanism, in answer to Bishop of Strasbourgh, 8vo., 6s.
Watt's Insects in Counsel, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Woodhouse on the Apocalypse, 8vo., 12s.
Westoby's Helps to Devotion, 12mo., 3s.
Franklin's Second Expedition, 4to., 4l. 4s.
Fenner's Ancient and Modern Pocket Atlas, 31s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	June.		Therm. A.M.	Therm. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Cloud.
	Mon.	2	68°	62°	29. 66	W. SW.	Fair. Cl.	Cum. Cir.
	Tues.	3	63	61	29. 66	S.W.	Ditto.	Ditto.
	Wed.	4	59	55	29. 22	Ditto.	Rain	Cum. Nimb.
	Thur.	5	65	56½	28. 92	W.	Shrs. AM	Ditto.
	Frid.	6	68	57½	29. 22	SW. W.	Showers	Ditto.
	Satur.	7	59	57	29. 72	N.W.	Fair. Cl.	Cum. Cir.
	Sun.	8	64	62	29. 90	NW. W	Fair. Cl.	Ditto.

Morning fair, except on Wednesday. Nights fair, except on Tuesday and Wednesday. Thunder on Friday.
Highest temperature at noon, 72. S. Asp.

Astronomical Observations.

Venus's geocentric long. on Sunday, at 1° 5′ in Leo.
Jupiter's ditto ditto 5° 18′ in Scorpio.
Saturn's ditto ditto 19° 8′ in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto 17° 34′ in Gemini.
Length of day on Sunday, 16 hours 26 min.; increased 8 hours 42 min.
Sun's hoary motion, 2′ 23″ plus. Logarithmic num. of distance on Saturday, .006641.

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DISEASES OF THE SKIN.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE on DISEASES of the SKIN, arranged with a view to their Constitutional Causes and Local Characters, and including the substance of the Essay on these subjects, to which the Royal College of Surgeons awarded the Jacksonian Prize. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged, by SAMUEL PLUMBE, M.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Royal Metropolitan Infirmary for Children, &c.

Section 1. Comprehends the Description and Methods of Treatment of those diseases which affect and disfigure the Face, together with Ringworm, Scalled Head, &c.

2. Those marked by Chronic Inflammation, as Leprosy, Scaly Tetter, &c.

3. The Cutaneous Affections of Infants, and those of a salutary nature to the Constitution of Adults.

4. Impetigo, the Itch, Mercurial Disease, &c.

5. and 6. Those which depend on Debility of System, and deranged digestive Organs, &c.

T. and G. Underwood, 32, Fleet Street, and the Author, 65, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

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SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. XIII.—*Mr. James Mill.*

The reputation which this writer has achieved is the strongest evidence of the practical character of English mind in the present age; that is to say, of our habit of thinking directly and immediately about practice, without considering at all that foundation of conscience, and enlarged experience, and philosophical enlightenment, on which good practice can alone be built. Wisdom, in other countries, and in other periods of this country, has been held to include in itself a moral tendency and power, and much also of which it is not the purport to bear in the first instance, on conduct, and many feelings and principles valuable not as instruments, but simply as being true and good. A philosopher, in the language of some generations, was a man who drew from his own mind, and from the nature of things, the laws of universal truth, whereby alone phenomena can be explained. Nothing which is not an end in itself can be at once both fact and reason; and the merely mechanical and subservient requires something higher, than it can supply, to manifest the idea, whereof it is the outward realization. An idea of this kind has, in truth, the closest relation to men's feelings and affections. It was in this way that the philosophy of Socrates gained its proper and distinctive renown. Not because it was a mere classifying of external facts, but because it was drawn from the living substance of the human mind, instead of referring to abstractions and names, which have nothing to do with the actual processes of our thoughts, desires, and convictions. It is, of course, possible to form scientific systems without reference to the testimony of consciousness; and, if these be sedulously and honestly framed, they will have a value of their own, as means and materials. But the purport of those things, which are the subjects of the science, will be utterly beyond its domain, unless that shall have been traced out and subdued by a mind accustomed to meditate on itself. One kind of skill is requisite to put together the scattered leaves of Sibyl Nature, and arrange in connected periods the piecemeal words and chaotic phraseology. Another, absolutely different, and immeasurably higher, is necessary to interpret the language in which she writes, and expound her symbol characters.

But in our day and land a man earns the reputation of philosophy by simply generalising on facts, and for that purpose taking away from them every thing which made them interesting to the agent. All the external business of the world has increased enormously in extent and activity. Experiment and mechanical invention have multiplied themselves in every department of industry. Earth, sea, and air, have given up their secrets, and enriched mankind with all their powers. Every resource that nature contains has been investigated and applied: till the land has become one vast manufactory; the sea one broad highway of nations; every nook is the domain of labour, and every shore an emporium. The mind of man is given up to these things: and production, and accumulation, have become the vocation of the world. Literature, too, partakes of this character: and the research for truth is no longer considered important, ex- to the temple, not that we may listen to the oracles, or kneel before the altar; but to barter our souls at the tables of the money-changers. The curse, therefore, which smote Heliodorus in the midst of his sacrilege, the same shall fall on us.

The world is sure enough to pay attention to its worldly wants. The necessities which we have in common with the beasts, will always be of at least sufficient importance in ordinary eyes. It should be the business of literature to preserve and disseminate truth, with regard to those subjects which belong peculiarly to man, which constitute our essential humanity. To the philosopher is committed this task of teaching his age that there are many faculties in the mind besides those which are needful for the support of the body: that each has its peculiar object, beauty, morality, religion, truth; that to resolve any one into the other, is to destroy so much of man's inheritance; and yet that, if any one be cultivated exclusively, instead of independently, of the rest, the whole will necessarily be ruined. Not only for the purpose of enforcing these truths is the philosopher appointed, but also for keeping alive on earth the conviction that, in the consciousness of these truths, and in devotion to them, resides the genuine hope and glory of human nature: not for teaching religion, and religion in its highest and most perfect form, Christianity, as a thing totally cut off from our daily feeling and habitual conduct, but as including every department of thought, and all our duties, and those especially which are the laws of our most precious powers, and which flow from our relation to God.

A philosopher, in this sense of the word, Mr. Mill is not. He does not profess to love wisdom, but the consequences to which wisdom leads; and is, therefore, no more a philosopher than he who weds for money is a lover. The only wisdom which is of any value contains, in itself, the means of moral as well as intellectual excellence. It is essentially different from prudence; and an extended prudence is all which can be learned from the writings of this author, or is ever inculcated in them. At the same time, he is often an acute and a laborious authority; and the range of his general acquirements appears to be highly respectable, while his benevolence is obvious and delightful, and evidently proceeds from a higher source, and is supported by a stronger sanction than the author himself would be willing to recognise. His works, so far at least as is commonly known, are a volume of 'The Elements of Political Economy,' a 'History of British India,' and several Essays on Government and Legislation, in the Supplement to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' If the author has produced any other works than these, it should be remembered that by these alone he is here judged.

As mere compositions, they are marked by a niggard and dreary style, such that even the laurels of his fame will not suffice to conceal from a single eye the baldness they encircle. It seems to be the author's main effort to separate his subject into as many atoms as possible, and to put each of these into a sentence which will exactly hold it; and he takes a sedulous and perverse care to divest his little, lifeless, shapeless, fragmentary propositions, of every accompaniment of sympathy or association, even the most completely justified by what goes pression from the whole. This is a great defect; and akin to it is another: Mr. Mill never brings before us his view of any point by an image; which may at once make the subject plainer than whole pages of mere argumentation, and by remaining fixed in the mind, may for ever serve to recal the reason which it has originally illustrated. Does Mr. Mill really believe that the column is the weaker or the less majestic, because the primroses grow around its base; that the armour is the more frail, because it is embossed with gold; or, that the Damascus sabre will smite the less surely, for its flowery fragrance? Like the fountain, which nourishes the roots of the oak, a feeling lies deep and fresh at the root of all valuable moral truths. It goes along with them in all their progress; and, if we find that which professes to be such a truth, unaccompanied by this inward life, we may be sure that it is either an error, or the produce of some other mind than that which presented it to us; even as if we saw a tree on a dry spot of the desert, we might be certain that it either was utterly useless, or had been brought thither from some more generous soil. In ethics, love accompanies intelligence; and when a man is writing on these subjects, affection will show itself, now in tracing out a thousand analogies; now in bringing rapidly together many particulars, all welded into one by the fervour of the soul; and, again, by perpetually recurring from the individual proposition to the general feeling which alone gives it importance. It is easy to say that all this is so much injury done to the logical excellence of the style: but to harmonise logical perfection with strength of sentiment, is the task and the prerogative of philosophers, and men of genius; and, moreover, if part of a composition brings every one, whose sympathies are healthy, into a certain state of consciousness, with which the tone of the remainder of the author's speculations is totally at variance, however fitted it may be to any arbitrary canons of the schools, human nature will trample on schools and scholars, and proclaim that the logic of rhetoricians * is very different from the logic of the mind.

Such seem to us the radical defects of Mr. Mill's style. On the whole, it wants both ease and strength. It is, as nearly as possible, the style of 'Euclid's Elements,' adapted to subjects for which Euclid never would have used it. Dry, harsh, and prickly, it would be utterly unendurable, but that there is enough of real information conveyed in it to compensate for much annoyance. Grapes do sometimes grow on thorns, and figs on thistles; though now and then the grapes are sour, and the figs, like those sold in the streets of Constantinople, are cried with rather excessive ostentation.† There would, nevertheless, be something manly and simple in this writer's compositions, but for the affectation which is exhibited in many occasional phrases, a sort of Utilitarian coxcombry, and professorial pretension. Such modes of speech as 'the matter of evil,' and 'portion of discourse;' and the formulas, (they occur in every page of Mr. Mill's writings,) 'either a thing is white, or it is black. If white, then, &c., if black, then something else,' and so forth; all these are mere pedantries, worthy only of a school-boy, in

* We must be satisfied for the present to take Rhetoric in Dr. Whately's sense of 'Argumentative Composition.'

† 'In the name of the Prophet, Figs!' Mr. Mill's

the lowest class of the Utilitarian Philosophy,—a Neophyte in the outer court of the Temple of the Economic Goddess. Yet we believe these absurdities may help to win admirers and proselytes. For when the merely getting by rote a few simple phrases and sentences of this kind, and the employment of them in all companies, will gain for any one the reputation of profoundness, it would be strange indeed if many did not avail themselves of so easy a '*Gradus ad Philosophiam.*'

It has been said already, that Mr. Mill has knowledge sufficient to make him—in spite of these drawbacks—a valuable author. If we did not think him an influential writer, we should not now be examining the character of his works. But it is observable, that little of his knowledge is his own. He is not, indeed, one of the pedants who put their minds into their books, instead of putting their books into their minds. But neither is he one of the thinkers, who, instead of keeping books in their minds as they came from their authors, recompose them there with a thousand new illustrations, strong connections, and nice dependencies. Take the system of the human mind of Locke, the theory of religion of Hume, the principles of government and legislation of Bentham, and the political economy of Ricardo; deprive these of all which made them peculiarly the property of their inventors, of all their air of originality, of all their individual lineaments, and join them together in one mass, and you have the creed of the Historian of British India. But many of the doctrines which he holds have undoubtedly been stated by him more clearly than by any one else: and in his great work he has applied them to a wide range of subjects, and supported them in appearance by such a multiplicity of facts, that it certainly deserves to be held among the oracular books of the sect.

The History of British India is clearly distinguishable, though not divisible, into two parts. The one relates to England and Englishmen, the other to India and its Natives. Of the former of these portions we need say but little. It is in general executed with ability and knowledge. For the author's system of human nature, though professing to be universal, is drawn from the circumstances of modern Europe; and the vesture fits tolerably well the form for which it was intended, —infinitely better at least than it would adapt itself to any other. His observations on commercial questions are commonly excellent: and his mode of analysing the different measures and institutions of British statemanship is full of acuteness. Even in these we could have wished for some more earnest enforcing of national duty, some stronger evidences of faith in the possibility of human virtue. But if there is any subject in discussing which the want of that faith is excusable, it is undoubtedly the recent history of English Parliaments and Ministers. His scalpel is practised in the laying open men's motives; and if he is too much predisposed to find the parts diseased, he is, at all events, an unsparing operator when they really are so. We should probably not be inclined to make the same use of Mr. Mill's political discoveries and demonstrations as he would do. But they are curious and valuable to every benevolent reformer who has accustomed his mind to trace and to lament the influence of bad institutions on national well-being.

But with regard to that more difficult division of this writer's labours which refers to Hindoostan, we can give no such applause. It seems to us that his views on this subject are fundamentally and desperately wrong. He has, in no one instance, made the slightest approach to understanding of the Hindoo Polity. To comprehend the principles and mode of thought which prevail among any people, it is necessary to seize the idea on which their social system is founded. In every community which has antiquity and a national life of its own, such an idea has existed, the mould for the mind of the society, sometimes partially realised in institutions, sometimes partially manifested in great changes, sometimes lost for a period amid internal tumults, or, perhaps, destroyed for ever by subjection to foreigners. But to grasp this is to hold the clue which alone can guide us to full intelligence of the religion, the laws, the literature, the primary institutions of a people. To select some of its results, and to judge them by rules totally independent of the cause from which those results arose, is to take security for our own ignorance, and to give evidence of nothing but our own folly. This has been done by the author whom we are now considering; and this has vitiated all his reasonings.

The more difficult and more interesting points in the subject of his great work are almost all of them thus perverted. Nor is there a single object looked at in the light of any other master-thought than that of the universal propensity of mankind to pursue what appears to them their own interest. The writer sees, in the institution of castes, and in all the laws which are explicable by that institution, (but which he does not so explain,) only the proofs that a people may be deluded to their own misery. He does not attempt to understand the historical idea of Hindoo society, which is necessary for expounding all its phenomena. Neither do we profess to understand it. But we at least see its necessity. The difficulties of the subject may, *perhaps*, (we speak in doubt and humility,) be explained, by supposing that the higher castes, the priestly and the warlike, were, in some distant age, the invaders and conquerors of India. One of those armies of soldiers, conducted by the wisdom of priests, which, at one period or other of a remote antiquity, have overrun the whole world, and produced changes, political and religious, as important to mankind as the greatest of the physical convulsions of the earth have been to the material globe. This notion, (we avow it to be nothing more) as regards India, would give a purport and ulterior interest to the wonderful fact of the Sovereigns of that country having assumed to themselves, and still retaining, the rack-rents of the whole Peninsula. We confess that the hypothesis mentioned above, which we have no pretension to claim as our own, is the only one which occurs to our minds, as indicating a source copious and remote enough to permit the deduction from it of all those wide and long and powerful currents which now mark the social surface of India. But, be this as it may, all we contend for is, that a grave, a learned, an able author, such as undoubtedly is Mr. Mill, was bound to furnish some explanation of the mysteries and hieroglyphics painted on the walls, amid which he leads us temporarily to inhabit. If he merely copies the inscription, instead of translating it, he does not fulfil his task. Or, to take a kindred image, if he affixes to the words which were written in one language the meaning which those sounds indicate in another, he commits an error not glorious to himself, and mischievous to the majority of his readers.

The one object of the long and elaborate chapters on the Hindoos, and of many subsequent casual allusions, is to determine the point in the scale of what the writer terms civilisation, at which the people he speaks of stood. But it is painful to feel, throughout, the impossibility of discovering in his pages any clear account of what 'civilisation' is. Many of those things which thinkers of all parties would regard as helping to constitute civilisation, are, by him, uniformly spoken of as being merely its evidences. Many which, in our eyes, are accidental peculiarities, are, in his, the strongest proofs of it; and those which are held for its essence and life, by the believers in man's religious and moral nature, are, by him, either totally omitted, or treated with some indication of careless contempt. It seems probable, that if all he has said on the subject were brought together, he would be found to place the good and beautiful of a nation in the knowledge and practice of sound political economy and in an improved judicial system,—to the entire exclusion of every thing which comes home to men's feelings, of all improvement in the sense of duty, in reverence for truth, in love to God and man.

We are inclined to think that the majority of the political mistakes of this reasoner, though the natural outgrowth of an erroneous and unhappy system of human nature, could not have existed to such a degree without an inattention to the spirit of history, a kindred product on the same system. Is it not melancholy that an 'Essay on Government' should have been written, however concise and compendious, in which we find no more than one or two cursory allusions to the experience of nations? And is not this fact a symptom of a general tendency to turn away the eye from all that is necessarily different in the circumstances of different communities? To shut from our contemplation that inner life of society which is perpetually working outward, and flinging off the slough and decay of its body; and as constantly drawing in to feed itself with, and assimilate them to its own nature, the resources and materials that surround it? There is a growth and progress of a people which acts from an interior law of its own, and makes the application to it at any period, of a merely abstract theory, a folly and an impossibility. Any man who should directly assert, that the same institutions are applicable to all countries, at every time, to the North American Indians, to the Arabs, the Hottentots, the Chinese, the English,—would not be a man to be answered, but one to be put in a strait-waistcoat. Yet, the reasonings of the 'Essay on Government' are as universal as those of geometry, and if good at all, would be just as valid arguments for a Negro or an Esquimaux, as for a Parisian or a Prussian. To rest satisfied, therefore, with it, as with a sound political system, is quietly to repose on the pillow of an absurdity.

The chapter of the History on the Literature of India, ought to have been one of the highest interest and value. There are few things of the kind more curious, than the absence of all history, the general extravagance of the poetry, in connection with the occasional subtility and sublimity of the philosophical doctrines, in the books of the Brahmins. Mr. Mill treats the whole subject as contemptible. His criticism on the Hindoo works of imagination is, probably, not much too severe, though it exhibits no evidence whatsoever of critical science. But it is scarcely conceivable by what extravagance of Voltairian empiricism he should have been led to write as he has done about Indian philosophy. We doubt not, that, with some exceptions, it is absurd and stupid; and that the better portions of it are little understood or cherished by the vast majority of the Brahmins. But how did the Vedanti theory ever arise among such a people? Mr. Mill pretends to bring evidence that refined abstract speculations have always flourished among rude nations; but he brings no testimonies, none, at least, the vagueness of which does not make it entirely nugatory, to the existence of metaphysical science in any barbarous country, except, indeed, where it has been transplanted from the Athenian garden, or copied from the paintings of the Stoa. Nor can we be satisfied with the still more shallow device of asserting, that the 'propensity to abstract speculations is the natural result of the state of the human mind in a rude and ignorant age;' (History of British India, vol ii. p. 70, 8vo. edition;) or with the ludicrous impropriety of the attempt to support this statement by the authority of Condillac, who merely says, that children early learn to class many objects together from observation of their outward resemblances. Mr. Mill pretends that the Vedanti doctrine is utterly despicable and worthless, both as given by Sir William Jones and by Sir James Mackintosh. It would be easy for Mr. Mill to say the same of Plato. But one assertion is worth just as much as another;

and we confess we cannot conceive how such a belief can have arisen, except from the partial perversion of some early and holy tradition, or from the force of a powerful and subtle mind, long accustomed to brood over its own consciousness. Now the difficulty, and it appears in our eyes a great one, is, to discover in what way a theory so remote and transcendant, (however erroneous; and we are convinced, that if we have it in its integrity, it is erroneous,) can have been united to such gross and miserable follies as form the mass of Sanscrit learning. However, we can now pursue no further the examination of the chapter on literature, and must leave to the judgment of its readers, its heap of irrelevant, ill-arranged, and uncompared authorities, its careless condemnation of things which the writer has not taken the trouble to comprehend, and its grave quotation from Voltaire, of the precious opinion, that the poetry of the Old Testament is completely worthless. But we must turn, to say a few words of a chapter on religion, which is about as valuable, when compared with thet heology of Isaiah, as is the poetry of the Pucell, when weighed against the book of Job.

We are very anxious that nothing we say should tend to excite a religious clamour against the writings now before us. To our fear of abetting this theological fury we would give up any thing, except candour. And we trust that we shall save ourselves from being accomplices in so odious a result, by premising, that so far as we have seen, this writer has never said any thing against the truth of Christianity. If he had avowed himself to be a Deist or an Atheist, we should still feel nothing but regret, and should endeavour, as earnestly as possible, to show the cruelty, the folly, the criminality, of persecuting any man's conscience. The author attempts to account for the existence of religion in the world (independent of revelation) by saying, that 'prior to experience and instruction, there is a propensity in the imagination to endow with life whatever we behold in motion; or, in general, whatever appears to be the cause of any event. A child beats the inanimate object by which it has been hurt, and caresses that by which it has been gratified.' Now, in the first place, is this conduct on the part of children any thing more than imitation? If not, the analogy goes for nothing. But does the author really think that so universal and so permanent a power as (unrevealed) religion is to be accounted for by a sentence about a child whipping a foot-stool? And in the process which he describes, whereby from such an origin religion grows up, till at last the 'ingenuity of fear and desire' invents 'a higher strain of flattery,' and men find out the unity of God, (see History of British India, vol. i. p. 295, 8vo edition,) 'in this process, can a calm and candid mind discover causes sufficient to produce all the different religions of the world, and all the strange varieties, Idolatry, Pantheism, and pure Theism?' No; whatever may be said as to natural religion, by those who exaggerate what needs no adventitious importance, the value, namely, of revelation, or by those who depreciate it from indifference to religion of all kinds, there must be at the root of the human mind a propensity, the strongest and best portion of our birthright, to believe in something higher and earlier than nature. The trouble is not to account for the existence of religion, but for the imperfection of it. And nothing can solve the difficulty but our knowledge of the feebleness of all the faculties of savages, and of the slightness of any tendency among them to refer particulars to universals, and exchange notions for ideas. To prove that religious feeling often exists in no shape but that of debasing superstition, is not to prove that man had better be without religion, but that his whole nature stands in need of improvement. Improve mankind, and pure religion grows up along with their moral growth, and is its most perfect and precious produce. It strikes us as extremely curious that Mr. Mill should not have been more impressed and interested by the strange mixture of true and false, of good and evil, found in the books of Indian theology, from which he quotes so largely. There are fragments of the most sublime Deism, and others of a beautiful Pantheism, mixed in wonderful confusion and in melancholy contrast with all that is vilest and meanest in a miserable system of idolatry. How did these heterogeneous particles coalesce? How did the dust of corruption and the Spirit of God thus meet together? Whence this mingling of life and death? No such question as this occurs to the writer. It never suggests itself to him, that a great truth cannot have been the contemporaneous produce of the same mind as a host of errors, all of which that truth excludes. He does not inquire; he does not hesitate; he starts no hypothesis; much less does he search diligently till he has found the original key to the mystery. But he carelessly throws aside the whole matter with the observation, that improvement in the language of religion is no evidence of improvement in the idea: and most certainly it is no evidence with regard to those who employ it, but the strongest with regard to those who invented it. Had we space at command, could we publish a tithe of the pages in one of Mr. Mill's volumes, we would willingly consider these subjects at far greater length. As it is, we must now quit them; and we should much regret if, in doing so, we were to leave our readers under an impression more unfavourable to this teacher than is our own. It is natural, in examining literary works of a speculative character, to dwell on those points with regard to which we differ from the author. But we beg our readers to remember, that we have judged Mr. Mill by the very highest of all standards, namely, by contrasting his performance with ideal excellence. He is obviously a person of unwearied diligence, of great acuteness, of a well-compacted and highly-disciplined intellect; and, above all, of a strong and large benevolence. The last of these merits we perhaps estimate at least as highly as some of those who would be louder and more indiscriminate in their applause. Nor do we overlook the merit of this writer in opposing himself, amid such a system as that which now prevails in England, to the many misdeeds of power. But such is our impression of the importance of principles, and of the principles more especially with regard to which we differ from Mr. Mill, that we should have outraged the strongest sense of duty, by concealing or qualifying our dissent from his doctrine. And no fear of being called what we should most abhor to be, persecutors, that is, and bigots, shallp revent us from raising our voices against a system which, in our view, would make reason, imagination, truth, and benevolence, mere instruments for supplying those wants which we have in common with the brutes, instead of their being the powers which wear the image of God, and are designed to raise us towards Him.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

COOPER'S PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

A Brief Account of some of the most important Proceedings in Parliament, relative to the Defects in the Administration of Justice in the Court of Chancery, the House of Lords, and the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupt; together with the Opinions of different Statesmen and Lawyers, as to the Remedies to be applied. By C. P. Cooper, Esq. 8vo., pp. 436. 12*s.* Murray. London, 1828.

THE tone of independence in which the junior ranks of the Bar are in the habit of speaking of the legislative system and judicial institutions of the country, is one of the best indications of the times, and gives us reasonable hope that the hour of reform, however postponed by individual interests, is not far distant. Among those who have distinguished themselves by diligent examination, and fearless exposure, of existing defects in the law, is the gentleman whose work is now before us; which follows so quickly on the success of his first essay, that we may anticipate further fruits of his assiduity and habits of research.

Our readers will remember that, in our review of Mr Parkes's 'History of the Court of Chancery,' (not yet concluded,) we have drawn attention to the general use and abuse of Courts of Equity. We shall not, therefore, observe on this part of Mr. Cooper's book, but pass at once to the two other branches of which he treats—the Jurisdiction of the House of Lords and the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupt, and even these subjects we can note but cursorily: many volumes have been written on each, and the subjects appear to be yet unexhausted.

It is probably unknown to many even of our professional readers, that the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords is founded in usurpation; that such usurpation was, at one time, warmly contested by the Lower House of Parliament; but that the subject was finally dropped by the Commons, when they found, that, if they succeeded in rescuing the jurisdiction from the Peers, it would inevitably fall into the more dangerous hands of the Crown. We speak of the time of the Stuarts; for the interference of the Lords was revived in the reign of James the First, that busy intermeddler with all matters, civil and ecclesiastical. In the present day, we should be tolerably safe from royal interference, and might as well expect to hear, that St. Louis had resumed his ancient seaf of justice, under the ancient oak in the forest ot Vincennes, as that his most gracious Majesty, King George the Fourth, was hearing a suit in Chancery on the banks of Virginia Water.

Our ancestors, however, were right: it was, in their time, infinitely safer to trust the administration of the law to the ignorance of the Lords, than to the corruption and cupidity of the courtiers and favourites of the House of Stuart.

Therefore, what the House of Peers seized by usurpation, and were suffered to retain from policy, they still hold, in spite of the evident absurdity, both theoretical and practical, of allowing persons notoriously ignorant of the law to sit in judgment on the decisions of those who have made it their professional study, and have been supposed to have been raised to the dignity of Judges in consideration of their proficiency.

So absurd, indeed, is this system, that even Lord Redesdale, than whom there is not a more pertinacious stickler for the *vias antiquas*, has published a pamphlet, almost every page of which demonstrates the defects of this jurisdiction.

There are, on the other hand, apologists for this, as for every other existing institution; and they rest their defence on the presence of the law Lords, and the occasional assistance of the Judges, without adverting to the necessary deduction, that, if these be the security, these should be the Court, without resorting to the surplusage of the bishop who reads prayers, and one or two Peers*, sum-

* It is singular, that, while the rules of the House require some fifteen or twenty Lords to be present in Committees of Privilege, when they are investigating a question of Peerage, three members are deemed sufficient to decide the most intricate appeals; and of these three, unless they be law Lords, the custom is that two of these are not to speak, and only vote as the Chancellor or Lord-Deputy suggests. The inconveniences of this method were very forcibly pointed out by Lords Caernarvon, King, and Holland, in the debates: the former said:

'It would, he maintained, be derogating from their Lordships' dignity, and attended with inconvenience to the suitors. Three peers were to sit one day, and be succeeded by three others on the next. He would suppose an appeal commenced on one day; a part of it would be heard by the three peers who sat on that day, the next day three others of their Lordships would have to hear its continuation, who had not heard a word of the opening: three others would have to hear another part of the case on the ensuing day; and the three peers who might have to decide after the whole had been gone through, would have to give judgment on, perhaps, a most important matter, of which they

moned under a penalty to hear half a cause, which it may not be in their turn to decide, or to adjudicate in one which they have never heard. It is no defence of this most palpable defect, to say that the lay Peers never interfere: they may—what would be the consequence if they did? Let us suppose the possibility of two Noble Lords, confident as lords usually are in their hereditary wisdom, outvoting the Chancellor. There would be only one remedy,—a resort to the original nature of the appellate jurisdiction, a reversal of the decree by Act of Parliament.

The following quotations from the work before us will illustrate our statement.

'The Rolls of Parliament, from the time of Edward the First down to the end of the reign of Henry the Fourth, are, as it is well known, full of judicial proceedings; but, after that period, we find no trace of the Parliament having exercised jurisdiction in civil suits, until some time after the accession of James the First. During the early part of that reign, the Lords exercised, without scruple, an appellate jurisdiction over common law suits, but under the delegation of writs of error issued by the Crown, authorising them to adjudicate the particular case; and it is remarkable that they then thought they had no power to exercise an appellate jurisdiction over decrees in Equity, upon a petition presented to themselves; and a Committee, appointed to investigate the subject, reported that there was no precedent of the exercise of jurisdiction by the Lords over Equity decrees, except under the authority of some writ, commission, indorsement of petition, or other act emanating from the Crown. Towards the end of the reign of James the First, the Lords appear, however, frequently to have adjudicated between party and party, on original petitions of complaint presented to themselves, where the matter in dispute had never been discussed before any inferior tribunal; and yet they forebore from assuming upon such petitions the right to examine Equity decrees; and the usual mode of impugning the Chancellor's judgments seems to have been to procure a commission from the Crown, directed to certain Lords or Judges to review them, or to reverse them by a Bill brought into Parliament for that purpose. In one case, towards the close of this reign, a remonstrance was made against the exercise by the Lords of appellate jurisdiction over an Equity Order upon a petition to themselves; and they acquiesced in the validity of the objection, and obtained a commission from the Crown, to enable them to review a particular case.

'The first direct petition from an Equity decree, and the first Order of the Lords, reversing an Equity decree upon such petition, without any authority delegated to them by the Crown, are stated by Lord Hale to be in the year 1640, during the sitting of the Long Parliament, in the time of the Commonwealth. Lord Hale, if I recollect right, observes, that the trouble of the times caused parties to throng to the House of Lords upon all occasions; and the Lords were induced, from the difficulty the suitors at that time experienced in obtaining relief in the ordinary tribunals, to extend the exercise of their jurisdiction, both original and appellate, beyond all former limits; and he argues, that Orders made by the House, during a period of general anarchy, when every Member of the Legislative body was disjointed, ought not to be drawn into precedents for future times; and, indeed, if the Acts of the Long Parliament are to be cited as examples, they would first prove that the Lords had inherent in them the privilege of exercising the judicial functions in almost every case, and, in the next place, that the order of the peerage did not exist as a component part of the Legislature.

'Little seems to be known as to the judicature in Parliament from the abolition of the Regal office and the House of Peers until the Restoration. Cromwell appears to have seen the absurdity of a Court whose members were ignorant of the law they were to administer; and it is conjectured that the ordinary mode of examining judgments and decrees of the Courts of Law and Equity, was by issuing writs of errors and commissions, delegating to particular persons authority for that purpose. The ordinance, however, for regulating and limiting the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery already mentioned, gave a very satisfactory appeal from the decisions of that tribunal, by granting the privilege of a rehearing before the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper, joined by six Judges, of whom two were directed to be taken out of each of the three great Common Law Courts, and of whom also one was to be a chief justice or chief baron.

'In the great case of Skinner and the East India Company, the Lords claimed the right to adjudicate between party and party in the first instance, and not by way of appeal. The votes of the House of Commons, however, soon proclaimed to the people of England, that the exercise by the Lords of original jurisdiction in civil causes was an usurpation. The case of Skinner and the East India Company ended in a compromise between the two Houses; but such a termination of the contest was a blow fatal to the claim of the Lords, and they have ever since relinquished the exercise of original jurisdiction in civil causes.

'In the fourth session of the Long Parliament of Charles the Second, a new quarrel of the two Houses arose on another branch of judicature, and the event was different. The great question in this dispute was respecting the appellate jurisdiction exercised by the Lords over decrees in Equity, upon a mere petition presented to themselves; and the House of Commons came to a determination that the Lords had no such privilege as they claimed, and passed a Resolution, *that any person soliciting, pleading, or prosecuting any appeal against any Commoner of England before the House of Lords, should be deemed and taken a betrayer of the rights and liberties of the people of England, and should be proceeded against accordingly.* After such a resolution, it may seem extraordinary that the Lords have been left in quiet possession of this privilege; but, the King siding with the Commons, the latter began to open their eyes to the consequences of their depriving the Lords of appellate jurisdiction over Equity, which would be a return of such jurisdiction to Commissioners named by the King, whose decision would be final, unless the entire Parliament interfered as the Court of last resort. The Commons, therefore, seemed to have thought they had done enough for the public weal by securing a victory over the claims of the Lords to original jurisdiction in civil suits; and that, however unfounded their claim to appellate jurisdiction over Equity decrees might be in principle, it was rather an affair between the King and the Lords than between the Lords and the Commons,—and that to gain a victory over the Lords on this point would be only to win a prize for the Crown, under circumstances which made it more safe for the Constitution that the power should continue with the Peerage.'—Pp. 150, 157.

The author, however, comes to the conclusion that it is too late to question their jurisdiction; and we also are ready to admit, that, in law as in politics, a certain term of usurpation must be understood to constitute legitimacy.

'The resolution of the House of Commons, in the year 1675, that any person soliciting, pleading, or prosecuting any appeal against any commoner of England, from any Court of Equity, before the House of Lords, should be deemed and taken a betrayer of the rights and liberties of the people of England, and should be proceeded against accordingly, has never been rescinded; but there has been too long an acquiescence both of the Crown and the Commons in the appellate jurisdiction of the Lords over Equity decrees upon a mere petition to themselves, to admit of that jurisdiction being now called in question; and, indeed, several Acts of Parliament have been passed, which must be taken to acknowledge that the House of Lords are fully entitled to the privilege they enjoy.

'It is not with the remotest notion of raising any doubt as to the right of the Lords to exercise the appellate jurisdiction over Equity decrees in the manner in which they now do, that the foregoing narration is made, but with the view of diminishing the force of some objections urged against the proposal that has been made to effect no less a change in our judicial system than that the Lords should divest themselves of the appellate jurisdiction, and the same should be conferred on a tribunal composed of judges versed in the laws which they are called upon to administer.—Pp. 161, 162.

The constitution of the Court of Commissioners of Bankrupts, is a question of more immediate popular interest, and accordingly there have been numerous discussions and many publications on the subject, all of which tend to the conclusion that the system now pursued is most defective in theory, most expensive in practice, and highly injurious to the commerce of the country.

Mr. Cooper states, and we believe correctly, that of the Commissioners themselves, all the best-informed, and certainly all who have published on the subject, are hostile to the existing jurisdiction, and most especially to that part of it which allows parties to choose their own judges as is the case in Country Commissions.

We concur in the opinion, that

'When cases of bankruptcy were rare, it might have been expedient to commit them to the jurisdiction of occasional commissioners; but since that class of business had become sufficiently considerable to furnish ample occupation to regular tribunals, he did not think the employment of temporary judges any longer reasonable. The same objection attached to many branches of our jurisprudence. We had commissioners of lunatics, commissioners for taking answers, commissioners for examining witnesses, and various other purposes, all which would be better executed by permanent, and, therefore, more experienced and competent officers. He mentioned this, because he believed the present time to be peculiar fitted to the consolidation of the dispersed jurisdiction; the business of bankruptcy and insolvency, for instance, might be fairly united under one Court. He wished to be understood, that in imputing great defects to the existing practice, his wonder was, that they were no more considerable. The system wanted connection, it was disjointed into parts, having no mutual relation or control. The Lord Chancellor had, indeed, a nominal superintendence over the whole, but it was merely nominal; for it was only in extreme cases the parties would be at the trouble and expense of applying to him. The commissioners, the solicitors, and the bankrupt office, were independent powers, without check upon each other. The messengers also were independent of the commissioners, and generally looked to the solicitors for their directions. He had considered the subject, and, among many plans, he thought that the constitution of regular local or provincial Courts, which might combine the jurisdiction of bankruptcy and insolvency with other objects of jurisprudence, would be the most beneficial.'—Pp. 311, 312.

Against such a proposition, however, a fearful host of interest is arrayed; for, if Provincial Courts were established for this purpose, they would be demanded for many others, and the petty jurisdictions, which are a real nuisance to the country, would speedily be absorbed, if not immediately abolished.

The enormous costs of Commissioners of Bankrupt as now issued will appear from the following estimate, the two first items being from a Parliamentary return, and the two last very considerably understated.

1825.	£.	s.	d.
Patentee and his Officers . . .	16,176	11	5
Lord Chancellor and his Officers .	12,601	6	4
London Commissioners	28,000	0	0
Country Commissioners	28,000	0	0
	84,777	17	9

To this must be added messengers' and solicitors' bills, which, on two thousand Commissions, would amount, up to the third meeting under each, to above 150,000*l.*

Mr. Montague calculates that the annual loss to creditors, from the mal-administration of the

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had only heard the concluding part. How was it possible that strict justice could be done by such a mode of administering it? But it might be said, that the Speaker, or the individual to fill that office, would be acquainted with the whole of the circumstances of the case. That might be; but, he not being a peer, could only give his opinion at the desire of the peers present; and then what would it amount to?—that the decision would not be that of their Lordships, but of the individual who had heard the case. This mode of proceeding would, he contended, be most unsatisfactory to the public, and highly derogatory from their Lordships' character, as constituting the highest Court of Appeal. It was said, that the attendance of their Lordships to these hearings should be compulsory. He could understand the justice of that principle, if the same Lords were obliged to hear the whole of one case; but he could not understand it, when three Lords were to hear one part, and three other Lords were to decide upon that which they had not heard. According to this new plan, three of their Lordships were to be brought by compulsion from distant parts of the kingdom, from their local duties, to act a part in the most ridiculous farce that ever was thought of. If he had not heard the very solemn manner in which this proposition was introduced by the noble Earl at the head of his Majesty's Government, he should have believed that it was intended to satirize and ridicule their Lordships' privileges.'—Pp. 203, 204.

property of bankrupts, cannot be estimated at less than 200,000*l.* a-year, exclusive of the costs of commissions. And yet this system universally complained of is kept up for the sake of one great sinecurist, (Lord Thurlow,) some trifling fees to the Chancellor,* collected at considerable expense by his officers; and for the sake of the patronage of seventy appointments of about 300*l.* a-year each.

Many plans have been published, at different times, for amending the jurisdiction; one as far back as 1783, by Sir James Bland Burgess; others by Mr. Montague, who takes the lead in this branch of business, in his several pamphlets and examinations; Mr. Fonblanque gave, to a Committee of the City of London, a detailed system of London and Provincial Courts, with estimates of their probable costs; from all these it appears that little more than half the present expenses would maintain a better establishment; and in the latter it is shown that existing officers might be compensated without any additional burthen on the country. We do not inquire here which will be the best of the projected alterations; but of this we are quite sure, that the very worst of them would be an improvement on the present system; Mr. Cooper, combining several of these plans, comes to this conclusion:

'All commissions which issue within one hundred miles of London, should be directed to the London commissioners, and a barrister should be named in different provincial towns, at a more remote distance from the metropolis, to whom all the commissions to be executed in that town, and within a certain district around it, should be addressed.

'I would not, however, give these barristers a more extensive jurisdiction than that which the commissioners at present possess. The new bankruptcy tribunal should have the decision of the petitions arising out of country commissions, in like manner as the Lord Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor have at present.

'The part of the arrangement proposed, which presents the most difficulty, is the mode of remunerating these commissioners. It is a subject upon which I feel very unwilling to express any opinion, without possessing further information than I have as yet been able to acquire. I shall merely remark, that it is not improbable, if a proper choice were made, that barristers appointed to permanent situations, with the publicity and the responsibility attending all their proceedings, would give so great satisfaction in the administration of bankrupt cases, that they would be found useful for the transaction of other judicial business, and possibly make the foundation of regular and efficient local tribunals, the want of which has been long so grievously felt. Whenever such a measure is carried into effect, they should receive salaries out of the public treasury, suitable to the importance of their new duties; and, in the mean time, I can suggest no better scheme to compensate them for their labours as Commissioners of Bankrupt, than that the fees payable on the different commissions should be collected into a common fund, out of which they should receive fixed yearly sums. The total amount of adequate salaries for the requisite number of permanent commissioners would fall short of the fees paid to the country commissioners under the present system.'—Pp. 393-396.

We heartily hope that this subject will be forced on the attention of Parliament, notwithstanding any disinclination of the higher powers to entertain it.

* It is fair to state that his Lordship's own share is so small that we cannot impute his desire of retaining this jurisdiction to pecuniary motives. As to Lord Thurlow, it would evidently be better to vote him 7,000*l.* a-year at once, than suffer him to collect that sum from insolvent estates, at an expense of nearly fifty per cent.

POPANILLA'S VOYAGE.

The Voyage of Captain Popanilla. By the Author of 'Vivian Grey.' 12mo. pp. 243. Colburn. London, 1828.

THIS little satire is apparently designed to be a book of what is called *light reading*; but it is melancholy to find that the author should sometimes lose sight of his object, by becoming unwarrantably *heavy*. The first portion of the book is, to our taste, the best—the description of the Isle of Fantaisie, and the arrival of Popanilla in the great city of Hubbabub, or London, are very cleverly conceived, and produce much amusement. In most of the lighter themes, and when only the arms of playful ridicule are to be wielded, the author is particularly happy. He touches upon his subject with much felicity, and seldom loses his aim; but, to the higher attainments of strong satire and powerful sarcasm, he can lay but few claims. Perhaps he has had Swift in view, in choosing the allegorical form to convey his lesson; but, to accomplish the difficult task with complete success, he ought to have been endowed with the same abundant wit and robust humour which so strongly mark the satires of the Dean of St. Patrick. Some of the allegories in the book are rather dull and too obscure: we are, indeed, rather apprehensive that most readers would have been thankful for a key at the end of the volume. Besides, whenever the author attempts to take up the cudgels for political skirmish, the raps are almost sure to fall upon his own head. What his notions of free constitutions may be, we really cannot surmise; but, most assuredly, every man with a moderate share of common sense, will call in question the justice of the following observation:

'Free constitutions are apt to be misunderstood until half of the nation are bayonetted, and the rest imprisoned.'

But perhaps we are attaching more importance to this agreeable trifle than the author himself ever thought of. We will, therefore, hasten to the more pleasing part of our duty, by presenting our readers with an extract, to show the author's talents:

'The canoe cut its way with increased rapidity; and, ere Popanilla had recovered himself sufficiently to make even an ejaculation, he found himself at the side of a quay. Some amphibious creatures, whom he supposed to be mermen, immediately came to his assistance, rather stared at his serpent-skin coat, and then helped him up the steps. Popanilla was instantly surrounded by an immense crowd.

'"Who are you?" said one.

'"What are you?" asked another.

'"Who is it?" exclaimed a third.

'"What is it?" screamed a fourth.

'"My friends, I am a man!"

'"A man!" said the women; "are you sure you are a real man?"

'"He must be a sea-god!" said the females.

'"She must be a sea-goddess," said the males.

'"A Triton!" maintained the women.

'"A Nereid!" argued the men.

'"It is a great fish!" said the boys.

'Thanks to the universal Linguist, Captain Popanilla, under these peculiar circumstances, was more loquacious than could have been Captain Parry.

'"Good people! you see before you the most injured of human beings."

'This announcement instantly inspired general enthusiasm. The women wept, the men shook hands with him, and all the boys huzzaed. Popanilla proceeded:

'"Actuated by the most pure, the most patriotic, the most noble, the most enlightened, and the most useful sentiments, I aspired to ameliorate the condition of my fellow-men. To this grand object I have sacrificed all that makes life delightful: I have lost my station in society, my taste for dancing, my popularity with the men, my favour with the women; and last, but, oh! not least, (excuse this emotion,) I have lost a very particular lock of hair. In one word, my friends, you see before you—banished, ruined, and unhappy—the victim of a despotic sovereign, a corrupt aristocracy, and a misguided people."

'No sooner had he ceased speaking, than Popanilla really imagined that he had only escaped the dangers of sedition and the sea, to expire by less hostile, though not less effective, means. To be strangled was not much better than to be starved: and certainly with half a dozen highly respectable females clinging round his neck, he was not reminded, for the first time in his life, what a domestic bow-string is an affectionate woman. In an agony of suffocation, he thought very little of his arms, although the admiration of the men had already, in his imagination, separated those useful members from his miserable body; and had it not been for some justifiable kicking and plunging, the veneration of the ingenuous and surrounding youth, which manifested itself by their active exertions to divide his singular garment into relics of a martyr of liberty, would soon have effectually prevented the ill-starred Popanilla from being again mistaken for a Nereid. Order was at length restored, and a committee of eight appointed to regulate the visits of the increasing mob.

'The arrangements were most judicious; the whole populace was marshalled into ranks; classes of twelve persons were allowed consecutively to walk past the victim of tyranny, corruption, and ignorance; and each person had the honour to touch his finger. During this proceeding, which lasted a few hours, an influential personage generously offered to receive the eager subscriptions of the assembled thousands. Even the boys subscribed; and, ere six hours had passed since his arrival as a coatless vagabond in this liberal city, Captain Popanilla found himself a person of considerable income.

'The receiver of the subscriptions, while he crammed Popanilla's serpent-skin pockets full of gold pieces, at the same time kindly offered the stranger to introduce him to an hotel. Popanilla, who was quite beside himself, could only bow his assent, and mechanically accompanied his conductor. When he had regained his faculty of speech, he endeavoured, in wandering sentences of grateful incoherency, to express his deep sense of this unparalleled liberality. "It was an excess of generosity, in which mankind could never have before indulged!"

'"By no means!" said his companion, with great coolness; "far from this being an unparalleled affair, I assure you it is a matter of hourly occurrence: make your mind quite easy. You are probably not aware that you are now living in the richest and the most charitable country in the world!"

'"Wonderful!" said Popanilla; "and what is the name, may I ask, of this charitable city.?"

'"Is it possible," said his companion, with a faint smile, "that you are ignorant of the great city of Hubbabub—the largest city, not only that exists, but that ever did exist, and the capital of the Island of Vraibleusia, the most famous island, not only that is known, but that ever was known!"

'While he was speaking, they were accosted by a man upon crutches, who, telling them in a broken voice that he had a wife and twelve children dependent on his support, supplicated a little charity. Popanilla was about to empty part of his pocketfuls into the mendicant's cap, but his companion repressed his unphilosophical facility. "By no means!" said his friend, who, turning round to the beggar, advised him, in a mild voice, to *work;* calmly adding, that, if he presumed to ask charity again, he should certainly have him bastinadoed. Then they walked on.

'Popanilla's attention was so distracted by the variety, the number, the novelty, and the noise of the objects which were incessantly hurried upon his observation, that he found no time to speak; and, as his companion, though exceedingly polite, was a man of few words, conversation rather flagged.

'At last, overwhelmed by the magnificence of the streets, the splendour of the shops, the number of human beings, the rattling of the vehicles, the dashing of the horses, and a thousand other sounds and objects, Popanilla gave loose to a loud fervent wish that his hotel might have the good fortune of being situated in this interesting quarter.

'"By no means!" said his companion, "we have yet much farther to go. Far from this being a desirable situation for you, my friend, I assure you that no civilised person is ever seen here; and, had not the cause of civil and religious liberty fortunately called me to the water-side to-day, I should have lost the opportunity of showing how greatly I esteem a gentleman who has suffered so severely in the cause of national amelioration."

'"Sir!" said Popanilla, "your approbation is the only reward which I ever shall desire for my exertions. You will excuse me for not quite keeping up with you; but the fact is, my pockets are so stuffed with cash, that the action of my legs is greatly impeded."

'"Credit me, my friend! that you are suffering from an inconvenience which you will not long experience in Hubbabub. Nevertheless, to remedy it at present, I think the best thing we can do is to buy a purse."

'They accordingly entered a shop where such an

article might be found, and taking up a small sack, for Popanilla was very rich, his companion inquired its price, which he was informed was four crowns. No sooner had the desired information been given, than the proprietor of the opposite shop rushed in, and offered him the same article for three crowns. The original merchant, not at all surprised at the intrusion, and not the least apologising for his former extortion, then demanded two. His rival, being more than his match, he courteously dropped upon his knee, and requested his customer to accept the article gratis, for his sake. The generous dealer would infallibly have carried the day, had not his rival humbly supplicated the purchaser, not only to receive his article as a gift, but also the compliment of a crown inside.

'"What a terrible cheat the first merchant must have been!" said the puzzled Popanilla, as they proceeded on their way.

'"By no means!" said his calm companion; "the purse was sufficiently cheap, even at four crowns. This is not cheatery, this is competition!"

'"What a wonderful nation, then, this must be, where you not only get purses gratis, but even well loaded! What use, then, is all this heavy gold? It is a tremendous trouble to carry;—I will empty the bag into this kennel, for money surely can be of no use in a city where, when in want of cash, you have only to go into a shop and buy a purse!"

'"Your pardon!" said his companion; "far from this being the case, Vraibleusia is, without doubt, the dearest country in the world."

'"If then," said the inquisitive Popanilla, with great animation—"if then this country be the dearest in the world—if—how—"

'"My good friend!" said his companion, "I really am the last person in the world to answer questions. All that I know is, that really this country is extremely dear, and that the only way to get things cheap, is to encourage Competition."

'Here the progress of the companions was impeded for some time by a great crowd, which had assembled to catch a glimpse of a man who was to fly off a steeple, but who had not yet arrived. A chimney-sweeper observed to a scientific friend, that probably the density of the atmosphere might prevent the intended volitation; and Popanilla, who, having read almost as many pamphlets as the observer, now felt quite at home, exceedingly admired the observation.

'"He must be a very superior man, this gentleman in black!" said Popanilla to his companion.

'"By no means! he is of the very lowest class in society. But you are probably not aware, that you are in the most educated country in the world."

'"Delightful!" said Popanilla.

'The captain was exceedingly desirous of witnessing the flight of the Vraibleusian Dædalus, but his friend advised their progress. This, however, was not very easy; and Popanilla, animated, for the moment, by his natural aristocratic disposition, and emboldened by his superior size and strength, began to clear his way in a manner which was more cogent than logical. The chimney-sweeper and his comrades were soon in arms, and Popanilla would certainly have been killed or ducked by this very superior man and his friends, had it not been for the mild remonstrance of his conductor, and the singular appearance of his costume.

'"What could have induced you to be so very imprudent?" said his rescuer, when they had escaped from the crowd.

'"Truly," said Popanilla, "I thought that in a country where you may bastinado the wretch who presumes to ask you for alms, there could surely be no objection to my knocking down the scoundrel who dared to stand in my way.

'"By no means!" said his friend, slightly elevating his eyebrows. "Here all men are equal. You are probably not aware that you are at present in the freest country in the world."

'"I do not exactly understand you; what is this freedom?"

'"My good friend! I really am the last person in the world to answer questions. Freedom is, in one word—Liberty: a kind of thing which you foreigners never can understand, and which mere theory can make no man understand. When you have been in the Island a few weeks, all will be quite clear to you. In the mean time, do as others do, and never knock men down!"'—Pp. 59, 79.

FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

Narrative of a Second Expedition to the Shores of the Polar Sea, in the years 1825, 1826, *and* 1827. *By John Franklin, Captain R.N., F.R.S., &c. and Commander of the Expedition. Including an Account of the Progress of a Detachment to the Eastward. By John Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. Surgeon and Naturalist to the Expedition. Illustrated with Plates and Maps.* 2 vols., 4to. Murray. London. 1828.

THE sympathy excited in the public mind by the Polar expeditions, has rendered the narrative of the undertaking a work of deep and universal interest. The former publications of the individuals who conducted the enterprises were received with the most anxious curiosity, and are now placed as valuable additions to our national collection of voyages and travels. The present narrative of Captain Franklin is little less interesting than the former accounts, and abounds in information of the most valuable kind. The expedition, it will be remembered by our readers, set out in February, 1825. The party proceeded to New York, and from thence to Methye River, where it joined a detachment sent forward with provisions, on the 29th June. It was from this point, the enterprise was considered as commencing. The official instructions given to Captain Franklin were, that, having established his winter quarters on the Western side of the Great Bear Lake, he should, early in the spring of 1826, proceed down Mackenzie River, so as to avail himself of the first breaking up of the ice in the Polar Sea, for his voyage along the coast to Icy Cape. Captain Franklin was also further directed, on arriving at the mouth of the Mackenzie, to despatch Dr. Richardson and Mr. Kendall to explore the coast between this and the Copper-Mine River. From Methye River, the party, accordingly, proceeded to Fort Chipewyan, and from thence to the Mackenzie River. Several curious circumstances are recorded as having occurred, even in this early part of the journey, particularly the meeting with two old copper-Indians, with whom Captain Franklin had formed an intimacy on a former occasion, and who now declared their determination to cease all wars with their enemies, that they might co-operate with the expedition. Having arrived at Fort Norman sooner than could have been expected, Captain Franklin found he had five or six weeks of open weather remaining, and accordingly resolved on a voyage to the sea. The narrative of this little additional enterprise is highly entertaining, as it presents, in a very rapid detail, most of the incidents and objects which may be expected to occur in a more important voyage of discovery. Passing over the previous parts of the account, we shall extract the description which the Commander of the expedition has given, of the scene which followed the successful termination of the undertaking. The little incident which appealed so forcibly to the personal feelings of Captain Franklin, is very affectingly, though slightly, alluded to:

'In the morning of the 15th the wind blew a gale, as it had done through the night, and every object was obscured by a thick fog. About six. A.M. we took advantage of a temporary abatement of the wind to cross over to some higher land on the eastern side, which we had seen the preceding evening, appearing like islands. Owing to the thickness of the fog, we were guided in our course at starting solely by the compass. When we reached the channel of the river, the gale returned with increased violence, and its direction being opposite to the current, such high waves were raised, that the boat took in a good deal of water. The fog now cleared away, and the three eminences, mistaken for islands, were ascertained to be conical hummocks, rising above the low eastern shore. We pushed for the nearest, and landed a short distance from its base at eight A.M. On going to the summit of this eminence, in the expectation of obtaining the bearings of several distant points, we were a little disappointed to find that only the low shores of Pitt Island were visible, extending from S.E. to W.N.W., though we were repaid for our visit by observing two moose deer quietly from us. Mr. Kendall hastened down to despatch Baptiste in pursuit of them, who returned an hour afterwards to inform us that he had wounded one, which he had been prevented from following by the loss of his powder-horn. As there was no possibility of our getting forward until the gale abated, Baptiste and Augustus were sent out to hunt, there being numerous tracks of moose and rein deer in the neighbourhood of the tent. I also despatched Mr. Kendall, with two seamen, to walk some distance into the interior, and endeavour to clear up the doubt whether we were upon the main shore, or upon an island. The astronomical observations obtained at the encampment place it in latitude 69° 3′ 45″ N., longitude 135° 44′ 57″ W. A tide-pole was put up immediately on our landing, and we perceived the water to rise about three inches in the course of the forenoon, and to fall the same quantity in the evening. The temperature of the air did not exceed forty-eight degrees all this day: when in the river, it used to vary from 55° to 70°. Mr. Kendall came back in the evening, bringing the agreeable intelligence that he had assisted in killing a female moose and her calf, and that Augustus had shot a rein-deer. Some men were sent to carry the meat to the borders of a river which Mr. Kendall had discovered, while the boat went round to its entrance about one mile from the encampment. They returned at sunset. Many geese and ducks were seen by our hunters. Throughout the whole of Mr. Kendall's walk, of twelve or fourteen miles, he saw only the same kind of flat land covered with the dwarf willow and the moose-berry plant, as was discovered from the tent, except one small lake, and the river that has been mentioned, issuing from it.

'The atmosphere was so thick on the morning of the 16th as to confine our view to a few yards; we therefore remained at the encampment till the sun had sufficient power to remove the fog: temperature of the air 39°. Embarking at eleven A.M., we continued our course along the shore of Ellice Island, until we found its coast trending southward of east. There we landed, and were rejoiced at the sea-like appearance to the northward. This point is in latitude 69° 14′ N., longitude 135° 57′ W., and forms the north-eastern entrance to the main channel of the Mackenzie River, which, from Slave Lake to this point, is one thousand and forty-five miles, according to our survey. An island was now discovered to the N.E., looking blue from its distance, towards which the boat was immediately directed. The water, which, for the last eight miles, had been very shallow, became gradually deeper, and of a more green colour, though still fresh, even when we had entirely lost sight of the eastern land. In the middle of the traverse, we were caught by a strong contrary wind, against which our crews cheerfully contended for five hours, though drenched by the spray, and even by the waves which came into the boat. Unwilling to return without attaining the object of our search, when the strength of the rowers was nearly exhausted, as a last resource, the sails were set double-reefed, and our excellent boat mounted over the waves in the most buoyant manner. An opportune alteration of the wind enabled us, in the course of another hour, to fetch into smoother water, under the shelter of the island. We then pulled across a line of strong ripple which marked the termination of the fresh water; that on the seaward side being brackish; and in the further progress of three miles to the island, we had the indescribable pleasure of finding the water decidedly salt.

'The sun was setting as the boat touched the beach, and we hastened to the most elevated part of the island, about two hundred and fifty feet high, to look around; and never was a prospect more gratifying than that which lay open to us. The Rocky Mountains were seen from S.W. to W.½N.; and from the latter point, round by the north, the sea appeared in all its majesty, entirely free from ice, and without any visible obstruction to its navigation. Many seals, and black and white whales were sporting on its waves; and the whole scene was calculated to excite in our minds the most flattering expectations as to our own success, and that of our friends in the Hecla and the Fury. There were two groups of islands at no great distance; to the one bearing south-east I had the pleasure of affixing the name of my excellent friend and companion, Mr. Kendall, and to that bearing north-east the name of Pelly was given, as a tribute justly due to the Governor of the Hudson-Bay Company, for his earnest endeavours to promote the progress and welfare of the Expedition. A similar feeling towards my much-esteemed friend, Mr. Garry, the Deputy Governor of the Company, prompted me to appropriate his name to the island on

sion of gratitude, for all his active kindness and indefatigable attention to the comfort of myself and my companions.

'During our absence the men had pitched the tent on the beach, and I caused the silk union-flag to be hoisted, which my deeply-lamented wife had made and presented to me, as a parting gift, under the express injunction that it was not to be unfurled before the Expedition reached the sea. I will not attempt to describe my emotions as it expanded to the breeze—however natural, and, for the moment, irresistible, I felt that it was my duty to suppress them, and that I had no right, by an indulgence of my own sorrows, to cloud the animated countenances of my companions. Joining, therefore, with the best grace that I could command, in the general excitement, I endeavoured to return, with corresponding cheerfulness, their warm congratulations on having thus planted the British flag on this remote island of the Polar Sea.

'Some spirits, which had been saved for the occasion, were issued to the men; and with three fervent cheers they drank to the health of our beloved Monarch, and to the continued success of our enterprise. Mr. Kendall and I had also reserved a little of our brandy, in order to celebrate this interesting event; but Baptiste, in his delight of beholding the sea, had set before us some salt water, which having been mixed with the brandy before the mistake was discovered, we were reluctantly obliged to forego the pretended draught, and to use it in the more classical form of a libation poured on the ground.

'Baptiste, on discovering that he had actually reached the ocean, stuck his feathers in his hat, and exultingly exclaimed, "Now that I am one of the *Gens de la mer*, you shall see how active I will be, and how I will crow over the *Gens du nord*," the name by which the Athabascar voyagers are designated. No fresh water was found on Garry Island until Augustus discovered a small lake, the streams that poured down from the cliffs being as salt as the sea. The temperature of the sea water was 51°; the fresh water we had left five miles from the island 55°; and that of the air 52°.—Vol. i. pp. 33—37.

Our next extract is taken from Mr. Drummond's account of his operations during his separation from Captain Franklin. The greatest praise is due to him for the perseverance and energy with which he carried on his designs; and men of science owe a great debt of gratitude to him for the pains he took in exploring regions which very few but himself would have had the resolution to visit, much less the hardihood, to expose themselves to the dangers and fatigue he suffered during a protracted stay. It is pleasing to read the testimony of true comrade-like affection and respect which Captain Franklin has paid him in speaking of his labours. The best proof of its being richly deserved may be found in the following:

'"I remained at Cumberland House about six weeks after the departure of Captain Back and Mr. Kendall, in June, 1825, when the Company's boats with the brigade of traders for the Columbia, arriving from York factory; I accompanied them up the Saskatchawan River two hundred and sixty miles to Carlton House. The unsettled state of the Indians in that neighbourhood rendering excursions over the plains very unsafe, I determined on proceeding with the brigade as far as the Rocky Mountains. We left Carlton House on the 1st of September, and reached Edmonton, which is about four hundred miles distant, on the 20th of the same month. Sandy plains extend without material alteration the whole way, and there is, consequently, little variety in the vegetation; indeed, I did not find a single plant that I had not seen within ten miles of Carlton House, although I had an opportunity of examining the country carefully, having performed the greater part of the journey on foot. After a halt of two days at Edmonton, we continued our route one hundred miles farther to Fort Assinaboyn on the Red Deer River, one of the branches of the Athapescow. This part of the journey was performed with horses through a swampy and thickly wooded country, and the path was so bad, that it was necessary to reduce the luggage as much as possible. I therefore took with me only one bale of paper for drying plants, a few shirts, and a blanket; Mr. M'Millan, one of the Company's chief traders, who had charge of the brigade, kindly undertaking to forward the rest of my baggage in the ensuing spring. We left Fort Assinaboyn to proceed up the Red Deer River to the Mountains, on the 2d of October; but the canoe appointed for this ser- [illegible] some of the party should travel by land, and of that number, I volunteered to be one. A heavy fall of snow, on the third day after setting out, rendered the march very fatiguing, and the country being thickly wooded and very swampy, our horses were rendered useless before we had travelled half the distance.

'"We reached the Mountains on the 14th, and I continued to accompany the brigade, for fifty miles of the Portage-road, to the Columbia, when we met a hunter, whom Mr. M'Millan hired to supply me with food during the winter. The same gentleman having furnished me with horses, and a man to take care of them, I set out with the hunter and his family towards the Smoking River, one of the eastern branches of the Peace River, on which we intended to winter. My guide, however, loitered so much on the way, that the snow became too deep to admit of our proceeding to our destination, and we were under the necessity of leaving the Mountains altogether, and taking up our winter-quarters about the end of December, on the Baptiste, a stream which falls into the Red Deer River. During the journey, I collected a few specimens of the birds that pass the winter in the country, and which belong principally to the genera *tetrao* and *strix*. I also obtained a few mosses, and on Christmas-day, I had the pleasure of finding a very minute *gymnostomum*, hitherto undescribed.

'"In the winter, I felt the inconvenience of the want of my tent, the only shelter I had from the inclemency of the weather being a hut built of the branches of trees. Soon after reaching our wintering ground, provisions became very scarce, and the hunter and his family went off in quest of animals, taking with them the man who had charge of my horses to bring me a supply as soon as they could procure it. I remained alone for the rest of the winter, except when my man occasionally visited me with meat; and I found the time hang very heavy, as I had no books, and nothing could be done in the way of collecting specimens of Natural History. I took, however, a walk every day in the woods to give me some practice in the use of snow shoes. The winter was very severe, and much snow fell until the end of March, when it averaged six feet in depth. In consequence of this, I lost one of my horses, and the two remaining ones became exceedingly poor. The hunter was still more unfortunate, ten of his young colts having died.

'"In the beginning of April, 1826, setting out for the Columbia Portage road, I reached, it after a fatiguing march on the sixth day, and, two days afterwards, had the pleasure of meeting Mr. M'Millan, who brought me letters from Dr. Richardson, informing me of the welfare of the Expedition; and he also placed me in comparatively comfortable circumstances, by bringing my tent, a little tea and sugar, and some more paper. I remained on the Portage preparing specimens of birds until the 6th of May, when the brigade from the Columbia arrived. On that day the *Anemone* and *cuneifolia*, and *Ludovisiana* and *Saxifraga oppositifolia*, began to flower in favourable situations. My hunter, who had, in the mean time, returned to our late wintering ground, now sent me word that he had changed his mind, and would not accompany me into the Mountains, as he had engaged to do. His fickleness deranged my plans, and I had no alternative but to remain with the man who had charge of the horse used on the Colombia Portage, and botanize in that neighbourhood.

'"On the 10th of August, I set out with another hunter, upon whom I had prevailed to conduct me to the Smoking River; although, being disappointed in a supply of ammunition, we were badly provided. We travelled for several days without meeting with any animals, and I shared the little dried provisions I had with the hunter's family. On the 15th we killed a Mountain sheep, which was quickly devoured, there not being the smallest apprehension at the time that famine would overtake us—day after day, however, passed away without a single head of game of any description being seen; and the children began to complain loudly; but the hunter's wife, a young half-breed woman, bore the abstinence with indifference, although she had two infant twins at the breast. On the 21st, we found two young porcupines, which were shared amongst the party, and two or three days afterwards, a few fine trout were caught. We arrived in the Smoking River on the 5th of September, where the hunter killed two sheep, and a period was put to our abstinence, for, before the sheep were eaten, he shot several buffaloes.

'"We proceeded along the mountains until the 24th of September, and had reached the head waters of the Peace River, when a heavy fall of snow stopped my collecting plants for that season. I was, however, very desirous of crossing the Mountains to obtain some knowledge of the vegetation on the Columbian River, and, accordingly, I commenced drying provisions to enable me to accompany the Columbia brigade, when it arrived from Hudson's Bay. I reached the Portage on the 9th of October, and on the 10th the brigade arrived, and I received letters from Captain Franklin, instructing me to descend in the spring of 1827, time enough to rejoin the Expedition on its way to York Factory. It was, therefore, necessary that I should speedily commence my return, and, having gone with the brigade merely to the west-end of the Portage, I came back again on the 1st of November. The snow covered the ground too deeply to permit me to add much to my collections in this hasty trip over the mountains; but it was impossible to avoid remarking the great superiority of climate on the western side of that lofty range. From the instant the descent towards the Pacific commences, there is a visible improvement in the growth of timber, and the variety of forest trees greatly increases. The few mosses that I gleaned in the excursion were so fine, that I could not but deeply regret that I was unable to pass a season or two in that interesting region.

'"Having packed up all my specimens, I embarked on the Red Deer River, with Mr. M'Donald, one of the Company's officers, who was returning from a long residence on the Columbia with his family, and continued to descend the stream until we were set fast by the frost. I then left Mr. M'Donald in charge of the baggage, and, proceeding on foot to Fort Assinaboyn, for the purpose of procuring horses, I reached it on the fifth day. It was several days before the horses could be obtained, and they were several more in travelling from the Fort to Mr. M'Donald, during which time that gentleman and his family were very short of provisions. The relief, however, arrived very opportunely, and they reached the Fort in safety. After resting a few days, I set out for Edmonton, where I remained for some months.

'"The winter express brought me a letter from Dr. Richardson, requesting me to join him at Carlton House in April; and I accordingly set out for that place on snow shoes, on the 17th of March, taking with me single specimens of all the plants gathered on the mountains, lest any accident should happen to the duplicates which were to come by canoe in the spring. Two men with a sledge, drawn by dogs, accompanied me; but the Indian inhabitants of the plains, being very hostile, we made a large circuit to avoid them, and did not reach Carlton House before the 5th of April. We suffered much from snow-blindness on the march; the dogs failed from want of food; we had to carry the baggage on our backs, and had nothing to eat for seven days. These sufferings were, however, soon forgotten in the kind welcome which I received from Dr. Richardson, and Mr. Prudens, the Company's Chief Trader at Carlton; and the hospitable entertainment and good fare of the latter gentleman's table enabled me speedily to recruit my lost strength.

'"My collections on the mountains amounted to about fifteen hundred species of plants, one hundred and fifty birds, fifty quadrupeds, and a considerable number of insects.'"—Vol. ii., pp. 311—313.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ZOOLOGY.

Illustrations of Zoology; being Representations of New, Rare, or otherwise Remarkable Subjects of the Animal Kingdom, drawn and coloured after Nature, with Descriptive Letter-Press. By James Wilson, F.R.S.E., Member of the Wernerian Natural History Society. Atlas 4to, with Coloured Plates, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4. Edinburgh, 1828.

THE tide of fashion, which has long been ebbing from the once popular study of the natural history of animals, has at length begun to turn; and the current is already setting in with no less rapidity than was so a elyexhibited in the opposite direction of the stream. The press, always so powerful in its influence, has taken the lead; and the increase of works, both of a scientific and popular cast, has been followed or accompanied by the incorporation of public societies, and increased attention to museums. The most distinguished of the works to which we allude, is 'Cuvier's Animal Kingdom,' by Griffiths, distinguished for its scientific accuracy no less than for its interesting details of the habits of animals,—the only part of the subject which general readers care for. The

two first volumes of the Introduction to Entomology, by Kirby and Spence, was prior even to this; and is very superior, in plan and execution, to any work of natural history with which we are acquainted; beginning by interesting, amusing, and accurate narratives, intermixed with occasional theories and speculations; so that the reader is fascinated with the subject before the drier details of nomenclature and terminology are brought into view. It is in this way that all the sciences ought to be taught, when the object is to gain proselytes. It was thus that the eloquent Buffon made zoology popular; and, had his accuracy and knowledge of science been equal to his enthusiasm and his skill in rhetorical embellishment, we might not, perhaps, have had now to complain of the neglect into which the study has latterly fallen.

The incorporation of the Zoological Society, followed by that of the Zoological Club, and the publication of the 'Zoological Journal,' (though rather too scientific in its general features,) and of 'Loudon's Magazine of Natural History,' must be considered as strong indications of the change which is taking place in the public mind. The deplorable state of the public museums indeed,—disgraceful to a country boasting of so extensive a marine intercourse with all parts of the globe,—has been, and is now, a great drawback to the study; but this may, perhaps, be remedied at no distant day, if the public can be got to patronise such works as the splendid publication of Mr. Wilson now on our table. It is the work of a private gentleman, enthusiastically devoted to the study, and intended to illustrate, by beautiful coloured figures, the most interesting specimens in the Edinburgh Museum. Were the directors of the British Museum to undertake a publication on a similar plan, we know of nothing which would contribute more to attract the national attention to the collections there, deficient though they be, and huddled together so as in many cases to render them of little use.

We approve highly of the principles as well as the plan of Mr. Wilson's work. He is fully aware of the importance of introducing something more than a Linnæan *Catalogue Raisonnée* of his splendid engravings, with lists of synonimes, now unfortunately indispensable, from what our author very justly designates as 'frequent and unnecessary changes in nomenclature, unaccompanied by corresponding improvements in the essential ground-work of a luminous and philosophical system,' which, as he adds, 'have darkened the very face of nature by a cloud of confused and contradictory synonimes.'—*Preface*, page 3.

In the execution of his arduous work, accordingly, we find that Mr. Wilson has not endeavoured to distinguish himself for his skill in compounding new names from his Greek Lexicon. He is more anxious to make his readers acquainted with the animals delineated, as well as with their kindred of the same class or order. For example, in introducing the puma or American lion, he gives us such remarks as the following on the genus *Felis*:

'Animals of the cat-kind are, in a state of nature, almost continually in action both by night and by day. They either walk, creep, or advance rapidly by prodigious bounds; but they seldom *run*, owing, it is believed, to the extreme flexibility of their limbs and vertebral column, which cannot preserve the rigidity necessary to that species of movement. Their sense of sight, especially during twilight, is acute; their hearing very perfect, and their perception of smell less so than in the dog tribe. Their most obtuse sense is that of taste; the lingual nerve in the lion, according to Desmoulins, being no larger than that of a middle-sized dog. In fact, the tongue of these animals is as much an organ of mastication as of taste; its sharp and horny points, inclined backwards, being used for tearing away the softer parts of the animal substances on which they prey. The perception of touch is said to reside very delicately in the small bulbs at the base of the mustachios.'

Timminck, the first ornithologist of the age, informs us that the finch falcon of Bengal (*Falco cœrulescens*) feeds upon insects, a circumstance which does not accord well with the popular opinion of kites and falcons. Mr. Wilson thinks, indeed, that from its strongly-toothed bill and muscular limbs, it must usually pursue larger game; and Mr. Harsfield accordingly says, that it boldly attacks small birds. The circumstance, however, recorded in the last Number of 'The Athenæum,' respecting the Kestril, (*Falco tinnunculus*,) preying upon cock-chafers, tends, in part, to corroborate Timminck's opinin.

On the highly interesting subject of the migration of birds, as explained by their rapidity of flight, Mr. Wilson has recorded the following remarkable facts:—

'Montagu is of opinion that many birds, when exerting themselves to the utmost, fly at a rate of not less than thirty miles per hour. Even a sparrow has been calculated to fly at the rate of thirty miles in an hour, and Major Cartwright appears to have ascertained, by frequent experiments, that, during the same short period, the flight of an elder-duck is equal to ninety miles. The common kite (*falco milnus*) has been observed to pass, without great exertion, over a space of a quarter of a league, in a minute, and it could fly with ease from Cape Pruth to the Land's End in a single day, were an instinctive tendency so to do combined with the physical power of which it is actually possessed. It appears probable, therefore, that the most extended migratory movement which any species is called upon to accomplish, may, in the greater number of cases, be performed in a couple of days, more frequently in the course of a few hours.'

'My intelligent friend, Mr. Andubar, of Louisiana, whose magnificent collection of ornithological drawings has lately excited such general interest in Edinburgh, has communicated to me a singular fac trelating to the powers of flight of the passenger-pigeon of America. He has shot that bird during his hunting excursion through the forests; and, on dissection, found its stomach full of fresh rice, which, to have resisted the digestive process, must have been swallowed *not many hours* preceding its death, but could not have been obtained within 800 miles of the place where it was killed.'

This power of flight, so clearly demonstrated, tends to diminish our wonder at the distances to which many of our birds of passage migrate; and swallows, for instance, in all probability, winter in Africa, as they have both been seen on their passage (for instance, by Mr. Dryden, the son of the poet, and by Charles Buonaparte,) and on their arrival. Had the last fact been recorded by a common traveller, we might have doubted whether those African swallows were the same as our European species; but so distinguished a naturalist as M. Adamson could scarcely be mistaken; and he, more than once, witnessed the arrival of swallows in October and November, as far south as Senegal. These swallows, he remarked, did not build, but remained about the sea-shore, usually in pairs. It is no less probable, that our nightingales, and other summer visitants, migrate, in autumn, to Barbary and Egypt, and come to our less sultry climate to rear their young.

Mr. Wilson, we are glad to perceive, has not limited his range of Illustrations to quadrupeds and birds, but has given specimens from the other divisions of Zoology. On the fertile and extensive subject of insects, we find the following interesting notice:

'When one of these (the larvæ of the gnat) is examined, a singular tunnel-shaped organ, terminating in five points, like a star, will be perceived, forming an angle with the last segment of the body but one. In the interior of this organ is a tube, which conveys the air to the tracheæ, and communicates with the atmosphere by means of several perforations in the centre of the star. The diverging rays of the star suspend the animal at the surface of the water, with its head downwards, till it wishes to descend. It has no sooner assumed the pupa state, than the respiratory tail disappears, and the insect (still an inhabitant of the water) then breathes through two projecting horns, each resembling a cornucopia, which proceed from the upper part of the trunk. Ere long the skin of the pupa bursts assunder, and the perfect gnat, or winged insect, makes its appearance with neither caudal nor thoracic appendages, but breathing by means of numerous lateral pores.'

A still more extraordinary apparatus for breathing is described as belonging to the root-tailed worm, the larva of a species of fly (*Elepolus pendulus*.) The tail is formed of retractile tubes like a telescope, and capable of being extended twelve times the length of its body. This tail also terminates in a star-like appendage, which forms a perceptible dimple on the surface of the water, while the body of the larva lies in the mud below, the tail being contracted or extended according to the height of the surface above its lair. On assuming the pupa state, this tail is cast off; and, being no longer an aquatic animal, it breathes through four horns placed on the upper part of the thorax. When it becomes a fly, it again changes its respiratory apparatus, which now consists, as in other insects, of lateral spiracles.

In taking our leave of Mr. Wilson, we cannot but wish him every success in this great undertaking, though we regret to think that the necessarily high price of the work must confine it to the libraries of the opulent.

The West India Question plainly stated, and the only Practical Remedy briefly considered, in a Letter to the Right Honourable Henry Goulbourn, by Fortunatus Dwarris, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. J. Ridgeway. London, 1828.

This is a sensible, temperate, and judicious pamphlet; and must be considered as the production of a person intimately acquainted with the localities of the West India Colonies, and, therefore, fully competent to speak '*ex cathedra*' on the subject of which he treats. Mr. Dwarris, our readers perhaps are not aware, is a West Indian by birth; and is already advantageously known as a Commissioner of Inquiry into the Courts of Justice in the West Indies. The changes which Mr. D. desires to see effected in our West Indian possessions, are such as every friend of the human race must desire to see accomplished as soon as possible. These are a pure and equal administration of justice; the revising and softening of the law, with regard to slaves; the non-separation of black families; the introduction of task labour; the limitation of slavery itself; and, in conjunction with all these desirable ends, the compensation of the master and the conciliation of the colonist. Mr. Dwarris satisfactorily (at least to our minds) demonstrates that all these objects are attainable in practice, and may be pursued, not only without danger, but with positive advantage to the Colonies themselves, and with safety to the Empire at large.

In conclusion, we recommend this pamphlet as a judicious mean between the fanciful theories of WIM Emancipists, and the more despicable advocates of perpetual slavery.

The Boy's Own Book. Square 8vo. pp. 447. Vinetelly. London.

The plan of this volume is an excellent one; for nothing can be more desirable than the union of amusement and instruction in a work intended exclusively for the young. In the directions given on the different gymnastic exercises, every thing is said that can be required by the self-instructed pupil, and the chemical experiments and mathematical problems are well selected and described. Several amusing accounts are also given of the various kinds of pigeons, rabbits, &c. in which the young merchant may choose to speculate. Thus far the publication merits considerable praise; but the low and wretched juggling tricks, with directions to perform them, with which the latter part of the volume is taken up, ought never to have been given. They are not merely useless, or in bad taste, but are calculated to do much mischief. But, if this may be said with regard to such things generally, it applies with much stronger force to the directions given for conjuring with cards, in some of which the youthful student is most strongly advised to be particularly skilful in 'Forcing and Shuffling.' We trust, in another edition of this otherwise useful little work, these blemishes will be removed.

Jesuits.

The Baron Seguier, First President of the Royal Court of Paris, has, it is said, distinctly and energetically, expressed his opinion on the illegality of Jesuits finding a domicile in France, and has addressed his statement, officially, to the Archbishop of Paris.

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PROLUSIONES VETUSTÆ.

Sir Philip Sidney's Defence of Poesie.

IT was mentioned, at the commencement of 'The ATHENÆUM,' that a portion of its pages would be occasionally occupied with selections from the most curious and valuable works of old English Authors. The pressure of other matter which claimed immediate insertion, has hitherto prevented our fulfilling this design; but in compliance with the wishes of some of our readers, we have determined on commencing the proposed series of retrospective articles without any further delay. In making our choice of authors, or works from which to give extracts, we shall be guided by the general interest they are calculated to excite, and by the use they may be of in illustrating the opinions of a particular age, or the genius of conspicuous men in remarkable periods of literature. In doing this, however, it must be observed that we do not intend to confine ourselves to a particular class of writings, but to select sometimes from one kind, and sometimes from another, as chance or our own inclination may lead us to the perusal.

We commence the series with a little work of great interest and excellency. Sir Philip Sidney's Tractate on Poetry contains all the peculiarities of that writer's style, and is almost sufficient in itself to afford a true estimate of his powers and genius. It is strongly imbued with that gentle philosophy from which both his chivalry and his love of literature were derived; and the learned spirit of his age is equally conspicuous in its superabundance of classical allusions and quotations. After having humorously mentioned the vanity with which the professors of every art seek to extol their pursuit above all others, the author thus proceeds with his

Defense of Poesie.

THERE is no art delivered to mankind, that hath not the works of nature for its principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will set forth. So doth the astronomer look upon the stars, and by that he seeth set down what order nature hath taken therein. So do the geometrician and arithmetician, in their divers sorts of quantities. So doth the musician, in tunes, tell you which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name, and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, and passions of man; and follow nature (saith he) therein, and thou shalt not err. The lawyer saith what men have determined. The historian what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of speech; and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of a man's body, and the nature of things helpful or hurtful unto it. And the metaphysician, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural; yet doth he indeed build upon the depth of nature. Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, another nature, in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite new forms, such as never were in nature,—as the Heroes, Demigods, Cyclops, Chimeras, Furies, and such like; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not inclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging only within the zodiac of his own wit.

Nature never set forth the earth in such rich tapestry as divers poets have done, neither with pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too much loved earth more lovely. Her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden; but let those things alone and go to man, for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her utmost cunning is employed, and know whether she has brought forth so true a lover as Theagines, so constant a friend as Pilades, so valiant a man as Orlando, so right a Prince as Xenophon's Cyrus, so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Æneas: neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential—the other in imitation or fiction; for any understanding knoweth the skill of the artificer standeth in that idea or fore-conceit of the work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet hath that idea is manifest, by delivering them forth in such excellency as he hath imagined them. Which delivering forth also is not only imaginative, as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air; but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might have done, but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world, to make many Cyruses, if they will learn aright, why and how that maker made him.

Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature, but rather give right honour to the heavenly maker of that maker, who, having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature, which in nothing he showeth so much as in poetry; when with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth far surpassing her doings, with no small argument to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam: since our erected wit, maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will, keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted. Thus much, I hope, will be given me, that the Greeks with some probability of reason, gave him the name above all names of learning. Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be more palpable; and so I hope, though we get not so unmatched a praise as the etymology of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal commendation.

Poetry, therefore, is an art of imitation, for so Aristotle termeth it in this word Mimesis, that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth; to speak metaphorically, a speaking picture; with this end, to teach and delight; of this have been three several kinds. The chief both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the inconceivable excellencies of God. Such were David in his Psalms; Solomon in his Song of Songs, in his Ecclesiastes, and Proverbs; Moses and Deborah, in their Hymns; and the writer of Job; which beside others, the learned Emanuel, Tremelius, and Franciscus Junius, do entitle the poetical part of the Scripture. Against these none will speak, that hath the Holy Ghost in due reverence.

In this kind, though in a full wrong divinity, were Orpheus, Amphion, Homer, in his Hymns, and many other, both Greeks and Romans, and this poetry must be used by whosoever will follow St. James' his counsel, in singing psalms when they are merry; and I know is used with the fruit of comfort by some, when in sorrowful pangs of their death-bringing sins, they find the consolation of the never leaving goodness.

The second kind, is of them that deal with matters philosophically; either moral, as Tirteus, Phocilides, and Cato; or natural, as Lucretius, and Virgil's Georgics; or astronomical, as Manilius, and Pontanus; or historical, as Lucan; which who mislike, the fault is in their judgments, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge. But because this second sort is wrapped within the fold of the proposed subject, and takes not the course of his own invention, whether they properly be poets or no, let grammarians dispute; and go to the third, indeed right poets, of whom chiefly, this question ariseth; betwixt whom, and these second, is such a kind of difference, as betwixt the meaner sort of painters, who counterfeit only such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent; who having no law but wit, bestow that in colours, upon you, which is fittest for the eye to see: as the constant, though lamenting look of Lucretia, when she punished in herself another's fault.

Wherein he painteth not Lucretia, whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue; for these third be they which most properly do imitate to teach and delight, and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or shall be, but range only, reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be and should be. These be they, that as the first and most noble sort, may justly be termed *Vates*, so these are waited on in the most excellent languages and best understandings, with the fore-described name of Poets; for these, indeed, do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and light to move men to take that goodness in hand, which, without delight, they would fly as from a stranger. And teach to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved, which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them. These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations. The most notable be the Heroic, Lyric, Tragic, Comic, Satiric, Iambic, Elegiac, Pastoral, and certain others. Some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with; some by the sorts of verses they liked best to write in; for, indeed, the greatest part of Poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writing which is called verse: indeed, but apparelled, verse being but an ornament, and no cause to Poetry, since these hath been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of Poets. For Xenophon, who did imitate so excellently, as to give us *effigiem justi imperii*, the portraiture of a just empire under the name of Cyrus, (as Cicero saith of him,) made therein an absolute heroical Poem.

So did Heliodorus, in his sugared invention of that picture of love in Theagines and Cariclea, and yet both these writ in prose; which I speak to show, that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet, no more than a long gown maketh an advocate; who, though he pleaded in armour, should be an advocate and no soldier. But it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching which must be the right describing note to know a poet by; although, indeed, the senate of poets hath chosen verse as their fittest raiment, meaning, as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them; not speaking (table-talk fashion, or like men in a dream,) words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but poising each syllable of each word by just proportion, according to the dignity of the subject.

Now, therefore, it shall not be amiss first to weigh this latter sort of poetry by his works, and then by his parts; and if in neither of these anatomies he be condemnable, I hope we shall obtain a more favourable sentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name soever it come forth, or to what immediate end soever it be directed, the final end is, to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clayey lodgings, can be capable of. This, according to the inclination of the man, bred many formed impressions; for some, that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be so high and heavenly as an acquaintance with the stars, gave themselves to astronomy; others, persuading themselves to be demi-gods, if they knew the natural causes of things, became natural

and supernatural philosophers; some, an admirable delight drew to music; and some, the certainty of demonstration, to the mathematics. But all, one and other, having this scope to know, and by knowledge, to lift up the mind from the knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon body, to the enjoying his own divine essence. But when, by the balance of experience, it was found that the astronomer, looking to the stars, might fall into a ditch; that the inquiring philosopher might be blind in himself; and the mathematician might draw forth a straight line with a crooked heart; then love did prove the over-ruler of opinions, make manifest that all these are but serving sciences, which, as they have each a private end in themselves, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistress knowledge, by the Greeks called *Architicktonike*, which stands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's self, in the ethic and politic consideration with the end of well doing and not of well knowing only; even as the sadler's next end is to make a good saddle, but his farther end, to serve a noble faculty, which is horsemanship. So the horseman's to soldiery, and the soldier not only to have the skill, but to perform the practice of a soldier; so that the ending end of all earthly learning being virtuous action, those skills that most serve to bring forth that, have a most just title to be princes over all the rest; wherein, if we can show the poet's nobleness, by setting him before his other competitors, among whom, as principal challengers, step forth the moral philosophers, whom methinketh I see coming towards me with a sullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by daylight; rudely clothed, for to witness outwardly their contempt of outward things, with books in their hands against glory, whereunto they set their names, sophistically speaking against subtilty, and angry with any man in whom they see the foul fault of anger; these men casting larges as they go, of definitions, divisions, and distinctions, with a scornful interrogative, do soberly ask, whether it be possible to find any path, so ready to lead a man to virtue, as that which teacheth what virtue is? and teacheth it not only by delivering forth his very being, his causes and effects; but also, by making known his enemy, vice, which must be destroyed, and his cumbersome servant, passion, which must be mastered, by shewing the generalities that constraineth, and the specialities that are derived from it. Lastly, by plain setting down, how it extendeth itself out of the limits of a man's own little world, to the government of families, and maintaining of public societies.

The historian scarcely giveth leisure to the moralist, to say so much, but, that he laden with old mouse-eaten records, authorising himself (for the most part) upon other histories, whose greatest authorities are built upon the notable foundation of hearsay, having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality, better acquainted with a thousand years ago, than with the present age; and yet, better knowing how this world goeth, then how his own wit runneth curious for antiquities, and inquisitive of novelties; a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk, denieth in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of virtue, and virtuous actions, is comparable to him. *Jam Suæ vitæ, Temporum magistra; vita memoriæ, Nuncia vetustatis, &c.*

The philosopher (sayeth he) teacheth a disputative virtue, but I do an active: his virtue is excellent in the dangerless academy of Plato, but mine sheweth forth her honourable face in the battles of Marathon, Pharsalia, Poictiers, and Agincourt. He teacheth virtue by certain abstract considerations, but I only bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you. Old aged experience goeth beyond the fine-witted philosopher, but I give the experience of many ages. Lastly, if he make the song-book, I put the learner's hand to the lute, and if he be the

POPULAR SCIENCE.

'How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.'
MILTON'S *Paradise Regained.*

I. ANIMATED NATURE.

'And God said, let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing.'—*Genesis.*

1.—ANIMAL MECHANICS.

Forms of the Ear.—The funnel, or outer ear of animals, is adapted, with remarkable skill, to their different habits of life. In hounds, swine, and other animals, which require to attend to low sounds, the outer ear is either pendulous or movable, to compensate, it should appear, for their difficulty of moving the head. Were their ears not constructed in this manner, hogs, while eagerly digging for roots, and hounds, when keenly pursuing their game by the scent, might fall into danger, which their hanging ears readily intimates, by catching the lowest sounds that float along the ground. In beasts of prey, the outer ear is directed forward; in timid animals, again, which are always in danger of attack, the outer ear is very large, and usually directed backwards, though it is very moveable. The ass and the hare are notable examples.

Birds, correctly speaking, have no external ear, except a tuft of stiff feathers placed close to the entrance of the ear. A funnel, like that of quadrupeds, would have obstructed their rapid motion through the air in flying. The tuft of feathers, from being non-conductors of sound, must tend to impede hearing, were this not compensated by the provision which is made to them for a different purpose, namely, for rendering them buoyant; for the air-vessels do not, as in other animals, terminate in the lungs, but extend, in numerous branches, through the whole body, even to the bones themselves. The sounds, therefore, which are stopped, or muffled, by the feathers of the bird, will be rendered more distinct from the greater quantity of air contained in all parts of the body.

2.—ENTOMOLOGY.

The Hop-fly.—The knowledge of science is frequently invaluable to practical men. We have a striking example of this in the depredations committed by insects in the hop plantations. The great numbers of the well known insect, the lady-bird, or lady-cow, (Coccinella,) which swarm during part of the summer upon hops, induce many hop-growers to suppose that they are the depredators; while, on the contrary, they resort to the hop grounds to feed upon the hop-fly, (Aphis,) and its larvæ, which destroy the hops by sucking the juices of the leaves and young shoots. The larvæ, or grub, of the lady-bird, also feeds upon the aphides, and tends to diminish their destructive numbers, both in the hop grounds and in flower gardens, where similar species of aphides infest the young leaves and buds of roses, China asters, beans, and other garden-plants, and are confounded, in common parlance, under the vulgar name of *blight*, with a multitude of other insects, as well as with cold winds, parching suns, &c.

3.—CONCHOLOGY.

The Oyster Lamp.—M. de Lavage remarked, on opening an oyster, a shining blueish light, resembling a star, near the centre of the shell, which, on nearer examination, he discovered to be phosphorus. On scooping it out of the shell, it extended nearly half an inch in length; and, when immersed in water, seemed in every respect the same as artificially prepared phosphorus. The oyster in which this was discovered was perfectly alive and fresh. The light could not, therefore, proceed from any decomposition of the shell or the animal, but must have been derived from some other source. Upon examining this phosphorescent substance by the aid of a microscope of considerable power, it was found to consist of various animalcula, each beautifully luminous, like miniature glow-worms, lighting up their starry lamps to illuminate the dark solitary chamber of the shell, and intended, perhaps, like the enchanted lamp of Armida, to lure within its reach such marine inhabitants as it might prey upon.

4.—ICHTHYOLOGY.

Gluttony and Longevity of the Pike.—The fresh-water shark, as we take the liberty of calling the Pike, (Esox Lucius,) is so extremely voracious, that it devours all sorts of fish, its own species not excepted. Notwithstanding this indiscriminate gluttony, it will live to an incredible age, and it usually grows, when old, to a very great size. Pliny mentions a pike which weighed no less than a thousand pounds. The oldest and largest pike on modern record, was taken at Kaysers-

feet long, and weighed 350 pounds. It was ascertained by a ring of gilt copper affixed to it, that it had been put into the water by the Emperor Barbarossa in the year 1230, proving it to be at least 267 years old.

5.—ORNITHOLOGY.

The Dodo.—In most works of natural history, a figure is given of a singular-looking bird—squat, bunchy, and purfled, as if it had been bundled up to be squeezed into a travelling-box—its neck shortened, and its head set out at an angle of about forty-five degrees, not unlike a goose falling asleep. This bird, if it be a bird, has been called the Dodo; but it does not appear that any one has seen such an animal. There are fragments, however, said to have belonged to Dodos, in more than one museum. Among these, are mentioned a head and two feet, which do not appear to be fellows. The Dodo is said to be a native of Madagascar and the Mauritius, where a tradition of its existence is still current, similar, perhaps, to that of the Roc of the Arabian Nights. Be this as it may, some of our ornithologists are still sanguine that specimens of this 'rara avis in terra,' may, perhaps, be procured from the east coast of Africa. It seems to be ascertained, beyond a doubt, that it has long disappeared from Madagascar and the neighbouring islands, if it ever existed there.

Hearing of the Goose.—From the time that the Eternal City was warned of the approach of the Gauls, the Goose has been as celebrated for its quickness of hearing, as the eagle for its strength of sight.—(GELLI, *Circe.*)

6.—MAZOLOGY.

Fascinating power of Cats.—The fascination of serpents is beyond a doubt, though it is often disbelieved by those who are afraid of obtaining a reputation for credulity, and who delight to feed their vanity by rejecting opinions that are deemed vulgar or common. The celebrated Montaigne was not a person who could be accused of credulity, and he informs us, that near his house, a cat was observed, watching a bird at the top of a tree. For some time they mutually fastened their eyes on each other, and at length the bird let itself fall as if dead into the cat's claws;—either, he remarks, being dazzled by the force of terror, or by some unknown attractive power in the cat.

Hedge-hogs omnivorous.—Man is not, it should seem, the only animal that can with justice be called omnivorous, feeding on animal and vegetable substances in some measure indiscriminately. The hedge-hog appears to possess an almost equal variety of tastes with ourselves. Mr. White, of Selborne, had his gravel walks ploughed up and disfigured by the hedge-hogs digging for the roots of plantain (Plantago major,) which they ate from the bottom upwards, leaving the foilage untouched. The common opinion that they live upon fruits is so far correct, but they cannot procure nuts and apples all the year round, and must find substitutes when these are not to be had. Mr. Buckland had one which killed a snake and devoured it, and it is not therefore, improbable, that they will eat frogs, lizards, and other reptiles. In London, they are kept in a tame state to destroy the black-beetles, or cockroaches, (Blatta Americana,) which infest the sunk floors, and in this domestic state they are fed upon milk, bread, &c.

7.—ANTHROPOLOGY.

Advantages of two Legs.—It is a shrewd remark of the distinguished French philosopher, Cabanis, that few animals are better fitted for speed than man. Savages can, in many cases, run down the animals which they make their prey; and in Europe professed pedestrians will outstrip the fleetest horse, who only succeeds by reducing his four legs to two in the act of galloping. The hare, the stag, and the grey-hound follow the same principle; and the ostrich, the cassowary, and the bustard, with only two legs, will in most cases outstrip the best blood horse.

Effects of Darkness and Light on the Eyes.—M. Richerand informs us, that an English gentleman, who had long been imprisoned in a dark cell, came at length to distinguish the smallest object, in consequence of the great enlargement of the pupil of his eye. He was in course of time liberated, but when he returned to the light his eye could not bear it, and the pupils contracted so as wholly to efface the aperture.

II.—NON-ANIMATED NATURE.

'The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest sound that swells the gale,
The common sun—the air—the skies—
To him are opening Paradise.'
GRAY.

1. VEGETABLE MECHANICS.

Effects of Ivy on Trees.—It appears to be a vulgar

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rooted itself, as is erroneously supposed, in their bark, and fed on their juices, it might merit the accusation of a destroyer, but it derives its nourishment wholly from the ground, where it is rooted; and the supposed roots on the bark of trees are only tendrils or hold-fasts to enable it to climb. The opinion of its injuring trees seems to have arisen (and very naturally too) from the fact, that it prefers to climb up a dead or dying branch, and will not attach itself to very young wood at all. Mr. Reptan, the landscape gardener, gives numerous facts to show that trees overrun with ivy, so far from being injured by it, grow most luxuriantly. Evelyn says, that when ivy is stript from trees, they are often killed by the cold in the ensuing winter.

2.—Botany.

Self-sown Seeds.—It is a very remarkable fact, well known to florists, that self-sown seeds usually produce natural flowers, whatever the plant may have been from which they were scattered; that is, however fine in colour, size, or form, a flower may have been rendered by cultivation; when it is allowed to shed its seed on the ground, the plants thence arising will again degenerate into the common appearance of its wild original. We have a striking instance of the fact in our own garden at this moment, in the case of the carnation poppy, (Papaver rhœas) which is so much admired when double and varied in colour; and we had some last year of numerous shades, and as double as garden roses. Several seedlings from these came up last autumn, and stood the winter, and are just come into flower; but all of them are of the same orange-red tint with the wild corn poppy, and nearly single. Had the seed been saved, and kept out of the ground till spring, the same double flowers, of varied tints, would have been produced. In the case of heart's-ease, (Viola tricolor) which sports in so many beautiful varieties, a similar degeneration takes place—the self-sown seeds producing almost uniformly small, dingy, blossoms, of little beauty, compared with the fine varieties produced by carefully drying the seed, and keeping it for some months out of the ground. Balsam seed, it is said, will not produce fine double-flowered plants unless it be kept for nine years.

3.—Mineralogy.

Salt Springs of Cheshire.—The highest proportions of pure muriate of soda, (common salt,) which has been found in the salt springs in Cheshire, is 26,566 per cent.; but 25 per cent. is the more usual proportion. The earthy salts, which are held in solution along with it, are muriate of magnesia and sulphate of lime, (Paris plaster,) varying from six-tenths to 2, or 2.5, per cent. —*Geological Trans.*

4.—Geology.

Filling up of Lake Superior.—About a thousand rivers and streams empty themselves into Lake Superior, sweeping in sand, primitive boulder stones, and drift timber, which sometimes accumulate so as to form islands in the estuaries. A lignite formation, indeed, is said to be now in progress similar to that of Bovey, in Devonshire, Within a mile of the shore, the water is about 70 fathoms; within eight miles, 136 fathoms; and the greatest depth of the lake, farther from the shore, is unknown. Lake Erie, from similar causes, is gradually growing shallower. Long Point, for example, has, in three years, gained no less than three miles on the water.

5.—Meteorology.

Local Storm.—When Mr. Scoresby, sen., commanded the ship *Henrietta*, he, on one occasion, experienced on the Greenland Sea a tedious gale, accompanied by snowy weather. As the wind began to abate, a ship came up under all sails. The master hailed the *Henrietta*, and inquired why she was under close-reefed top-sails in such moderate weather. On being told that a storm had just subsided, he declared that he knew nothing of it, though he had observed a swell and a black cloud a-head of his ship, that seemed to advance before him, until he was over shadowed by it, a little while before he had come up with the *Henrietta*. He had had fine weather and light winds the whole day.

6. Optics.

Light of the Moon.—When we look at the full-moon, in a clear night, the light, in a short time, becomes painful to the eyes; because, say some philosophers, reflected light has more effect upon the eyes than direct light. MM. Bonguer and De la Hire found the proportion of the moon's light, to that of the sun, to be 300,000 to 1. When concentrated to a focus by means of a burning glass, the moon's light gives no heat.

7.—Astronomy.

Weight of the Inhabitants of the Sun.—As the sun is as the attraction of gravitation, which is the measure of weight, increases with the diameter of the planets, we conclude, if these premises are just, that substances will weigh much heavier on the sun than on the earth. A man, for example, of moderate size, would weigh not less than two tons. From the globe of the moon being comparatively less than the earth, the lunar inhabitants must, of course, weigh considerably less than our sublunary brethren.

III.—USEFUL ARTS.

'Every new discovery may be considered as a new species of manufacture, awakening moral industry and sagacity, and employing, as it were, a new capital of mind.'

Edinburgh Review.

7.—Agriculture.

Bone Manure.—Experiments have lately been made with bones reduced to dust, or broken into pieces of the size of a walnut, for manuring land; and it has been found to be very beneficial in silicious, sandy soil, in the quantity of thirty-six bushels per acre; but, in calcareous, stony land, the bones seemed to have no effect whatever, though laid on in still greater quantity.

2.—Gardening.

Peat Earth.—To an inexperienced eye, peat earth, so much used for growing American plants, &c., would appear, from its dark colour, to be as rich as the best vegetable mould; but it is not so, in fact; for we often find tracks of peat land as barren as the desert. The excess of vegetable matter, indeed, appears to be injurious rather than useful, and requires to be less in quantity, and to have its fibrous texture destroped. Unless it is connected by a mixture of the firmer earths, it is too porous and loose; too easily saturated with moisture, and too easily freed from it.

3.—Mechanics.

Naval Windmill.—In a recent Number of the 'Mechanic's Magazine, which, we are glad to observe, improves like old wine in its age, we are told of the ingenious application of a windmill to the pump of the brig *Hannah*, Captain Bartlett of Plymouth, which had sprung a leak; and, being exposed to continued gales for thirty-five days, all hands were quite exhausted. The windmill made 2400 strokes of the pump per hour when the wind was blowing fresh, and finally saved the vessel.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

Argyll Rooms.

The last concert of the season, on Monday, was as admirable as any of its predecessors, and, to the satisfaction of most of the orchestra and subscribers, was led and conducted by two of the most clever, worthy, and amiable men, that adorn the musical profession, namely, Mr. Weichsel, and Dr. Crotch. To many who enjoy the pleasure of knowing these gentlemen, it seemed rather a remarkable coincidence, that two such highly-esteemed artists, of peculiarly cultivated talents, kind disposition, and bland manners, should by accident have been elected to conclude the season with eclat.

The Concert commenced with Beethoven's 8th Sinfonia, (op. 93,) in F, which, perhaps, is more difficult, noisy, and eccentric, than pleasing, as a whole, although parts shine out in the brightest manner. The first movement (an Allegro Vivace con brio, in 3-4 time,) illustrates our first position, but the Allegretto Scherzando (in B, 2-4 time) bear us out in the second, for it is a delightful piece of playfulness, exhibiting singular talent, but unusually difficult as to time. It went off exceedingly well, and was encored solely from its merit. In the Trio which follows the Tempi di Menuetto, the author has written an Arpeggio for the violoncello, (in accompaniment to the clarionet and horn solos,) which is extremely difficult; and upon all previous performances, Lindley has executed the ungrateful office by himself, but, upon this occasion, (as it has been almost impossible, from the overpowering tone of the horn, for the violoncello to cope with it,) all the performers upon that instrument joined with Lindley in the task, which, no doubt, was Beethoven's intention; and the effect was infinitely improved. The last movement, Allegro Vivace, abounded with clamour and *hard fiddling*, which seemed a sort of labour in vain.

No. 2.—Terzetto, 'Cosa sento,' Madame Stockhausen, Mr. Begrez, and Signor De Begnis, from Mozart's 'Le Nozze di Figaro. This most enchanting, and inimitable piece of excellence in vocal music, went off tolerably well, though not in the highest perfection—the male singers being extremely inattentive to the time, to the apparent annoyance of their amiable female companion, the better part of their auditors, and the [illegible] because Mozart's beautiful Trio deserves the most perfect execution and unlimited attention.

No. 3.—Concerto Pianoforte, Mr. Pixis, composed by himself, (op. 100!) in the key of C, ostensibly, but occasionally in every other possible key! The Adagio (in A flat, 12-8 time,) we thought rather specious, and pantomimical, although evincing considerable fancy and ability; but, unfortunately, it has become necessary to have recourse to eccentricity, to create a sensation, and agree with the popular taste. The Rondo Allegretto Scherzando (in 2-4 time) was gay and playful, but, as is the fashion, finished in as quick a time as possible; for, after repeated piú moto's, and piú mosso's, he writes, 'ancor poco stringendo il Tempo!' and the whole concludes as 'fast and furious' as can be produced.

Johann Peter Pixis was born at Manheim, in 1788; he has been a celebrated pianist from the age of twelve years, and received his principal instructions from his father, who was organist of the Reformed Church at Manheim, since the year 1770. Upon the present occasion, his manner and performance was clever, cool, and collected; and, in a remarkeble degree, reminded his auditors and spectators of poor Weber, by his composition, style, and personal demeanour, general and particular, even to the aquiline nose and spectacles. His composition was a finished and excellent Concertante for all the principal instruments; and, with his performance comprised, we think, the excellencies of every school, without producing any thing like commensurate credit and applause. It has been objected, that Concertos for Pianoforte, &c. should *not* be Concertantes so immediately obligated for all the various instruments; but when a composer enjoys the means and talent of producing a poetic and fine concerted piece of writing, he acts patriotically, and independently in doing so; for, perhaps, in proportion as he exhibits other professors and their instruments, he places his own particular performance at a discount. Upon the whole, Pixis deserves to be recorded as a most experienced, careful, and talented composer, and an exceedingly clever, well-practised, and perfect performer.

No. 4.—Song, Mr. Phillips, 'Revenge! Timotheus cries,' from Handel's 'Alexander's Feast.' An example of ancient Music was regarded as a novelty at the Philharmonic, which, with the singer, received considerable applause. The beautiful and classical piece of writing, accompanied only by two tenors, two bassoons, and the basses, was well performed by Ware, Challoner, Mackintosh, and Tully, supported by the numerous and excellent violoncellos, and double basses, of the orchestra *. The first act concluded with Weber's Overture, 'Der Beherrscker der Geister,' which possesses no particular features to commend or decry.

Mozart's superb sinfonia op. 38, in C, denominated universally the 'Jupiter Sinfonia,' from its unsurpassed merit, was performed as usual with the utmost enthusiasm and devotedness, and listened to with profound attention and respect. Praise and description are alike unnecessary; and we can only compliment the dilettanti upon their good sense and taste, in enchoring the middle movement.

No. 7. Scena, Madame Stockhausen, 'Quelle horrible destiné,' from Rossini's Mosé in Egitto. It may be proper to say, that Rossini has re-written a great part of his fine Oratorio or Opera last year in Paris, and in the French language, of which Madame Stockhausen's grand scena forms a delightful specimen. Perhaps the most concise information may be received from the following copy of the title under which his new arrangement is published, viz:—'Mòise, Opera en *quatre* Actes, represente pour la première fois, sur le Théâtre de l'Académie Royale de Musique, le 26me Mars, 1827. Dedié à Monsieur le Vicomte de la Rochefoucault, Aide-de-camp du Roi, chargé du Departement des Beaux Arts, par G. Rossini.' It appears that this scena is performed in the place of the beautiful aria in the original arrangement, 'Porgi la destra amata,' and is principally in the same key of E. In the new piece, the pathetic touching, and feeling complaint, exibited in the first allegro agitato, in the minor key, was characteristic and effective in the extreme, and the remarkable modulation into the major, at the words 'Grand Dieu, j'implore ta clémence!' created surprise, delight, and admiration, in the minds of all the connoisseurs, particularly of Dr. Crotch, as it should appear by the smile of approbation exhibited upon his countenance; and some of those whose conceit and prejudice overbalances their talent, chose to say that

* Mademoiselle Sontag had offered, and promised, to sing a piece *gratis* in the place of this song, but, at the Saturday's

'it was too good for Rossini.' Occasionally, Madame Stockhausen's powers were scarcely sufficient to execute the very vivid and difficult passages near the conclusion; but, upon the whole, she exhibited excellent judgment, taste, and ability.

No. 8.—Quintetto, two violins, two violas, and violoncello; Messrs. Mori, Watts, Loder, Lyon, and Lindley. Composed by Beethoven.

This was well performed; and although, as usual with these pieces, found rather too long for a concert-room, received deserved applause. Mori evinced propriety and judgment in enlisting the powerful and steady aid of Loder as his first tenor, but by the rivalry, almost defeated his diplomacy. In general, we hear but one principal solo performer, but here were 'two Richmonds in the field.'

No. 9.—Quartetto, 'Cara da voi dipende,' Madame Stockhausen, Mr. Begrez, Mr. Philips, and Signor de Begni. By Cherubini.

This was certainly only chosen, because it suited the particular voices and capabilities of the vocalists, and not for any merit about the piece itself, which was decidedly the poorest specimen of composition exhibited during the whole season, and must have been written when Cherubini was very young. It was 'flat, stale, and unprofitable,' and the concert (which was to finish the season,) would have concluded in an indifferent manner, but for the beautiful overture of Andreas Romberg, in D, which is one of the most interesting, perspicuous, and charming specimens of that species of writing produced of late years. It was excellent and carefully performed; and thus ended the eighth concert of the Philharmonics in 1828; a Society which has certainly produced wonderful improvement in the style, execution, precision, and manner of our orchestral performers; and which has raised the rank of English professors and connoisseurs greatly beyond that which it used to hold on the Continent, and, in fact, all over the musical world.

The following is a brief recapitulation of the performers who have principally assisted at the eight concerts of the present season. Leaders, Messrs. F. Cramer, Weichsel, Spagnoletti, Mori and Loder.—Conductors, Messrs. Clementi, Cramer, Bishop, Sir G. Smart, Attwood, Neate, Potter, and Dr. Crotch.—Singers, Madame Caradori Allen, Signora Brambilla, Madame Klinger, Miss Childe, Madame Puzzi, Madame Schutz, Miss Bacon, and Madame Stockhausen; Mr. Sapio, Signor Pelligrini, Mr. Braham, Signor Curioni, Signor Zuchelli, Signor De Begnis, Mr. Begrez, and Mr. Philips; and concertos by Oury, Cramer, Vogt, Moscheles, De Beriot, Neate, Nicholson, Bohrers, and Pixis. The above list is enumerated in the succession in which they appeared, and certainly exhibits a constellation of the highest talent and greatest variety produced by the directors, (Messrs. Spagnoletti, Latour, Dizi, Neate, Dance, Bishop, and Cramer,) to their infinite credit.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This house was opened on Monday evening, for the season, but the curtain drew up to a very thin and discouraging audience. Several improvements have been made in the internal part of the theatre, but we regret that the company is deficient in many of its best attractions. The first piece was a little comic entertainment in one act, called 'A Daughter to Marry,' by Mr. Planché, but adapted from the French. Its plot is founded on the contrivance of two lovers, who, when formally introduced by their friends, pretend to hate, but afterwards declare ther love by matrimony. This piece was followed by the 'Hypocrite,' in which Miss F. H. Kelly, it being her first appearance on this stage, performed the part of Charlotte. She has a good figure and an excellent voice, but fails in its proper management. She also appeared to mistake occasionally the real nature of her part, which is that of a flirt, but not a vulgar one. Mr. W. Farren was admirable as Dr. Cantwell, and Mr. Reeve, as Maw-worm, deserved all the applause which was given him. The evening ended with the 'Rencontre;' but it went off rather heavily.

BEETHOVEN.

The Anniversary of the death of this famous composer has been celebrated lately, at Berlin, in a manner honourable to his fame and memory. A public concert was given, attended by all that was noble and influential in the Prussian capital; the entire performance being derived from Beethoven's works, and commenc-

FINE ARTS.

HOBDAY'S GALLERY OF MODERN ART.

We are indebted to Mr. Hobday for an exhibition of a novel character, in an assemblage of works of British and French artists in his Gallery, Pall Mall. We are advocates for free trade in every thing, in arts no less than commerce; for we are confident that in every branch of production, our countrymen, instead of suffering from the admission of foreigners to competition with them, will only be excited to new and more successful efforts. The British is not a nation addicted to yielding the palm tamely to others; and we are quite sure, therefore, that the only effect of admitting the works of other nations, to use or show in England, will be the improvement of our own produce. We, therefore, hail with satisfaction the new proof of the liberality of the age for which we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Hobday, on the one hand, and, on the other, to the magnanimity of the several artists of the rival nations, who have sent their pictures to his gallery.

Among the British painters who have contributed to this Exhibition, we have the President of the Royal Academy himself, Messrs. W. Daniell, Howard, Reinagle, Shee, Stothard, Westall, and Ward, Academicians; and Messrs. W. Westall and Danby, Associates. In the catalogue we have also other names of note, both living and dead, among which we may mention Loutherbourg and Morland; Stephanoff, Brockedon, J. P. Davis, and Glover. The greater number of the French works are by the two Vernets, Horace and Carle, Delacroix, Scheffer, with some et ceteri. It is these to which we propose to advert most particularly at present. The works of our countrymen are already familiar to the public, having been previously exhibited; and we shall content ourselves, therefore, with enumerating a few of these, in order to give an idea of the character of the exhibition, and the description of works placed by the side of the performances of Horace Vernet, and Delacroix. The President's contribution is the portrait of Lady Jersey—a picture which, in spirit and expression, equals any thing Sir Thomas Lawrence has executed. The well-known 'Canterbury Pilgrims,' and 'Shakespeare's Characters,' of Stothard, with several other popular but smaller pieces of that artist's, are also among the principal attractions of the Gallery. Near the portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and in a better light than we have ever before seen them, are the two works of Mr. J. P. Davis, the 'Trasteverina' and the 'Contadina and Scribe.' Of the former, we have spoken in an early Number of 'The Athenæum;' of the latter, we may take casion to express our opinion, that it is one of the most delightful of the artist's works, displaying much fancy, and great power of pencil. The flesh of the Contadina is especially admirable. Mr. Ward's 'Smolensko' is hung between an animal piece of each of the Vernets, and beats them both. In the 'Fingal' of Carle Vernet there may be more vivacity of form, but, with all his action, the animal wants the sentiment and the life of Smolensko. Loutherbourg's works are the well-known 'Battle of Alexandria,' and the 'Landing at Aboukir Bay.'

We turn now to the productions of the French pencil. The chief of these is the largest painting in the room, and entitled, an *Episode of the Battle of Hastings*, *i. e.* the discovery of the body of Harold by Edith, surnamed the 'Swan-necked beauty.' This is a picture composed and executed with great study and art, simple in its general design, but deficient in truth and feeling. The figures, indeed, call to mind certain professors of the histrionic art, who declaim and attitudinise with great learning and skill; but who, insensible by nature, and devoid of genius, remain themselves unaffected by the part they undertake to enact, and want those inward promptings which alone give the power of exciting any deep emotion in their audience. The correctness of the drawing, and simplicity in the general grouping, are the qualities most to be admired in this picture. The figure of the young monk, with the hood drawn over his head, is dignified; the head itself, too, of that figure is the best: all the others are much overcharged. Those of the women are more especially so; that of Edith is lamentably deficient in sentiment, although affecting a great deal of it. The colouring is clay-like, cold, and disagreeable—very ineffective from the absence of due contrast of light and shadow.

The able painter of the *Decapitation of Marino Faliero*, so much, and so deservedly admired, at the late exhibi-

in his *Allegorical Figure of Greece*, &c.; but his *Battle between the Giaour and the Pasha Hassan* has much more of the clever and effective handling, and fine rich colour, so conspicuous in the first mentioned work.

The Punishment of Mazeppa, by Horace Vernet, is a very spirited, well-drawn, and powerfully painted performance.

France in 1814.—The 'Pastor Oberlin, with the inhabitants of a village which had defended itself against the Cossacks,' by Scheffer, sen., is a very interesting and affecting representation of one of those moving scenes of disaster and distress too frequent in countries subject to the horrors of actual warfare. The representation so near to the life as in this picture, extorts, from the imagination of the English beholder, a higher degree of sympathy, perhaps, than he would be affected withall had not the happy insular situation of his own country exempted him from the experience which might have enured him to similar spectacles. We might find several other works, in this exhibition, worthy of notice and praise, but that our space does not permit our doing full justice to a catalogue which contains a list of 175 performances. Neither would we willingly excite jealousy in our English artists, or in our Royal Academy, so we abstain; recommending our readers to go and judge for themselves, and do justice to the artists of both countries, all of whom have their merits, however differing in kind and degree.

PROMETHEUS,

A Painting, said to be of Salvator Rosa, from the Gerini Gallery, Florence, exhibiting with other works, at No. 26, Pall-Mall.

We should prefer following the example of the Italian engraver who has copied this work, and would call it Tityus, rather than Prometheus. The representation before us does not suit the high-thoughted son of Themis, of Æschylus, the great benefactor of the human race, prescient, grand, and dignified, the resigned but still unbending victim of Jove's omnipotence, whom three kindred deities, doing the behest of the ruler of gods and men, had bound to the wild rock in adamantine chains. In the Prometheus of Æschylus an inward groan might betray the sufferings of an immortal mind; but the writhing of an ordinary mortal frame, ejaculating cries, while no ideal vulture preys on his vitals, renders the descent from Parnassus' heights to sordid earth too sudden. Be the painting in question, therefore, by Salvator Rosa, or any other artist, or a copy merely, it is not, at any rate, an agreeable work of art. It is vigorously conceived, but the drawing does not display that extraordinary spirit and freedom, which, in most cases, distinguish the performances of Salvator.

Among the works in this collection is a characteristic portrait, of considerable antiquity, of some well-known Florentine of the day, a certain Pipi. The *English* catalogue calls the picture 'Portrait of a *Certo* Pipi,' by Giovanni San Giovanni. His name and vocation are made known in the following lines, inscribed on the portrait:

> 'Pipi son io di frutte e carne cinto,
> Merchato vecchio il sa, Pitti, e Firenze.
> Portai zane trent' anni alla dispensa,
> E per farmi immortal son qui dipinto.'

How far the Ser Pipi may attain immortality, the sticklers for the precise, will not, perhaps, allow to be yet settled; but it must be owned that few fruitsellers have attained, like him, a fame of three centuries.

PAINTING OF LIONARDO DA VINCI.

At 131, in Bond Street, there is an exhibition of an extraordinary painting, which the proprietor, without, however, insisting very strongly on the pretension, gives out, as a work of Lionardo da Vinci. It is alleged to be a repetition of the 'Virgin of the Rocks,' of which there is one in the gallery of the Louvre, and another in the possession of Lord Suffolk, both attributed to Lionardo. There are some diversities in the treatment of the subjects in each of the three paintings sufficient to assert the originality of each. The painting before us, whoever be its author, is a remarkable work, of very extraordinary force of colour; and we have little doubt of its being an ancient painting. We cannot attribute it to Lionardo da Vinci, nor, we think, can any one who will (as we did) take the trouble of comparing it with the delightful piece by that artist, belonging to Lord Dudley, in the British Gallery. In the former we look in vain for the style or the drawing, so admirable in the latter.

MR. LANE'S PICTURE OF THE VISION OF JOSEPH.

[We very readily give insertion to the following letter, containing an ingenious apology for the principal faults in Mr. Lane's great painting, which we noticed in a former Number of 'The Athenæum.' Much might be said in answer to the apologists, but we shall content ourselves with repeating an observation we made on the former occasion, that the great masters are to be copied in their *excellencies*, and not followed in their *errors*. No authority will excuse an absurdity. Genius alone can have that prerogative; and, admitting this, we cannot, we think, be accused of 'establishing a precise line at which imagination may or may not be allowed to separate itself from common sense.' Mr. Northcote's letter appended, is extremely interesting, and must be highly gratifying and satisfactory to the artist to whom it is addressed; we need scarcely add, that we concur as earnestly and heartily in the generous wish it breathes, as any of Mr. Lane's unqualified admirers.]

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—Permit me to make a few observations, through your paper, on the subject of the anachronism imputed to Mr. Lane's picture of 'The Vision of Joseph.' A liberal and ingenious writer, in 'The Examiner,' has proved, I think, irrefragably, that the anachronism does by no means exist, at least, in the ascribed degree; but, admitting the fact, I should be glad to understand by what canon of criticism the precise line has been established in art, at which imagination may or may not be allowed to separate from common sense, in the vulgar acceptation of that phrase.

It is evident from the examples of *all* the great masters, that they never considered their art amenable, for one moment, to the laws of mere probability. I forbear to cite Rubens or the Venetians, whose extravagancies, nevertheless, are more nearly allied to the philosophy of art, than at a first glance may be imagined; but I adduce as an authority, comprehending all others on such a question, Raffaelle, the legislator of style, the painter of *propriety*. Of all men he had most accurately investigated the intellectual, as contra-distinguished from the mechanical principles of his art; and of all artists, his departure, I will not say from fact merely, but from possibility, is the most daring and unscrupulous. In the picture of the 'School of Athens,' the poets, artists, and philosophers of Greece, Rome, and modern Italy, are assembled in the most familiar juxta-position. In that of the defeat of 'The Saracens at Ostia,' Leo the Tenth receives the homage of the captives, and in another, he repulses Attila from the gates of Rome. These incongruities, however, are trifling compared with those exhibited in the greatest of all Raffaelle's works, 'The Heliodorus.' Here appears Pope Julius the Second, borne in by his officers in proper costume. They are wholly inattentive to the miracle which is passing before their eyes, although the astonishment of a group of women adjacent to them is excited by it, and the High Priest continues quietly praying at the altar, while angels, equestrians, and plebeians, dart across the pavement and expel the Pagan Captain from the temple. Can we imagine, if these be inconsistencies, that Raffaelle was not aware of them, and that he had not considered every mode of treating his subjects? No; but he knew that his purpose was to produce a great work, and he discarded the lesser for the larger and more comprehensive idea of propriety. He knew that splendour and magnificence, that diversified situation of expression, were indispensable to his design, and that he could not exhibit the full magic of his art if he hesitated to call up such spirits as were capable of obeying him.

Every one conversant with the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, must recollect with what earnestness that great artist and critic inveighs against the error of those who are prone to entertain narrow and contracted theories to the distrust of the feelings and imagination. I desist, however, Sir, from pursuing a subject, the discussion of which would occupy too large a space in your columns, requesting only your insertion of the following letter, addressed by Mr. Northcote to Mr. Lane, a testimony of which has been given as voluntarily as generously, and which, coming from so high an authority, may, perhaps, more effectually advocate the merits of Mr. Lane's future claims than any arguments which I am myself capable of adducing.

I have the honour, &c. B.

DEAR MR. LANE.—I have seen your picture of the 'Vision of Joseph,' which at first sight so surprized me, that at once I gave it unbounded and unlimited approbation, I saw that it was the effusion of a pure unadulterated mind. The picture has a solemn and religious dignity, wholly new to paintings in England, and seems to perfume the fetid atmosphere of the pre- and heartfelt pleasure, because I hope it will have a tendency to curb and regulate the childish, if not vicious, taste, which at this time prevails, and that we may be made ashamed of the depravity of taste which seems to ride triumphant, and not be captivated only by what is vulgar or meretricious, by sickly affected sentiment, or the disgusting and hackneyed display of modern battles and bloodshed.

The chasteness and beauty of your 'Madonna' is a rich example of female purity and loveliness, and in point of execution may, without any disadvantage on your side, stand in competition with Guido or the Caracci. Your conduct of light and shadow in the picture, in my opinion, is eminently skilful. Indeed, the picture has a power in the mechanical part of the art which I did not expect; the whole is animated by a fine feeling, and possesses great originality and invention.

I most sincerely hope it may do you all the good which you so justly deserve; and remain, dear Sir, your most sincere friend, and very humble servant,

JAMES NORTHCOTE.

Argyle Place, May 28, 1828.

ENGRAVINGS.

Scraps and Sketches, by George Cruikshank, to be continued occasionally. Robins and Co., Paternoster-row. London, 1828.

THIS is a collection of Forty-two Sketches, etched on six separate plates, each half-dozen being illustrative of some one general subject, and the whole full of the humour for which the artist is so deservedly celebrated. The first plate contains seven illustrations of the use and abuse of wooden legs. The second is a general satire on the enormous bonnets of the present day. The third contains pictures of high and low life. The fourth has a view of Crockford's, with appropriate accompaniments. The fifth is devoted to law and lawyers, with sketches of what are humourously called Gentlemen of the Bar. And the sixth contains very whimsical illustrations of the March of Intellect.

Among so many etchings, it is great praise to say, there are absolutely none without point, and the greater portion are full of genuine humour. Among the most striking, may perhaps be mentioned 'Bonnet Building,' representing a body of female architects, erecting a huge pile for the head of a fashionable lady, and using ladders, tackling, and all the aids required in the construction of a lofty edifice.—'Ignorance is bliss,' represents two fat and powdered footmen at a nobleman's door, in all the ease of well-paid indolence—one asking the other,—'What *is* taxes, Thomas?' and the other very naïvely replying,—'I'm sure I don't know;' and the whole of the plate illustrative of the 'Age of Intellect,' which is full of the most whimsical figures and associations.

Cologne on the Rhine. Engraved by James H. Kernot, after a Painting by Clarkson Stanfield. Dedicated to Lord Northwicke. Colnaghi, Son, and Co. London, 1828.

We have not, for a long time, seen a more beautiful print than this; whether the interest of the subject, or the manner of treating it, be considered. The assemblage of Gothic edifices, picturesque vessels and boats, busy groups, sparkling water, and a fine summer sky, produce altogether a most striking and pleasing effect. The drawing is perfect; and the engraving, which is in the best line manner, is of the very first order, in the proof impression that lies before us.

Picture of Organized Nature in its Spreading over the Earth. Translated from the German of Wilbrand and Ritgen. Smith and Son, Mapsellers, Strand. London, 1828.

We have classed this work under the head of Engravings, because its chief feature is the large plate, or picture, on which the display of Organized Nature is made; but, we should add, this is accompanied by a printed pamphlet, full of the most interesting details, explanatory of the plate itself, and containing more useful information, in a small space, than is to be found in any similar publication with which we are acquainted. It exhibits, in short, all the principal features and peculiarities of the earth, in its mountains, rivers, seas, lakes, and even animals and vegetables, in so interesting and lucid a manner, as to make it one of the most pleasing and profitable works that can be placed in the hands of an inquiring youth of either sex, or even per-

Extraordinary Prints at Colnaghi's.

We have been favoured with the sight of some very extraordinary prints in the possession of Mr. Colnaghi, of Cockspur-street. They are copies, of the size of the originals, of three celebrated paintings, *The Nativity*, by Pietro da Cortona; *The Crowning with Thorns*, of Vandyke; and *The Crucifixion*, by the same artist. The prints measure seven feet by five; and, if we mistake not, have been executed each on four copper-plates. It is not, however, for its size only that the work is remarkable. It is rendered still more so by the fact, that the single impressions in the possession of Mr. Colnaghi are the only ones known, or ever heard to be in existence; a circumstance most difficult of explanation. It is superfluous to add, that the plates are lost. The work appears to be by the hand of a foreigner—some mystery hangs about the name; but this cannot affect the singularity of the work, which is intrinsic. Its merits consists in the boldness of the attempt.

NEW MUSIC.

'Sadly I left Her;' written to the Melody of an admired Ranz-des-vaches, of the Canton of Appenzell, by William Ball. Birchall and Co. 2*s*.

THIS Ranz-des-vaches is of a pleasing, romantic, and highly characteristic nature, and we think the arrangement and adaptation of the words well made. The air chosen is alternately in A minor, and A major (6-8 time;) but the sinfonia is, unaccountably, in 3-4 time. The harmonies are judiciously applied, and evince a good musical knowledge, feeling, and taste.

No. 2. of Select Subjects, from Haydn's Creation and Seasons, newly adapted as Divertimentos for the Pianoforte, by J. B. Cramer. Cramer and Co. 4*s*.

WE enjoyed the pleasure of examining and warmly recommending the 1st Number of this very desirable and attractive publication in the 8th Number of the 'Sphynx,' last August; and, certainly, from the union of the names, Haydn and Cramer, nothing less than a work of the highest merit could be expected. But, perhaps the most estimable quality (or at least the most useful) is, that although arranged in Cramer's best style, they are but of very moderate difficulty. In the present Number the selection (entirely from the 'Creation,') is as follows: The chorus, 'Awake the Harp, the Lyre awake,' forms a spirited introduction in D, to 'Heaven now in fullest splendour shone;' this, by excellent and ingenious modulation, passes into 'With verdure clad,' arranged in its original key, B flat; and the finale (again in D) is formed of the beautiful duet, 'The dew spangled morn;' the whole is exceedingly clever, whether regarding expression, brilliancy, or harmony.

'Ah, tho' my Harp neglected stands;' a Ballad, sung by Miss Graddon, the Poetry by W. Moncrieff, composed and dedicated to Mrs. Moncrieff, by J. Blewitt. Dale, 1*s*. 6*d*.

A VERY pleasing trifle (in E flat, 6-8 time.) The words and music are well adapted to each other, and are both written in good taste; the general sentiment and character, reminds one of Bishop's Song in Aladdin, 'Are you angry Mother,' but the resemblance is accidental.

Scena Recitativo, 'Basta! Basta!' ed aria, 'Del fallo m'avvedo.' The words from Metastasio's 'La Morte d'Abelle. Sung by Mr. A. Sapio; composed, and respectfully dedicated (by permission) to the Right Honourable the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music, by C. S. Packer, Member of that Institution. Chappell. 3*s*.

A VERY correct, clever, and well-imagined production, certainly exhibiting excellent promise about the incipient production of so young a writer. We cannot but fear that the vocal part, being necessarily written (to be sung by A. Sapio) in the bass clef, this scena will scarcely obtain circulation sufficient to render it popular, and to repay the expense of publication; but it deserves, therefore, the greater credit, from the independence with which it is offered to notice.

The recitativo abounds with ingenious modulation, and must be very effective with orchestral accompaniments; the andante Larghetto (in a flat, 3-4 time) exhibits a pleasing aria to the words 'Del fallo m'avvedo;' and the concluding Presto Furioso, is clever and characteristic.

Six Italian National Airs, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar. Ewer and Johanning, 3*s*.

THIS is a desirable selection of Italian Arietta-

The 1st is 'Amo te Solo,' by Biangini (an andantino, in A, 2-4 time); the 2d, 'Aurette che Placide,' (G, common time); the 3d, 'Fra mille pene,' (in G 2-4 time,) the 4th, 'La mia crudel tiranna' (in A, 6-8 time.) This, it may be needless to say, is the favourite 'Arietta Nazionale Italiana,' upon which Shield (our deservedly veteran composer) founded the ballad of 'The Maid of Lodi.' The 5th is, 'Par che di giubilo l'alma deliri,' (in A, common time,) composta di M. Giulani; and the last is another favourite national air, 'Nice Dorme,' (in A, 2-4 time). We remember to have had the honour and pleasure of hearing his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex sing several such Ariettas, to Sola's guitar accompaniment.

Dressler's Selection of Beauties, with embellishments, for the Flute, dedicated to Amateurs. (No. 6.) Cocks and Co. 3*s*.

The selection in this number is well made, and is of the following variety, viz. No. 1. Six showy and pleasing Preludes, by the Editor. No. 2. 'Quando la marcial,' from Tancredi. No. 3. 'Ah come mai,' (in G, 3-4 time,) from the same Opera. No. 4. 'The fall of Paris, as a short rondo in F, by Dressler. No. 5. Meyerbeer's 'Coro dei congiurati,' from Il Crociato, with one *vivacious* variation, by W. Forde. No. 6. The 'Chorus der Bajederen,' from Sphor's Jessonda, an andante (in B, flat 6-8 time.) No. 7. 'Waffertanz,' from the same Opera, a vivace (in D common time.) No. 8. The popular Swiss melody, sung by the Rayners, and known as 'The Swiss Boy,' adapted in a very pleasing and expressive manner, in the fine key of A flat, with a Waltz, arranged as a variation. No. 9. 'Speed the Plough.' No. 10. Two Waltzes, by Farrenc. No. 11. Rossini's Duetto in Tancredi, 'Il vivo lampo,' arranged for two Flutes, by W. Forde. No. 12. Another Swiss air, a moderato (in C, 2-4 time) with two variations, and No. 13. Kinloch of Kinloch, with embellishments.

POEM ON THE DEATH OF MR. CANNING.

In Morte di Giorgio Canning. Canti di J. Amedeo Ravina, L.L.D. Rolandi. London, 1828.

This work, dedicated by the author to his friend, Count Porro, is the only one that has hitherto appeared at all worthy of the distinguished character it professes to commemorate. Occasional verses, indeed, and eulogies, both in rhyme and prose, have adorned the pages of some of our daily prints, but of too trivial and evanescent a nature, to merit the title of Poems. Besides, they were merely composed in the common elegiac strain, and never rose into any thing like poetry, due to the dignity and importance of the subject. That of Signor Ravina aims at something of a far higher and more ennobling kind. Like the genius of the lamented statesman himself, it embraces views and principles beyond the narrow range of feebler minds, and traces, with a bold and correct hand, those results which had, and which would farther, have crowned the efforts of his new and liberal system of foreign policy.

These views the author has very ably and judiciously compressed into the most brief and luminous form, in a preliminary dissertation, illustrating at once the character of his work, and reflecting, in a strain of honest and indignant patriotism, upon the despotic system that still continues to oppress his country. In a few rapid and masterly passages it contains a thorough exposure of the gross impolicy and barbarity of a government founded upon terror, and supported by spies, with the additional ignominy and suffering of being imposed by foreign sway. The causes of this national humiliation, with its degrading consequences, and its utter incompatibility with the political institutions of the nineteenth century, and the spirit of the Italian people, are eloquently dwelt upon, and throw additional light upon the allusions and descriptions contained in the poem. The preface, moreover, includes an excellent sketch of the repeated struggles between tyrants and patriots, from the date of the French Revolution, up to the recent revolutions in Spain, Naples, and Piedmont. The style is energetic and eloquent, equally free from provincial idiom, and imported gallicisms; and it is founded on the classic models of the age of Machiavelli, and a familiar acquaintance with those of Greece and Rome. The poem itself evidently bears a close resemblance to the style and character of Dante, but executed in a free and original spirit, as regards the imagery and sentiments, sufficient to prove its title to originality and excellence of its own.

We think the author has judged rightly in thus boldly attaching himself to the lofty and severe manner of the great Florentine, in preference to adopting the conventional tone and language of the prevailing schools of the day,—French, Roman, or Milanese. What is still better, he is gifted with a vigour of fancy, and vividness of imagery, well adapted to support the dignified yet impassioned language, and style of versification, he has here adventured upon. This last is the Italian *Terze Rime*, one of the most difficult, but sonorous and harmonious forms of composition of which the Italians can boast, when combined with true poetic fervour and elevation of thought and expression. In point of ease, variety, and elegance, we know of few modern writers who have produced any single specimen altogether more perfect, or more gratifying to the taste of the Italian scholar and poet than the volume before us. Without attempting any particular analysis, we shall proceed to give a few specimens, taken as they occur, without adhering strictly, in the version, to one form of versification. The first we have turned into English *terze rime*, certainly more difficult than the Italian; and the second we propose to render into *versi sciolti*. The poet is describing the great statesman's rare merits:

'Exalted mind, by lavish Nature graced
With every sovereign virtue rich and rare,
Whose eagle wing each rival's flight outraced,
'Mid envious cries of lowlier birds of air,
Whose vision failed to trace thy far-bound course,
Whose clamour vain—thy scorn, but not thy care.

Mild to the good as sun in autumn day,
Or morn serene in dewy vale appears,
Fresh with the smiles of spring that may not stay,
Like some glad sire, who his lost son (for years)
Folds to his breast; his full heart to his eyes
Starts sudden, and finds way for joyous tears;

A mother's looks turned on the babe that lies
Delighted in her arms, whose trembling joy
In sweet caress is lavished, and soft sighs.
Not all so sweet, as glowed without alloy,
Thy friendship for high minds of kindred worth,
That cherished thoughts no time nor hate destroy.

But, like the bark that shuns the shallow earth,
And spreads its swift sail to the deep sea's breeze,
And traverseth the world in quiet mirth,—
Thy soul embraced all nations and degrees
Of social freedom through each far-most sphere,
With resolute grasp, that soaring spirits seize

Their glorious triumph, hated by the fear
And tyranny of despots, whose rank breath
Poisons the sources of life's blessings dear.
And as a man, that, snatched from sudden death,
Whose fevered veins no longer boil and chill,
Trembleth no more, nor heeds all his leech saith,—

Such joy the oppressors' quailing hearts doth fill
The hateful seed of Capet, far and wide,
From king to king, to where the red waves, still
Dyed with the Persians, blood,* to where the pride
Of him that rules the Hellespont supreme,†—
Who all rejoiced when Britain's genius died.'

There are many passages superior to these, and which contain many appropriate and beautiful allusions to contemporary characters and events; at the same time that they display the author's correct ideas, and appreciation of the peculiar characteristics, and most attractive or commanding features in the mind of the lamented subject of his poem. We may give the following lines as an instance:

'Thy country's name beneath thy guardian spirit
Safe refuge found; and every shaft defied,
From Fortune's quiver, aimed at her renown;
And so in peace maintained her sovereign sway.
The terror of her arms spread far and wide,
From utmost Thule to the Indian shore.
As when the sea upon its placid breast
Hushes the tempest's rage—such the dread calm
Of Britain's deep repose, beneath thy eye,
Thy piercing eye, that read the future page
Of time, and marked the shadows of events
Approaching far from out the mists of years.
Not like the narrow ken of vulgar minds:
Embracing that which was, and is—no more—
But of diviner source, that shares the secrets
Long hidden in the will of mightiest Jove,
Revealing the appointed fate of kings—
The rising and the setting of the nations.
He whose vast dwelling is infinity,
Clothed with eternal ages, at whose nod
Rose the wide firmament, engemmed with stars,
Traced, ere their primal flight, the destined course
Of wond'rous planets, and their several spheres
Of light and beauty;—so beamed forth they came,
And caught the inspiration of the Muse,
Gathering the fruits of wise and happy efforts
Aimed at the downfal of that hydra spirit
That wastes and ravages so many a clime.'

The opening of the second canto contains some lines of brilliant power and beauty, though not equally well sustained, nor preserving the same dignified consistency and vigour, so characteristic of the author's great example—the immortal Alighieri. Embracing, as it does, such variety of topics, the subject necessarily becomes somewhat diffuse, and thus fails sufficiently to concentrate the interest upon any individual portion.

So far from being a monody, or a merely elegaic production, the poem might rather be termed a funerial oration and eulogy, pronounced over the fall of liberty and the hopes of his country, in the person of the most brilliant champion of the independence of nations.

It may fairly be considered in the light of a literary monument, raised to the memory of the liberal system, first attempted to be pursued by the enlightened and resolute mind of a great statesman, who stood most conspicuous among the ablest and the best. The manner in which the author has executed this most difficult task, proves, beyond dispute, that he possesses some of the great requisites of the true poet and the scholar; nor is he at a loss to express the milder and warmer feelings of the Muse, as we may gather from a very eloquent and touching sonnet, at the close of the work, addressed to Lady Canning. We offer the following very inadequate, though not unfaithful, version. It is impossible to peruse the original without lively interest, and a feeling of corresponding sorrow and regret.

A Consolazione di Lady Canning.

Sonetto.

'Lady, no longer weep; for him you mourn
Are wreaths of triumph, mid th' immortal choir,
Bound round his noble brow, where none aspire
To dim his fame with envy, pride, or scorn.
There, midst the calm of one bright vernal morn,
That golden age, young poets here admire,
He finds no dream; but all his high desire
Of glory full, all meek and humbly borne.
'There choicest spirits of heroic fame
Shed splendour round him like a crown of light,
Hailing him there as one of equal name,
And he embraces each with proud delight.
Oh! grateful sight, deserving loud acclaim
From the admiring throng of seraphs ever bright.

Ennui.

I am never weary, and never inactive. I know not *tædium;* and would be glad, out of curiosity, to experience what they term *ennui,*' said an indefatigable barrister, lately, to a Parliamentary colleague. 'Read the last "Quarterly," then,' replied his friend; 'and I will engage you will have sufficient in an hour to last you for a fortnight.

Invention.

An Hungarian, of the name of Mahersy, has discovered the means of walking in rivers, however rapid be their currents. He uses a pair of long boots, made of very thin iron plate, surrounded, at the upper extremity, with a quantity of cork. He made a public trial, on the 20th of March, at Pest, in the waters of the Danube, and the experiment was most successful.

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* Alluding to Ibrahim Pasha.
† The Grand Signor.

VARIETIES.

SELECTED FROM RECENT AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

THE COUNT DEMIDOFF.

This nobleman died lately at Florence, having left to his two sons an income of 240,000*l.* a year, besides one million sterling in movable property. A troop of comedians, which he had engaged from Paris, is amply provided for by the Count's testament; the legacies comprised ten, which are extremely numerous; and, so great was his magnificence, that the great grandson of a friend of his childhood, whom he has not seen or corresponded with for fifty years, has been bequeathed three hundred thousand francs, merely to evince that the testator had not forgotten his earlier attachments.

BOHEMIA.

Monatschrift der Gesellschaft der Vaterlaendischen Museum in Boehmen, or 'A Journal of the Society of the National Museum of Bohemia,' was published at Prague, at the close of 1827, in one volume, being the first Number of an Annual Miscellany, intended to be regularly published by an association of Bohemian Literati. It contains an inquiry into the history of the country, observations on its natural history, with specimens of national poetry, and is equally curious and instructive. One of the articles of the present Number consists of 'An abridgment of the Chronicles of a Native present at the Siege of Prague by the Swedes, in 1648,' which will be read with pleasure, although it is exceeded in interest by a 'A Journal of the Envoys of George King of Bohemia to the Court of Louis XI. of France.' It appears that George had formed the idea, worthy of a later age and more enlightened minds, of establishing a tribunal of European Sovereigns, in which all acts of aggression by one on the dominions of another might be judged, and who were all to combine to resist any undue pretension on the part of the people of their respective states, with a secret clause for impeding the too liberal advance of Papal power. The story is told with great truth and simplicity, and the character of the Eleventh Louis admirably demonstrated; but whether it was that the piety of the French Monarch was somewhat startled at a proposition likely to offend the Court of Rome, or that, even in that age, tyrant though he was, he dared not venture on a holy alliance, the Envoys of the very legitimate King of Bohemia, after having been banded about half France, in following the movements of the active Louis, and having experienced no very polite treatment, were sent home with as few indications of courtesy towards themselves as of respect to their master.

BELGIUM.

A DOG, which had lived fourteen years with a family that was much attached to it, having died, the children placed the body of their defunct favourite in a box, and buried him in a garden. The two *Curés* of the place complained to the Police, and the proceeding was remitted to the *President of the Circle*, who issued his orders that a governess in the family, who had placed the canine body in a box, should suffer three days' imprisonment and '*reclusion correctionnelle*;' and that the servant who had interred the animal should undergo eight' days confinement, and be supplied only with bread and water.

OMNIBUS

Is the name of a Parisian city stage, where you may go what distance you please at a very moderate sum. A coachman of a more legitimate *Fiacre*, angry at the success of the new carriages, resolved to follow the same system, too proud of ancient names to adopt the Catholic appellation of *omnibus*, has adorned his coach with the inscription of '*Un fiacribus à quatre sous.*'

On the *nefarious* charge of 'having taught the Latin language,' he was denounced before the Tribunal of Ajaccio, by the Procureur du Roi; but the complaint was, even at their proper peril, dismissed by the Judges, and the accused liberated without punishment or censure.

An appeal was instantly lodged by the prosecutor, before the Royal Court of Bastia, from the judgment of the inferior tribunal; and a long and wearisome journey was the poor *domine* obliged to take, and to exhaust his humble funds in his support, to prevent a sentence being given against him for want of appearance. 'Ubinam sumus?' exclaimed the unfortunate G——, in commencing his defence, 'in other ages I should have had a *crown* of *laurel* for extending a taste for letters, and aiding the progress of refinement; now the only *crown* I had has been expended to place me one on the bench of the Correctional Police as a criminal and offender. O tempora! O mores! On discovering the manuscript of a latin author, Petrarch was *transported* with enthusiasm; while it will be well for me if I be not *transported* too. The Minstrel of Vaucluse received the felicitations of the *Sovereigns* of his day; I have not a *crown* to bless *me;* and the only compliments I am likely to receive are those of the Gaoler, who will be directed to receive me. *Bonis operibus meis lapidatus sum.*' Notwithstanding the dismal anticipations of the humble but erudite Corsican, the Judges had the manliness to reject the appeal of the Procureur du Roi: and the teacher wenned him on his way, pretty certain that, as a comment on his boldness in asserting himself to be free from guilt, he will be deprived of his already most scanty means of subsistence.

FEMALE DOCTOR.

A short time since a diminutive, aged, and decrepit woman, whose life had been passed in the service of the camp, appeared before the Tribunals of Paris, charged with illegally practising medicine, and as suspected of causing the death of a M. Danguy, and another person, by her unscientific prescriptions. On being called upon for her defence, she observed, 'Gentlemen, the medicine I gave Danguy was *susceptible* of saving him; it has been sent to the *annalists* of the Garden of Plants; but the fact is, Danguy got drunk,—that was his affair: had he kept sober, I would have cured him,—that was mine; but he choose to die,—that was his.' 'But,' observed the President, 'there is another case against you.' Prisoner,—'Bah! bah! Pillet's, you mean? he died *by mistake*; it is not worth talking about.' President,—'But you have no diploma.' Prisoner,—'Diploma is it! I despise them; I could not read them if I had them: but I have studied *humanities*. Minerals I know as little as I care about; but as to vegetables, I guess. Give me a paralytic here, and I'll cure him at once.' At this declaration, many voices from the crowd that had assembled were raised, in attestation of the truth of her statement; and, 'True! True!' 'She has cured me.' 'She has cured me.' 'She has saved my mother,' &c. was heard on every side. Prisoner,—'There, what do you say to that? Gout! Cancer! A broken limb,—it is all one to me. I wish, Gentlemen, you had them all, if it was only for the pleasure of setting you to rights.' New ejaculations were heard in her favour from the audience, and expressions confirmatory of her statements. 'There!' said the veteran lady, gesticulating with energy, 'There's for you! I have been twelve years in the army, and I will fight all the doctors of Paris with the sword or with drugs, whichever they choose.' Notwithstanding all this, the unfortunate pseudo medecin was condemned to six months' imprisonment. She heard her sentence with courage and calmness, and, as it ended, lifting her hand, like an old grenadier, to her bonnet, observed, '*Messieurs, j'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble serviteur,*' and then left the Court between two *gens d'armes*, marching in regular time, and apparently not at all discomfited at her defeat.

HOFFMAN,

Who died lately in France, was as singular as a talented man. During the most painful periods of the French Revolution, his satire was directed against the leaders of the party of the day, and his ironical praise of their atrocities was given to the world in his Journal 'Le Menteur.'

He had severely criticized the 'Richard Cœur de Lion' of Sedaine, of the French Academy. A friend of the author met him him at the *Café de la Foe*, and remonstrated with him on his injustice. 'Let us send to two different confectioners,' said Hoffman, 'for baskets of *bon-bons*, and, if the majority of verses on such of their devices as we shall take by chance be not better than those of Sedaine, I shall pay the price of them, and beg his pardon; if they are superior in merit to the verse of 'Richard,' you shall pay, and beg mine.' It was done. The company in the coffee-room became umpires, and decided unanimously in favour of the poetry of the devices.

The directors of a Newspaper, for which he sometimes wrote, having sent a most virulent article against himself, in the number of those upon the insertion whereof he sometimes condescended to decide, Hoffman returned it, with the following marginal note: '*J'ai lu le présent article, et je n'y ai rien trouvé qui m'a paru devoir en empêcher l'impression.*'—Hoffman.

THE COMET OF 1832.

THERE is nothing like what is now termed *Sensation*. The French delight in any occurrence which may gently affect the feelings of joy or sorrow—a public funeral, a marriage, a *Giraffe*, or Lord Cochrane. John Bull has hardier nerves, and is less sensible to milder impressions; he requires a stronger dose—the fall of the Brunswick Theatre; Williamson, Thistlewood, Bellingham, and Thurtell, can alone make him feel properly; while the Germans are ever striving after 'the *sublime*, and nothing will content them but the 'wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.' A blundering teutonic astronomer discovered, recently, that the Comet which will be seen in 1832, would come in contact with the earth; but, like a true German comforter, he would persuade us that the injury it would cause our globe would not be general. Part of Russia, Poland, Prusssia, Germany, and Constantinople might go perhaps; or we might lose our East India possessions, and have to give up the use of the tea from China; the labours of Bolivar and General Jackson might be rendered unnecessary;—however, at all events, the world would gain a very considerable *addition* of *territory*. This idea might be congenial to the gloomy fancy of a German, but its expression spread terror and dismay in neighbouring countries; and, within my own observation, its effects were neither trivial or pleasing on the minds of many. The Comet of 1832 will certainly approach within 14,000 leagues of the earth's orbit: and as Salande had calculated that a comet, at that distance from the globe, might produce sensible disorder on earth's concerns, the German threw down his pen, satisfied with being enabled to horrify the nations; and fearful, by entering on further detail, he might but spoil a good story. Were the globe to be at the point of its orbit at which the comet will be at the period of its greatest approximation, it would be dangerous; but when its vicinity to the earth will be closest, instead of 14,000 leagues, its least distance will be sixteen *millions* of leagues,—a slight difference, calculated to calm the fears of the timid and nervous, and to disappoint the expectations of the sublime German.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

'Quand l'amour n'est pas le plus grand des biens, il est le plus grand des Maux,' says a French philosopher; while 'the Ettrick Shepherd' more quaintly describes it—

> 'as a dizziness,
> That winna let a simple body gang about his business.'

Poor Monsieur Picard, (not the dramatic writer, but) a bachelor living in the wine-boasting city of Mâcon, in the delightful province of Burgundy, had passed sixty years of his life in peace and tranquillity, without having been diverted from the even tenor of his way, by the allurements of the *opthalmic mannekin*. His repose had been as perfect as that of a commissioner of customs on active service—of a chief justice in Eyre—or one of the Admiralty council; until he met with a lady, who had left a demi-century of years behind her; and to whom, with as much rapidity as the passing of an *Inclosure Bill*, and as much warmth as Lord Eldon displayed in defence of the Test and Corporation Acts, he offered his hand in *test* of love, and the endowment of his *corporation*. His advances were met with scarcely more shyness than would be evinced by the Peel or Beresford family to a place or living; but modesty demanded that, like the Ambassadors at the Porte, time should be accorded ere the *ultimatum* was pronounced; and she required a month to determine whether she should cross the *Pruth* of matrimony. From that instant the quiescent habits of Monsieur Picard were as effectually altered, as the political opinions of Lord E—— himself. His mornings were dark and gloomy as a city fog; his nights restless and uneasy, as Mr. Sugden when he ended his maiden speech. He loved as Catalani loves gold; Lord M—— E——, her *notes;* the Emperor Nicholas, Constantinople; or Madame de Genlis, *cant;* and, as the epoch approached which was to determine his fate, he anticipated the refusal he feared, (but unjustly); and, not waiting for the *noose* of matrimony, actually hanged himself with a *love-knot*, to the equal vexation of the lady, the *curé*, and the bell-ringers of Mâcon. The *procès verbal* of the cause of the decease of the despairing swain, returned it as arising from *Love and Madness*.

FRENCH POST OFFICE.

I am sorry to say that the iniquitous system of opening and destroying letters, in the Bureau de la Poste of Paris, is represented as existing to as great (if not a greater) extent than ever. A meeting of merchants residing in the French metropolis took place recently at the office of M. German, an advocate, to ascertain what means were left them to procure compensation for *valuables* they have lost, to a large amount, through the Post-office. The violation of private correspondence is mean, vile, and immoral enough; but the subtraction of property is an act of infamy, that merits to be holden forth to the scorn and indignation of the world.

Death of Mr. Dugald Stewart.

The mortal career of this distinguished philosopher terminated at Edinburgh on the morning of Wednesday last, the 11th of June, instant. The private worth of the deceased, the qualities of heart and head which made him so beloved in the family circle, so interesting to his friends, so much respected by his acquaintances, are known to, or have been heard of by all. His public value will be judged of ultimately by his writings, although it was by no means confined to these: the impression made by his academical prelections having been as extraordinary in depth as it was important in character. By the extensive range of his information, by his love of knowledge, by his high aspirations after good, by an eloquence, unrivalled in philosophic dignity, he gave a bias to the feelings, and a direction to the studies, of many young men of rank and talent, which redounded not less to their own honour, than they proved, in result, beneficial to the country.—*Scotsman.*

The Dog-rib Indians, who are derived from the same stock with the Chipewyans, say that, according to the traditions of their fathers, the first man was named Chapewee. He found the world well stocked with food, and he created children, to whom he gave two kinds of fruit, the black and the white, but forbade them to eat the black. Having thus issued his commands for the guidance of his family, he took leave of them for a time, and made a long excursion for the purpose of conducting the sun to the world. During this, his first absence, his children were obedient, and ate only the white fruit, but they consumed it at all; the consequence was, that when he a second time absented himself to bring the moon, and they longed for fruit, they forgot the orders of their father, and ate of the black, which was the only kind remaining. He was much displeased on his return, and told them that in future the earth would produce bad fruits, and that they would be tormented by sikcness and death—penalties which have attached to his descendants to the present day. Chapewee himself lived so long that his throat was worn out, and he could no longer enjoy life; but he was unable to die, until, at his own request, one of his people drove a beaver-tooth into his head.—*Captain Franklin's Journey.*

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The Living and the Dead, by a Country Curate, second edition' 1 vol., post 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Deafness, its Causes, Prevention, and Cure, by John Stevenson, Esq., 1 vol., post 8vo., 7s. 6d.
Dr. Harwood on the Curative Influence of the Southern Coast of England, 1 vol., post 8vo., 9s. 6d.
Woodbridge's Rudiments of Geography, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Woodbridge's Modern Atlas, royal 4to., 8s.
Burton's Antiquities of Rome, second edition, 2 vols., crown 8vo., with additions, 15s.
Ulrica of Saxony, a Romantic Tale, 3 vols., 12mo., 16s. 6d.
Light's Views of Pompeii, folio, 3l. 10s.
Knight's Modern and Antique Gems, eighty-six plates, 1l.11s.6d.
The Italian, a Romance, by Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, 4 vols., 12mo., 20s.
Taylor on the Money System, 8vo., 6s.
Faber's Sacred Calendar of Prophecy, 3 vols., 8vo., 1l. 16s.
Myer's Vindication of the Athanasian Creed, royal 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Hall's Inquiry into the Canons, &c., of the Church of England, 8vo., 7s.
Part I. (to be completed in twenty parts) of a Series of Illustrations of the Poems of Burns, from Designs by W. Kidd, Esq., 5s.
Mornings in the Library, by Knight, with Introduction, &c., by Bernard Barton, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Florian's Questions on the History of England, by J. Gorton, 18mo., 1s. 6d.
The Smuggler's Son, by the author of 'Don Ulloa,' 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Lessons of Wisdom, by the Rev. Wm. Edwards, Cambridge, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Easy Rhymes, by the author of 'Cato,' 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Tarver's Complete System of French Pronunciation, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Hodson's Sacred History, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Second Statement of the London University, 8vo., 1s. 6d.
Ryland on Diseases of the Chest, and on the Use of the Sterhoscope, third edition, 18mo., 3s.
Gregory's Practice of Physic, third edition, 8vo., 16s.
Lempriere's Scripture Lessons, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Tales of the Academy, 2 vols., 18mo., 5s.
Whim Whams, by Four of Us, 18mo., 3s. 6d.
Coeventry's Concise Forms, third edition, with large additions, 12mo., 6s. 6d.
King Charles the First, the author of 'Icôn Basilike,' further proved, by Wordsworth, 8vo., 8s.
Sotheby's Italy and other Poems, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
The sixth vol. of Mrs. Shoswoodie's Lady of the Manor, 18mo.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to inform E. B., that the former Subscribers to 'The Verulam,' *who have taken* 'The Athenæum' *in its stead, may be supplied with copies of the back Numbers of either Paper, at the usual rate; but that the reprint of any particular articles in a separate Number would be impracticable under our existing arrangements, even supposing the demand for such Number to be sufficient to cover the expense.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Armstrong, the compiler of the 'London Gælic Dictionary,' is preparing for the press a Gælic Translation of the Apocryphal Scriptures; to be published in numbers, at a rate so low, that the poorest Highlander can purchase it.

A work may shortly be expected under the title of 'Journal of a Voyage to Peru, Journey across the Pampas, and a Passage across the Cordillera of the Andes.' By Lieut. Brand, R.N., who performed the journey on foot, in the snow, during the severe winter of 1827.

Carpenter's Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures, with maps and plates. Part I., to be continued monthly.

THE GALLERY of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS, in Pall-Mall East, WILL CLOSE, for the present Season, on SATURDAY NEXT, the 21st instant.
Admittance, One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence.
Charles Wild, *Secretary.*

This day is published, price 2s. 6d. boards,
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THE ARGUS.—The number of orders already received from every part of the Country for the regular daily supply of Mr. Buckingham's New Evening Paper, 'The Argus,' having far exceeded all expectation, the First Number of that Journal will appear on Monday, the 30th of June.
It is again deemed necessary to repeat, however, that as no greater number of Copies will be printed than those ordered by the regular Subscribers before the day of publication, persons desirous of securing themselves from disappointment should communicate their wishes without delay.
Orders and Advertisements continue to be received at the Central Office of Publication, 147, Strand; at the three Branch Offices, 33, Old Bond Street; 74, Cannon Street, City; 8, Chain Gate, Borough; and by all Newsmen, Postmasters, and Clerks of the Road, in Great Britain.

THE SPHYNX.—A very considerable number of the regular Subscribers to 'The Sphynx' having transmitted their orders for 'The Argus,' and expressed a strong desire that, to enable them to take both, 'The Sphynx' should revert to its original character of a Sunday Morning Paper, so as to fill up the interval between the Saturday and Monday Evening's Daily News, their request will be complied with, and the New Series of 'The Sphynx' will accordingly commence on the first Sunday in July.
Instead of reverting to the original price, however, which was One Shilling per Number, it will be fixed at Tenpence; so as to form a medium between 'The Examiner' and 'The Atlas;' the last of which it will most nearly resemble, in its general arrangement: it being intended, in the Sunday Morning's Sphynx, besides Original Papers on the Political Events of the Times, and occasional Literary Reviews, to give the Leading Articles of the principal Sunday Papers of the same day; thus forming one of the most varied and comprehensive Weekly Journals in the kingdom.

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OPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON, FOR THE SESSION 1828—9.

NOTICE is hereby given, That the Medical Classes will open on the First of October, and the Classes for the other branches of education on the Third of November next.
The Council have published a 'Second Statement,' giving an account of the Days and Hours when the several Professors are to lecture, of the Fees to be paid by the Students, together with a brief outline, drawn up by each Professor, of the manner in which he proposes to treat the subject which he has been appointed to teach. This Statement is to be had, price One Shilling and Sixpence, of Mr. Taylor, the Bookseller and Publisher to the University, No. 30, Upper Gower-street; of Messrs. Longman and Co., Paternoster Row; of Mr. Murray, Albemarle-street; and at the University Chambers, No. 20, Percy-street, Bedford-square.
A Register is now open to receive the Names of Students, and attendance for that purpose will be given at the Chambers, as above, every day except Sunday, from Nine in the morning to Five in the afternoon. Persons desirous of having a previous communication with the Warden will please to call at the Chambers on Mondays, Wednesdays, or Fridays, between Two and Five o'clock.
A Copy of the above 'Second Statement' will be immediately sent to each Proprietor in London.
By Order of the Council,
University Chambers, 13th June, 1828. Thomas Coates, *Clerk.*

London: Printed and Published every Wednesday morning, by William Lewer, at the Office, 147, Strand, near Somerset House. Sold also at the Branch Offices established at 33, Old Bond-street, for the West End, and at 74, Cannon-street, City; and 8, Chain Gate, High-street, Borough, near London Bridge, for the East End of the

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THE ATHENÆUM.

London Literary and Critical Journal.

No. 35. LONDON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1828. Price 8*d*.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

CRAWFURD'S EMBASSY TO SIAM AND COCHIN CHINA.

Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Courts of Siam and Cochin China: exhibiting a view of the actual state of those Kingdoms. By John Crawfurd, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., &c., late Envoy. Henry Colburn. Pp. 598. London, 1828.

The very valuable and interesting narrative which is here presented to the public, has claims to general attention possessed by few other works on foreign countries. It is written by a talented and experienced traveller, and refers to a region about which every information which can be given is peculiarly acceptable in Europe. Mr. Crawfurd, who is generally known to be a man in every respect qualified for the office to which he was appointed, was fixed upon by the Marquis of Hastings to undertake the mission of which the volume before us gives the history. In the earlier contests which the English had with the Native Princes, their commerce with Siam and Cochin China was, it appears, destroyed; subsequent events had not the effect of restoring it; and so important was this diminution of commercial advantages, very rightly, considered by the English merchants, that the Indian Goverment determined upon opening a negociation with the ruling Monarchs of these countries, and on endeavouring to restore the traffic on terms equally profitable to both parties. The subject had already been brought under consideration by the Government of Penang, but without being followed by the consequences which might reasonably be looked for from the measures now about to be pursued. The fertility and natural riches of the regions which form the kingdoms of Siam and Cochin China, were sufficient reasons for the resolutions thus taken, and the fruitful sources of wealth they opened to mercantile speculation, an object important enough to warrant any attention which might be paid to it by those whose interest is dependant on the prosperity of commerce. But the benevolent philosopher and moralist will regard this and other similar undertakings with a more deeply interested miud. The greatest difficulty, it is acknowledged by Mr. Crawfurd, and by the members of the Indian Government in the official instructions they gave him, which he had to meet with, would be from the strong, universal, and almost unconquerable distrust of Europeans, so prevalent among the Native Princes. As merchants will not soon, we fear, act or think like philosophers, it is a thing to be rejoiced at when they are compelled, for interest's sake to pursue the very same course which the disinterested philanthrophist would do to obtain a higher object. Let the wealthy traders of a country find the truest way to wealth in promoting mutual trust and confidence between nations, whether more or less civilized, and a wider and surer path will be opened for the universal diffusion of truth. When Mr. Crawfurd, therefore, was instructed to use his utmost efforts to promote a confidence on which all was considered to depend, a great truth was expressed, which ought to be like a beam of light both on the heart and mind of even the lowest member of a legislative body.

The mission set out on Nov. 21, 1821. Mr. Crauford was accompanied by Captain Dangerfield and Mr. Finlayson, of whose important services in the journey he speaks in terms of very

The party, after a series of interesting circumstances arrived at Bangkok on the 29th of March. The ceremonies attending their presentation are well described, and the account affords a strong and lively picture of courtly pomp in the East. There is, however, so great a similarity necessarily existing between all narratives of this kind, that however, amusingly written, they seem but copies of each other. Instead, therefore, of extracting our author's account of his arrival, introduction, and of the thousand grave follies to which he submitted, with excellent grace, we follow him to the royal menagerie:

'During the audience, a heavy shower had fallen, and it was still raining. His Majesty took this opportunity of presenting us each with a small umbrella, and sent a message to desire that we would view the curiosities of the palace at our leisure. When we arrived at the threshold of the hall of audience, we perceived the court-yard and the roads extremely wet and dirty from the fall of rain. We naturally demanded our shoes, which we had left at the last gate. This was a favour which could not be yielded, and we were informed that the first princes of the blood could not wear shoes within the sacred enclosure in which we now were. It would have been impolitic to have evinced ill-humour, or attempted remonstrance; and, therefore, we feigned a cheerful compliance with this inconvenient usage, and proceeded to gratify our curiosity.

'The greatest of the curiosities to which our attention was directed were the white elephants, well known in Europe to be objects of veneration, if not of worship, in all the countries where the religion of Buddha prevails. The present King has no less than six of these, a larger number than ever was possessed by any Siamese monarch; and this circumstance is considered peculiarly auspicious to his reign. Four of them were shown to us. They approached much nearer to a true white colour than I had expected; they had, indeed, all of them more or less of a flesh-coloured tinge; but this arose from the exposure of the skin, owing to the small quantity of hair with which the elephant is naturally covered. They showed no signs of disease, debility, or imperfection; and as to size, they were of the ordinary stature, the smallest being not less than six feet six inches high. Upon inquiring into their history, we found that they were all either from the kingdom of Lao or Kamboja, and none from Siam itself, nor from the Malay countries tributary to it; which last, indeed, had never been known to afford a white elephant.

'The rareness of the white elephant is, no doubt, the origin of the consideration in which it is held. The countries in which it is found, and in which, indeed, the elephant in general exists in greatest perfection, and is most regarded, are those in which the worship of Buddha and the doctrine of the metempsychosis prevail. It was natural, therefore, to imagine that the body of so rare an object as a white elephant must be the temporary habitation of the soul of some mighty personage in its progress to perfection. This is the current belief, and accordingly every white elephant has the rank and title of a king, with an appropriate name expressing this dignity—such as the 'pure king,' the 'wonderful king,' and so forth. One of the Jesuits, writing upon this subject, informs us, with some *naiveté*, that his Majesty of Siam does not ride the white elephant, because he, the white elephant, is as great a king as himself.

'Each of those which we saw had a separate stable, and no less than ten keepers to wait upon it. The tusks of the males, for there were some of both sexes, were ornamented with gold rings. On the head they had all a gold chain net, and on the back a small embroidered velvet cushion.

'Notwithstanding the veneration with which the white elephants are considered in some respects, it does them from occasional correction. Two of them were described as so vicious, that it was considered unsafe to exhibit them. A keeper pricked the foot of one, in our presence, with a sharp iron, until blood came, although his majesty's only offence was stealing a bunch of bananas; or rather snatching it before he had received permission!

In the stables of the white elephants, we were shown two monkies, whose presence, the keepers insisted, preserved their royal charges from sickness. These were of a perfectly pure white colour, of considerable size, and of the tribe of monkies with long tails. They were in perfect health, and had been long caught; but we were advised not to play with them; as they were of a sullen and mischievous disposition. These were both taken in the forest of Pisiluk, about ten days' journey up the Menam.

'From the white elephants we were taken to the crowd of their brethren, which had the ill luck to be born black, and were, therefore, doomed to toil, or harsh usage. They did not appear to us to be remarkable either for size or beauty; but some of our Indian servants, who were better judges than ourselves, considered them as possessing, in an eminent degree, all those points which are admired by amateurs, and which distinguish the noblest race of this animal.

'We were struck with the great number, which were partly white, principally about the head and trunk. One of these, which was kept in a separate stable, had the whole head and trunk white; it was eight feet high, and, in point of symmetry, quite perfect. This, like some of the white elephants, was caught in the forests of Lao. The elephant usually rode by his Majesty was exhibited among the rest; it was tall and very docile, but not remarkable for beauty.

'A glance at his Siamese Majesty's stud of horses was quite sufficient to satisfy our curiosity. It consisted of a few ponies imported from the Eastern Islands, and of a small breed of horses, said to be brought from the Chinese province of Yu-nan. There were a few horses from Western India, old and miserable. One of these, we were informed, had been presented by Mr. Light, the first Governor of Prince of Wales's Island.

'As we passed along, we were requested to examine the large cannon which we had seen on entering. They consisted of seven or eight pieces lying on beds, and were mere objects of curiosity. Some of them were eighteen feet long, the walls of enormous thickness, but the calibre not exceding nine inches. They appeared to have been perfectly well cast. Each had an inscription upon it, inlaid in silver, which, as we were told, described its charge of powder, but, from what we could understand, in very exaggerated terms. These guns bore no comparison in points of size to some of those cast by the Mohammedan Princes of Hindostan, and neither in size nor workmanship to several which we afterwards saw in Cochin China.'—Pp. 96-99.

They arrived at Hué, the capital of Cochin China, Sept. 25. The following is interesting, as showing the state of the useful and domestic arts, as well as of those relating to war among this people, who it seems are far better skilled in these things than is usually supposed.

'*Sept.* 30.—Notice was sent to us yesterday forenoon, that an accommodation-barge would be sent, to take us to whatever part of the city we wished to visit, and that the French Mandarins would accompany us. At three o'clock MM. Chaignean and Vanier accordingly waited upon us, and said that they had orders from the King to conduct us into the new city, and to show us the works. We ascended the river, and landed on the west side of the new fortification, or walled city, where we found a Cochin Chinese Mandarin waiting to receive us.

'The new city, which is of a quadrangular form, is completely insulated, having the river on two sides of it, and a spacious canal of from thirty to forty yards

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walls, or of the city, which is the same thing, is upwards of five miles. The form of the fortification is nearly an equilateral quadrangle, each face measuring 1180 toises. The late King himself was the engineer who formed the plan, under the instructions and advice, however, of the French officers in his service, but whose personal assistance he had lost, before he commenced the undertaking, in the year 1805. This singular man proves to have been no mean proficient in this branch of European military science; for the works, as far as we could judge, are planned and constructed on technical rules, and the materials and workmanship are not inferior to the design. The fortress has a regular and beautiful glacis, extending from the river or canal to the ditch; a covert way all round; and a ditch, which is thirty yards broad, with from four to five feet water in it, all through. The rampart is built of hard earth, cased on the outside with bricks. Each angle is flanked by four bastions, intended to mount thirty-six guns a-piece, some in embrasures, and some in *barbette*. To each face there are also four arched gateways of solid masonry, to which the approach across the ditch is by handsome arched stone bridges. The area inside is laid out into regular and spacious streets, at right angles to each other. A handsome and broad canal forms a communication between the river and the fortress, and within is distributed by various branches, so as to communicate with the palace, the arsenal, the granaries, and other public edifices. By this channel the taxes and tributes are brought from the provinces, and conducted at once to the very doors of the palace or magazines. The palace is situated within a strong citadel, consisting of two distinct walls, or ramparts. Within this we were not invited; but the roof of the palace itself was distinguishable by its yellow colour; and one handsome temple, consecrated to the royal ancestors of the King, was also noticed. This last, which has no priests attached to it, was the only place of worship within the new city.

'In the whole of this extensive fortification, there is scarcely any thing slovenly, barbarous, or incomplete in design. Perhaps the only exceptions are the Chinese umbrella-shaped towers over the gates, and the embrasures of one or two of the bastions finished by his present Majesty, and in which he has taken it into his head to invert the rule of science and common sense, by making the embrasures to slope inwards, instead of outwards. The banks of the river and canal forming the base of the glacis, are not only regularly sloped down every where, but wherever the work is completed—for it is still unfinished in a few situations—they are cased from the foundation with a face of solid masonry. The canal within the walls is executed in the same perfect and workmanlike manner; and the bridges which are thrown over it, have not only neat stone balustrades, but are paved all over with marble brought from Tonquin.

'The first object in the interior to which our curiosity was particularly pointed, was the public granaries. These form ranges of enormous length in regular order, and are full of corn, being said to contain many years' consumption for the city. It has been the practice of the late and present King, to add two or three ranges of granaries every year to the number. The pernicious custom of hoarding grain against years of scarcity, and the unavoidable effect of which is to aggravate, or even to create, the evil it is intended to obviate, seems to be a received and popular maxim of Cochin Chinese government. It has its use in maintaining the tyranny of a despotic government.

'The barracks were the next object pointed out to us—and here we found the troops drawn out. These buildings are excellent, and, in point of arrangement and cleanliness, would do no discredit to the best organised army in Europe. They are extensive, and surround the whole of the outer part of the citadel. We were informed, that from twelve to thirteen thousand troops were constantly stationed at the capital.

'The most extraordinary spectacle was still to be exhibited—the arsenal. A violent fall of rain, and night coming on, prevented us from inspecting the whole of this; but what we did see, was more than sufficient to excite our surprise and gratify our curiosity. The iron cannon were first pointed out to us, consisting of an extraordinary assemblage of old ship-guns of various European nations—French, English, Dutch, and Portuguese. These were objects of little curiosity compared with the brass ordnance, the balls, and shells, all manufactured in Cochin China, by native workmen, from materials supplied by Tonquin, and after French models. The ordnance consisted of cannon, howitzers, and mortars. The carriages were all constructed, finished, and painted, as substantially and neatly as if they had been manufactured at Woolwich, or Fort William, and the field-carriages especially were singularly neat and handsome. The cannon are of various calibres, from four to sixty-eight pounders, with a large proportion of eighteen pounders. Among them were nine remarkable guns cast by the late King; these carry each a ball weighing seventy Chinese catties, or, in other words, are ninety-three pounders; they are as handsomely modelled and as well founded as any of the rest, and placed upon highly-ornamented carriages. On these remarkable pieces of ordnance is inscribed the name of the late King, Ja-lung, and the day and year in which they were cast. The King used to say that these would prove the most durable monuments of his reign—no great compliment to his administration.'—Pp. 250—253.

The general aspect of the country, together with the objects which usually meet a traveller in these regions, will be understood from the part of the narrative we next copy:

'*Oct.* 18.—We left Kao-hai at six o'clock this morning, and reached the foot of the first range of hills in about an hour. After crossing this, which is narrow, and not above three hundred feet high, we entered an extensive valley. Travelling through this, until half-past eight o'clock, we halted at Nuk-mang, "the place of sweet water," a remarkably pretty and neat village. We breakfasted here, and resumed our journey at half-past eleven. Still traversing low ground for three quarters of an hour, we reached a second range of hills, of nearly the same elevation as the first: this terminated the valley, which appears to be about nine miles broad. It is, generally speaking, sandy, sterile, and in a state of nature; but towards the hills, on both sides, the soil improves and is well cultivated. Here we saw reapers in the fields; among them were many women. They used a sickle, as in Europe; and their work was performed with something like the energy and vigour of European labour. As soon as we had reached the top of the second range of hills, a beautiful and unexpected view was presented to us. On one side was the valley, which we had just quitted; on another the open sea; on a third high ranges of wooded mountains; and before us, what we took at the time for a great internal lake, surrounded every where by steep and wooded hills. This extensive piece of water proved, however, to be another arm of the sea. We skirted it along its eastern shore, passing a great deal of forest, but our journey being over a most excellent and well-finished road. In this part of our route in particular, and generally indeed throughout the whole of it, we observed along the road many monuments of Cochin Chinese superstition, in the form of little temples, at which votive offerings were presented as well as occasionally on the pinnacles of rocks. These offerings consisted usually of little bits of gilded paper, and similar trifles, and were most usual in wild and solitary spots, considered by the Cochin Chinese to be the natural dwellings of evil spirits. At one spot which we passed, on the summit of a hill, and in the depth of the forest, there was erected a post, having on it a board, on which was represented a hideous human face, with an inscription underneath. Our native companions informed us, that the writing was a sacred text, and that it and the ugly face were intended to frighten away an evil spirit of peculiar malignity which haunted this particular spot. They said, that when people travelled in numbers, or in fine weather, the evil genius in question was not to be apprehended, but that he took advantage of solitary travellers, especially of women, and that he was most mischievous in storms and gloomy weather!

'At two o'clock we arrived at Hai-mung, the end of our stage. This was a considerable village on the sea-side, just at the entrance of the bay already mentioned, and which, in the native language, is called Vungdam, or the harbour of Dam. It appeared to be about five miles across, in its broadest part, and seven or eight long. The deep of water in the middle is ten Cochin Chinese cubits, or almost fourteen feet English. The entrance is extremely narrow—I should think not above one hundred and twenty yards, and here there is only a depth of from seven to eight and a half feet. For a mile inland, The bay consists of a narrow gut or channel, which expands all at once to the breadth which I have just stated. A tremendous surge rolls in upon the beach or rocks towards the entrance of the bay on both sides, the narrow channel alone being free from danger.

'In the forests through which we passed in the course of this day's journey, we were informed that the tigers and elephants were numerous. Of wild poultry (*Phasianus Gallus*) we saw several flocks. One of these, not far from a village, appeared so little shy, that we at first imagined it consisted of domestic fowls and hesitate to fire. In the winter, or cold season, innumerable flocks of ducks and other water-fowl are described as visiting Cochin China. These had not yet arrived, but we observed preparations making for insnaring them. These consisted of a number of artificial birds, intended for decoys.

'This day's journey was performed in palanquins, of the fashion of the country. These vehicles consist of a net, hung from a single pole, and having a neat roof of very light materials. On each side, as well as behind and in front, there are curtains of wax cloth. The weight of a good one is about thirty catties, or forty pounds, and of a small one, not more than half that amount. Two men, and no more, carry these vehicles, and four is the greatest number of bearers employed for persons of any weight, including the relief. In this employment, the Cochin Chinese exhibit a degree of strength, dexterity, and activity, of which I had not believed them capable. They travel at a quick pace, and change the palanquin from shoulder to shoulder, or relieve each other without even halting. Each of our sets of bearers carried us at least nine or ten miles. In every respect, I conceive them superior to Indian palanquin-bearers. They perform the same work, at least equally well, with less than one half the numbers employed in Hindoostan. This superiority is, in a good measure, owing to the greater lightness of the vehicle employed; but, I have no doubt, in some degree, also, to the superior strength of the Cochin Chinese over the natives of Western India. We found the Cochin Chinese palanquin the most comfortable and least fatiguing vehicle in which we had ever travelled.

'*Oct.* 19.—We commenced our journey this morning at half-past five, by crossing the narrow channel which forms the entrance of the bay. Immediately before us was the high range of mountains, which divides the bay of Vung-dam from that of Han or Touran. We immediately began to ascend, and when we had got to the elevation of four or five hundred feet, had a beautiful and extensive prospect of the bay which we had just left—of the open sea, and even of a portion of the bay of Nuk-got, which we had crossed in the first day's journey. Here was a temple to the Spirit of the Mountain, and on the altar some incense still burning, left by travellers who had gone on before us. Our course was now along the sea, but at a considerable elevation over it, while it was generally concealed from view by the thickness of the forest. The scenery now, and for the rest of the day, was bold and romantic. The forest was as tall and luxuriant as close to the Equator itself, and the sound of brooks and waterfalls was perpetually murmuring in our ears. Two or three waterfalls were visible at a distance, one of which appeared to have a fall of about two hundred feet. Its white foam made a fine contrast with the uniform verdure of the surrounding forest. The road was frequently very steep. All that labour could do to make it good, had indeed been tried, but this was not much among the vast masses of granite of which the mountain consisted, and where there was scarcely an inch of soil, with which to form an even surface. Every step we took was from one block of granite to another, both in ascending and descending. The dearth of human inhabitants was ill made up by numerous herds of monkeys. We saw no less than five herds of these animals while we were passing the mountain. These were all of the same species which we had seen at the bay of Touran, the Douc, (or *Simia nemoris*,) in colour one of the handsomest of the ape tribe. At the elevation, as we conjectured, of six or seven hundred feet, we observed, for the first time, the tea-plant cultivated. The trees seemed to be little attended to, were at least twelve feet high, and the leaves appeared large and coarse. At half-past eight o'clock, we reached the highest part of the mountain. The thermometer, which on the plain was the day before, at the same hour, 83°, here sunk to 76°, and the barometer showed that our elevation above the level of the sea was about 1600 feet. The high road, however, lay over a comparatively low part of the range, some peaks of which appeared to be at least 4000 feet high. Near the highest spot to which we ascended, was a neat village, with the advantage of a good market, and of, what an European at least would consider, a fine climate. In the shops, refreshments, consisting of tea, rice, and other articles, were ready laid out for travellers, of which we saw a good number in the course of this day's and yesterday's journey. These persons, among whom were women and children, tra

velled unarmed, and without guards, and apparently without apprehension. This, at least, was a favourable sign of the vigilance and energy of the Government.

'As soon as we had reached the summit of the hill, we enjoyed a grand and extensive prospect, which exhibited at one view the bay and peninsula of Touran, the bay of Faifo, and the marble rocks which lie between them. The rest of our route was a rapid and not very easy descent to the western shore of the bay of Touran. This occupied an hour and a half. At ten o'clock we reached the little cove which I had visited on the 23d of September. Here we breakfasted, and, embarking at twelve o'clock, after a beating passage against a strong sea-breeze, reached the ship at four o'clock in the afternoon, and had the happiness to join our friends, and to find them all well.

'The geological formation of the country which we passed in this journey is entirely primitive. The extremity of a small ridge of hills, which terminates at the side of the river opposite the palace, we found to be quartz rock. Throughout the rest of our journey granite, with occasional beds of horn-blende rock, were the only formations which occurred. In the vicinity of the capital there seems to be more variety, for we found, besides quartz and granite, specimens of mountain lime-stone, which we were told had been brought from a distance of no more than ten or twelve miles.' —Pp. 280-285.

SUBTERRANEOUS TRAVELS.

Subterraneous Travels of Niels Klim. From the Latin of Lewis Holberg. 8vo. pp. 420. Thomas North, Paternoster-row. London, 1828.

THIS very amusing work of Lewis Holberg belongs to the once favourite class of compositions which, under the veil of fiction, were intended to convey the most important truths or the most biting satire. 'Gulliver's Travels,' however, is the only book of the kind which has retained is general popularity. This remarkable book its now more known and admired by the lovers of the marvellous than by those who are qualified to relish its serious and witty attacks on certain principles and parties. 'Captain Popanilla,' reviewed in another Number of the paper, is of the same class; but the taste for this kind of reading, we conjecture, is gone by; politics have now a medium which leaves them too open to the broad light of day to let men relish them in allegories, or in any thing but plain-speaking newspapers. We should not, therefore, have considered 'Niels Klim's Subterraneous Travels' as likely to prove interesting to many of our readers, had it not qualities of another kind, beside those which would induce us to put it on the same shelf with the works we have just mentioned; but it is, in fact, a most curious and entertaining story, and would hardly fail to attract nearly as much interest as Swift's work, had the author been content to play with puppets in a human form. But it was a favourable amusement with philosophers and wits, an age or two back, to imagine in what forms the non-descript inhabitants of the moon or of other sublunar worlds might exist; and Lewis Holberg has left many behind in this play-work of the fancy.

The hero of his story is one Niels Klim, a Swede, who, having completed his studies in the University of Copenhagen, returns almost pennyless to his native town, to make learning better than house and lands as he might. He takes to exploring the wild and savage mountains in the neighbourhood of his home; and, while pursuing his adventures, is induced to descend a chasm, which had excited the curiosity of many philosophers, but none of whom ventured to enter it. Klim's attempt is thus described:

'Among divers extraordinary things, that which struck me as the most remarkable, was a hole or cavern on the top of a mountain, called by the country-folks Mount Flöien (the Weather-cock Mountain.) Round the orifice, there circulated a soft and not unpleasant breeze, occasioned by the circumambient air being drawn into the hole, and again expelled, with a continual groaning; which afforded the literati of Bergen, and particularly the renowned Abelin, and the profoundly-skilled astronomer and natural philosopher Magister Edward, corrector of the Latin School, an opportunity of encouraging their countrymen,—as they were too old and too feeble for the enterprise,—to a close investigation of the peculiar nature of this hole. It appeared to them the more deserving of the attentive philosopher's research, as it really had, from time immemorial, much resembled a snoring man, who with vehemence inhales the air which his lungs have just expelled.

'Stimulated not less by the encouragement of these great men than by my own natural inclination, I meditated on a descent into the hole, and unbosomed my design to some of my most intimate friends, who were struck with surprise and astonishment, exclaiming, that a person who would execute such a project, could not be far short of being both frantic and desperate. Their remonstrances, however, on me were entirely lost; and, instead of abating my once-kindled desire, they only served to fan the flame. My inclination led, and my indigent circumstances urged me to the study of nature, in spite of every danger that might attend it. Always destitute of money, and living on another's charity, became daily more and more insupportable to me; and I had the dismal prospect before my eyes of unalterable poverty; seeing every road to honour and preferment in my own country closed against me; unless, through some desperate and hazardous achievement, worthy of public regard, I should succeed in again opening them.

'My resolution, after mature consideration, being firmly fixed, I prepared every thing necessary for the enterprise, and sallied forth from the town one Thursday morning at day-break, the weather being beautiful and serene. The reason of my setting out so early was, that I might be at home again in the afternoon, when my work was finished. How little did I then think, that I, like a second Phaeton,

'"Plunging headlong through the air in whizzing turns,
Precipitated on another globe,
Should not, till after ten years' woful tossing,
Behold my country and my friends again!"

'This expedition was undertaken in the year 1665; when Hans Munthe and Lars Soerensen were the burgomasters, and Christian Bertelsen and Lars Sand were senators of Bergen. Four labourers attended me with rope and boat-hooks, which I might need in the descent. We proceeded direct to Sandwig, where the mountain is the easiest of ascent; and having reached the summit, we sat down a few moments and breakfasted, not far from the fatal hole. It was here that my heart first began to misgive me, and feel as if it anticipated some approaching disaster. I turned me round to my companions: "Which of you," said I, "will now first break the ice?" but received no answer. At this, my half-extinguished courage flamed anew: I suffered the rope to be fastened round my body, and made every preparation for the descent; first, however, recommending my soul fervently to the Almighty. My devotions being ended, I was then lowered gently into the orifice, after having first given my attendants the necessary directions what they were to do; namely, I ordered them to continue to veer away the rope until they should hear me bawl, at which signal they were to stop, and, if I continued to bawl, they were, in that case, to hoist me up again with all speed. I held a boat-hook in my right hand, for the purpose therewith of pushing away any obstruction to my descent, and at the same time to guide myself in the centre of the hole; and in this manner I was let to glide softly down. But scarce had I descended more than eleven or twelve yards, when the rope snapped. I conjectured immediately what misfortune had befallen me, from the sudden howling and lamentations of the four men above; which, however, quickly vanished, as I, with wonderful velocity, shot down into the dark abyss, and, like another Pluto,

'"Sank into the bowels of the yawning earth;"

with the exception, that, instead of a sceptre, I had but a boat-hook in my hand.

'I had now been plunging through thick darkness and incessant night for the space of a quarter of an hour, as near as I was able to guess whilst in such a perturbation; when, at length, I perceived a faint glimmering, much resembling a kind of twilight; and quickly afterwards, I could distinctly see a serene and bright firmament. I at first, in my simplicity, imagined that, either by the repercussion of the subterraneous air, or some such other adverse wind, I was again blown up; and that the hole, in sending forth its breath, had thrown me back upon the earth. But, as the sun, the firmament, and the stars, which I saw, were much smaller than those we are accustomed to behold, I was completely at a loss to assign a cause for whole of this new celestial constructure must either be produced by a dizziness in my head, and a confused imagination, arising from the perplexity of my disordered brain; or that I must be dead, and conveyed to the mansions of the blessed. This last ridiculous idea, however, I quickly detected, on perceiving myself armed with a boat-hook, and dragging a long rope after me, well conceiving that neither rope nor hook was a necessary appendage to possess on my arrival in Paradise; and that the celestial inhabitants could never possibly approve of such like ornaments, with which I might be inclined, after the example of the giants, to storm heaven, and drive away the gods. Some considerable time after, when I had seriously reflected on the matter, I conceived that I must have descended to the subterraneous heavens; and that the opinions of those persons who maintain that the earth is hollow, and that within its shell there is another and a smaller world, with a smaller sun, smaller planets, and smaller stars, all in due proportion, connexion, and systematic arrangement, must be well founded. Events proved that I had conjectured right.

'My course downwards having now continued pretty long, I began to experience that the rapidity with which I was at first precipitated, gradually abated as I approached the planet, or celestial globe, which I perceived soon after my accelerated descent. As I drew nearer, it appeared visibly to increase in bulk; so that at length I could discern, although through a cloudy atmosphere that surrounded it, both seas, hills, and valleys, upon its surface:

'"Like birds which hover round the muscle-clad rocks,
Or soar 'twixt mountains' pinnacles, or billows' tops,
Or on light wing flirt o'er the briny deep;
So, 'twixt earth and heaven, hung my body suspense.'

'I became now fully sensible that I was not only suspended and dangling in the celestial air, but that the perpendicular line, in which I had hitherto descended, was now changed into a circle. At this discovery I must acknowledge that my hair stood on end, fearing, as I did, that I must be metamorphosed either into a planet or a satellite, to be twirled round in perpetual motion until the world's end. When I considered, however, a little within myself, that my reputation and honour were in no wise likely to be tarnished through such a circumstance, and that a celestial globe, or at least the satellite of a celestial globe, always proceeding in planetary order, was, at any time, able to out-lustre and eclipse a poor hungry Studiosus Philosophiæ, my spirits again revived; and the more so, when I experienced that the celestial air in which I hung, had so strongly fortified me against the cravings of nature, that I felt neither hunger nor thirst. I just then remembered that I had a biscuit in my pocket: I took it out, merely to try, out of curiosity, whether in that condition I could relish it; but on taking the first mouthful, I quickly perceived that all earthly food was become entirely nauseous; I therefore cast it from me, as a useless incumbrance. How great was my amazement on this occasion, when I discovered that the biscuit not only hung dangling in the air, but,—O wonderful to relate!—began to describe around me a planetary orbit. This gave me a clear conception of the true laws of motion, according to which, all bodies placed in equipoise must move in circles.

'How much soever I was dejected but a short time previous, at seeing myself a ball before mocking fate, I was now, on the other hand, equally elated on beholding myself exalted, not only to a self-subsistent planet, but to such a one even as would always be attended by a moon, and therefore ought to be ranked among stars of the first magnitude, or planets of the first order. In acknowledging the whole of my vain imbecility, I must needs say, that I was so immoderately inflated by this good fortune, that had I then met with all the burgomasters and all the senators of Bergen, I would merely have vouchsafed them a single glance, in order to have looked down upon them as insignificant atoms; nor would I have deigned to incline my hook, much less to bow my head, before them.

'In this state I remained three whole days. As I was continually carried round by and with the planet, which was now at no very immense distance from me, I could easily distinguish the day from the night, through observing the rising and setting of the subterraneous sun; though, after he was gone down, I never remarked any such nights as we experience on earth; for when this bright luminary was even far below the horizon, the heavens every where still continued light and shining, very similar to the full moon with us. This brightness, I concluded, must be reflected from the internal vault or hemisphere of this

the centre. A superficial knowledge of astronomy assisted me in drawing this inference.

'But the most ridiculous part of my conduct, whilst in the midst of enjoying this happy condition, perhaps, was, that I looked upon myself to be the next after the immortal gods; and, as I considered myself in the quality of a new celestial light, I made my account of speedily being introduced, together with my satellite, into the catalogue of stars, by the astronomers upon the globe below;—when, lo! appeared a most hideous and terrific winged monster, which first threatened my right side, and then my left, now my front, and afterwards my rear, with the blow of annihilation. In the beginning, as it approached me, I took it to be one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and secretly wished in my heart, if that really were the case, that it might be the Virgin; for, out of the whole constellation-system, no one, save her, could, in that solitude, show me the smallest particle of motherhood, or afford me the least consolation. As this creature, however, drew nearer to me, I perceived that it was neither more nor less than a huge and frightful griffin. I was, in consequence of this discovery, so stupified, and so overtaken with fear, that I nearly forgot myself and my new celestial dignity; and, in my inexpressible anxiety and perplexity of mind, I drew out the testimonials I had received from the University, which, as good luck would have it to be, were then in my pocket, to exhibit to this dreadful menacing enemy, and to prove to him that I possessed both my theological and philosophical examen; was student, and, what is more, was *Baccalaureus*, and able to repulse any foreign adversary *in excipiendo forum*. As soon, however, as the first heat of my passion was over, I gradually recovered my reason, and laughed heartily at the folly of which I was guilty.

'I could still not clearly perceive for what purpose this griffin followed me. I know not whether to look upon him as an enemy or consider him as a friend; or to believe—which appeared very probable—that, merely to satisfy his curiosity, he was inclined to indulge himself a little in contemplating my form. True it is, that a human body, suspended in the air, with a boat-hook in his hand, and dragging a long rope after him, would be a sufficiently ludicrous sight to attract any man, or brute beast, to stop and gaze at it. The extraordinary figure that I then cut, occasioned, as I afterwards learnt, the inhabitants on my side of the planet, to hold divers controversial colloquies, and to form several hypotheses concerning me. The philosophers and astronomers took me to be a comet, and judged the rope to be the comet's tail. Many even insisted, that such an uncommon appearance in the heavens must certainly portend some imminent calamity, not short of pestilence, famine, or some other direful and remarkable event. Others again went much further,—even far beyond the possibility of observation,—and with much precision delineated my form; so that before my arrival on the globe, I was already defined, described, painted, and even engraved, on copper.

'All this I afterwards heard mentioned with inward merriment, and a sort of tickling delight, when I had been for some time upon the planet, and had learned the subterraneous language. It is here worthy of being remarked, that there are in the interior of the earth certain extraordinary stars, which suddenly appear, and again as suddenly vanish; and which are denominated Scissici, (or the hairy.) They are described as being very hideous, with blood-red hair standing upright on their heads, similar to hogs' bristles, and having a tail much resembling a long shaggy beard; they are therefore reckoned by the natives, even as they would be with us, among the celestial wonders.

'But to the history again. The griffin had now approached near enough to attack me with his wings; and was even on the point of assaulting me with his foot; so that I could plainly discern with what view he paid me a visit. I therefore commenced acting on the defensive against this formidable and warlike enemy; took the boat-hook in both my hands, and not only with it parried off his audacious attacks, but forced him even at times to retreat in haste; until at length, after many a fruitless blow, whilst he continued still to tug at me, I succeeded in passing the hook between his wings, and sticking it into the nape of his neck with such force, that I was unable to draw it out again. The wounded monster, with a frightful shriek, now hurried headlong down to the planet below; and I, who was already weary of, and disgusted with, my new celestial astro-dignity,—perceiving that it, like every other greatness and excellence, was exposed to subversion and total decay:

> 'Now, with the griffin, which was earthward-bound,
> Did carelessly descend. As from the astral throng
> A lucid star doth seem to guide its course along
> Th' etherial vault,—thus sank I to the ground!'

And in this manner was the circle which I had lately described once more changed into a perpendicular line.

After being carried down, in the beginning, somewhat violently against the thicker air, the whizzing whereof, for a length of time, completely stunned my hearing, I came with an easy and harmless fall down upon the globe, together with the griffin, who died soon after of his wounds.

When I arrived upon this planet, I judged it to be night, merely from the absence of the sun, and not from the darkness; for it was even then so light that I could distinctly read every letter in my testimonials. This nocturnal light is reflected from the firmament, or the innermost shell of our earth; the one half of which shines like our full moon. In respect of the brilliancy of the light, there is, for the reason stated, scarcely any difference between day and night: except in so far, that the sun is away during the nights, and on that account they are somewhat colder than the days.' Pp. 3—15.

Klim met with innumerable adventures in the subterranean world, and found it inhabited with human beings in the form of trees, birds, and every other imaginable shape. His fortunes, also, were as various, and the account which is given of them enables the author to make sundry reflections, much to the edification, we dare say, of his contemporaries, but which we must, at present pass over. After having done abundance of good in the way of reform, and introducing new inventions into the nation of the Quamites, Klim himself obtains the sovereignty. He exercises his authority, however, with little discretion, and the consequence is, he is driven away in disgrace, and, to escape the fury of his pursuers, is obliged to seek refuge among some rocks. What followed is thus related:

'I sat there for some time bemoaning—but, alas! too late,—my misery and wretchedness, or, rather, my inconsistency and folly. I was so perplexed and confounded, that I forgot entirely to throw away my crown, which was ornamented with sun-beams, and might easily have betrayed me. When I had been sitting in this valley for about the space of half an hour, in the greatest agitation both of body and mind, I at once heard several people climbing up the rock, who were in search of me, and threatening with much noise and vehemence that they would bring me to punishment. I looked around me for a hiding-place, in which I might conceal myself; when

> '"A thick and pathless copse, between two barren hills,
> Where reign'd a silent darkness, beckoned me."

'Thither I hastened with all speed; and penetrated deeper and deeper into it, between the bushes, until I came, at length, to a large hole. Here I remained standing for some time to take breath; for I was nearly exhausted with running. After a little while I resolved on entering this hole, and, therefore, laid me down and crept into it on my belly, a good deal in imitation of the wriggling of a snake; and, as I found that it ran a long way, though not very steep, I made up my mind to penetrate to the end of it. But when I had proceeded about the distance of a hundred steps, I fell suddenly headlong down a perpendicular declivity; and was precipitated, with the velocity of lightning, through impenetrable darkness and incessant night, until I perceived at last a faint glimmering of light,

> '"As when Selene shines with languid smile
> Through passing clouds.——"

'As the light gradually increased, the rapidity of my course downwards abated; so that I, without difficulty, or inconvenience, and, as it were, borne upon the billows of the ocean, was gently conveyed to a place amidst a number of barren rocks; which, to my utter astonishment, I recognised as the same, whence, some years before, I was precipitated into the subterraneous regions. Why the velocity of my course gradually abated, I, in the beginning, could not conceive: but, after some reflection, I was convinced that the change was occasioned by my coming in contact with the supra-terraneous atmosphere, which is heavier than the subterraneous one; for, if our atmosphere had not been much weightier than the other, the same kind of thing might have happened to me on my ascension as on my descension, in which case I should, perhaps, have continued my voyage through the air, until I had arrived at the moon. But this hypothesis I leave to the closer examination of persons more skilled than myself in the science of astronomy.

'I lay for a length of time among the rocks in a state of insensibility: for the fall, together with the wonderful change, by which I, who was lately founder of the fifth monarchy, saw myself, on a sudden, metamorphosed into a poor and hungry baccalaureus, had completely turned my brain. And indeed the fall was so tremendous, and so poetical, that it was enough to have thrown even the strongest head into the uttermost confusion. I began to ask myself whether all that which I saw were real, or only a dream. When this painful transport had in some degree abated, and I began to recover my reason, the consternation that I was in changed quickly to affliction and remorse.

'"Almighty Father!" I exclaimed, and raised my trembling hands towards heaven, "what sin, what transgression against thy will, have I committed, to provoke thy anger, that thou now hurlest down upon my head the dreadful thunder of thy vengeance? Where am I? Whence do I come? Whither, whither, O heaven! shall I fly to hide myself from thy wrath?"

'Verily! were one to peruse all the annals of all the times, one would not find, either in ancient or modern history, an example of so great a fall; if we except that of *Nebuchadnezzar*, who, from the most potent monarch on earth, was changed into a brute beast. I was forced to experience nearly as hard a fate. In one moment were torn from me too large empires, with almost twenty kingdoms, and I had nothing now remaining but the empty shadow, and a fast fleeting recollection of them. I had lately been a *monarch*: now I could scarcely hope, in my native country, to hold a rank so high as that of schoolmaster. I was called the Envoy from the Sun: now I greatly feared that I might not obtain a situation above that of waiting-man to a dean, or at the highest to a bishop. Hope, honour, prosperity, and victory, had hitherto always attended me: but I saw nothing before my eyes but sorrow, misery, sickness, tears, and lamentations. I resembled much a sun-flower, which comes quickly to its growth, and as quickly disappears. In short, grief, pain, compunction, shame, agony, and despair, racked my inward soul to that degree, that, like King Saul, I resolved at once,

> '"—— upon my sacred word,
> To end my troubles with my naked sword:"

and was really several times on the point of drawing it for that purpose; when it entered my mind that I would again precipitate myself headlong down into the hole, out of which I had just ascended, in order to try whether a second subterraneous voyage might not produce a more fortunate result.

> '"Three times my murd'rous blade I nearly drew,
> And thrice I sheath'd again the polish'd steel;
> Three times I to the fatal hole then flew,
> And thrice I turn'd again my heel;—"

for I recollected that I was a Christian, and therefore abandoned my design, as the Christian religion expressly forbids every one from putting a period to his existence.

'I then endeavoured to descend the mountain by a difficult and narrow path, which led directly to *Sandwig*, but I stumbled several times on the way, as my mind through troubles and affliction, was entirely absent, and my thoughts were completely absorbed in reflecting on the fifth monarchy.—These unsubstantial, though still new, images hovered around, and floated in such rapid succession before my imagination, that I was nearly deprived of my senses. I had also really suffered so great a loss, that I conceived nothing in my own country could ever compensate it. What equivalent or compensation, thought I to myself, would it be, were I appointed to the high-bailiwick of *Bergen*? or even, what is still more, to the Lord-lieutenancy of all Norway? What consolation could all this be of to him who was so lately absolute sovereign of so many empires and kingdoms, which he himself had founded? I resolved, however, within myself, that if any Lord-lieutenancy in my father-land were offered to me, I would not altogether refuse it.

'When I had got about half way down the mountain, I perceived a number of boys. I beckoned them to come to my assistance, and said, '*Jeru pihal salim*:' which words, in the Quamitish language, signify, 'show me the way.' They were so alarmed at the sight of a man in a strange dress, with a hat upon his head ornamented with golden glittering sunbeams, that they all set up a most hideous shriek, and fled at once in such haste down the mountain, that they arrived at Sandwig a full hour earlier than I, who was obliged to proceed at a slow pace, in consequence of my feet being blistered and very sore with walking over the sharp pieces of broken rock. They caused the whole town to be overwhelmed with fright and consternation; for they swore solemnly, that they had seen the 'Shoemaker of Jerusalem,' or, 'The Wandering Jew,' rambling about among the rocks; that his head was

encircled with sunbeams, and that he was in perpetual motion, and sighing incessantly, which was a sure sign of the old and deep-rooted anguish that still rent his tortured bosom. When the people asked them how they knew it was 'The Shoemaker of Jerusalem,' they answered, that I had told them, with my own lips, both the name of myself and that of my country. I concluded afterwards, that this mistake arose entirely from my words '*Jeru pikal salim;* which they had not understood. The whole town was in commotion, and no one doubted the truth of the account; especially as the story of 'The Wandering Shoemaker' had lately been revived, which went so far as to say, that he had been in Hamburgh only a short time before.

'On my arrival at Sandwig, which was in the afternoon, I peceived that all the inhabitants were assembled in large crowds; for the same innate and eager curiosity, which is peculiar to all mortals, to hear and see anything that is novel, had attracted them from all parts of the adjacent country. They had long been standing at the foot of the mountain, on the tiptoe of expectation, to receive their new guest; but as soon they heard me speak, they were all filled with alarm and hastily fled, with the exception of one old man, who seemed more courgeous than the rest. To him I addressed myself, and begged of him to afford shelter in his house to a poor wretched and deluded man. He asked me, saying—

'"Where wast thou born? where is thy home, friend?
From what part of the world dost come, friend?"

I answered;

'"With fault'ring voice and sighs both loud and deep:—
The hist'ry of my troubles secret I will keep
Until another time and place; but ere I sleep
A tale I will unfold, at which the stones will weep."—

Now conduct me hence, and when in your house, I shall there relate to you adventures that will appear wholly incredible, and which, in any history, are without parallel. The old man's curiosity was excited; he took me by the hand and led me to his home, quite angry at his countrymen, who, he said, were always so unseasonably filled with alarm, and fled at the sight of every strange face, as though they had really seen something dreadful. As soon as I entered his house, I requested some drink, to quench my excessive thirst. He handed me himself a glass of beer, for neither his wife nor his daughter dared venture to approach me. When I had drunk it, I commenced my story with the following words: 'You behold now before you a man who has long been a feather before the boisterous and changeable winds of fortune, and who has been persecuted by fate more than any other mortal. We are well aware that things of the greatest moment may be changed in an instant; but that which has befallen me exceeds by far all human expectations:

'"What I've experienced is unheard of, without equal,
In our time, or days of yore; but hear the sequel—"

'My host here interrupted me, observing, "This is a fate to which all wanderers are exposed; for," said he, "how many events and changes may not occur on a journey which endures for upwards of sixteen hundred years?" I was completely at a loss to comprehend his meaning, and therefore begged of him to explain what he understood by these sixteen hundred years. "If we may believe history," answered he, "it is now exactly sixteen hundred years since *Jerusalem* was destroyed; and I doubt not, venerable sir, of your having been, at the time the destruction took place, already well stricken in years; for if that which is related of you be true, then you must have been born in the reign of the Emperor *Tiberius*." To this I could make no reply; for I actually thought his intellects were deranged, and told him, that his words were completely enigmatical to me. But he went immediately and brought a copper-plate print of the temple of Jerusalem, and asked me whether it had really any likeness of the original. In the midst of my sorrow and affliction I was not able to refrain from smiling, and asked him, the reason of all this confused and unintelligible language. "I know not," answered he, "whether I be in error or not. The inhabitants of this place aver tha you are the *Shoemaker of Jerusalem*, so famed in history, who, since the time of *Christ*, has been wandering about the whole world. But the more I look at you, the more your face brings to my recollection the features of an old friend, who, about twelve years ago, lost his life on the top of this mountain." On hearing these words, the mist vanished from my eyes, and I recognised my old friend *Abelin*, at whose house in *Bergen* I had so frequently visited. I ran into his embrace with outstretched arms, exclaiming, "Is it you, then, my dear *Abelin?* I can scarcely believe my own eyes. Here you behold again your friend *Klim*, the same who twelve years ago was precipitated down into the dark abyss." At this phenomenon he seemed

'"Like one struck by the fatal bolt,
Standing in lifeless ecstacy, and staring without sight."—

'"I behold my dear *Klim's* face again!" exclaimed he, "I hear his well-known voice!"

"'So stretched he forth his hand, such was his noble air!"—

"But although I have never seen any one in my life who had a stronger likeness of my friend *Klim*, yet I neither can nor ought to believe my own senses; for now-a-days the dead are not in the habit of rising again: I must have more corroborative proof, before I shall give credit to your words."

'In order to remove every doubt from his mind, I recounted to him exactly, and particularised every thing that had formerly taken place between us. When he heard this, his eyes became, as it were, opened, he fell upon my neck, and shedding a torrent of tears, said, "Now I perceive that it is *Klim* himself, and not his ghost; but tell me where you have lain so long concealed, and whence you have brought that very strange, nay wonderful, dress." I began then to relate every thing circumstantially that had come to pass after my descent into the hole. He listened attentively to all that I recounted, until I came to speak about the planet *Nazar*, and the rational talking trees; when he lost all patience, and said, "No dream can be more absurd and preposterous,—no mad or drunken man's nonsense can be more confused and extravagant, than what you have just related. I would sooner believe, with our simple peasants, that you had fallen among subterraneous elves; for every thing which is told concerning them, seems to be much more probable than your subterraneous travels." I entreated him to have patience only for a little while, until I had brought my story to a conclusion. At length he was silent, and I continued to relate what further had befallen me among the subterranean inhabitants, and how I had founded the greatest monarchy that had ever existed in the world. All this only tended to increase and confirm his suspicion, that I had been among sylphs, who had so fascinated me with their powerful incantations, that I had caught the shadow for the body; and, in order to ascertain the extent of my delirium, he began to question me about the state of the blessed and the damned, the Elysian fields, and such like. As I perceived clearly what he aimed at, I answered, "Your incredulity is very pardonable; for my recital of past transactions and events must appear to every one as fabulous and invented. That which I have had to encounter is so extraordinary, that it surpasses all human credibility. I swear, however, by all that is holy, that I have not invented or added one syllable; but have related everything candidly and straight forward, just as it came to pass." But his obstinate incredulity remained unshaken; and he requested that I would rest myself for a few days, as he hoped that, through repose, my disordered mind would, in that time, recover its interrupted faculty of ratiocination.'

POEMS ON ITALY.

Italy, a Poem, by Samuel Rogers. Second Part. 7*s.* 6d. John Murray. London, 1828.

Italy and other Poems, by William Sotheby. 1 vol. 7*s.* 6*d.* J. Murray. London, 1828.

The calm and subdued spirit of Mr. Rogers's 'Pleasures of Memory,' has rendered it one of the most favourite poems in the English language. It is, neither in strength, brilliancy, nor even in music of versification, equal to many others of the same class; but it has that true sweetness and appealing tenderness, which at once insures admirers. The imagination of Mr. Rogers has very little vigour, and the images which he has generally employed are drawn from the most obvious sources; but he puts them together with the most exquisite delicacy, and the scenes he has painted are beautifully distinct and perfect. The subject of his first poem was a fortunate one; but an undue weight has sometimes been placed on this circumstance, when estimating the abilities of the author. Poems, long and short, without number, have been written on memory, in all her different attributes and moods; but there are very few which leave any impression upon the mind of the reader, similar to that made by Mr. Rogers. Without labour, or any affectation of sentimentalism, he has moved the strongest feelings of [illegible] proof of its excellency, may be read with delight, while our feelings are employed on the same real objects which it presents to the imagination. In Mr. Rogers's later productions, there is the same spirit of thoughtful tenderness, but not an equal particularity and distinctness of sentiment; they fail, in a good measure, of that strong appeal to our affections, contained in the first, and which it makes, by presenting us continually with the most interesting objects which can be employed to produce quiet, home emotions.

Mr. Sotheby's genius is of an entirely different character. It is higher, more imaginative, and better adapted to wander in the wide fields of fancy, than wake the feelings by appealing to them in household words, and with familiar images.

The publications which we have now before us, are strongly marked by this difference of character in the poets' genius. As a wanderer, in Italy, however, Mr. Sotheby had greatly the advantage. His mind was much the better fitted to the contemplation of the grand, or the brilliantly beautiful objects his journey presented. He has, accordingly, far surpassed Mr. Rogers in his different poems, whenever strength of thought or imagination were the chief requisites. The following extract from 'Rome' will show the character of Mr. Sotheby's production:

'Th' enormous Coliseum's bulk behold:—
Like some lone promontory's storm-rent brow,
That spreads its shadows o'er the deep below,
And back repels the waves in tempests roll'd:
A lonely island in the sea of time;
On whose deep-rooted base
Ages on ages in their ceaseless race
Strike, and break off, and pass in idle foam,
Forgotten: thus, amid the wrecks of Rome,
The Coliseum lifts its brow sublime:
And, looking down on all that moves below,
O'er all the restless range,
Where war and violence have work'd their change,
Tow'rs motionless, and wide around it throws
The shadow of its strength,—it own sublime repose.

'Amid the deep arcades, and winding cells,
Eternal silence dwells:
Save when tempestuous whirlwinds, as they sweep
Thro' chasms yawning wide, huge fragments throw
From the rock's crest, as from a mountain brow:
Or, mingling with the murmur of the air,
O'er altars, where of yore a shaft of fire
Rose from the martyr's pyre,
The solitary pilgrim breathes a pray'r;
Or grey stol'd brethren, at the stated time,
In slow procession float, and chant the deep-ton'd rhyme.

'Not deeper felt that silence, that suspense
Of being, that here lay on all around,
When agony of pleasure chain'd each sense,
In willing horror bound;
While swarm o'er swarm the gather'd nation hung:
And where round circles widening circles spread,
And arch out-soaring arch
Bath'd in the sun-beams its ambitious head,
Watch'd, as the dying gladiator leant
On his sustaining arm, and o'er the wound,
Whence the large life-drops struggled, lowly bent,
And calmly look'd on earth,
As one who gradual sinks in still repose,
His eye in death to close
On the familiar spot that view'd his blissful birth.

'Unlike the actor on a theatre,
Who feigns the wound unfelt, that Roman dy'd:
He too an actor: and when death drew nigh,
By Rome's tremendous silence glorify'd,
Firmly sustain'd his part.
No sound, no gesture, e'er to ear or eye
Betray'd the sufferance of the pang severe,
The hand that grasp'd his heart,
Save the low pant that mark'd his lessening breath,
And one last deep-drawn groan—the agony of death.
Shout then, and bursting rapture, and the roar
Of myriads—then commingling life-streams ran,
And Rome inebriate drank the blood of man,
And swell'd the human hecatomb with gore
Of birds, and beasts, and monsters of the main;
While death pilled up the [illegible] on the

'All, all are swept away,
Who made the world a gazing theatre,
Th' arena, thundering to their war career.
But thou, enduring monument!
Tho' thy Cyclopean stones in Rome's dark hour
Built up her fort and tow'r;
And palaces, whose gloomy grandeur vast,
Oe'r her proud temples darkness cast:
Tho' all-destructive Time
Has bow'd thy crest sublime,
And storms, that crush'd the rocks, thy glory rent:
Tho' the unsparing earthquake, in its ire
That shook the pillars of the globe below,
Has rock'd thee to and fro,
Shattering thy mountain base:
Yet, thou, amid the wrecks of human pride,
Hast heav'n and earth defy'd—
The flame-wing'd bolt, and war's insatiate sword:
And view'd around, thee perish, race on race,
The Goth, the Hun, the Norman, horde on horde,
Vanish without a trace;
All, all who envy'd Rome in flame
The echo of her name:
While ages, roll'd on ages, circling by,
Grav'd on thy forehead, "Rome's eternity."

'It rests not on thy brow.
Tho' glorying in thy strength, at sight of thee,
Rome, widow of the monarch-people, raise
The shadowy sceptre of her sov'reignty;
And of the wreck of wrecks regardless, gaze
Once more exultant on her sev'n-hill'd throne:
Yet thou, forgetful of thy palmy birth,
Thou, proudest trophy of triumphant war,
Shalt lie a wreck on earth;
Stone after stone, the mountain shall descend;
And a vile weed, in dust and darkness sown,
A weed beneath thy base the structure rend,
And reckless of a Coliseum's fall,
O'er the recumbent rock spread its sepulchral pall.

'There, in the after time,
When Nature o'er the mouldering wrecks beneath,
Spreads the wild wood, and hangs her fragrant wreath
On bush and bow'r, the mountain pine sublime
The fury of the tempest shall withstand,
Th' umbrageous chestnut her bright pomp expand,
And when the forest mourns its glory gone,
Th' undying oak's dark leaf wave in the wind alone;
And haply on that grave, where Death of yore
In unveil'd horror stood,
And Rome re-echo'd the infuriate roar
Of myriads, as her nation, drunk with blood,
To the stern Furies their libation made,
Far other shout shall ring from Pleasure's festive bow'r.
There in the jocund season's reeling hour,
When the vines lend to earth a purple shade,
Gleam o'er the Appian Way, and bloom
On Scipio's violated tomb.
The hamlets round, exultant at the call,
The nectar of their feasts shall bear away,
Making th' autumnal moon perpetual holiday.

'Hark! hear you not the festive shout?
Shouts as of conquerors gathering up the spoil
Bring in the gladsome toil.
I see the ivy-wreath'd, the revel rout:
Earth widely reels around,
Rent heaven yields back the sound:
The roar that swells the choral song, recalls
The orgies of the god—Evoe's festivals.

'Such was the shout that rous'd the Menades:
So from their brow was seen to fall
Flow'rs that wreath'd their coronal.
Thus the profusion of their streaming hair
Tangled its glossy darkness on the breeze:
So flash'd their timbrels trembling on the air,
While, with swoln clusters crown'd,
They wav'd the thyrsus round:
And one, far lovelier than the rest,
The dappled fawn-skin floating round her breast,
Tim'd to the cymbals' clash her step and song,
And led the panther car
That bore in youth's bright bloom the God of Joy along.'

We take the following extracts, as showing the different manner in which the two authors have surveyed the same scene; the former is from Mr. Sothebys work the latter from that of Mr. Rogers:

'On Pæstum.

'Not yet the morn-star had his light withdrawn,
Nor yet the sun had ris'n: while thick the dews
Hung on the branch, impatient of the dawn,
'Twas the sweet season, 'twas the birth of May,
When gladness swells the universal voice,
And all that live in very life rejoice.
Onward I went rejoicing. But when lay
Before me Pæstum's desolated ground,
The sun in noontide blaze refus'd its light;
And suddenly on wings of violent sound
A storm-cloud, dark as night,
Rush'd from th' o'ershadow'd mountains, and amain
'Mid gusts of hail-stones burst th' o'erwhelming rain,
And thunders peal'd, and, preluding their roar,
Wing'd flames that rent the clouds travers'd the welkin o'er.
Yet—the dread thunder-peal, the lightning fire
That rent the clouds, and fitful flash'd between,
Seem'd as accordant with the gloomy scene,
Deep awe, and solemn feelings to inspire.
But when the sun at transient interval
Burst thro' the veil, and on the desert laid
Its golden light, at once, with all their pomp
Of massive pillars, in their strength array'd,
Broader and brighter from surrounding shade,
Range answering range, the giant temples rose
Before me, like a forest avenue
Of oaks, beneath a thousand winters' snows
Grown gray. And still, where'er I turn'd my view
On the colossal fanes, incumbent Time
Deepen'd the character that Greece of yore,
Bad Genius, and her high-soul'd sons adore,
Th' Herculean grandeur of her Doric prime,
Simple—severe—sublime.

'Sole monuments of nations long unknown!
Ye, in your strength alone,
Stand 'mid the desolate region, where of old
Dense population swarm'd.—How drear the shore,
O'er vacant billows vacant billows roll'd,
Where the sail ceas'd not gleaming, nor the oar
Its restless labour.—Void the courts that view'd
O'er hecatombs, the incense columns rise,
Dark'ning the sun-pav'd skies.
Where now the images, the molten gods,
The trident-bearer, and the brow of Jove,
Whose grandeur glorified your proud abodes?
Where fouler forms hid in the neighb'ring grove?
The singers, where? and the gay choir that tim'd
The timbers on their breast?
And they, whose loose hair, widely streaming, breath'd
Fresh fragrance, as the floatings of their vest
In dance at solemn feast, like shadows, wreath'd
The giant columns? Where the hallow'd pomp
Of sacrifice, the victim, and the priest,
Who, when the offerings on the altar blaz'd,
Look'd down with Fate's stern eye, and inly gaz'd
On doom'd futurity, while yet the beast,
Reek'd in warm blood, and palpitating life
Throbb'd underneath the knife?
Gone are they—and ye too, proud fanes! who view'd
Throughout their wide vicissitude
The birth-day, and the death of ages past,
While suns and mutable moons their courses roll'd,
Till the gray world wax'd old:
Ye, who, regardless of the thunder's blast,
Unto the whirlwind say, and gathering storm,
That your colossal form
Shall o'er times yet unborn its shadow cast:
Oh! that ye too had fall'n, and found your grave
In th' earthquake's fathomless cave,
Ere that, un'wares some hapless traveller,
By science led, and love of antique lore,
Your relics to explore;
Who, awe-struck, half a worshipper, had bent,
O'er each religious monument;
And now had gather'd, as from Nature's tomb,
One last memorial of his toil,
A Pæstan rose, twice crown'd with yearly bloom,
To grace his native soil,
Had perish'd by the dark assassin's hand
Beneath the temple's gloom.
So, so to leave, far from his father-land,
His bones unblest on your abandon'd shore,
To whiten in the sun that bleach your strand,
Long as your temple lasts—till time shall be no more.'

We now turn to Mr. Rogers. The following contains some good lines, but they want the power of those quoted from the other author:

'From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground—And am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
A cloudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world in arms.

'The air is sweet with violets, running wild
Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost,
(Turning to thee, divine Philosophy,
Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul,)
Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
For Athens; when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slacked her course.

'On as he moved along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendour eminent
Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
Well might he dream of Glory!—Now, coiled up,
The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
Suckles her young: and, as alone I stand
In this, the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and covering,
How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs
Save the shrill-voiced cicala flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick motion,
To vanish in the chinks that Time has made.

'In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries,
(Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
Across the innumerable columns flung,)
In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty Genius of the Place.

'Walls of some capital city first appeared,
Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn;
—And what within them? what but in the midst
These Three in more than their original grandeur,
And, round about, no stone upon another?
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning, left them to the elements.

'"'Tis said a stranger in the days of old
(Some say a Dorian, some a Sybarite—
But distant things are ever lost in clouds)—
'Tis said a stranger came, and, with his plough,
Traced out the site; and Posidonia rose,
Severely great, Neptune the tutelar God;
A Homer's language murmuring in her streets,
And in her haven many a mast from Tyre.
Then came another, an unbidden guest.
He knocked and entered with a train in arms;
And all was changed, her very name and language!
The Tyrian merchant, shipping at his door
Ivory and gold, and silk, and frankincense,
Sailed as before, but, sailing, cried "For Pæstum!"
And now a Virgil, now an Ovid sung
Pæstum's twice-blowing roses; while, within,
Parents and children mourned—and, every year,
('Twas on the day of some old festival,)
Met to give way to tears, and once again,
Talk in the ancient tongue of things gone by.
At length an Arab climbed the battlements,
Slaying the sleepers in the dead of night:
And from all eyes the glorious vision fled!
Leaving a place lonely and dangerous,
Where whom the robber spare, a deadlier foe
Strikes at unseen—and at a time when joy
Opens the heart, when summer-skies are blue,
And the clear air is soft and delicate;
For then the demon works—then with that air
The thoughtless wretch drinks in a subtle poison
Lulling to sleep; and, when he sleeps, he dies.

'But what are these still standing in the midst?
The earth has rocked beneath; the thunder-stone
Passed thro' and thro', and left its traces there;
Yet still they stand as by some unknown charter!
Oh, they are Nature's own! and, as allied
To the vast mountains and the eternal sea,
They want no written history; theirs a voice
For ever speaking to the heart of man!'

THE SPANISH AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

History of the Revolution of the Republic of Columbia. By Jose Manuel Restrepo, Secretary for the Interior to the Executive Power of the Republic. 10 vols. 12mo., with an Atlas of 13 Maps. Paris, 1827.

(Concluded from No. 3., page 38, Jan. 16, 1828.)

We have, on a former occasion, drawn the attention of our readers to Senhor Restrepo's

to it, we had considered the performance only in a historical light. We now intend to bring forward a few statistical documents, which, we flatter ourselves, will prove the more interesting, as hitherto we have been favoured with rather scanty information on the statistics of the Republic of Columbia.

The Republic of Columbia, the work of the immortal Bolivar, was created by the congress of Venezuela, assembled at St. Thomas of Angostura, conformably to the fundamental law of the 17th December, 1819; and it was confirmed by the General Constitutional Congress which assembled in the town of Cucuta, according to another fundamental law of the 12th July, 1821. The system of government established, is a popular representative Government; the powers being divided into legislative, executive, and judicial.

This Republic was formed of the territory which, in the time of the Spanish Government, comprised the vice-royalty of New Grenada, of Santa Fé, and the captaincy-general of Venezuela. These States, which, under the old order of things, and after their separation from the mother country, had been absolutely independent of each other, now constitute an entire nation, governed by the same laws, united by sentiment and opinion, and forming altogether a homogeneous and well-compacted body.

The Republic of Columbia was first divided into three great apartments, Quito, Cundinamarca, and Venezuela; which were placed under the authority of chiefs, denominated vice-presidents. But, to avoid the danger of giving too much power to the political chiefs of the departments, subsequent divisions took place; and the whole territory of the Republic is now divided into twelve departments, under the following names: Orinoco, Venezuela, Apure, Zulia, Boyaca, Cundinamarca, Magdalena, del Istmo, Cauca, Ecuador, Guayaquil, and Asuay; constituting thirty-seven provinces, and two hundred and twenty-eight cantons, or small districts, and sending forty-eight members to the Senate.

Columbia is bounded, on the north, by the Sea of the Antilles, and the Atlantic Ocean, and extends, by a continuation of coasts and islands, from Cape Gracias-a-dios, in the province of Honduras, and which is situated at the eastern extremity of the Caribbee Sea, to the mouth of the river Essequibo, the ancient boundary of Dutch Guyana, and which falls into the Atlantic Ocean; on the east, by the Pacific Ocean, from Cape Dulce to the river Trumbez, the northern boundary of Peru. On the south-east, it is bordered by Peru, from which it is separated by the river Macara, and the Cordillere of Guancubamba; and, on the south-west, by Brazil, from which it is divided by the river Amazon, on the south, and by the river Cacaburis, and the Tierra Paracaïna, on the west; and finally, by the Essequibo. The space comprised between these limits contains 92,000 square leagues, 58,300 of which belong to the former New Grenada, and 33,700 to the captaincy-general of Venezuela. The united population of Columbia is about 2,900,000 souls, which may be distributed thus:

	Venezuela	New Grenada.	Presidentship of Quito.	Total.
Whites	200,000	877,000	157,000	1,234,000
Indians	207,000	313,000	393,000	913,000
Mulattoes	433,000	140,000	42,000	619,000
Slaves	60,000	70,000	8,000	138,000
	900,000	1,400,000	600,000	2,900,000

400,000 persons have perished in the sanguinary struggle for independence, either on the field of battle, or by the Spanish dagger, or on the scaffold; in the woods, by emigration, in military hospitals, or by the earthquake of 1812.

In the middle of Columbia, and through the whole of South America, the majestic [illegible] and extend their ramifications in following the direction of the meridian along the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The most elevated points of these mountains are Chimborago, Cayambur, Capac-Urca, and Potopaei. Towards the n. deg. 15′ of north latitude, the Andes divide themselves into an immense number of smaller ramifications, that afterwards slope and diminish towards Panama, Guatemala, and Mexico, forming a mountainous tract that bears the name of Pasto, and which, being composed of deep gorges, narrow defiles, and inaccessible rocks, would enable a handful of resolute men to bid defiance to all the efforts of a numerous army. Amidst the multitude of valleys that cross the soil of Columbia, that of Psopayan is distinguished above the rest. The grand and extensive Plateaux of Bogota, Ubate, Sinijoca, Chiquinquira, and Samogoso, rise in all the luxury of equinoctial vegetation, above the beautiful and fertile valleys that surround them. Lakes of great extent and picturesque beauty, such as the vast Maracaibo; and mighty rivers, such as the Yuracuy and Tuy, the Unare and Guarapiche, which flow into the Atlantic Ocean; the Javarre and Zulia, which discharge their waters into the lake of Maracaibo; the Furata and the Canaverales, which afterwards unite with the river Magdalena, irrigate the fertile plains that border on the coasts, or the desert savannahs of the interior; the Yavisa waters, the Darien of the south; the Sanjuan, the Patia, and the river of Emeralds, which, after meandering in the valleys of the east, carry the tribute of their streams to the great Pacific Ocean. To the east of the grand Cordilleras, is to be seen the majestic river Caqueta, beyond which lies the immense forest of the same name; the Guaviari, which receives the Apure, the Meta, and a considerable number of secondary rivers, that serve as great roads of communication with the prosperous provinces which they intersect, and refresh the vast and elevated plains of Boyaca, of Apure, of Caraccas, and afterwards intermingle with the majestic waves of the Oronoko, one of the largest rivers that discharge their waters into the Atlantic. The Rio Nigro, which, in its rapid course, follows in a parallel direction with the Line, communicates with the Oronoko by the river Casiguiari, and serves the other streams which refresh the eastern provinces of Columbia by their junction with the river Amazon, the noblest of all rivers, to establish easy communications with the Columbian provinces that are washed by the Pacific Ocean, and the heart of the Empire of Brazil, over a space of more than forty geographical degrees.

The vast and elevated plains of which we have made mention, are situate to the east of Columbia, and are elevated above the level of the sea, at about from forty to fifty toises. These plains, being under the influence of a burning climate, display all the productions of the equinoctial zone. In the plains, likewise, which border on the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, the heat is intense; and the greater or less degree of perpendicular elevation of the mountains above the level of the sea, determines the difference of heat and cold. In some quarters the temperature varies, according to the less or greater quantity of rain that falls. In the regions of the Cordilleras, the rainy season commences in March, and terminates in June; it returns afresh in September, and continues till the November following; but, in the plains, it will keep up almost without interruption from the 15th of March till about the end of September.

The vegetable productions of New Grenada, one of the ancient provinces of Columbia, are as various as the local temperatures of the country. In the plains which border on both the seas, tobacco is cultivated, as is likewise cotton, sugar, Indian corn, cocoa, coffee, indigo. Palm-tree crops may be obtained at an elevation of 900 [illegible] barley, Indian corn, potatoes, apples, peaches, strawberries, &c., and these are bounded by the regions of eternal snow at an elevation of 24,600 toises above the level of the sea.

The spontaneous vegetable productions of the soil of New Grenada and Venezuela, are sarsaparilla, ipecacuanha, and Jesuit's bark, the best of which comes from the province of Loja, and an infinite number of medicinal and balsamic plants, which, sooner or later, like the former productions, will find their value in Europe, and afford ample harvests to the naturalists of future times.

The provinces of New Grenada and Venezuela abound in flocks of every description, the principal race of which is derived from the Merinos of Old Spain. In the plains that are watered by the Meta and the Oronoko, excellent horses, and very good mules, are to be found. The burning valleys in the vicinity of Quito feed immense flocks of goats; and the exportation of all these cattle is a great source of wealth to the provinces of Venezuela; which, with the exception of the copper-mines of Porto Cabello, possess no mineral stores.

But mines, on the contrary, constitute the principal riches of the province of New Grenada, the most important of which are those of Zarama, in the province of Loja, which produce both silver and gold. In the ancient Presidency of Quito, gold mines are said to exist; but they have not as yet been wrought, and those that are undertaken at present, begin towards the mouth of the river Mira, towards the Pacific, and extend along the coast of Choco, towards Panama, as far as the confines of Veragua, in the Gulf of Dulce. The auriferous territory of New Grenada extends from the shores of the Pacific Ocean to the river Magdalena. The eastern quarter, with few exceptions, is full of mines of gold, some of which are situated in the burning valleys, and others on the elevated summits of the Cordilleras, as that of Santa-rosa-de-Osos, in the province of Antioquia. But the principal mineral wealth of New Grenada consists in the lavaderos, where the gold dust is washed out: the most remarkable are those of Mavinato, in la Veja-de-Jupia; those of Barritica, Quinna, Morragacho, &c., as well as others situated in the provinces of Antioquia and Pamplona. New Grenada also possesses mines of silver, but they are never wrought. Platina is to be found only in the canton of Novita, a province of Choco. There is an emerald mine at Muso, and extensive mines of mineral salt at Cepaquira, Nemocon, Taura, Chita, &c., in the province of Antioquia, which furnish the departments of the interior with the salt necessary for their consumption. If all the mines of New Grenada were wrought, their products would rival those of Peru.

The commerce of Columbia consists in importations and exportations, the former of which are principally composed of English manufactures of wool and cotton, wines, brandy, drapery, and the silks of France; steel, paper, and other articles of various countries. The exportations are made up of cocoa, coffee, indigo, hides, mules, horses, cattle, logwood, and particularly the produce of the mines and lavaderos.

The inhabitants of the coast, in the province of Venezuela, have made considerable progress in agriculture, particularly in the cultivation of cocoa, coffee, and indigo, which constitute the chief sources of wealth in that province. But the inhabitants of the internal parts of Venezuela, and those of New Grenada, are very ignorant and backward in that branch of industry. The principal cause of this inferiority must be traced to the fertility of the soil, which, without cultivation, produces abundant crops, and, perhaps, to the absence of easy communication with the different parts of the republic, which renders it nearly impossible to dispose of the surplus of their vegetable productions. It must, therefore, be naturally expected that agriculture must be ne-

sending to any considerable distance the fruits of their labour and industry.

The revenues of the Republic consist chiefly of the duties on tobacco, which the Government monopolises, on rum, sugar, &c.; and of customs levied on imports and exports; of duties of entry on different merchandises, the fifth of the produce of mines, house and land taxes, stamps, rents of land, tributes of the Indians, sales of offices, &c.

This revenue, in the year 1824, amounted to 8,446,333 pesos; and, when these provinces were under the Spanish yoke, the same revenue never rose, one year with another, (even at the period of the commencement of the revolution,) above 5,323,088 pesos, and yet the rates of impost have rather been diminished than enlarged. This increase in the produce of the revenue seems, therefore, an incontestable proof of the improvement of the condition of the people since the greater part of the taxes fell upon articles of consumption. As a proof of this assertion, we can cite this single fact, that, in the years 1808, 1809, and 1810, the produce of the customs at the port of Guyaquil, on the Pacific, only reached 70,000 pesos a-year, but in 1822 and 1823, this produce amounted to 520,000 pesos every year.

The national debt of Columbia amounts to 46,505,638 pesos, (12,500,000*l.* sterling,) and is divided into two parts, essentially distinct; the domestic debt, and the foreign debt. Both of these owe their existence to the expenses that arose out of the war of independence, and to the necessary expenditures for the public service, such as the support of the army, navy, &c.

The domestic debt amounts to 16,505,638 pesos, (about 4,000,000*l.* sterling,) the foreign to 30,000,000 pesos, (or about 8,500,000*l.* sterling,) and results from two loans made in England in 1822 and 1824. But with a soil, and internal resources, like those of Colombia, it will not be a difficult matter, (when party fury is extinct, and the Government acquires stability,) to clear off this debt, which, at the farthest, does not exceed the sixth part of the annual revenues of Great Britain.

The military forces of the Republic consist of 45,000 troops of the line, of all arms and descriptions. There is also a body of well-disciplined militia, amounting to 50,000 men, always ready to take the field in the defence of the country. The organisation of this army, and the training of the militia, which can be brought into action in case of foreign aggression and attack, forms one of the most remarkable traits of the administration of Bolivar, in which he was ably assisted by the Generals under his orders, by Paez, Urdareta, Berumdez, Sucre, Montilla, and others. The nucleus of this respectable military force is to be found in the 1200 men with which Bolivar ventured to enter the lists at Cayos de San Louis, against an army of 20,000 well-disciplined soldiers, commanded by Morillo, and, after having accomplished prodigies of valour in the plains watered by the Oronoko and the Apure, marched, (after driving the Spanish General from the Province of Caraccas, and triumphing at Boyaca,) to crush at Pichincha, under the orders of General Sucre, the royal army that threatened a total subjugation of the country. It is thus that the love of national independence enables a handful of men, unprovided with ammunition, magazines, and artillery, and armed, for the most part, with pikes, and commanded by inexperienced generals, to repulse from the soil of their country the veteran bands of Spain, that were led to the field of battle by the most skilful generals.

The national naval force of Columbia, respecting which we find but few documents in the publication of Restrepo, appears to be composed, according to M. Balbi, ('Balance Politique du Globe en 1828,') of three frigates, and twelve vessels of inferior size. This is but a slender force; it does not comprehend, however, the injury to the commerce of Spain, which, at best, is far from flourishing.

The administration of justice in Columbia is in a very lamentable state. The trial by jury is applied only to cases of the abuses of the press, and it has been latterly introduced into the commercial Courts of the First Instance. This branch, which is, perhaps, the most important in the Government, will receive no improvement, or rather, effectual reform, until the mass of the nation shall have become more enlightened, and public education, about which, at the present moment, great solicitude and concern are felt, (and attempts are made to advance it,) shall have reached a certain degree of perfection. It is very natural to expect that the subjects of a power that proclaimed, by the instrumentality of the Commander-in-Chief, Morillo, 'that there ought not to be any thing in America but labourers, workmen, and miners;' and who, in order to accomplish this purpose, deluged these unhappy regions with dissolute monks and fanatical priests, whose business it was to brutalise the natives;—it is very natural, I repeat, that every thing, on the score of education, should remain still to be created, and put in force. In the year 1821, the Congress established primary schools, on the plan of Lancaster, in several parishes of the Republic, and appropriated the wealth and the buildings of the religious houses, in several provinces, to the establishment of colleges and public schools. Accordingly, there are now two colleges at Santa Fe, two at Quito, and one at Caraccas. A university, likewise, has been founded in each of the last two towns. In the same way, seminaries have been established at Cuença, Panama, Merida, Carthagena, Santa Marta, Popayan, &c. In the majority of the parishes, the children learn to read and write, and they are taught the principles of morality and religion. In some cities, Professors' chairs have been erected for the natural sciences: the study of legislation, political economy, and other moral and philosophical branches, has been also encouraged. The literature of Europe has likewise been an object of concern with the heads of the Government, as well as with the most enlightened and distinguished of the patriots. Every thing, therefore, concurs to excite a hope that the rising generation of the present day, that are now brought up under the tutelary shade of republican liberty, will, by their talents, consolidate the magnificent edifice erected by the energy and philanthropy of their fathers; and that the corrupt manners of the enslaved colonist, and the Spanish adventurer, will give way to the civic virtues of the free Columbians.

The Catholic religion is acknowledged to be the prevalent and domitant system of belief in Columbia; but, happily for the future prosperity of this rising state, the Inquisition, the odious Inquisition, that fatal instrument of priestly rancour, was solemnly abolished by the Provincial Junta in November, 1811. At the present period, neither the Constitution nor the laws pronounce any exclusion against the other modes of faith, and every man is at liberty to follow the worship of his forefathers. However, the public and external exhibition of religious ceremonies is allowed only to the established worship of the state. Before the revolution, the fanaticism of those men who live on the ignorance of the people, had prevailed to cause those to be looked on as heretics who did not practise the rites of the Catholic Church; but, since the declaration of independence, these stupid prejudices have gradually disappeared; and the day is not far off, when the distinguishing denominations of Catholics and Protestants will almost totally cease.

The ecclesiastical organisation of Columbia is divided into secular and regular clergy; the secular order, is composed of two archbishops, that of Bogota, and that of Caraccas; eight bishops, namely, those of Guyana, Merida, Santa-Marta, Carthagena, Panama, Popayan, Quito, chapters, thirty-four canonries, 875 parish-priests, and 931 vicars, making a total of ecclesiastical functionaries amounting to 1891.

As for the regular clergy, they reckon in Columbia, for the males, sixteen convents of the order of Saint Dominic; twenty of that of Saint Francis; thirteen of Saint Augustine; twelve of the order of Mercy; ten of Hospitallers of Saint John; and two of those of the Bethlemites; making, altogether, seventy-three convents of males, containing 1178 monks. The number of female communities amounts to twenty-one, which contain 2083 nuns.

The inhabitants of New Grenada and Venezuela are generally people of regular morals, sober, orderly, and submissive to the laws, excepting, however, the inhabitants of the Llanos, that border on the Oronoko, the Apure, and the Meta, who are frequently addicted to theft and robbery.

The inhabitants of the coasts, and of the burning valleys, are disorderly, and more addicted to libertinism, than those of the Cordilleras, New Grenada, and Venezuela. The inhabitants of the cold regions are more devoted to industry, and more pure in their morals, than their other fellow-citizens. The extreme heat that prevails in a great part of the equatorial provinces, enervates their courage, debilitates their physical powers, and disposes them to idleness and vices of every kind. The natives are a depraved race, and ignorantly subservient, to a degree of surprising stupidity, to the yoke of their priests and *corregidors*, who fatten on the ignorance, and devour the fruits of the labour, of these illiterate tribes. The African slave is there, perhaps, happier than in other countries; but he has all the vices that are connected with servitude. The free Mulatto is spirited, active, and penetrating, and has a strong propensity for the arts and sciences. The character of the Llaneros, the inhabitants of the plains that lie towards the east of New Grenada and Venezuela, and who are composed of Negroes and Mulattoes, Indians and Whites, presents some very remarkable points. Accustomed, from their infancy, to pursue on horseback, almost naked and unarmed, and furnished only with a long lance, the tiger and the wild bull; and to try their strength with the caiman and the other formidable animals that frequent the barren banks of the immense rivers that water the fields of Columbia, the Llaneros easily become brave and hardy soldiers. Accordingly, they were seen, in the war of independence, to perform prodigies of valour, to support incredible hardships, and to gain, with their pikes, the most glorious battles that established the freedom of Columbia.

It would be highly unjust to pass severe censures on a people so long enslaved, by masters that took so much pains to debase them, and who have recovered their liberty, after nearly fourteen years of a war of extermination, in which the most brutal passions had full play. Whatever may be the ignorance of the mass of the Columbian population, and the abject state in which some classes of them are still detained, we believe that the influence of the political institutions under which they now live, will not fail to bear good fruit, and that the spirit of order, of moral habits, extended knowledge, &c., will shortly unite itself to the spirit of independence, and the almost enthusiastic love of liberty that animates these new republicans.

Density of Copper, &c.

M. Cagniard Delatour has recently reported to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, observations made by him on copper and brass-wire, which he has found, after an exposure to the open air for some days, (but more particularly in damp weather,) break readily if bent at a sharp angle; so much so, that its state of fragility prevented him from twisting it round the pins of a piano after having made the above experiment. This has some analogy to the remarks lately made by M. Savart, on the changes of density in copper, which

MADEMOISELLE MARS.

The profession of an actor is, perhaps, one of the most difficult in which to acquire a high degree of celebrity. The candidate for excellence in that career has first to struggle against prevailing prejudices, the influence of which tends to separate the theatrical professor from the rest of the community, and when he surmounts the effect of that prejudice, he has still more formidable obstacles to encounter, arising from the difficulties of the art, which are infinite in number, and require a combination of endowments to ensure success. The successful actor must possess an expressive countenance, a dignified deportment, a capacious memory, and an elegance of gesture, combined with an exquisite sense of feeling. He must understand human nature in all its varieties of manner and character. In a word, he must be gifted with such a galaxy of talents and accomplishments, that we may be justified in asserting, that nature requires less efforts to produce a great author or poet, than she does to give birth to a perfect and consummate tragic or comic performer.

Since the birth of the theatric art in France, not more than a dozen actors of first-rate merit have appeared in that country, whose names have deserved, according to the expression of the poet, *de surnager sur l'ocean des ages*. Baron, who was a pupil of Molière's, was the first who cleared the declamation of the stage from the *sing-song* cadence of the old performers, and who imparted to his looks and gestures the natural expression of the character that he assumed. Mademoiselle Lecouvreur, perhaps superior to Baron himself, was endued with a soul of sensibility, combining the variegated expressions of all the susceptibilities of the heart. Though her voice was not harmonious, she contrived to make it pathetic; and her figure, which wanted dignity and majesty, was rendered interesting by the grace and propriety of her demeanour; her eyes were adorned by her tears, and her features assumed a beauty from her just expression of sentiment. Lekain, who had not the natural talent of Baron, yet has left behind him a theatrical renown of durable celebrity, by his well-adapted assumption of character, his correct and skilful declamation, his self-possession, the illusion he created in the audience, and the power that he possessed over the public in attracting their attention from the beginning to the end of the piece—correcting frequently the defects, and filling up the vacant passages in the tragedies of Voltaire. It is said, while performing the part of 'Orosmane,' his countenance assumed such an expression of animated beauty from the sentiments of love and heroism, that the female part of the audience burst into exclamations of delight. Mademoiselle Clairon was the model of perfection in the art—the ardent and pathetic. Dumenil was less perfect than Clairon; but her occasional bursts of transcendent excellence escaped like flashes of lightning from her soul of fire. Larine, to whom nature had granted a fine exterior, though she left him destitute of sensibility, yet expressed the feelings of pride, disdain, irony, anger, and fury, with a degree of truth and energy that enraptured the audience. Saint-Prix was like Larive, gifted by nature with superior personal advantages, though destitute, like him, of soul and sensibility; he appeared to great advantage, and reached sublimity in only two tragedies, that is, 'Mahomet II.,' and 'Manlius.' Preville obtained the palm in comedy by his easy gaiety, vivacity, and unaffected exhibition of character; and Dugazon, a pupil of Preville's, might have rivalled his master, if he had not over-performed his parts, and trifled with his art. Molé, and the celebrated Mademoiselle Contat, possessed extraordinary talents, but they were unfortunately too frequently devoted to pieces not written in the best taste, in which the manners of the upper classes, the sentimental vagaries of love, and the jargon of gallantry, were substituted for lively pictures of the human heart, derived from contemplation and experience. Fleury possessed more uniformity of style than Molé, but he was too cold and insensible, nor could he reach those inspirations of genuine feeling, which enabled the latter, when he played the 'Misanthrope,' the 'Arnaut bourrie,' the 'Inconstant,' or the 'Optimiste,' to warm, electrify, and delight the audience. Monvel played tragedy and comedy with an equal degree of superiority; but when advanced in life, he was altered for the worse, and his utterance became feeble; but he still produced powerful effects, when invested with the toga of Brutus, and the mantle of Augustus, and in the personification of Tartuffe. After these came Talma and Mademoiselle Mars, the most perfect models in the respective lines which they had adopted, both from judgment and taste.

Mademoiselle Mars is the daughter of Monvel, and it was from that great actor that she received the first notions of the dramatic art. She made her first appearance at the Theatre Montansier, where she performed the parts of children in opera and comedies. Mademoiselle Contat witnessed the first performance of this youthful debutante, and, anticipating what she was likely one day to become, she took the liveliest interest in her favour, and gave her every mark of encouragement which her natural timidity required, for the free expansion of her powers. She procured her an engagement at the Theatre Feydeau, where she was shortly after employed to represent love characters, in early life. Her talents improved every day, and her theatrical powers increased with her person, and, being aided by Mademoiselle Contat, she arrived, step by step, at the same degree of eminence with her. The first piece in which she drew on herself, in a more particular manner, the attention of the public, was a comedy in five acts, called 'Agathine.' It had but little success, but she played the part of an '*ingenue*' in it, with a degree of excellence that placed her henceforth in the first rank; and, after a few years, she was admitted as a partner in the Theatre Français.

Mademoiselle Mars continued in this line of character, styled *les ingenues*, till the year 1812; and in this particular branch she was without a rival. The graces of her exterior, the elegance of her utterance, and her whole appearance, in short, were wonderfully adapted to this line of characters. It might be said, that Nature had formed her expressly for the task; and it is not too much to affirm, that neither before nor after her have been performed, with so much taste, nature, and perfection, the parts of Charlotte, in 'Les Deux Frères;' Victorine, in 'Le Philosophe sans le Savoir;' Betty, in 'La jeunesse de Henry V.;' Suzanne, in 'Le Marriage de Figaro;' Marie, in 'Madame de Sevigné;' Fanchete, in 'La belle Fermiere;' as well as several others, the enumeration of which would be of tedious length.

Upon the retirement of Mademoiselle Contat from the stage, Mademoiselle Mars assumed the parts of the *grandes coquettes*. The public had been previously prepared for this transition, by the brilliant success which the young actress had obtained in the pieces of Marivaux, the characters of which she performed with a degree of excellence that silenced the asperity of criticism. However, she was generally blamed for adventuring on a line of acting which was deemed unsuitable to her talents, and her first performances were severely criticised. But Mademoiselle Mars was not discouraged; and, by dint of study and perseverance, she arrived at a superiority that softened the rigour of the Aristarchuses of the metropolis. Habit and custom had, no doubt, a great share in this change of sentiment. The actress forgot gradually the emotions of simple nature, which sometimes mingled with the artificial manners of the *grande coquette;* and, on the other hand, the public by degrees became accustomed to a novelty which, at first, gave a shock to habitual and long-confirmed modes of taste and thinking.

Thus, after a period of some length employed in the exercise of this new style of performance, success the most brilliant attended her efforts, and proved that she was the worthy heiress of the difficult line bequeathed to her by the celebrated Mademoiselle Contat; she still met with unbounded applause for her able exhibition of Elmire, in the 'Tartuffe,' and Alimere in the 'Misanthrope.' It must be acknowledged, however, that she is unequal in the latter piece, though she performed the first part of it with a superiority of talent which declined in the two last acts.

But it is particularly in characters of his own creation, that the powers of an actor shine forth, because in them he derives no aid from those traditionary hints and previous personifications, which have the force of a law at the theatre, and which, on many occasions, equally support mediocrity, and throw difficulties in the way of talent. Accordingly, it is in such parts that Mademoiselle Mars reaches the highest point of perfection; it is in them that she is really sublime, and gives to the characters the very form and feature best adapted to them, by impregnating them with all the vivacity of her own genius. The various and diversified parts in the 'Comedienne,' 'L'Ecole des Vieillards,' 'La Suite d'un bal Masqué,' 'La Fille d'Honneur,' et 'La jeune Femme Colére,' have elevated her to the first rank among the performers of high comedy. To Mademoiselle Mars has been assigned, by general consent, the title of *Le Diamant* of the French stage; and so great is the admiration felt, in general, for her merits, that a number of amateurs, distinguished for taste and learning, hesitate not to pronounce her the very type of imaginary perfection. We do not, however, carry our enthusiasm so far. We know of no unexceptionable perfection in any performer; nor can we admit that this actress is equally eminent in the different parts that she assumes, or that nature combines in her person all the qualities which we have separately witnessed in Lacouvreur, Clairon, Dumeril, Contat, Baron, Preville, Larive, and Monvel, and which, if united in the same person, would then, and then only, constitute the perfect performer.

The exterior of Mademoiselle Mars is extremely beautiful; her figure is elegant, her deportment noble, and her physiognomy has a soft and interesting turn of expression, which, however, becomes forcible and energetic, when deep and powerful emotions agitate her frame. Her eyes are lively and expressive, and are capable of giving the force either of the most violent emotions, or of the most tender and delicate sentiments. Her gestures are graceful without being excessively multiplied; and we may say of her hands, that they possess a grace and beauty peculiarly their own. Her articulation is the most correct, varied, elegant, and persuasive, and at the same time the most pure, that we have ever heard. Her tone of dialogue is sometimes that of lively conversation, and sometimes of serious, passing with every degree of ease and nature from one subject to another, giving the style of ordinary expression when the character is calm, and assuming the ornamental and emphatic mode when passion agitates the personage she represents. In all those theatrical parts which require graceful manners, pointed and elegant delivery, and dignity of expression, Mademoiselle Mars is truly perfect. But we do not find in her the same degree of excellence when she attempts a strong passion, a long-continued and supported energy, and the vivid emotions of a distracted heart. She exhibits, with truth and nature, the tender and affecting love of Valerie, but fails when she attempts that of Eleonore—that noble lover, who seems bent on forgetting her rank, and sacrificing her honour for a poet. She also expresses very correctly the first utterance of despair; but, as it is a

situation that is not natural to her, she is unable to sustain it long; and, in this respect, she is inferior to herself and inferior to Miss Smithson; for, in the piece of 'Emilia,' by M. Soumet, that character resembles Ophelia, and the public have acknowledged that they prefer the mad heroine of Shakspeare to that drawn by M. Soumet, and the English actress to the French one. The latter has more grace and sentiment; she understands her derangement, and sets it off more; but she is not the real exhibition. Miss Smithson could not equal her in the first acts of 'Emilia,' and especially in the toilet-scene, where she decks herself out with so natural a coquetry; nor in the other scene, in which she passes in review all the various articles of the gorgeous attire of the Earl of Leicester. But Mademoiselle Mars, in her turn, does not possess that wild simplicity, that hurried emotion, and that incoherent display of gesture and expression, which Miss Smithson throws into the representation of Ophelia. That scene, especially, in which she takes the veil, as it falls from her head, to cover the tomb of her father; strewing it with ears of wheat and faded flowers, and singing, with sad and plaintive piety, a dirge to his memory, as exhibited by Miss Smithson, made a deep and lasting impression, and drew tears from all the spectators. 'It is the madness of an angel,' they exclaimed, 'and it would be delightful, were it not a picture of a most humiliating and afflicting malady.'

A biographer of Mademoiselle Mars has asserted, that modern tragedy might supply this excellent comic actress with a number of characters, well adapted to her powers. The manner in which she performed in the 'Misanthropie et Repentir,' (the Stranger,) though it is not one of her best characters, is, according to this authority, a proof of her tragic excellence. But the attempt which she has made in 'Le Cid d'Andalousie,' has dissipated expectations of that kind, and Mlle. Mars has proved that her genius is not adapted to tragic exhibitions. She possesses, undoubtedly, a clear and correct articulation, a voice most pleasing and harmonious, and an unbounded power of giving utterance to pointed and felicitous expressions; but, whether it be defect or inaptitude, she affects less than she interests; she pleases more than she agitates; and though, with abundance of grace, nature, and talent, she is delightful in comedy, yet she produces little or no effect in that description of acting which Talma has immortalised.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

A Meeting of this Society was holden on Friday, the 13th instant, at its apartments, 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart., F.R.S., Vice-President, in the Chair. The minutes of the last Meeting having been read and confirmed, a letter from Sir James M'Grigor, President of the Society, addressed to Mr. Yosy, Secretary, was read; it contained another from the Right Hon. Robert Peel, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, conveying to the Society the pleasure his Majesty felt in becoming the Patron, and expressing his best wishes for the success of their useful exertions in a very important department of science. It was proposed by Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart., as proxy for the Earl Stanhope, seconded by John Frost, Esq., and resolved unanimously, That an humble address of thanks be presented to his Majesty, for his gracious condescension on this occasion. The thanks of the Meeting were also voted to Sir James M'Grigor, President, for his exertions on the present occasion.

The Donations received since the last Meeting were announced by Mr. H. Gibbs, Secretary; among them were a Collection of upwards of five thousand Indigenous and Exotic Plants; presented by Mr. Frost. A numerous and highly interesting Collection of South American Plants, enriched with descriptive and medicinal Observations, presented by Dr. John Hancock, for many years a resident in Demerara. Waller's Translation of Orfila's Toxicology, 2 vols. 8vo., with Plates, by the Earl Stanhope, F.R.S. V.P. The Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Bourdeaux; presented by that Academy. Several Numbers of 'The Journal de Pharmacié;' presented by the Société de Pharmacie. A Specimen of the seed of Mikania Guaco; presented by Robert Keate, Esq. A considerable Collection of Grasses, by Thomas Gibbs, Esq., &c. &c.

His Excellency Baron William Humboldt, and the Rev. Richard William Jelf, M.A., were admitted Members, by the Chairman. The Right Hon. Robert Peel, Dr. James Woodforde, and John Fuller, Esq., were elected Fellows.

A letter was read from the East India Company, informing the Society that the Court of Directors had granted them duplicates of all the Medical Plants in their extensive Herbarium.

A letter was read from his Majesty the King of Bavaria, announcing that the collection which his Majesty had ordered was, through the care of Professor Martius, now ready, and would be delivered to the Society in a short time by the Bavarian Ambassador, in London, Baron de Cetto. The collection was said to consist of upward of six hundred specimens.

Mr. Frost, the Professor of Botany, then delivered a lecture on the genus *Laurus*, a splendid collection of which was exhibited to the members, there being no less than eighteen living species from his Majesty's Gardens at Kew, furnished by the kindness of W. T. Aiton, Esq.; beside these, there were thirteen other species contributed by Messrs. Loddiges, of Hackney, Mr. Richard Forrest, Mr. David Cameron, Mr. Fairburn, and Mr. Richardson. This genus is particularly rich, as it is from it that many valuable medicines are procured, such as Camphor, (*Laurus Camphora*,) Cinnamon, (*Laurus Cinnamomum*,) Sassafras, (*Laurus Sassafras*,) Bastard Cinnamon, (*Laurus Cassia*,) &c.

A complete bowl of Camphor was exhibited, as also several other Pharmaceutical preparations, from Mr. Battley.

The Chairman announced that a vacancy had occurred in the Professorship of Materia Medica, candidates for which were requested to send in their testimonials as early as possible, as the vacancy would be filled up at the ensuing meeting.

The Chairman announced that the first Fasciculus of the first volume of the Transactions of the Society, illustrated with two coloured engravings of the Melaleuca Cajuputi, and Melaleuca Leucadendron, was now ready for delivery to the members.

The Committee also announced, that a Paper on the Doubtful Identity of Bonplandia Trifoliata, and Angustura Bark, by Dr. John Hancock, would be laid before the next meeting, to be holden on the 11th July, 1828.

FINE ARTS.

An interesting sale by Mr. Phillips is now in progress, of the numerous collection of pictures formed by Mr. Taylor, at his residence in Arlington Street. Among the most esteemed and rare works, are, 'Lucretia Dying,' of Domenchino; 'The Gamesters,' a chef d'œuvre of Caravaggio; a 'Magdalen,' by Pra Bartolomeo di San Marco; a 'Holy Family,' by Buonarotti; a splendid Canaletti 'View in Venice.' One of the most interesting works in the collection is the portrait of Queen Mary, by Sir Anthony More. The Wouvermanns are rare and excellent. The pictures are of all qualities and prices, from the highest to the lowest; and at the sale yesterday, which was the first day, were selling exceedingly cheap. A contribution of half-a-crown for a catalogue keeps the sale-room cool and select, and the lounge is rendered still more agreeable by the view on the water in the Green Park. We think the tax bad policy. People who are resolved to buy a particular picture, certainly will not care about half-a-crown more or less; but very few are willing to pay for the hazard of finding a purchase to their taste and within their price. We have reason to believe the tax is not very rigidly enforced. It is the more impolitic in this instance, as many of the objects of sale are such as would be taken by chance attendants. Could the tax be imposed on the dealers alone, we should be rather inclined to oppose the measure.

ENGRAVINGS.

Duncan Gray, engraved by F. Engleheart, from a Painting by David Wilkie, R.A., in the Collection of the Right Honourable Lord Charles Townshend. Moon, Boys, and Graves. London, 1828.

This is a work quite worthy of the already well-established reputation of the two artists who have contributed to its production. We have never seen the original picture; but, judging from the print, it must rank high, even in Mr. Wilkie's list; and, for the Engraving, it is of the highest class of excellence, and done in Mr. Engleheart's best manner. The idea attempted to be embodied is that expressed by Burns in the following lines:

'Duncan fleech'd and Duncan prayed—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
Meg was deaf as Ailsie-craig—
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.'

The scene represented is the interior of a cottage, with a young Scotch girl seated at a table, with her back towards her lover, who, dejected and disappointed at his reception, watches with intense anxiety the issue of those earnest pleadings which the aged parents of the young girl are conjointly making in his behalf. The persuasive and even hopeful smile of the father, who evidently believes that he shall succeed, with the more experienced and doubting aspect of the mother, who indulges no such expectation, are most expressively done; but the triumph of art is reserved for the beautiful, yet pale and sullen, countenance of the daughter, who, with her hands planted in listless stillness, and her averted eyes, closed lips, and marble brow, all bent downward in determined vacancy and deafness, bespeak a fixed and immoveable resolution never to yield up her heart or hand to the persuasions, threats, or remonstrances of those who seem, by turns, to have tried all, and to have failed in each. The accessories and still life of the picture are also extremely beautiful, (the dog beneath the chair of the suitor especially,) and the whole is deserving of the highest degree of praise.

Monkeyana, or Men in Miniature, designed and etched by Thomas Landseer. Part IV. Royal 4to., 9s. Moon, Boys, and Graves. London, 1828.

The spirit and accuracy of the drawing, and the masterly style of the etching, of this series, are still sustained in the Number before us, and the subjects are, as usual, marked by humour; though we repeat our previously expressed opinion, that the idea has been overwrought, and that Mr. Landseer's undoubted talents would be more advantageously employed on works of a higher class and character.

No. 1, of this Part is entitled 'The Distressed Poet, or, Three Weeks in Arrear;' representing an inexorable landlady demanding from an almost shirtless tenant the payment of his rent. No. 2. has the slang title of 'A Queer One to look at, and a Rum One to go;' representing a Tax-cart, furiously driven by a Military Whip, and drawn by a fierce and hungry Mastiff, with the lines

'Ya-hip, my hearties! here am I
That drive the Constitution Fly.'

No. 3. is entitled 'In at the Death, or, A Fox-hunter's Salute;' and from the introduction of spirited horses, dogs, and dying fox, is the most pleasing subject in the series. No. 4. is called 'Advanced Guard in Retreat;' and exhibits an officer in military costume, frightened at the approach of a pretended spectre. Two Parts, of four plates each, are expected to complete this work, and both are likely to appear within the month of July.

Illustrations of the Miseries of Slavery; a Series of Engravings on Wood. By S. M. Sladen, from Original Designs by H. Harvey; taken from Documents laid before the House of Commons, and other authentic sources. Part I. 4to. 4s. Arch, Cornhill. London, 1828.

This is a work of a very different character, in its high moral interest, from the preceding. As a production of art it is also eminently beautiful, the wood-engraving and typography being each alike excellent. But its great charm is the devotion of the power of the artist to the promotion of a great and benevolent object, and the consequently unqualified pleasure and admiration with which the beholder regards both the end itself, and the means by which its attainment is sought.

The artist has placed at the foot of a striking emblematic frontispiece or vignette in the title, the following appropriate motto:

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it—all constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road to science; blinds
The eyesight of Discov'ry; and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.—Cowper.

This is followed by a short address to the public [illegible]

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in each engraving, some actual occurrence, illustrative of the miseries of slavery, accompanied by letter-press descriptions, drawn from official records, in order, through the medium of the eye, to reach the heart, and accelerate the abolition of this darkest stain on our country and our race.

The first subject represented is 'Rosa ordered to be flogged, Berbice, 1825;' which embodies, in a powerful and impressive manner, the following most affecting story:

'Mr. Garde, the manager of l'Esperance, is charged by the slaves with various delinquencies. A pregnant woman, named Rosa, was employed picking coffee with some other women. Thinking they did not pick enough, or well, Mr. Garde ordered the driver, Zondag, to flog them. The driver did so. Rosa had previously objected to working, as being too big, and being unable to stoop; but the manager overruled the objection, and she went to pick coffee on her knees. When Zondag came to her, he said to the manager, "This woman is big with child." The manager replied, "Give it to her till the blood flies out.' She was flogged with the whip doubled. This was on a Friday, she was sent to the field on Saturday, but, being seized with pains in her loins, was sent to the hospital. The doctor examined her, and ordered her to the field again. On Sunday she was delivered of a dead child, after a severe labour. The child's arm was broken, and one eye was bruised and sunk in the head. This woman had had seven children before by one husband. The driver Zondag, and several others, confirmed the above statement. The driver being particularly asked, whether, on his representing that Rosa was pregnant, the manager had used the expression, "Never mind, flog her till the blood comes"? replied, "Yes."

'——————— What man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?'

The second subject chosen is the 'Sale of a Negro Family at the Cape of Good Hope, 1824,' which, as a work of art, is even more beautifully executed than the former; and in painful interest, scarcely less affecting, as the following narrative will show:

'A late traveller at the Cape of Good Hope, says, in a letter to a friend, "Having learned that there was to be a sale of cattle, farm-stock, &c., by auction, at a *veld-cornets* in the vicinity, we halted our waggon for the purpose of procuring fresh oxen. Among the stock of the farm was a female slave and her three children. The farmers examined them, as if they had been so many head of cattle. They were sold separately, and to different purchasers. The tears, the anxiety, the anguish of the mother, while she met the gaze of the multitude, eyed the different countenances of the bidders, or cast a heart-rending look upon her children; and the simplicity and touching sorrow of the poor young ones, while they clung to their distracted parent, wiping their eyes and half concealing their faces, contrasted with the marked insensibility and jocular countenances of the spectators, furnished a striking commentary on the miseries of slavery, and its debasing effects upon the hearts of its abettors. While the woman was in this distressed situation, she was asked: "Can you feed sheep?" Her reply was so indistinct, that it escaped me; but it was probably in the negative; for her purchaser rejoined, in a loud and harsh voice, "Then I will teach you with the *sjambok*:" a whip made of the rhinoceros' hide. The mother and her three children were literally torn from each other."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

How just the remark of Cowper:

'There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man.'

Mr. Sladen, the projector of this benevolent design, and the engraver of the scenes described, is, we believe, one of that exemplary and philanthropic body, called Quakers, a sect of Christians who not only conform more rigidly than all others to the principles and practice enjoined by the religion they profess, but who do more real good, with less of external parade or excitement, than any class of citizens with which we are acquainted. Mr. Sladen, is moreover, we learn, a very young artist, though his works show his skill to be mature. He purposes continuing the undertaking, of which this is the first print, provided it meet with adequate support: which we can scarcely doubt will be afforded to a work at once so beautiful and so benevolent. If he could call to his aid the talents of his brother friend, Bernard Barton, the union of art and philanthropy, in so interesting a labour, would give, to the pencil of the painter and the pen of the poet, fresh animation and fresh lustre, and produce from their conjoint efforts, a monument of honour to both.

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery. From Drawings by Captain Batty, of the Grenadier Guards, F.R.S. Part VII. 4to. 12*s.* 6*d.* Robert Jennings, Poultry. London, 1828.

This picturesque and beautiful Collection of Continental Views increases in interest as it proceeds; and, by an arrangement for extending the sphere of its subjects, and embracing part of Denmark, and the environs of its capital, which is announced by the publisher, its value will be much enhanced. The present Number contains the following Engravings on Copper and Vignettes on Wood:—Gottingen; The Bode-Hal, looking towards the Rosstrappe, Harz; The New Market-place, and the Binnen Alster, Hamburgh; The Stadt Haus, and the Dom-Kirk, Bremen; and St. Martin's Church, with part of the old Stadt House, and an ancient bronze fountain, Brunswick. The Wood Engravings are executed by Messrs. Branston and Wright, in a very superior style; and the Engravings on Copper are by Smith, Wallis, Higham, Godden, and Freebairn. The views of Gottingen and Hamburgh are, perhaps, the best in the Number; but there is not one without merit and interest. This Work will be comprised in Five Numbers more, and will form, when complete, a very handsome and valuable Volume.

Bust of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, modelled in composition. Flint, Burlington Arcade. London, 1828.

This miniature bust of the Prime Minister is formed of a substance as near in appearance to Italian marble as can be imagined, having also the fineness of the purest wax, and some of the brilliancy of alabaster. It stands on a simple pedestal, and is inclosed within a glass cover, forming altogether a pleasing ornament for the drawing-room, independently of its being a very striking likeness of the distinguished individual it represents. We learn that this miniature bust has obtained the marked approbation of the Royal Family, by the principal members of which copies have been already purchased.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre—Saturday.

With the exception of the revival of Medea, followed by the second act of 'La Cenerentola,' for the benefit of Signor Curioni, and the repetition of the former opera on the 17th instant, we have nothing presenting the least claim to novelty to place on record since the production of Otello in its last new guise. The lovers of operatic music can, however, not complain of any scarcity of that article at the King's Theatre, as we have lately had, on almost every operanight, one complete opera with the second act of another, by way either of preface or appendix. Semiramide abridged, and a portion of the Barbiere were performed on Thursday; and on Saturday the second act of La Donna del Lago, with the whole of Otello, in its original and more legimate shape, were gone through. The ballet has of course suffered proportionably; nay, it has sometimes been altogether omitted—a circumstance which, considering the heated atmosphere of the house towards midnight, we cannot say that we regretted.

The last new divertissement escaped our pen; it contained little worthy of remark, excepting a Polish dance by Louise and Dupin. Another divertissement, or, more properly speaking, a serious ballet of action, has, however, been lately rehearsed behind the curtain, in which the Ballet-master and Monsieur Laporte were to appear, as the minors would state, 'in a most desperate combat.' The first act was positively *mis en scène* one evening at the King's Theatre, and concluded by a defiance given, not in the precise terms or forms of chivalry, by the manager, followed up by a due proportion of shrieks and lamentations on the part of Madame Anatole and the choregraphic maidens. The scene of the second act was intended to be laid at Calais, whither Monsieur Laporte actually proceeded, perhaps as much to invoke the aid of Mademoiselle Mars, as to support the cause of her namesake, the warlike Divinity. Mr. Halls the magistrate, became, however, speedily informed of these unlicensed proceedings, and caused the curtain to drop in the midst of the entertainment. Monsieur Anatole, we feel pleasure in adding, scorned any professional advantage by taking to his heels, but reserved himself for his *saltum mortale* with becoming *sang froid.* The denouement, although triflingly altered, was not lost, as the Regisseur and the Maitre de Ballet threw themselves subsequently into each others arms with an enthusiasm which could not be questioned. But leaving this digression, we return to the opera.

Of the second act of 'La Cenerentola,' we shall decline speaking at present; the opera, in its entire shape, is advertised for Zuchelli's benefit on Thursday, when we shall not fail to render a most faithful report of what is generally admitted to be Mademoiselle Sontag's happiest effort.

The opera of 'Medea in Corinto' was produced in this country for the benefit of Madame Pasta, in 1826; and as, from the more recent origin of Journals, we have had no opportunity of noticing either the music or the performance, we shall avail ourselves of a leisure week to say a few words on both *en passant.* The music by Mayer is decidedly superior to that of 'La Rosa bianca e la Rosa rossa,' by the same composer, produced in the early part of the present season. Like that opera, it abounds in neat melodies and flowing harmonies, but certainly not of that lofty and sublime character required by the stern march of the story, or calculated to display, in any eminent degree, the vocal talents of a first-rate *prima donna.* It has been our lot, during the latter weeks, to hear the melodies of Medea executed *à quatre mains,* by two juvenile students in our immediate neighbourhood; and the idea as constantly occurred, that, divested of text, how much more the movements resembled the strains of a comic or pastoral drama, than melodies illustrative of Seneca's tragedy. Simon Mayer has been an elderly man for twenty years past, still the ease and polish of his compositions, deficient certainly in the fire and spirit of the present Italian style, render them agreeable and almost equally pleasing to the disciples of the old and of the new school.

Madame Pasta's Medea ranks on a par with her Semiramide, if not above as regards her acting. We candidly confess that, in any of her great characters, her histrionic exertions are of that lofty and overwhelming stamp which almost obscure our perception of the vocal beauties of the part. Her delineation of the Colchian Sorceress decidedly improves with each successive year, and Madame Pasta gains every season, in solemn dignity, what she loses in redundant motion and gesticulation. Her first bursts against the Corinthians, 'Cessate intesi!'—the magnificent monosyllable, 'Io,' previous to the duet with Giasone, and, above all, the indescribable and thrilling execution of her last scene, will, we feel confident, in combination of talent, never be surpassed by any future representative of the character.

Madame Caradori filled with effect the less-important character of Creusa, and, notwithstanding the towering exertions just alluded to, received her full share of the general applause. We still hope to see this lady accept, at least on a benefit, the part of one of the sisters in 'La Cenerentola:' there is no fear of her losing thereby in the estimation of the public, as her style is of so delicate and pure an order, as often to furnish a model to vocalists more gifted in the strength and capabilities of their organs.

King's Theatre—Monday.

The most celebrated and accomplished of the actresses of France, has arrived amongst us, and made her first appearance, this evening, at the King's Theatre, performing, in two Comedies, 'Ecole des Vieillards,' and 'Valerie.' This was not the first time that this chef d'œuvre of Casmir Delavigne, and the amusing piece of 'Scribe,' were represented before an English audience. We had frequently witnessed both of them at the West London Theatre, and at the English Opera House; but it was the first time that Madlle. Mars appeared before an English audience to exhibit all that grace, elegance, and refinement which distinguish her performance in the two characters of Hortense and Valerie.

The following was the cast of the first piece:—

Danville	Minvielle.
Le Duc Delmar	Armand.
Bonnard	Laporte.
Valentin	Frederic.
Hortense, Epouse de Danville .	Mademoiselle Mars,
Madame Saint Clair	Mlle. Deligny.

The principal character in the 'Ecole des Vieillards,' is not Hortense, but Danville. Talma performed this part in the most admirable style; and Perlet undertook it, but did not throw into it sufficient good nature and good humour; his performance, however, appeared excellent, and met with applause. But, as it was represented this evening by Minvielle, an actor with a countenance devoid of expression, and of a harsh and inarticulate voice, it lost all its attraction, and threw a coldness over the whole piece, which affected, in a certain degree, the exquisite talent of her who is styled the diamond of French Comedy.

In the part of 'Hortense,' Mademoiselle Mars exhibits all that grace and elegance which has become natural to her, and evinced that perfect polish of manners and deportment which she acquired under Mademoiselle Contat, and which she has herself brought to the highest finish in her own *Salons,* the rendezvous of the most fashionable society of Paris. In all the scenes with Armand she was completely at home; and particularly in the fine scene in the fourth act, where she

drew down the universal plaudits of the house, on rejecting with horror the declaration of love made to her by the Duke. In two scenes with Danville she appeared to us to maintain all the splendour of her reputation; one of which is in the second act, when she proposes to her husband to go to the ball, and being coldly received by him, she uses all her art to induce him to comply. It is impossible to exhibit with more truth and nature all the innocent and seducing allurements that a young wife knows so well how to employ towards her husband, when she has any important point to gain. This scene was a display of beauty, exerting its power and influences, of love submitting to supplication, and of playful wit uniting with sentiment to produce pleasure and persuasion, as well as tender ease and familiarity that gave a grace to every word. The combined force of all these charms she plays off upon Danville, but not being successful, she passes from prayer to complaint, with a transition equally natural and unexpected, and an interview and conversation commenced with kindness, terminates in mutual reproach and defiance. The other scene is in the fifth act, when she learns that her husband has fought a duel with the Duke, and utters a shriek of horror and despair, which has something in it very terrific and sublime.

In the former scene, Minvieille completely failed, and was equally unsuccessful in that in the fourth act, in which he challenges the Duke to single combat. He discovers neither the energy nor elevation of sentiment that are adapted to the character of Danville, placed as he was in so critical and delicate a position; and when the Duke utters the words 'grey hairs,' the sublime verse, that in the mouth of Talma made us shrink with horror—

'Vous auriez du les voir avant de m'outrager,'

when delivered by Minvicille, produced no symptom of sensibility or applause.*

Armand performed the part of the Duke with ability; he does not exhibit those exquisite touches of nature which enchant us in Mademoiselle Mars, nor those happy turns of expression which exert a magic influence over the soul. But his manners are elegant, and his deportment dignified; he has a good conception of his part, and if he does not inspire it with the sparks of genius, he, at least, discovers a good share of talent, and never performed in the manner of Laporte, who caricatured the part of Bonnard. Besides, the scene in the fourth act, to which we have alluded, Armand performed very well in that in the third, in which, discoursing to Hortense of all the pleasures that await her at the minister's ball, he succeeds, by dint of prayer and solicitation, in making her forget her promise to her husband, and conveying her to that entertainment.

There are, besides, two other characters in the 'Ecole des Vieillards,' which we have not mentioned;—that of the Valet Valentin, which was but indifferently acted by Frederic, and that of Madlle. Saint Claire, the Grandmother of Hortense, a woman of an aspiring character, who delights in high life, and its bustling pleasures, but whose peculiarities and foibles Mdlle. Deligny was incompetent to represent.

We have now laid before our readers, without scruple or reserve, the defects of the performers in the 'Ecole des Vieillards,' because it was owing to the want of adequate talent in the majority of the actors, that the masterpiece of Casimir de la Vigne produced less effect than we expected; and because this result should convince the Managers of the French Theatre in London, that the most conspicuous talents, if not ably supported by appropriate subordinates on the stage, will infallibly sink beneath their proper level.

This truth, which we have had occasion to repeat more than once, was rendered still more evident at the repetition of 'Valerie.' This piece, as it was played by Mademoiselle Mars, Armand, Menjaud, Laporte the father, and Mademoiselle Delia, afforded inexpressible pleasure. In this Mademoiselle Mars, being admirably supported by Menjaud, and particularly by Armand, who filled one of the principal parts, surpassed herself, and became absolutely enchanting in the part. We never beheld her perform with more perfection, or evince more real sensibility and more exquisite grace, than in this very interesting piece. It would be injustice to quote any particular passage, or to cite any particular scenes, for she was perfect throughout; and every manifestation of public approbation was given to her during the three acts of 'Valerie,' in the midst of long-continued bravos and shouts of applause, which were kept up long after the falling of the curtain, when Mademoiselle Mars was loudly called for, and received a fresh tribute of applause and admiration from a very numerous audience.

Haymarket Theatre.

THE campaign for the season at this delightful summer resort has commenced most successfully. The new comic piece, 'A Daughter to Marry,' has very deservedly maintained itself in the public favour, and has been performed, to the gratification of crowded audiences, every night since the opening. The great attraction, however, has been the début of Miss Bartolozzi, the younger sister of the popular favourite, Madame Vestris. This young lady made her obeisance, for the first time to a theatrical audience, on the second night of the season, in the character of Rosina, in the 'Barber of Seville,' which she repeated several times during the week with increased success.

Miss Bartolozzi possesses all the advantages of a fine person; tall and well formed, with a profusion of black hair, dark eyes, white and clear skin, and handsome and regular features, she has every claim to be considered beautiful. Her countenance is expressive, and, as her acquaintance with the stage increases, and she feels more confidence in herself and in her situation, appears to improve in this respect every night. She is an actress of very great promise, and while she may be expected to improve greatly from practice, she may be already pronounced a delightful and accomplished artist. It was to her disadvantage that she made her début in a character in which such impression has been lately made: but she surmounted the difficulties of her undertaking most satisfactorily, and left no doubts of her proving a very great acquisition to whatever theatre may have the good fortune to engage her.

Last night the 'Beggars' Opera' was performed, for the purpose of affording her an opportunity of trying her strength in the popular part of Polly Peachum. She acquitted herself admirably; and, in her singing, exhibited taste, feeling, and knowledge, and no inconsiderable power. Skill in dialogue she has yet to acquire; but, in the musical parts she is quite at home, even in her action. She was several times encored. The songs, 'I like a ship in storms was toss'd,' and 'When my hero in Court appears,' were given with remarkable feeling. Her style of singing is pure as well as effective.

Mrs. Humby made a capital Lucy—she performed the part to the life; rather too much so, perhaps Mr. A. Lee deemed, when he received so right-earnest a slap in the face, as to quite astonish him. She sang and acted with great spirit.

Mr. A. Lee took the part of Macheath,—the music of which he executed with great correctness. Had he but vigour and spirits, both in organ and action, few singers would be preferable to Mr. Lee. Mr. William Farren was an excellent Peachum.

The 'Beggar's Opera' was preceded by 'Sweethearts and Wives,' in which the excellent acting of Mr. W. Farren and Mr. J. Reeve afforded a high treat. We regard both these gentlemen (the latter especially, without meaning to prefer him as an actor to the former,) as men of decided genius in their respective branches. Miss F. H. Kelly was very clever, and, as Eugenia, (to use an apparent solecism,) she would have been better had she not been so extremely good. This lady's study and facility carries her just a little, little point on the wrong side of perfection—to the borders, but the borders only, of preciseness. She plays with feeling—but her learning predominates over her sentiment.

The attractions presented by the talents of Bartolozzi, Farren, and Reeve, insure to this theatre a successful season.

A Concert for the benefit of the destitute Italian Refugees in this country, has been got up by their less unfortunate countrymen, who, endowed with talents capable of being turned to good account, are enabled by their own exertions, not only to maintain themselves with respectability in a foreign land, but to contribute to the relief of their distressed, and not less-deserving brethren. We recommend this Concert to our readers in general, as a worthy opportunity for exercising their charity, and of deriving enjoyment to themselves, while they do good to others; but we more especially appeal to the admirers of the language, arts, and music, the climate, scenery, and classic remains of Italy, to come forward to assist her sons, the victims of their efforts for the moral regeneration of a land, in the object of such a well-grounded enthusiasm.

The Concert will take place at Freemasons' Hall, on Thursday next, at two o'clock. The vocal attractions on this occasion are, Caradori, Puzzi, Velluti, Curioni, Torri, Pellegrini, and Zuchelli. The famous Improvisatore, Pistrucci, will lend his powerful aid by extemporaneous effusions, as will also Mr. and Master Schutz, and Mr. Cuddy, with performances on their respective instruments.

The Signor Rosetti, to whose exile probably the world is indebted for the recent ingenious and able elucidation of 'The Divina Commedia,' has taken an active part in the arrangements for the Concert, for the benefit of his countrymen, fellow-sufferers with himself in the same cause.

HARPE A LA GENLIS.

WE have great pleasure in recording all improvements made in the useful arts, as well as all discoveries that tend to shorten the labour of study, in the attainment of polite accomplishments, and are glad to find that the increasing use of the harp, one of the most pleasing of instruments, and calculated above all others to display the beauties of a graceful person, is likely to receive still further adoption, by the removal of many of the difficulties which heretofore attended the young student's first efforts. M. Grosjean, the harp-manufacturer, of Soho Square, at the request of several ladies of distinction, has availed himself of an invention described by Madame de Genlis, in her 'Memoirs,' (tom. i., p. 203,) of which a copy is subjoined, and has just completed a beautiful miniature harp, such as that distinguished female had made for one of her own pupils; so that we may soon expect to see our young ladies practising their harp lessons as they take their evening drives, or while sitting under the tormenting hands of their hair-dresser. The following is Madame de Genlis' account of this singularly useful instrument:

'At Berlin, twenty-five years ago, I had a charming female friend, twenty-eight years old, and blind from the age of twelve. She was, nevertheless, an extremely good musician; sang in a most enchanting manner, and played agreeably on the piano. She entreated me to teach her the harp, and I endeavoured to discover some means of shortening the tediousness of her first studies—so troublesome, particularly to one in her situation. I invented, and had made for her, a little dumb instrument, rather longer than the finger-range, and of only a sufficient width to admit gut-strings of a middling thickness, well stretched, and placed at the same distances as on the harp. A small strip of scarlet cloth, drawn through the strings, entirely deprived them of sound. One of the great difficulties on the harp is, to perform the cadences correctly, not by the movement of the arms, as some professors pretend, but rather of the fingers, and by holding the arm immovable; this being the only manner in which cadences can be rendered connected and *brilliant*.

'I invited my friend to begin, by performing on this little instrument, cadences of all the fingers and both hands, which she did with incredible ardour. She always carried this miniature harp about with her, in a bag, and it was scarcely more cumbersome than her fan. She played on it whilst travelling, and frequently without being noticed, by hiding it under her shawl.

'At the end of a fortnight, her fingers were perfectly pliant and as well disposed as I could wish. I then had another similarly dumb and miniature harp made for her; but rather larger than the first, and mounted with sixteen strings, on which I taught her to play gamuts, arpeggios, and finger movements of each hand, the most difficult I could imagine. This exercise, performed almost entirely in a carriage, or during visits, was found infinitely more profitable in two months, than the usual study could have been in six, of the little pieces adapted for the use of beginners, played five hours a-day, and which do not make them familiar with any of the difficult movements. Few persons have sufficient patience to practise the same passage for an hour together; whereas, on the little dumb instrument, this sameness is avoided, and when the fingers have been placed according to good principles, habit in a few days causes them to move mechanically and perfectly well, as the sound does not tire, or incommode, on the repetition of passages for whole hours, which can thus be done whilst the pupil is conversing, or listening to a person reading aloud. It is a fact, that this species of study improves, or unfolds talent much better than that of set pieces, as in this way parts only of extreme difficulty are repeated, whereas, in the other number of easy ones always occur.

'After playing for two months and a half with the same ardour on the little dumb instrument, my friend, according to my advice, took lessons from me on a real harp. Then it was that she astonished every one by her wonderful progress. In less than six months' study, and lessons on the small and large harp, she accompanied herself, in a most enchanting manner, playing, with a graceful movement, the most difficult pieces, filled with cadences, roulades, &c.'

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In the present Number we have given the Index to the Second Quarterly Part of 'THE ATHENÆUM.' *In the next Number, we shall give an embellished Title-Page for the same period: thus enabling the Subscribers to have their volumes bound up quarterly or half-yearly, whichever they may prefer.*

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 20.—The Porson prize (for the best translation of a passage from Shakspeare into Greek verse) was on Wednesday last adjudged to C. Wordsworth, of Trinity College.

Subject:—'Troilus and Cressida, Act 3, Scene 3.
Beginning 'Time hath, my Lord, a wallet on his back,' &c.
And ending 'and drave great Mars to faction.'

OXFORD, JUNE 19.—This day the following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Harding, Rev. W. Thornes, Christ Church; F. Russell, St. Mary Hall; Rev. R. Hewitt, Queen's; Rev. T. Middleton, Rev. T. Riddell, St. Edmund's Hall; Rev. P. Jacob, Corpus; Rev. G. Moberly, Fellow of Balliol; R. D. Hoblyn, Balliol; Rev. G. E. Eyre, Oriel; Rev. W. J. Copplestone, Fellow of Oriel; T. Sale, W. Robertson, Demies of Magdalen; W. J. Hamilton, Pembroke; Rev. E. W. F. Latimer, Lincoln; Rev. H. K. Cornish, Rev. W. Heberden, Fellows of Exeter; Rev. W. Gardiner, Exeter.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Birkett, W. Monkhouse, and G. Chester, scholars of Queen's; F. R. Neve, Oriel; E. Vivian and E. F. Glanville, Exeter; R. Martin, New College; Hon. E. Phipps, Trinity; H. S. Trimmer, Merton.

In a convocation holden the same day, the names of Mr. Veysie, of Christ Church, as a Public Examiner in Literis Humanioribus, and of Mr. Grenfell, of University, in Disciplinis Mathematicis et Physicis, were respectively submitted to, and approved by, the House.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the press, 'A Manual of Midwifery.' By Dr. Ryane, Physician Accoucheur to the Central Infirmary, Greville-street, Hatton-garden, and Lecturer on Midwifery.

In the press in 8vo., 'Memoirs of General Miller,' of the Peruvian Service, containing some account of the War of Independence in Buenos Ayres, Chili and Peru, and interspersed with Sketches of Character, Manners, and Customs of those Countries. By John Miller.

The Proprietors of 'The Juvenile Forget me Not,' and of 'The Evergreen,' two newly-announced Annuals for Young Persons, have united their interests in the production of one very superior Production, which will be entitled 'The Juvenile Forget me Not;' A Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth-day Present for 1829. The Work will be beautifully illustrated, and will contain Contributions from many distinguished Authors, particularly those who have written most successfully for the Young.

In the press, a first Series of Dramas, comprising 'Iagellon,' a Tragic Romance; and 'The Siege of the Scots, or Appleby in 1173,' an Historical Play. By H. W. Montagu.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

William's Memoirs of the Rev. Matthew Henry, 8vo., 8s.
The Bishop of Chester's Lectures on the Acts, &c., 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Crauford's Embassy to Siam and Cochin China, 1 vol., 4to., 3l. 3s.
Memoires du Duc de Rovigo, (M. Savary,) 2 vols. 8vo., 14s.; in English, 2 vols., 16s.
Memoirs of Granville Sharp, by Prince Hoare, second edition, 2 vols., 8vo., 24s.
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M'Creery's Press, a Poem, crown 8vo., 7s.
Farther Enquiry on Colonial Policy, as applicable to the Government of India, by the Author of the Original Enquiry, 8vo., 8s.
Dodley's Annual Register for 1827, 16s.
Fernandez's Grammar, new edition, 12mo., 6s. 6d.
Barclay's Present State of Slavery in the West Indies, third edition, 8vo., 14s.
Notions of the Americans, 2 vols., 8vo., 28s.
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Ethics for Youth, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
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Perth, second edition, 3 vols., post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Petersdorf's Reports, vol. 8, royal 8vo.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.	June.	Therm. A.M.	Therm. P.M.	Barom. at Noon.	Winds.	Weather	Prevailing Cloud.
	Mon. 16	69½°	63½°	29. 70	E.	Showers	Cirrostr.
	Tues. 17	72	70	29. 12	NE. S.	Ditto.	Cum. Cir.
	Wed. 18	62½	64	29.	NW. SW	Ditto.	Cum. Nimb.
	Thur. 19	66	66	29. 60	S.	Fair. Cl.	Ditto.
	Frid. 20	66	65	29. 65	Ditto.	Ditto.	Cirrostr.
	Satur. 21	63	62	29. 57	Ditto.	Rain. AM	Cum. Nimb.
	Sun. 22	70	63	29. 57	W.	R. & Th.	Ditto.

Nights fair throughout the week. Mornings rainy except on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday.

Highest temperature at noon, 77°. S. Asp. shade.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury and Saturn in conj. on Tuesday at noon.

Sun entered Cancer on Sat. at 8′ past noon. Longest day.

Venus's geocentric long. on Sunday, at 15° 43′ in Gemini.

Mar's	ditto	ditto	7° 9′ in Capricorn.
Jupiter's	ditto	ditto	10° 28′ in Scorpio.
Saturn's	ditto	ditto	14° 10′ in Cancer.
Sun's	ditto	ditto	0° 14′ in ditto.

Length of day on Sunday, 16 hours 34 min.

Sun's hoary motion, 2′ 22″ plus. Logarithmic num: of distance on Saturday, .007162.

THE ARGUS.—The number of orders already received from every part of the Country for the regular daily supply of Mr. Buckingham's New Evening Paper, 'THE ARGUS,' having far exceeded all expectation, the First Number of that Journal will appear on Monday, the 30th of June.

It is again deemed necessary to repeat, however, that as no greater number of Copies will be printed than those ordered by the regular Subscribers before the day of publication, persons desirous of securing themselves from disappointment should communicate their wishes without delay.

Orders and Advertisements continue to be received at the Central Office of Publication, 147, Strand; at the three Branch Offices, 33, Old Bond Street; 74, Cannon Street, City, 8, Chain Gate, Borough; and by all Newsmen, Postmasters, and Clerks of the Road, in Great Britain.

THE SPHYNX.—A very considerable number of the regular Subscribers to 'The Sphynx' having transmitted their orders for 'The Argus,' and expressed a strong desire that, to enable them to take both, 'The Sphynx' should revert to its original character of a Sunday Morning Paper, so as to fill up the interval between the Saturday and Monday Evening's Daily News, their request will be complied with, and the New Series of 'The Sphynx' will accordingly commence on the first Sunday in July.

Instead of reverting to the original price, however, which was One Shilling per Number, it will be fixed at Tenpence; so as to form a medium between 'The Examiner' and 'The Atlas;' the last of which it will most nearly resemble, in its general arrangement: it being intended, in the Sunday Morning's Sphynx, besides Original Papers on the Political Events of the Times, and occasional Literary Reviews, to give the Leading Articles of the principal Sunday Papers of the same day; thus forming one of the most varied and comprehensive Weekly Journals in the kingdom.

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